

Oregon Emerald

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Rhodes' Plan Has Failed But Its Ends Served

FROM the cream of Oregon's intellectuals a group of professors will next Saturday select the University's Rhodes scholarship candidates.

Although Rhodes died in the prime of life, his vast fortunes were dedicated to the spreading of British culture by educating at Oxford the most intelligent of the young colonials.

Rhodes appointments have through evolution come to be considered an outstanding academic honor. Although they are now regarded as a reward for cultural achievement and as presenting the highest type of student the opportunity to study in Oxford's hallowed halls, the ideal of an imperialistic world peace motivated Cecil Rhodes, the founder of the scholarships.

RHODES expected these specially trained young men to become leaders. Through the control they exercised, non-English factions were to be encircled and "captured" by the force of English intellectual leadership.

How to Seat a Football Crowd—or—Page Emily Post

ALMOST a week before the Oregon-Oregon State college homecoming game, sell-out signs were out for grandstand seats.

That dominance of any one nation, British or otherwise, would bring world peace does not seem reasonable even if it were possible. But although Rhodes' plan for peace has not developed through the scholarships, the end he had in mind has been served.

Since both teams profit from the receipts of the game, the arrangements were probably made by athletic managers Percy Loeoy and Anse Cornell, acting in conjunction. No matter who made them, a great number of non-student ticket purchasers got choice grandstand seats in the west stands and a large body of OSC rooters were forced to be content with end-zone seats.

His fortune has promoted international understanding by giving the most brilliant of the world's youth an opportunity to study and to exchange ideas. This is the first step in any peace program. At the same time advancement of world culture has been stimulated. —L.T.

In the Mail

JUST A PLEA

To the Editor:
We were in the party that was thrown in the millrace on the above date. They took our watches, etc., before we were thrown in. One fellow took my billfold, glasses, and fountain pen, which I got back. Another fellow took my watch, and that was the last I saw of him. It was a Waltham watch in a gold case with a brown leather strap. On the back is engraved, Lee Arrington Wells, Jr., May 29, 1936. Some negro took care of my sweater and coat and I did not get them back either. I think he was hunting for me, but didn't find me. The sweater

is blue, with buttons up the front and has a Delta Tau Delta pledge pin in one button-hole. The coat was a black jacket with zipper up the front.

we bear no resentment as we would probably have done the same thing. However, we do think that every effort should be made to recover and return these valuables.

At the same time a gold Hamilton wristwatch with a gold wrist band was lost during the excitement. It was rectangular in shape and has a heavy rock crystal. There were only four figures on the face. The figures were in black. This watch belongs to Bill Henderson, Delta Tau Delta, Corvallis, Oregon.

Thanking you for anything that you can do, I remain,
LEE A. WELLS, Jr.

We would appreciate anything you can do toward returning these articles. We realize that the fellows had every provocation for what they did, and

(Editor's note: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these articles should communicate with Wells at Delta Tau Delta, Oregon State, or inform the secretary at the educational activities building here.)
Dunking a Beaver may be fun. Keeping his belongings, which are plainly marked in these cases, is stealing.)

SIDE SHOW

Campus

It looks like the swan song for another good old Oregon tradition—the walkout—at least as far as sorority pledge classes are concerned.

The pledge classes of six sororities—Alpha Chi Omega, Alpha Delta Pi, Alpha Phi, Alpha Gamma Delta, Chi Omega, and Delta Delta Delta—have been placed on probation, because they went on walkouts. The participating pledges have been punished by these rules of the discipline committee: No dates this weekend, no shows, no exchange desserts, no eating in campus food shops, no walking or talking with boys between classes, no visits or shopping downtown, and no luncheon

guests. It seems that the University disciplinarians would not only abolish a harmless tradition, they would kindergartenize the campus.

Like so many other quaint, harmless, and long-to-be-remembered customs which make the vine-clad Oregon campus live in memory long after classrooms, professors, and grade point averages are forgotten, the walkout seems to be doomed to the death blow of discipline.

Pollock's FOLLY

WHILE THE CAMPUS rioted and stocked the mill-race with Beavers, as S.S.S. remarked, a voice beautiful as a cooing dove wafted its way into Eugene and wafted out again to blurp over the high Cascades and back to Hollywood.

So naturally, when Hollywood's prize something-or-other drifted into town, Mary Jane was down to meet him. . . . The only trouble was, Mary Jane complained, that Bu-Bu-Bing was overweight. Probably Bing needs a foundation garment.

Either the 1938 Oregonians is not going to have class sections, or Manager Howard Overback is going to have to raise money through different channels; the four class presidents issued a flat refusal yesterday to pay the \$75 tax for their pages in the new natural color yearbook.

Three cheers for Herbert Hoover! And we say this all in good faith, for if any Republican who has made speeches in the last six years deserves commendation, Hoover certainly does by virtue of his speech in Boston the other day.

Referring to the "anti-FDR" policy which his colleagues have held to in the past several campaigns, the ex-chief elephant (who was thought by everyone to be getting white) said:

"If the Republican party has not learned the lesson that it must produce principles and program besides being against

Terse Tales FOR TINY TOTS

or stories for the young college students—literary efforts from nowhere about anywhere.

By MORITZ THOMSEN

Horace Horrific was a journalism major, and the way he pounded out stories everybody knew he was going to be world famous before he was ninety.

Mr. Thacher didn't like them though. He told Horace that he, Horace, didn't know what he was writing about.

Mr. Thacher said in class one day, "write about the things

democracy will be better served, you know. If you don't know anything about Alaska, don't write about it."

Horace said to himself, "I don't know anything about murder. That's the trouble with me. There's only one way out."

That night as the fog started rolling in around the campus, and the air grew damp and dank and morbid, Horace hid in the bushes outside of the journalism building. He rather hoped he could get the editor of the paper, but he wasn't particular.

A little after 10:30 Horace heard him walking up the gravel path. Horace couldn't see a thing, but he took the double-bitted axe out of its case, and swung wildly.

Later in his room, triumphant by weary, he pounded out the pages of his new masterpiece. He could hardly wait for Thursday to come. He could hardly wait to have Mr. Thacher read his story. He knew it was good. It was bound to be for he had analyzed every little emotion, and described perfectly the cold terror that he felt there in the dark.

It certainly was a let down, when the Emerald carried big headlines on the front page about the mysterious murder of Mr. Thacher. Horace certainly was mad.

PAID ADVERTISING

Chinese Art Goods Displayed at Co-op

War in Orient Limits Present Supplies in United States

Beautiful silks, ivory and bone carvings, and other unusual articles of Oriental art are being displayed in the balcony at the Co-op store for a limited time.

This display is being presented by Relta Lea Powell, student. Miss Powell will be in attendance every afternoon from 1 till 5:30 p.m. This display should have particular appeal to lovers of Oriental art and to those seeking unusual Christmas gifts.

See them! A hint is sufficient!

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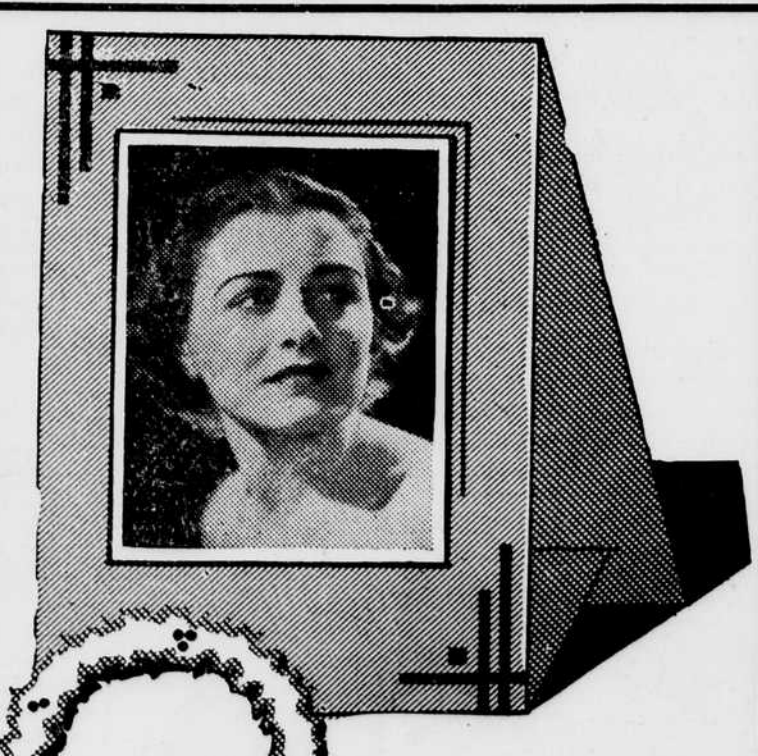
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Kennell-Ellis

From Where SIT

Have you ever stopped to wonder where the girls are who were the campus belles of last year? Their vision more or less dimmed by the sight of the newer freshmen, and the still-fairly-new sophs, they subside into comfortable obscurity, accept pins, get married, drop out of school—and are heard from no more.

A review of some of the more glamorous names of last year shows comparatively few still in active competition.

Gamin-like Toni Lucas, Gamma Phi attraction, did not return to school this year. Still a Phi Delt stronghold are the Gamma Phis, with four of the gals wearing Phi Delt pins—namely Doris Drager, Franny Johnston, Mary Frances Henderson, and piquant Margaret Carlton.

Cornish is left of the "old guard"—with other Alpha Phi charmers graduated, married, or generally unaccounted for. Svelte Betty Lou Drake wears the pin of Jim Wells—removing another potential threat from the field. Another one is staging a comeback, it appears, as Peggy Sanford has relinquished a Beta pin, and is now carrying on a "three-ring circus," with ATO Bob Moffett the main attraction.

Laddie Green and Jerry Ches Chessman have not returned to school, removing two of the most potent attractions at the Theta lodgings. Lorraine Barker and Dale Fisher have been seen together frequently, though it was rumored for a time that the torch of love was wavering.

Good and Good (Dorothy and Louise) acting in appropriate concerted action, have returned pins to Dave Hamley and Pete Mitchell. Babs McCall, of the Boston drawl, will marry Fred Colvig, former editor of the Emerald, next summer.

Betty Jane Casey is wearing the pin of Bob Beard, retiring her more or less from the limelight. Marcia Steinhauser, "Miss Oregon" of last year, quietly pursues a relatively unpublicized way. It is rumored that freshman Anne Waha may be supplanting June Brown in popularity this year as the "flash" of the Kappas.

Molly "Daisy Mae" White again wears the pin of Laddie "Abijah Gooch" Gale, after an uncertain and turbulent time, and petite Jane Weston is be-pinned of Al Davis. Some of the charming Pi Phis who did not return this year are Alice Pauling, June Ritter, and the lovely Evelyn Rosander. Bert Myers, ATO, is left disconsolate because Folker Morris this year attends Stanford—not Oregon.

Still going strong, their popularity unabated, are Chi Os Rhoda Armstrong and Virginia Regan. Betty Hamilton, cute freshman, has already annexed the affections of Jim Wilkinson, handsome graduate student from Washington.

Of the Tri Deltas, who can ever take the place of the much-photographed Jean Stevenson? We notice that Charlotte Olitt, dark-haired Sigma Kappa, isn't back this year.

"Happy" Battleson, personality girl of the Alpha Os, is permanently occupied, of course, with "Tup" Tupling. Red-haired Signe Rasmussen is back this year, and seems to have caught the fancy of rosy-cheeked Werner Asendorf.

Much-be-pinned Edith Kronman is not in school this year but wears a Beta pin, as does also Helen Larson.

A recent bit of news has it that Martha Stewart no longer wears the Theta Chi pin of Bill Pease, and will perhaps seek her love life elsewhere. Bruce McIntosh, I am informed, has planted his pin on Joella Mayer, an Oregon State lass—though he would keep the news from the gals at Oregon.

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