

Weekend Events Will Start Thursday Night

Weekends should start on Wednesday, says Little Wilbur, (who incidentally, is not Little Willie) or Oregon students are going to start finding out that education is seriously interfering with their social life. One Saturday night earlier in the term, 10 house dances were scheduled—at which time Wilbur stewed around trying to decide which one to attend—then Homecoming was celebrated, making a big social weekend; and NOW, sixteen house dances are planned for the weekend which begins on Thursday.

All-Dorm Informal

The all-dormitory informal dance scheduled for Thursday evening will feature a surrealistic motif, having large wall murals painted in the modern manner as decorations. Pauline Baird is the chief artist. Art Holman's orchestra will play.

Pledge Dances

Friday night Alpha Omicron Pi will hold its fall pledge dance, with the theme remaining a secret from the pledges. Fred Beardsley's orchestra has been contracted, and it is to be a costume affair. Kappa Alpha Theta will carry out the Armistice day motif in its dance, with costumes representing foreign countries. Earl Scott and his patriots will furnish the music. Sigma Nu will have a similar theme in the "League of Nations" idea, with costumes. Maurie Binford's orchestra is scheduled to play.

Although arrangements are not complete, Sigma Alpha Mu's "Dug-

out" motif is also in keeping with the holiday.

Hawaiian Theme

Leaving all memories of wars or peace behind, the Sigma Alpha Epsilon boys find their dance centered around Hawaii, with its sea breeze, palm trees and all the rest of the native atmosphere. Carl Rooan and his "Royal Hawaiian" orchestra will play.

Realizing that almost everyone holds a suppressed desire at some time or other, Sigma Chi will give vent to these desires Friday night. All those attending the dance will dress in costume denoting their suppressed desire. Decorations will be illustrative of the theme. Art Holman's orchestra will play.

Saturday night, eight more dances have been planned. Pi Phi is keeping the theme of their pledge dance a secret, but is having Fred Beardsley's orchestra furnish the music. Chi Omega's will turn their house into a Greenwich village, with an air of surrealism. An art colony, with pictures painted by active members, should prove interesting! Jimmy Johnston's Oregon State "Villagers" will play.

Gamma Phi Beta will give an informal breakfast-dance Saturday morning. A good idea seldom used in the fall, but nevertheless a good idea, says Little Wilbur.

Strange Apparitions

Theta Chi has gone in for the P.T.'s this fall, for their dance. Strange apparitions will appear all over the house Saturday evening, while Pi Phi celebrate the "Yukon Days" with their house done over into an Alaskan igloo. Bud Brown's orchestra will crack the ice for the affair.

Delta Upsilon goes "Half and Half" in their theme. (Must have had difficulties in deciding on a motif.) Costumes will carry out the idea. Earl Scott's orchestra has been signed.

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B. B. SHOTS.

By B. Bowman

On Being a Columnist—

Which isn't such a bad racket no matter what they say. Especially when your readers respond with mums! And so timely. There I lay wasting away with a cold (the latest campus fad) and it came, with the most touching note.

It seems that the SAE deeply appreciated my suggestion about checking up on his dancing—and instead of repaying with a coke he sent the mums.

It's things like that which make life worth living!

Another society-monger got an invitation to the Beta dance because her voice sounded so nice over the phone.

Here's hoping we aren't swamped with aspiring girl reporters now.

A Thumbnail Sketch of A Snobbish Coed

To be snobbish is to be haughtily contemptuous—or to repel the advances of those regarded as inferior. The snobbish coed is the sort who is so far above it all until she finds the people with whom she is associating are her equals—or at least can be of some use to her. In which case she drops the contemptuous pose for a more descending one.

As she walks along the campus she lowers her eyes when it suits her and raises them again—never to miss a campus hero.

When attending a concert she dramatically folds her hands, closes her eyes—when she would rather squirm in her seat and look uncultured.

Having elevated her chin upward (in a manner I cannot achieve without extreme self-consciousness and a stiff neck) she attempts to manipulate curbs—not always doing so successfully.

She usually comes from a mediocre family in a small town—so instead of talking about them she prefers to lapse into an aloof silence—again being so bored with it all.

The sorority snob has more definite ideas concerning those whom she wishes to associate with. They must be in the right house, and those who don't "belong" are in complete disdain.

(Those who have been offended by this article may repay this week with a cactus.)

Woman Editor To Speak on UO Radio Program

The place of women in journalism in Oregon will be discussed by Adelaide Lake, editor of the Sheridan Sun, in an interview with Professor George Turnbull of the school of journalism faculty tonight at 7:30 over KOAC.

She will tell of women in the state who have been prominent in the writing field and will make estimates concerning the future of the profession for women. This will be the sixth in a series of interviews with Oregon editors conducted by Professor Turnbull.

The broadcast will be made from the music building, and will be released over the Corvallis station by remote control.

After the broadcast Miss Lake will be entertained by Theta Sigma Phi, women's journalism fraternity, at the home of Professor Turnbull. She will lead a discussion in problems facing the young reporter just entering active newspaper work.

Before becoming editor of the Sun, about three years ago, Miss Lake was employed on the staff of the Portland Oregonian for several years. She is a graduate of the University.

Foiled Again!

After watching the fellows pick fuzz from their suits Saturday night, having danced with a girl wearing one of these angora evening jackets, I was all set to warn the gals about them if they want to keep the fellow's temper intact.

But you can't go around issuing such warnings, especially when one of the very fellows you saw picking fuzz and swearing proceeds to plant his pin on the same girl.

In the Huddle

This is the old, old story of what happens in the huddle—I had just been convinced they must call signals, and so had Willie Reynolds, Theta Chi and a football reserve who played in his first varsity game Saturday.

He anxiously went into the huddle only to hear "Theta Chi won the noise parade, Theta Chi won the sign contest—Theta Chi take the ball."

Theta Chi won 3 1-2 yards—and went into the huddle again—"Theta Chi is plenty hot—Theta Chi take the ball again on 46E."

Suit of Tweeds



This suit of contrasting tweeds is ideal to wear under a rain coat during this rainy weather. Four pockets with novel slit openings and a zipper down the front of the jacket are style highlights.

Meditations Of a Chained Pin Planter

(All characters appearing herein are purely fictitious and any similarity to persons in real life is purely coincidental.)

"Howinthehell am I gonna explain this to lulu?"

... it all started out when I bought that ASUO card maw wanted me to get. I got so darn popular that the fellas pledged me to one of their fraternities and sold me a purty pin...

It was the pin that got me into all the trouble... a cute little gal I was takin' home from an exchange dessert the other night kept castin' admiring glances at it... first I thought I musta split some ice cream on my vest... then when she said "what a purty pin!"... before I could say anything, she had it on!

... and here I am today with people going by in small herds to look at me... chained to a post down by the Side... gosh! I feel like a flunk exam being graded.

susy, the gal who has my pin, keeps slugging a bottle of chocolate coke with a nipple on it into my mouth... and a new bunch comes on to laugh.

... I'm sure mad at my "brothers" who liked me so well when I was popular... and now act this way when I need sympathy.

I even heard of some so-called friends who put a brother on the pioneer mother's lap (and it was all wet, too).

... now I'm hooked... do you suppose I'll have to marry susy? gee whiz, lulu knew me first back home and she still thinks she oughta have my heart... but now susy has my pin! ... and here I am all bailed and chained.

my gawd! how'm I gonna explain to lulu?

INFIRMARY PATIENTS

Patients listed at the infirmary Wednesday included: Arvilla Bates, Beverly Shumate, Lorraine St. Louis, Janet Stinson, Audrey Hammond, Mary Graham, Robert Keen, James Manning, William Lubersky, Ned Linden, Alvin Gray, Theodore Sievers, Keith Battleson, Anthony Knap, Robert Stafford, and Elinore Caverhill.

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Lovelorn, Ltd.

By Burkerrickson

With locks of love, we affectionately dedicate this column to Deputy Sheriff-Night Jailer-Sarge Herb Neilson in his cloistered cell at the Lane county jail.

Dear, dear Burkerrickson:

Ah, me! I, too, have my troubles. For the past year I have been violently in love with a gal. Truly, she is a gorgeous specimen.

There is only one thing that really complicates matters. It seems as if she is wrapped up, figuratively speaking, in a lad from up-state, and therein lies the difficulty.

Oh, sure... she speaks to me, and once, this summer, she even consented to go to dinner with me while I was passing through Portland, but that is as far as it goes. Will she ever know that she is the ache in my heart? How can I win her over? Do you suppose it would help if I borrowed a pair of frosh pants and sat on the senior bench in order to attract her attention, or should I compromise by eating a bar of Palmolive and running down the middle of Thirteenth street with a wild gleam in my eye?

Boikie, you'll have to help me. My heart drips tears of anguish, and all I can find the ability to say is "God Save the King" while my knees quake tremulously and I raise my feeble hand on high in a last dying effort. You must help me, else all is lost.

All yours, all yours, The Sarge.

Dear, Dear Sarge: Dry, if you can, your salty tears. Perhaps this girl isn't worthy of the exalted place you gave her in the sacred corner of your heart.

Your "stunts" would certainly cause widespread attention. But might not the girl topple off her pedestal after having caused you to exhibit yourself so?

But if you weigh the balance and decide that she really merits such pure and high-minded devotion, the only course open is to make yourself such a model of righteousness that you will eclipse thoughts of all others in her mind.

(Note: This letter was received in response to our statements concerning platonic friendships several weeks ago.)

Dear Burkerrickson, I think you expect too much of "platonic" friendships among students.

How does a gal with a fire for someone in Paducah figure that a boy wants to take her around and play second on someone else's field?

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Beauty Flashes

of Eugene's Own Beauty Salon... for the gay holiday season and for months to come let a KOLTSCH Permanent wave lend distinction to your hair. Shampoo, hairstyle and clip—

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Why Do Girls Dress For Games, Men Ask

By BETTY HAMILTON

The two men stood on the corner, watching the parade of fur coats, veiled hats, and high heels, passing by—"What is that, a fashion parade?" asked one to the other. "No, they are just going to the football game," was the grinning answer he received. Which brings up the question, "Why do the women dress up for home games when the fellows wear cords and sweaters?"

The attitude of the males seems to be that they think it's rather silly for the women to put on the dog for a home game, especially when the weather generally is rotten. "Why dress up merely to sit at a football game, when there's no occasion for it," was the gist of their opinions.

"I can understand why the gals dress for out of town games, but what's the use of having to deck out for home games," said several of the boys, adding that they should think the coeds would enjoy the game more if they didn't have to worry about someone stepping on their fur coats or knocking off their new bonnets.

Several girls expressed their sentiments by saying that they'd much rather wear campus clothes to home games, but that "we'd feel silly if we did have the nerve to wear saddle shoes, sweaters and skirts, because everyone else wears heels and more dressy apparel."

"I can remember when I was a frosh and went to my first home football game. All the girls in my room insisted that I wear my fur coat and really dress for it, because everyone else did. I'd feel much better in a pair of saddles, and a skirt and sweater and no hat," said one of the gals.

"Personally, I see no point in dressing for home games. After all we don't sit with the fellows and we are not trying to impress our own sex with our smartness, are we?" asked one frank female, adding that she always dressed up for home games, but that she didn't know why she did it.

One of the rally girls expressed her opinion, saying that she thought there would be more spirit in the girls' rooting section if they didn't always have to worry about soiling their clothes on the benches and keeping their hat cocked at the right angle.

Several of the fellows expressed a desire to see the heads of houses get together and make a rule that the girls should wear campus clothes to the home games for next

(Please turn to page four)

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Serenade to A Lounge Lizard

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To A Smooth You

Pure dye Sandra slips for a super fit in a tailored or lace trim.

\$2.95

Unaccustomed Tho' I Am...

By RITA WRIGHT

THE EARLY BIRD gets the worm—or so they say but if you don't take advantage of H. Gordon and Company's special November sale you'll never get up early again. All of their coats are reduced from 1/5 to 1/4—they have 25 very special formal coats that are now \$7.95 and \$12.95 which were formerly \$15.95 to \$25. Hickory foundation garments are 1/5 less. All we have to say is that you'd better cut your eight o'clock.

IF YOU'RE BOTHERED with chilblains, scalded feet, or just like to be comfortable, we'll recommend as the smartest purchase of the week the "bunny scuffs" which can be found at the Oriental Art Shop. They are made out of white, soft, bunny fur, have leather soles and are priced at \$1.85.

SWEATERS AND SKIRTS, sweaters and skirts—we're still advocating them and we always will—take a trip down to Kaufman Bros. and see their collection of cashmeres, soft angora wools, Shetlands—in sweaters—and then take a good long look at the Loch Lomond plaids, the pleated swirl skirts, the new skating skirts and make them fit into your budget.

COME THE RAINY SEASON—come the Ark—but before you move in be sure that you're well prepared with a white raincoat that is guaranteed waterproof. The Broadway stocks these which are put out by the U. S. Rubber Company and are attractively styled with patch pockets, are double and single breasted, and are windproof. They sell at \$5.95.

WE'VE SAVED THE last for the best—but with three feet of snow up the McKenzie, tentative plans underway for a trip to Sun Valley, election of officers—Oregon's winter sport—skiing is off to a new and better start. Williams Inc. have a complete line of ski togs, ski boots, and what have you.

CHRISTMAS LISTS ARE right around the corner and it's none too soon to figure out what you're going to give sister Sue, mother, your pet aunt, and the rest. R. C. Hadley have just received their shipment of Christmas lingerie and if you want to give someone a gift they'll never forget—they have nightgowns that are dreams—gleaming pure dye satin with exquisite shirring in the bodice—simple little shirt-waist styles in satin with tiny tucks in the bodice. Their collection ranges from \$2.95 to \$6.50.

Winter's Tale

Fitted black nubby wool trimmed in fashion's favorite fur—Persian Lamb with its matching muff to warm both hands and heart.

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For the basis of the coed's winter wardrobe, the Honor Roll nominates a fitted black wool trimmed in leopard with the muff to match—a zipper purse is snugly concealed in the side of the muff's warmth.

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