

CURB CRUISING

By A. R.

"Pollock's Folly" back to spur the hard-working-for-what-journalists, almost-revives a theory that you really don't need a subject when it comes to writing! But may we say it takes something to write some 500 words about nothing and make it sparkle. Of course, we didn't expect a column from his honor without half of it consisting of activities of his brothers in the SAE long. Nice to have him back in the "banana-belt," nevertheless, but where did he develop his "life is a hollow mockery" theory?

Bob's influence is still apparently around because I feel I must gripe about a few of those who expound the higher matters, such as those who gaze out a distant window as they lecture lazily on for about an hour and the class occasionally comes out of a coma to look and see if maybe there isn't something out there after all. . . . And those who are regularly seven minutes late to their 8 o'clocks and blow off, amusing only themselves with their trivial chatter. . . . And not to forget the ones who bowl the class out three out of three times and offers so many bad examples that one forgets where perfection lies!

Jean Farrens, the Gamma Phi with the deep-throated, prepared to cut Shakespeare Friday, announced it with a none too quiet finality and there was Dr. Erb holding the door open—leaving no recourse.

Seniority ought to count even in the "den," says Mary El Bailey, Alpha Gam prexy who has recently been given the rush by Ted Sarpola, who incidentally had his pin on another of the Silo Susies a year ago. Nothing like keeping things chummy.

He kissed Helen
Hell ensued.
He left Helen
Helen sued.
—Barometer.

That winding maze of cardboard, hay, chicken feed and cement walls really made the Kappa Sig tunnel black-out Saturday night as hard to get through the law school. . . . Familiar song and dance around the Emerald "shack" is Jack Bryant's: If you see four good-looking girls looking for someone, tell them I'm over at the Press. . . . His latest is Gamma Phi's May Rawlinson whom he thinks is a perfect Sonja Heinie. . . . Lucky for the Chi Psis that they tied the Phi Psis as that monthly beard wager wouldn't give that smooth appearance. . . . We understand George Pasero is anticipating a good golf game after seeing Ruth Tustin curve into the classroom the other day. . . . We hear that a couple of the Sigma Chi boys have acquired a "kiddie car" which is a dangerous implement around the house. It's reached third floor and no one has bumped down the cases with it yet. . . . Grant Alexander, Sigma Nu shagger, really got a prize with Roberta Beck, Alpha Phi!

Jean Bert and Barbara Bamford are Hendricks hall candidates for the Sigma Chi sweetheart, not announced in the list yesterday. That dinner tables will no doubt have the sweetest bunch of coeds ever around it at one time!

Gal: Yes, but he's such a quiet guy. I like 'em rah-rah! Wotta Boy Brokos: Well, I'm a bit rah myself.

HEILIG
DEANNA DURBIN
That CERTAIN AGE
MELVYN DOUGLAS
LAST TIME TODAY

MAYFLOWER
HARRIS HIPPBURN GRANT
Holiday
DOROTHY LAMOUR
"Her Jungle Love"

Oregon Emerald

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Opportunity Goes A-Knocking
IF A FIVE dollar bill were lying on the side-walk in front of Condon hall the chances of it remaining there long would be pretty slim. The crustle of a green-back would undoubtedly produce quick action.

Yet the opportunity of picking up a five spot with just a little more effort than bending over has been sadly neglected by Oregon students. Over a week ago the rally committee announced that such a reward would be given to the student suggesting the best idea for a rally stunt between the halves of the Oregon-USC game in Portland this weekend.

The response up to date has been so insignificant that one might conclude that the most unheard sound on the campus is that of opportunity knocking.

IN THE PAST the student body has had an active interest in the doing of the rally committee. In fact it was so active (critically) that members of the rally committee were afraid at times to show themselves. Now that the organization has come to life with a good suggestion, the campus has settled back on its respective davenport, agreed that the idea is splendid, and left it up to Tom, Dick and Harry to carry it out.

Criticism is important, but merely negative criticism is valueless because it destroys what exists without suggesting a method of reconstruction. The student body has asked for this opportunity by its general criticism of the committee; the rally group has responded by presenting this opportunity. A challenge to the student body has been neglected.

The difficulties of suggesting a good between-the-halves stunt are many, but surely in this group of 3350 minds there must be several ideas capable of surmounting the problem.

AND HERE is a final bit of information on the situation. The rally committee and the Emerald (now that they are so chummy) have agreed on the side, so to speak, that they will split the prize and think up a stunt themselves, if the worst comes to the worst.

Opportunity knocks one more day. The box is in the College Side in plain view for those who have entries. And unless something is done the Emerald will probably get a new pot of paste or a couple of typewriter ribbons, and the rally committee a complete supply of headache pills.

In the Mail

PHILOSOPHER REPLIES

To the Editor:
How long, O Lord, how long! I sit, I fume, I fidget. Where am I? At my girl's house. We had a date, let's see, was it in the 17th century? She's upstairs, thinks every minute while I sit fuming on the lumpy sofa that my anticipation of a pleasurable evening with her is growing apace. Is she right?

Again—Let's take in a show, honey. But Pete, I've seen them all except the one at the Bijou, and you said you couldn't stand Beatrix Beatrice. Well, I can't, but there's a swell new western at the Broadway. Well I don't like western shows very well. Okay, if you don't wanna go, you don't wanna go—I guess Beatrix Beatrice isn't too bad if you don't look too closely at her feet. We see Beatrix Beatrice.

My male colleagues and I, we fight for the favors of the fair sex. We let them trample over us, publish articles about us in the newspapers, take our money (when we have any) and our love and leave us—what? Possibly the blissful feeling that in our own bumbling fashion we have managed to give someone we like a pleasant evening, at considerable cost and sacrifice to ourselves.

And they—the objects of our sometimes misguided affections—regale us with tales of former, greater loves, keep us hanging in the air innumerable eons of time, kick us from pillar to post, and, in the end—marry us.
W. P.

VIVE LA CORD

To the Editor:
Headline in Tuesday's Emerald—"UO Men Too Sloppy, Unkempt, Say Coeds." Oregon men parade the campus with baggy pants, dirty cords, and the odor of tobacco about them, lament the demure coeds in later paragraphs. So what? After waiting two full years, six whole terms, males are permitted to wear cords. Cords, the

Wie geht's

By V. GATES

If the Japanese dispose of the Chinese entirely what is going to become of the laundry business?

A dispatch tells us that Hitler is now accepted as a demigod. But this isn't the first time in history that people have deified an image.

The American Legion is finding true the adage that you can't cross bridges until you get to them.

Governor Martin continues his was on goons, but refuses to do anything about the Vandals that will be on the Oregon Homecoming program.

The Homecoming committee promises the biggest crowd since the Sudeten alumni returned to their campus. We trust it will be more academically approved move.

There is a suggestion from an unimpeachable source that the Oxford Group is not a low-heeled organization.

Coiffure stylists decree hair must be dressed high on women's heads. Isn't it time something showed up there?

Which wine is best, the fresh or the aged? Which cheese is the best, the new and fresh or the old and musty? Which cords are best, the clean yellow ones that advertise their recent purchase, or the ancient, brown cords with the sweat and grime of honest toil enriching their appearance?

The female sex then condemn the serious, determined look on the males' countenances. Would they have their men with silly grins instead? No, for college men are serious! (At least between classes.)

Then comes the crowning outrage! Trying to drown out pleasure on earth with the rustle of their skirts, the females condemn the male for his "walking tobacco factory appearance." The female condemns smoking. . . .

What could be more aromatic than the pungent smell of fresh tobacco? What could be more enticing than the sight of a male leisurely blowing smoke rings through his nostrils? Smearing the countenance with paint, rouge, and mascara, perhaps?

BUCK BUCHWACH

What Other Editors Believe

We're Not Communists

Long has it been proclaimed that our American universities are the hotbeds of radicalism, Communism in particular.

Yet in a straw vote taken on numerous campuses just before the last presidential election the communist candidate received only one-half of one per cent of the total votes.

For the most part our universities are shining examples of old-fashioned democracy with a few trimmings added. The undergraduate is typically characterized by a comfortable complacency.

They differ from their conservative middle-class parents in little but conspicuous dress and manner. They are much inclined to talk but little to action. They do not look forward to public careers in behalf of their convictions.

Uniformity and conformity are unparalleled virtues in their eyes.

Many people have looked with alarm on student pacifism, regarding it as the harbinger of

destructive radicalism. Yet it is not the aim of countries in which nationalism is supreme. Pacifism supported so generally among students is their plea for a chance to attain their ambitions, their hope of reviving the profit-system for their benefit. When its agitation has ceased, then there is cause for alarm. Faith will be gone.

The citizen who sees a radical behind every collegiate grin had better turn his attention to the tendency toward political control and regimentation of our schools. There is the beginning of a totalitarian state.

Surest means, however, of lessening even the minor inroads of the "isms" philosophy is to discuss them freely. And not to suppress such discussions as is being done on some campuses.

Radicalism isn't running rampant in American universities. We're not Communists! We're loyal Americans still clinging to the worthier, older ideals.—The Skiff—Texas Christian.

The CALLIOPE

By BILL CUMMINGS

Those interested in applying for the 1938 Rhodes scholarships have only two days in which to prepare their applications—with the deadline set for Thursday, October 27—and oral examinations are scheduled Sunday, October 30. So far only about five students have applied.

That number of applicants should at least be tripled before Thursday. Every eligible student should think twice before he passes up the opportunity of taking the exam, which is a good test to take even though the chances of winning one of coveted scholarships are relatively slim. Applying can do no harm, for even though a student fails to make the grade he usually comes out of the oral examination with a clear idea of what is lacking in his makeup and in what fields he needs to stretch his mind.

In a school the size of Oregon there should be more than five students with enough ambition to try at least for the honor of a Rhodes scholarship, especially when the act of trying is a fine educational opportunity. Taking a cross examination by some of the more brilliant persons on the campus is bound to indicate pretty clearly whether or not a student has anything on the ball.

The question of who is the sloppier, Oregon coeds or Oregon males, not only makes good newspaper copy (see yesterday's Register-Guard) but also brings to light again a problem which is annually bemoaned on the campus. Every two or three terms someone starts it and the fight is on between the sexes.

But grounds for a few complaints do exist, despite the fact that most of the mud-slinging

involves totally unanswerable questions. For example, when a nationally known authority visited the campus last year, she exclaimed that Oregon students do dress more sloppily than most college men and women. And she is probably right.

GRADUATE ASSISTANT ILL

Mr. Charles Edgar Rasor, a graduate assistant in the B.A. school, is in the infirmary this week. Other staff members are taking his classes.



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Morris Will Speak To Freshman Men

All fresh men interested in YM activities are invited to a freshman commission meeting to be held at the Hut tomorrow night at 7:30. Dean Victor P. Morris of the business administration school will speak on "Gaining value from your freshman year."

Election of president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer for the freshman commission will also be held after hearing the report of the nominating committee appointed last week.

Hugh Simpson will entertain the group with guitar solos.



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FOSTER and Steadman, text book. Return to Dr. Black, Friendly Hall.

WILL THE PERSON who picked up a notebook in 101 P.E. Friday morning please return to Mort Heinrich at Delta Upsilon. Thanks.

REWARD—Young Ladies Buren Wrist Watch. Two diamonds on case. Call 666.

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