

# OREGON Daily EMERALD

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## SCENE AT RANDOM

By BEVERLY CARROLL and NANCY GLOOR

We're still wondering which place entertained more Oregon people—the stadium or under the clock in Meier & Frank's. Just standing in the center of M and F's a few minutes made us wonder if we were in Portland or at the College Side. So many familiar faces. Scads of rooters lids and mums.

Even Marilyn Sage in her new grey coat. And Carolyn Tyler in that luscious blue fur-trimmed outfit. Soup was there with a clean shirt on. Cay Shea, with a mum as big as a pumpkin. (Speaking of pumpkins, we threw ours out last night. Had so hoped that they would last until next Halloween. But a green gangreneous growth appeared on the left eye.)

### Flannels and Furs

Up at the stadium, we didn't mind sitting holding our breath, in hopes Mickey Davis wouldn't slip in the mud and ruin his white flannel trousers, but when Lynn Renick dropped her fur coat under the bleachers, that was too much. She just laughed and passively let the policeman hold it for her down at the end of the field. She finally got it back. Well, it wasn't his size anyway.

We were left speechless when our big player, Bobby Reynolds, was brought off the field for a telephone call. Maybe it was his mother wishing him luck. We haven't figured it out yet. Dear Mickey Davis,

Could it possibly be arranged to have a mirror at the opposite side of the field, so that we in the card section could see what is going on. It would help us with our spelling. Or better yet, just whisper softly into the microphone what in the heck is going on.

Signed,

The girl behind the wrong card.

### Hats Off Department

Our hats off to the Rally Squad. It is far from an easy job to keep up that big hubba-hubba spirit during the whole game, and it really must be no fun to miss seeing lots of good plays. It can't be all glory to lead a yell and keep up the morale of the whole student body, especially when the team is behind. We're mighty proud of their enthusiasm and appearance. Courtesy was certainly shown by both schools through the exchange yell. It was different and a pleasure.

Of course there's always the type like Carolyn Wells, who didn't have the cash to travel north and couldn't stay in her house because it was closed for the week-end. She ended up by staying in the infirmary and had a weekend of peaceful rest, but, we must admit that her bum leg gave her admittance.

### Sophomore-Sponsored

(Continued from page one)

contest, chairmen Ann Burgess and Alice May Robertson, Barbara Patterson; patrons, Joanne Merwin; nuance, Pat Webber; beard contest, Norma Figone, Dick Savinar; tickets, chairmen Barbara Borrevick and Genneva Davis, Virginia Georgeson, Jack Hessel; and clean-up, chairman Beryl Howard and her freshman committee.

Tickets to the Sophomore Whiskerino will be sold this morning and tonight. Ticket Chairman Barbara Borrevick announces, "The tickets are going fast—hurry and get them." Students may purchase tickets at the dance.



## Ho Hum

By MARYLU DIAMOND and BARBARA TIBBETTS  
Guest Columnists

Most surprised girl on the campus Friday night was Hildegard Buckette when a bevy of friends burst in for a surprise birthday party arranged by her husband, ex-marine Mark. We hear Mark bakes a mighty tasty cake.

While conversation is still sparkling (?) with tidbits from Portland, we would like to remark that Theta Carolyn Tyler and Chi Psi Jack Ruble get our note anytime as the smoothest looking couple at the Russian Village (plug) Saturday last.

Bob Lund, self-appointed president, of new local fraternity claims it will be the biggest thing ever to hit this campus, and to borrow a phrase we say, "Ho Hum."

Our weekly eavesdrippin' brought forth this touching scene—Janet "Ushering" with that old line, plus a pat on the cheek to local glamour boy Dick Clark... things are tough all over.

The campus and especially Alpha Chi Virginia Georgeson was glad to say "hello" to Wally Adams on leave from the Army. Along with "hellos" we say a reluctant "goodbye" to Jim (Uncle Sam finally got me) Bartelt and Steve (I'm a Baron) Gamm. Oh! That the Army should be so lucky. Seriously, fellows, we'll really miss you.

Question of the week: Where has Gamma Phi Sally Timmens hidden her Fiji pin?

Alpha Chi Mickey McCandless has been busy receiving phone calls and roses from Major Bert Theirolf, Sig Ep formerly on this campus. Lucky girl!

Halloween night brought forth moans and screams from the Pi Phi house—must have been the spooks. Who knows?

Speaking of puzzling situations... what particular charm is it that Orin (you can call me Husky) Weir has for the usherette at the Heilig? She planted a discharge

pin on him at 9 p.m. and at 9:10 p.m., she took it back. Silly isn't it?

Coeds are all swooning over Walt (I've got a convertible in California) Donovan. Seems this laddie has what it takes. While we are on the subject of swoon kings have you seen Tom Ray's picture down at Kennell-Ellis? Tommy is the boy who says, "A bridge player has to learn to take it on the shin."

"Stoney" Stonebreaker has a new definition of a pink elephant—A beast of Bourbon. Hmmm.

New foursome at the Side was composed of Joe Merriam, Pat Hanley, Maxine Davis, and Bill Anderson. How do those Chi Omega's rate?

At the Falcon we see Neil (Goldie) Perkins and his steady Nancy Bostwick staring at one another over a cup of coffee every day at 10.

Flash! Our own "Wormy" is trying oh so hard to get a date with blonde Chi O Kay Schneider. Remember Kay, the early bird gets the worm.

Open letter to the infirmary—Dear Sirs:

It isn't the cough that carries you off, it's the coffin they carry you off in.

Signed

### Art Stillwell

Larry (Tiny) Mitchell is still lone wolfing it around the campus—but various and sundry coeds haven't given up hope yet. Happy hunting, girls.

We've missed seeing Bill Williams' around in his zooty little car. Hope the kind of luck he's been having isn't catching. That boy is smiling tho'.

Notice to everyone, especially girls. There is a new phone on the campus whose number is 2930-J. Whose is it? Just guess! It belongs to Ham, Ricket, and Bedroom Eeys. (paid advertisement).

Well kiddies, guess that's enough. We leave you with our thought for the day, "Time heals all wounds."

## Beard Round-up . . .

With the presentation of the sophomore Whiskerino tonight all arguments for and against the various and sundry traditions and practices involved become obsolete. Those who maintain that such activities are childish perhaps lack the endearing human quality of being childish at certain times. No matter how serious life may be, there are occasions when the proverbial tomfoolery is a welcome relief. Or would you rather have steak for dessert, too?

This year's Whiskerino will be the first of the "big six" dances—with a promise of great success. Returning, as in pre-war days to McArthur court, the sophomore class (with the help of the freshmen, juniors and seniors), will attempt to provide the occasion for some of the aforementioned frolics. Students looking for a subject for a thesis, will not find it at the dance. Traditionally, the Whiskerino is one of the special "gay-dog" times when gripes are forgotten and fun is had by all.

One professor is tired of letting journalism students have their way. He requests them to omit the "more" at the end of each page.

## Armchair Rooters . . .

The Oregon-WSC game today is only as far away as the nearest radio.

A few weeks ago the Webfoot squad played the most thrilling ball game Oregon students have seen when they beat the Cougars on Hayward field. Remember—that was the Saturday when the Oregon rooting section sounded like a united group of lively people instead of a bunch of dead Ducks.

With that defeat fresh in their memories, the Washington State gridmen will be out to even the score. Oregon has been on the short end of the score in the last two weeks so the Webfoots will have a challenge to meet.

News releases say that the teams will meet on a field covered with a two-inch blanket of snow. This, in itself, is enough to make the game as novel for Oregon as Eugene's rainy weather has been for Californians in times past.

Since we can't cheer the team from the 50-yard line, we can take the second choice of hearing it, play by play, over the airwaves.

Are whiskers here to stay? With winter coming on, perhaps some of the bearded sophomores will decide whiskers are a good thing, and wait until spring to shave.

## Men with Plans . . .

There are those individuals at Oregon who believe that everything in the present system must go. They propose a revolutionary but vague plan for clearing away the existing set-up and instituting a new one.

They may be thought of as the men with the plans.

Anyone will admit that Oregon can stand plenty of improvement. But how about concentrating on those things in the present system that can be corrected before we take on a program with even a broader scope?

We can clean up elections—ban coercion, institute better polling practices, and work toward a merit system of election.

We can work for better conditions in the University dormitories and an understanding between students and directors of the dorm problems.

We can get the Erb Memorial Union building fund rolling in.

If we wish to take a more active part in Oregon life, we will have to earn that responsibility by using intelligently and fully the power we possess now.

## Clips and Comments

By CARLEY HAYDEN

At Louisiana State university, week night dates are called "baby dates." One irate freshman, noting that his girl had signed out for a "baby date" drew himself up to his full 5 feet 2 inches and said indignantly, "Well, it's all right for them to go out with 15 and 16-year-olds, but they don't have to call them "baby dates."

Recently, carefully graded economics midterms disappeared from the office of a professor at Ohio State. After searching frantically for them, he discovered that his secretary had unknowingly donated them to the scrap paper drive!

Some NU students have suggested that the government will no doubt be badly in need of scrap paper around December 16!

In an effort to promote more school spirit by reviving the old and new traditions at the University of Washington, a group represented by students, faculty, and alumni have met to discuss and plan a program of action.

Much lamentation is heard on the Idaho university campus on the fact that their "Daters Bible" is not gracing the study desks of Idaho students and the first nine weeks it is virtually history.

"Pop, Get Those Ducks," was the theme for the most colorful Washington State college rally yet

planned this year when houses competed Friday night for the best in originality and color display of the parade.

History — peppermint-striped history—will be made in the Branner hall lobby tonight at Stanford university. Their "Peppermint Lane" formal is the first formal ever held in the hall since women have been living there, and the first dance in the lobby.

Trojans at Southern Cal will have a gala weekend sandwiching the Southern Cal and Cal game. A rally bonfire, game, and dance will highlight the weekend.

At Southern Cal: The "Hello and Smile" spirit shall be observed throughout the year; All students stand when the Alma Mater is sung; no high school monogram or jewelry or letterman sweaters are worn by university students on the campus; women shall wear stockings, or socks on the campus; each year at Christmas time, university women shall carol; once during each term the seniors shall have a picnic at which the other classes shall provide the entertainment; and no slacks or other informal attire shall be worn by an SC coed on the campus.

These are a few notable traditions which are being enforced rigidly this year on the campus.