

# From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

To our mind a masterpiece of brief, expressive criticism is the report of a concert presented in a recent magazine (we hate to admit it, but we've forgotten which one) which declared: "The so-and-so (we've forgotten the name, too, quartette played Brahms, Brahms lost."

"Ah wins," he stated. "Ah've got three jacks and two nines." "No, yo don't," answered the other, "Ah wins. Ah've got two nines and a razuh."

"Yo sho' do," drawled the first, respectfully. "Boy, what makes yo' so lucky?"

Professor stories are numerous, but this one sort of appealed to us. It really happened, too, though not on this campus.

It seems that a rather unpopular professor was telling his class the old gag about the American who went fox-hunting in England. He asked his English host how he was doing. The Englishman said, "Well, you're doing all right, but when you see the fox you should say 'Tallyho' instead of 'there goes the son of a —' we'll say 'gun'—he didn't."

The class tittered politely and the professor, well satisfied with himself, walked off the platform and out of the room. Whereupon there came a raucous voice from the back of the room—"Tallyho!"

And now that we're started along this line, we found a hearty laugh in the Jack Benny "Jello" program a couple of weeks ago which featured a skit, "Wife, Doctor, and Nurse." Comedian Benny and the silver-voiced Kenny Baker were cast as two doctors. Benny was supposed to be Jack that he was sick, whereupon Jack suggested, "Well, you're a doctor, Kenny, prescribe for yourself." "I can't," answered Benny. "My rates are too high." Cracks Benny, "Dickeer with yourself, Kenny, you'll come down."

And then there is the one about the two negroes who were playing poker. With a flourish, one laid down his hand.

## Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

WHEN I WAS a very small boy indeed and lived on a farm and dreamed of someday coming to Oregon I conceived of it as a place where every gal had a fur coat and every gal's old man had at least fifty thousand bucks of the most gilt-edged in the cooler. It was, I thought, a place where the wealthy were as numerous as phony diamonds in Woolworth's.

Then I came off the farm, my hair carefully parted in the middle, wearing my horn-rimmed spectacles and I discovered that what I thought about Oregon was only half true. There was an element which strolled around in the epidermis and dermis of various kinds of animals, who had relatives who had cash.

BUT THERE WAS another element—the element which did not have half as much cash, nothing but Monkey Ward coats to wear, but considerable determination and brains. I ran into a very excellent representation of that element the other p.m. at one of the gals' cooperative houses. Matter of fact, I had the pleasure of putting on my one clean shirt and eating dinner with 'em.

Manners? As good as any sorority. Food? Fine. Looks? Yes indeed, m'uh friends, yes indeed. But the gals had more than that . . . they had an esprit de corps that was almost beligerent when I criticized cooperatives . . . I gathered the impression that quite a few of them were living in a co-op house because they wanted to and not

because of lack of cash. CHIEF PROBLEM the copers face on the Oregon campus outside of the money question is cracking the almost iron-bound caste system for which this University is infamous. As almost anyone can gather we have the proletariat, the bourgeois, and the aristocracy well represented and it's hardly necessary to go to the trouble of identifying them.

Perhaps the co-op gals with their determination, courage and brains may be the ones to help break it down . . . it will take a long time, but the University will be a lot better for it.

Incidentally I thing this business of a co-op is a grand idea.

HAUL OF FAME: I'm not entirely certain that the spelling is correct, but I think his name is Andy Bogdanovitch . . . at the present moment he lives in a shack across the race from the Anchorage, prepares himself for entrance into med school next year . . . he's bicycled over most of the coast states, once lived for three days in Chicago on innumerable bags of peanuts, once managed a co-op house and kept everybody happy even when the cook burned the soup which constituted supper. Looks something like Abe Lincoln, shares the rail-splitter's indifference to women. The Mayos may someday point with pride.

For two days, friends, the milk of human kindness has remained sweet within my bosom . . . tomorrow, s'elp meh, I'll write a dirt column . . .

## In the Mail

### SEATING SITUATION

To the Editor: When the ASUO put Oregon State students behind the goal posts it was pretty bad. In fact some of the more humane people around here pointed it out. But when the ASUO deals almost the same kind of a hand to Oregon students themselves it is worse.

We speak of the last concert in which Angna Enters performed for the edification of everybody and especially student body card holders. Some weeks back when the ASUO was advertising its products it stated very definitely that the above mentioned concert would be worth \$1.25 to the student.

It was hardly worth that much to sit in the seats which were left for student body card holders after the lower bleachers were filled. And the injustice of the entire thing became more and more apparent to righteously indignant students as they sat back in the far corners with a belt of perfectly empty and considerably better seats beside them. I have very little criticism then for the group of students who arose in true proletarian fashion and took what was rightfully theirs. In fact if the truth were known I was in the first ranks of those who stamped into the empty seats between numbers.

Needless to say a mass action such as this was not exactly on

the same level as the program offered. But nevertheless it was warranted. Students paid for and were promised something better than the "nigger heaven" seats they got.

In the future if the ASUO does not want its concerts interrupted by bands of students moving in on empty reserved seats, it might see fit to give the card holders a little better break for their money. After all the concert series is given to make the students see the value of the student body card. If the students are convinced of the value and buy a card, why not let them see the concerts.

—P. D.

### WHAT ODDS, CHUM?

To the Editor: I didn't see the pig stunt, but I have seen the rally committee's disorganized attempts at rallying pep.

Dumb as it may at first sound, this is my idea. Why not change our rally committee right now. Send a new bunch to Seattle. I nominate any of our more distinguished, white-haired professors. I will bet my cough medicine and my hair tonic that the stands would go wild if their stand econ prof, or chem prof, or lit survey teacher would march out on the field and yell over a loud speaker system, "The Locomotion. The Locomotion. Got it? O. K. Ready? OOORE GGGON

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## The ASUO Faces a Concert Seating Problem

WITH each succeeding concert the ASUO finding more problems of staging to be solved.

As far as the limited facilities of McArthur court will permit, these problems of presenting big-time performances are being solved as they arise. The Angna Enters concert brought protests from students that something should be done to give card holders a better deal on seats.

Rightly or not, the student association is engaged in producing a program of such quality that student support alone cannot finance it. The drive for support has been extended to Eugene, Lane county, even beyond, through the sale of season tickets and reserved seats.

The students have approved the expansion of the program on the ground they would rather occupy a hard seat in a full auditorium for a first-rate concert than a soft seat in a scantily-filled hall for a fifth-rate performance. Card holders have made no protest against reserving choice seats downstairs and in the balcony. And although not the most comfortable seats in the world, the advantageously located bleachers meet with their general approval.

THE protest has been that there aren't enough of these bleacher seats and that adequate facilities should be supplied to meet the student demand at what is, primarily, a student event.

Their demand is a legitimate one. Although but a small part of the \$7 initial cost of the card goes toward concert expenses, card sale advertisements declared seats at this particular concert would be worth \$1.25 each to members. If the students are dissatisfied, they will probably make their grievances known next term by refusing to buy cards unless something is done to remedy the situation.

Declaring he realized adjustment must be made when he received protests following the Enters concert, Educational Activities Manager George Root indicated yesterday that plans to utilize facilities to the utmost were nearing completion. There will be an increased number of good seats available for students at the appearance of Miss Frances Brockman here on December 5.

The problem of seating students will not

be as acute at future events as it was at Miss Enters' performance, partly because of their nature and partly because the wings used by Miss Enters will be eliminated as much as is possible.

STUDENTS rushed into seats on the wings of the opera-seat section in the balcony in the early minutes of the mime's performance. Seating approximately 200, those sections were closed to students accidentally and will be reserved exclusively for student use in the future.

Plans are being considered for the extension of the bleacher section on the basketball floor. If possible such a measure would increase considerably the number of satisfactory student seats available.

The wing sections on the floor downstairs, seating together about 300, will also be reserved for student use. With the center section now in use, these tentative changes would make possible the satisfactory accommodation of three-fourths of the student body, while the general admission balcony seats will be available if still more room for student body members is needed.

With no means of checking the number of students who intend to see individual concerts, Mr. Root and the educational activities board face a real problem, especially since the setup in McArthur court puts a premium on every available bit of space.

ALTHOUGH outside money makes it possible to engage artists of the highest caliber for the concert series, the ASUO is a student corporation.

If that corporation, in its concert series, cannot please its potential student members, far more than the series itself must suffer—for student activities as a whole are closely wound up with the success of the program.

In the recognition of student dissatisfaction and the attempt to remove its causes, the ASUO acted wisely with far-reaching consequences in mind—consequences as important as those it considers when it works to give students in full measure what it has promised them.

The concert series, it is true, is supported largely by off-campus financing—but the ASUO owes its very existence to the students in the final analysis.

## SIDE SHOW

Edited by . . . Bill Cummings, Campus Paul Deutschmann, National

Telephones are handy things to have, but under present conditions in living organizations they present an actual hazard, at least during the pre-bedtime rush hour. Every night in most of the campus "tongs," just at the close of study hours, there is a concerted rush for the telephone that makes the famous gold rush of '49 look like a six-day bicycle ride. Chances are more energy is burned up every night in trying to get to the telephone than in one of Oregon's football games.

Speaking of football games, OREGON OREGON RAY!" Even if you would I give my plaid tie if you could prove it to me that some of the professors wouldn't give an eye tooth or so to show us how it was done back in 19—.

Sincerely, W. G. H. P.S.—Don't let the administration see this, they might frown.

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

To the Editor: I have just read the action taken on the green-paint episode as described in the Emerald of the 11th.

As an alumnus of Oregon, and

Psychologically, it is impossible for a dozen students, with all the pep, megaphones, colorful dress, and clever stunts imaginable, to continuously keep up the spirits of a student body whose football team is consistently outclassed. Rally committees are better symbols of pep than creators of it.

Last night's dinner meeting of freshman politicians was called under the guise of a meeting to do away with unnecessary political wrangling in class elections, but very little was accomplished toward that end.

strictly business. Mr. Campbell is absolutely right when he avers it isn't horse play, however. If, as a punitive measure, the University should undertake a mass purge such as he suggests involving around 30 students it will have failed in its purpose, business or otherwise, just as surely as it would have had it condoned the paint-daubing action. For 30 expulsions mark 30 complete failures against its record as far as education is concerned—and for a comparatively trivial offense for which neither the immediate or the indirect blame can be definitely fixed.)

## The Affair at Skinner's Butte

(For the Oregon State faculty men's club quet, November 10, 1937—from the Corvallis Daily Gazette-Times.)

By M. ELLWOOD SMITH

A football game, perchance you may have heard, We played in Eugene on the twenty-third October last; 'twas Saturday, then on Monday— But let that pass—you've heard from Mrs. Grundy.

Peace hath her victories, no less than war; The only question is, what was the score? 14 to 0 one writes home about. But not two black eyes and a bloody snout.

How then in ages hence shall some blind Homer Narrate these weird events to the new comer, Say who like Caesar fought, who Alexander, When but to tell their names starts suits for slander?

The sun shone warm on Skinner's Butte that day, But cold the Mill Race ran and steely gray. Far to the north fleet couriers spread the word, "To Moscow, on! Extend to them the bird."

Elate with triumph, to the call they rallied, And forth upon the highroad southward sallied. Where was Minerva then, or even Peavy? When 1800 students took French leave, he Was not on hand to take the proper measure; In Portland he, on business and on pleasure; So designates attendance on the Board Our local paper, and 'twas thus the horde Unwarned of heaven, uncontrolled by man, Migrated southward—and without a plan.

Meanwhile in Skinner's citadel was none to tell! No signal fires blazed forth, no oracle Proclaimed an omen, blanched all cheeks with fright, No Paul Revere came posting through the night, "One if by land, two if by sea they come," Not 'e'en the rumble of a distant drum.

The horde rolled on; they were not tight but balmy, An uproarious, rollicking, roistering, Coxie's army, Resembling in extent a new edition Of faculty migrations the Commission Had recommended, praising modern travel Of faculties and students to unravel Old knots of discord, harmonize the groups. Perhaps it was this purpose moved the troops!

Old Homer catalogued the Grecian ships (A tedious passage which one always skips— Byron observed this and I'm in accord; We neither of us like much being bored.); But let no future bard when he discusses This day's events forget to list the busses That end to end were laid and in one go, Reached clear from Junction City to Monroe; Dodges and Plymouths, Buicks, Chevrolets, Touring cars, roadsters, sedans, old coupes, Rolls Royce and Cadillac are made for ease; This seemed Homecoming Day for Model T's. 'Twould have seemed on Hallowe'en when spooks are rife

The world's whole auto graveyard came to life, And on each crate, on bumper, fender, hood Sat, hung, perched, dangled, lay, or sprawled, or stood

Held on, fell off, climbed up, slipped down, on-scrambled, Sometimes as many as eighteen students, who gambled,

Cavorted, cheered, derided, sang, and shouted, Whistled, yelled, screamed, shrieked, laughed, applauded, flouted,

Up to the very base of Skinner's Butte, When they were halted by a siren's toot. There barred the way in majesty and awe A solitary minion of the law, Who found it now his task in course of duty To order back the tides like Hardy Canute When he cried "Halt," to the waves that still advance, Leonidas at Thermopylae had a chance.

"Where do you go?" he cried, "What would you do?"

"Of course I can't prevent. I am too few." "Oh, that's all right," the genial answer came, "These 1800 students think the same. We mean no harm. We visit a connection. It's our intent if you have no objection,

The old plea for a united, friendly freshman class, with no opposing political factions, was presented, but no resolution was adopted to give the plea strength. It was a democratic gesture on the part of Frosh Prexy Tiger Payne, but an ineffective step in the direction of cleaning up the many evils of class politics.

### Art Studes' Life

(Continued from page one) probably still be there.

And then there are classes, too. (And how would some of us appreciate an assignment such as this?)

"Design a subway entrance in the uptown section of a large city where one important street leaves another at an angle of 60 degrees. Time nine hours. Due 'tout de suite,' or 'make a composition from some vividly described scene in a story you have read recently.'"

Not a few students would take such an assignment without some unpleasant comment about the "prof who doesn't believe in giving assignments."

Nine hours is really a short time to complete an art project. At least it is when one considers those assignments which take a term and a half to complete.

To complete the picture. Students in the two courses in architectural design receive 70 hours credit during the five years they are in school.

Seventy hours credit for the approximately 300 hours spent over the drafting board. And still some say the art student leads an easy life!

To tear the University apart In good clean fun." Said Paddy, "Have a heart! Fall in behind. Oy'll see you there and further. It is me hope this thing won't end in murder. If you young gentlemen have gone quite blotto, Oy'll come along meself, for it's our motto To save the pieces if we can't the peace; Bring home the mutton, if we lose the fleece."

So through the citadel of spires and dreams The klaxons blow; ahead the siren screams. Three times around the walls of learning's Troy In triumph rolls the cortege, and in joy. By youth impelled, and by police escorted. A stranger concourse never there resorted.

The faculty aroused their sleeping classes: "The Japanese are coming! Guard the passes! The lecture's done. Wake up! Open your eyes! They come. Get up. Turn out. Quick. Mobilize!"

What gallant deeds were done none can relate, Nor anyone too looney imitate. Woh manned the fire hose? Who gave command To play, "Hats off to Beavers?" to the band? Who threw the invaders into the mill race, But saved their clothes and watches in safe place? 'Twas Saladin and Richard, called the Lion, Slicing each other chivalrously in Zion, As Walter Scott relates in "Ivanhoe." That was romance, but htis was thus and so.

At Seymour's cafe the embattled Beavers stood, Entrapped by confidence, and need for food, And they were tangled in a sore dilemma, For each Joe College had with him his Emma. The Webfoots gallantly withdrew the ladies And then came back to give the captives Hades, Allowed each Beaver send out all his clo'es To safety first, then punched him in the nose.

On Skinner's Butte what glory won that fellow Who helped to paint the O there lemon yellow At sacrifice of comfort and of cuticle. "Let go of me," he cried, "Let go, you Bruite, tickle

Me somewhere else; these shorts are very thin. For answer, four men dipped him butt end in The pot of paint and swung him through the air, Like blazing comet he left here and there A trail of yellow flying in his train. The part of him he used was not his brain.

Alas, some tragedy mars every story! One car that set out blithely for the foray, A Plymouth car, but not a Plymouth rock, Died on the way of jitters and shell shock. Heroicly it tottered down the road To do or die beneath its staggering load, Until Field Wetherbee scrambled on the top, And then its engine choked, spit, came full stop. Its axles bent, frame splintered, all gave way; It flattened out like Holmes' "One Hoss Shay," And no insurance could be got for Lizzie— Such load would make an elephant turn dizzy. Of course not Field alone caused it to crack; He was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Now, with the setting sun, the hordes rolled back. They had whatever they went for in the sack. Homeward they turned. Had not Tchaikovsky played

Another overture for this big parade, It would not have been "The Return from Moscow" But something like "We're headed for the Hoos-gow."

Then Prexy arrived and W. A. Jensen, Dubach and Bork. They checked out from the Benson,

Where they on business and pleasure went. They came back home to find out what it meant. They came back home to investigate these capers, From out of town. We read it in the papers.

The Council met and talked of this and that Some blamed it on the dog, some on the cat. "When we talk thus, our dignity," said one, "rots. Let's have an end and blame it all on sun spots." Said Peavy, "Clear enough. The case is ended. Effective tomorrow, all sun spots are suspended." —M. E. S.

### Museum Receives

(Continued from page one) possession was a ceremonial hat from the Modoc tribe, obtained by early settlers of the Klamath region.

### Rare Baskets Included

Baskets included in the gifts are of unusually fine workmanship, points out Dr. Cressman. These include storage and utility baskets from Pima tribe in Arizona, from the Haida and Pomo tribes in California, the Tingit in Alaska, and the Clallum in the Puget Sound area. Many have unusual patterns

and varied designs, and are constructed in unique shapes. Another rare specimen is a wooden food dish made by Alaskan Indians. It is cleverly constructed of two pieces of wood, so carefully put together that the joints are entirely concealed. The exhibit will be open to the public in the near future, according to the announcement.

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