

Emerald Feature Page

A Short, Short Story

By ADRIENNE FLURRY

The street was silent. Madeline's steps were slow, and sometimes, as she passed a familiar doorway, she stretched out her hand as if to touch it and fold into her fingers the memories it possessed. She held her chin high, and her eyes, as blue as the dress she wore, were steady.

Madeline thought that the street did not seem silent nor the figures populating it merely fragments of her imagination. This was home. This was the street upon which she and Ronald had lived, where they had grown up together. They had lived next door to each other, and it seemed only yesterday that bare-legged and intense they had sat in her music room and listened to her mother play Bach and Beethoven and Strauss. Later, in the years when they were in the university, she remembered that they had sat listening to Ronald's father, Professor Goldman, talk about philosophers and art and books. A faint smile came to her lips. They had discussed so many things in those days. She and Ronald had been so young and so sure.

"Don't forget tolerance, son," Professor Goldman had smiled. "I think love is important, too," Madeline had said. "Not just love for your sweetheart or your family, but love of mankind. I think love is the motive behind all great beliefs."

"Really, now?" Ronald had grinned teasingly. She had blushed. "Isn't it, Professor Goldman?" she had appealed.

"Love is very important," he had replied.

"Not that important," Ronald had denied, frowning while he reasoned it out.

She had taken so much for granted in those days—the church, the freedom, the laughter. She had thought they were things that were and always would be like the concerts on the grounds at twilight, the hum of friendly voices, and later in the peace of silver nights, following her friends down the banks of the river, and crossing the bridge where Ronald had first told her he loved her.

She noticed that she had passed the church now and faced the long, flat building with its high way newly built in the village. She looked at it without emotion.

She had not asked Ronald to stay. Because he had said it was his duty to go, she had accepted his decision. She had held his firm brown face between her hands and

Armistice Day Cancels Paper For Tuesday

The Emerald's edition next Tuesday has been cancelled because of the Armistice day holiday Monday when the issue would need to go to press. Jim Frost, business manager, announced yesterday.

Publication will be resumed Wednesday. Only 14 more issues of the Emerald will be published this term as Thanksgiving vacation cuts out three, Frost said.

So Much Of

By KAHANANUI

Mr. Joseph Alum, '30, skipped across Thirteenth street and onto the Hello walk. Rain splashed down all around but what did he care. It was Homecoming, and he had come back to Oregon, his alma mater. Who said this stuff was just a glorious waste of time. A little tingle crept up his spine. He was stripped along the walk, gazing at the pavement as he reminisced.

Then just like that it happened. Four husky lads swarmed all over him, grabbed him by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers, and dragged him up the steps of Fenton hall.

"Failure to say hello on the Hello walk . . . one hack!"

Smack!

"B-b-but, I . . ."

"No excuses . . . don't you know we're reviving old traditions around here? Where've you been, anyway?"

Joe Alum grinned. Inwardly glad, he eased himself more or less painfully down the steps.

On and on he wandered, down to Deady, past Villard, up to McClure, in front of Friendly, across Thirteenth, past Johnson on the curved gravel path to University past the men's dorms. The rain had stopped.

He gazed up at the brick structure. The thing was just red brick, but was a unit in the communal life of the University, his University. It afforded a place where young men could learn to live together in harmony, where they could learn to be congenial, where . . .

Splash! A sack full of water shattered and splattered across his face. He had been waterbagged.

Joe Alum was burning mad for an instant. But then he yanked out his handkerchief, mopped some of the water out of his eyes, and laughed like a hyena. He was happy, gloriously happy. Oh happy day! For awhile he was beginning to think that those days were gone forever.

Best bets of the weekend: Homecoming, Homecoming, Homecoming, Homecoming!!! And, oh yes, the Homecoming hop tonight—in formal—of course, if you want to attract attention, come caged in that lovely formal.

Ruin the Bruin in Hayward stadium this afternoon! Both UCLA and Oregon will be thrashing it out for either team's first conference win . . . ought to be some brawl!

On the air today: Oregon State pulls the WSC Cougar's tail in Corn Valley, KOIN (940 kc), Portland, 1:45 p.m. . . . Down in Palo Alto Stanford's Indian hacks an- burst over the wall like splashes of gold and lavender and scarlet from an artist's brush. It touched her face, surrounded her.

"Ready!" the man shouted. The guns leveled.

Madeline looked up, beyond the wall. "I remembered what you said, Ronald," her eyes were warm thinking of him. "I, too, have tried to do what I thought was honorable and courageous."

She smiled. "But you weren't entirely right, dear. Love had a great deal to do with it. Love for what I believed was best. Perhaps, too, because I have been lonely since you went away. Loving you, I want to share your destiny—wherever you are."

"Aim." The guns came up. "Fire."

The blast reechoed from the walls. The sunset sank into a crimson ball, and the little blue dress began to turn red.

Addition of 23 new teaching posts at University of Texas brings the faculty strength to 584.

Movie usings

By MARY ANN CAMPBELL

Mayflower—“Dance, Girl, Dance” has plenty of possibilities, but, somehow, nothing much is done about them. It could have been a sort of “Stage Door” on the ballet—but it isn't. The plot has to do with two dancers, one of whom (Lucille Ball) ends up in burlesque, and the other (Maureen O'Hara) acts as a foil to Lucille's burlesque numbers by aspiring to ballet. They both show off their individual schools of dancing neatly. More plot: Louis Hayward divorces his perfectly nice wife, Virginia Fields, falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan, and just to be perverse, ends up by marrying Lucille Ball. Meanwhile, Ralph Bellamy as the director of the American Ballet (and, by the way, he is pretty inadequate as the director) falls for Maureen O'Sullivan. Maria Ouspenskaya is regal and imposing in her role of helping the girls along.

McDonald—“Knut Rockne, All-American,” is, as you might suspect, about football. Pat O'Brien does a convincing and smooth interpretation of the great Rockne, and his wife Bonnie ably supports him. The games are a large part of the show, and the famous Four Horsemen dash to touchdowns with vim and vigor. If you're not honestly a football fan, you won't have a terribly good time, but if you love and understand the game, by all means don't pass it up. . . .

Running mate to “Knut Rockne” is “Rangers of Fortune,” a little satire on horse operas that involves Fred MacMurray as an ex-West Pointer who has been sentenced to a Texas frontier village, and adopt a 13-year-old girl whose grandfather has been killed by some “Bad Men.” The 13-year-old is Betty Brewer, Paramount's most recent find, who possesses possibilities and a great deal of charm. The desperados are hard on men, tender to the girls, and light-hearted to everybody. They are roistering, swashbuckling, and dashing until you are exhausted, but their manage to be extremely funny about it all. The plot, such as it is, concerns Joseph Schildkraut's mean and nasty attempts to get rid of all local riff-raff by shooting down the village citizenry.

Rex—“The Great McGinty” is the exception that proves the rule that you have to have big names, a great director and a huge budget to make a good picture. Written and directed by Preston Sturges, who turned out “Strictly Dishonorable” some years ago, “The Great McGinty” tells the story of a bartender in a South American republic, and how he was once governor of a state. Brian Donlevy as McGinty tells a saddened drunk in his bar how it all happened. It seems he once got 37 votes at \$2 a vote, and Akim Tamiroff, the Big Boss, notices his possibilities. He helps collect protection money, becomes an alderman, and finds he can be mayor if he gets married. He conveniently falls in love with Muriel Angelus, a widow with two children, who also has ideals. When McGinty becomes governor he acquires some ideals too, but it seems that is NOT the “Thing To Do.”

“Safari” attempts the difficult task of making Madeleine Carroll seductive and a Nice Girl at the same time, with the result that it

Really?

This business of wooing Latin America—and wooing it is—is not a single evening's affair. It requires persistent and subtle sereading. Mere kiss-blowing by politicians will not do. South Americans have been kissed and courted by professionals. Playing Romeo is a new role for Uncle Sam.—Carleton Smith in Esquire.

War is the continuation of politics by other means.—Karl von Clausewitz.

For about two weeks, the clean-up campaign (U. of Oregon Frosh elections) was good copy. All the heartbreaks, hatreds, and noble gestures of renunciation were good for a hearty laugh. But like other old jokes, this stuff has ceased to be funny.—In a letter from a reader, Oregon Daily Emerald.

This one is credited to Mark Twain. He was conversing with a French educator, who was criticizing the woeful lack of history being taught in American schools. “It's a shame, but some of the American children don't even know who their grandfathers were,” or words to that effect, to which Twain remarked nonchalantly, “Some Frenchmen don't even know who their fathers were.”

In America we have created a new race, with healthy physiques, sometimes beautiful bodies, but empty minds—people who have accepted life as an alternation of meaningless routine with insignificant sensation.—Lewis Mumford in the Atlantic Monthly. . . .

The British nation will . . . be considered as the most valuable ally in the world as long as it can be counted on to show the brutality and tenacity in its government, as well as in the spirit of the broad masses, which enables it to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters on, no matter how long such struggle may last . . . —Attributed by the London Daily Sketch to Mein Kampf and quoted in Time.

Marry by all means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy; if you get a bad one you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man!—Socrates, quoted in the Golden Book and Readers Digest.

misses fire on all sides. The story concerns Miss Carroll going on a trip into the jungle with Tullio Carminat and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. When Carminat spends all his time bagging specimens, Miss Carroll tries to make him jealous by flirting with Fairbanks. Everything ends up very beautifully, but somehow, it doesn't seem to matter very much if she gets married to one or the other or even both.

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All-American Paul Robeson Played All Grid Positions, Elected to Phi Beta Kappa

By BOB FLAVELLE
Sports Co-editor

Paul Robeson has made such a great name for himself as an actor and singer since he was graduated from Rutgers university in 1919 that many people are inclined to forget his athletic greatness.

The small New Jersey state school occupied a top spot in national football during the ten years following the World war and the 220-pound, 6-foot 4-inch negro athlete had a big hand in raising his alma mater to the position of a feared gridiron power.

“We had a queer system at Rutgers,” Robeson modestly explained. “Although I was placed on the all-American team at end, our coach used to move me all around in the lineup. I would shift into the backfield to do the kicking and passing and on defense would back up the line right behind center.”

Great Fullback
Robeson also filled in at guard on several occasions and was hailed by sports writers as the greatest plunging fullback in football. There wasn't a position at which he didn't see action at some time or another during his collegiate football career.

After completing his law course in 1923, Robeson took a fling at professional football for three seasons. “I played during the days of Brick Muller and Duke Slater—there was a player! Duke was the toughest man I ever saw—you couldn't move him,” reminisced the huge basso.

At Rutgers, Robeson was a five-letter athlete, winning letters in football, basketball, baseball, track, and lacrosse in his senior year. In his spare hours he studied enough to earn election to Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic honor society.

Wishes Oregon Luck
Robeson expressed regret that he could not accept an invitation to be a spectator at the Oregon-UCLA game, but kindly wished the Webfoots luck in their battle with the Bruins. “I sure would like to see this Jackie Robinson play,” sighed Robeson, “but I must be in San Francisco Saturday and cannot”

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