

Final Co-ed Interviews

Three candidates for the title of Betty Co-ed, chosen from sophomore class women, are Karen Moke, Larrilyn Carr and Judy Ecklund. Interviews and pictures of other candidates Mary Schulze, Sharon Meyer and Sue Sandoz were printed in the Thursday Emerald.

The women were originally nominated by campus living organizations and the finalists were selected by a panel of Eugene judges. Vote of students attending the Sophomore Whiskerino Saturday will determine the winner, who will be presented during the dance intermission.

Karen Moke

A Pi Phi who now claims Portland as her home, but went to school in Eugene, is Karen Moke, majoring in elementary education.



KAREN MOKE
Rally Squad Member

In addition to her time-consuming duties as a member of the rally squad, Karen has been active on the Student Union public relations committee, a typist for the Oregana, a worker in the YWCA, on numerous campus committees.

Karen's special favorite as a pastime is dancing, but she also likes to ski and loves to watch all sports.

Larrilyn Carr

From Kappa Alpha Theta is Larrilyn Carr, who claims San Diego, Calif., as her home, and is presently in pre-law.

Larrilyn's major activities on campus include Kwama president, associate editor of the Oregana, a member of the Co-op Board of Directors, and co-chairman of the Bunion Derby this year. She is also sophomore YWCA cabinet secretary.

Larrilyn says that she likes to



LARRILYN CARR
Kwama President

meet people and because of this enjoys her work at the SU desk. She also lists water-skiing as a favorite pastime.

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LAST CHANCE! to enter Reader's Digest \$41,000 CONTEST

It's fun to do—and you may find you know more about human nature than you think! Just list, in order, the six articles in October Reader's Digest you think readers will like best. Couldn't be simpler—and you may win \$5,000 cash for yourself plus \$5,000 in scholarships for your college.

Have you sent in your entry yet? Entries must be postmarked by midnight, Thursday, October 25. Entry blanks available at your college bookstore.



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MARKING ON THE CURVE... AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

Twonkey Crimscott was a professor. Choate Sigafos was a sophomore. Twonkey Crimscott was keen, cold, brilliant. Choate Sigafos was loose, vague, adenoidal. Twonkey Crimscott believed in diligence, discipline, and marking on the curve. Choate Sigafos believed in elves, Jayne Mansfield, and thirteen hours sleep each night.

Yet there came a time when Twonkey Crimscott—mentor, sage, and savant—was thoroughly out-thought, out-foxed, out-maneuvered, out-played, and out-witted by Choate Sigafos, sophomore.

It happened one day when Choate was at the library studying for one of Mr. Crimscott's exams in sociology. Mr. Crimscott's exams were murder—plain, flat murder. They consisted of one hundred questions, each question having four possible answers—A, B, C, and D. The trouble was that the four choices were so subtly shaded, so intricately worded, that students more clever by far than Choate Sigafos were often set to gibbering.

So on this day Choate sat in the library poring over his sociology text, his tiny brow furrowed with concentration, while all around him sat the other members of the sociology class, every one studying like crazy. "What a waste!" he thought. "All this youth, this verve, this bounce, chained to musty books in a musty library! We should be out singing and dancing and smooching and cutting didoes on the greensward!"

Then, suddenly, an absolute gasser of an idea hit Choate. "Listen!" he shouted to his classmates. "Tomorrow when we take the exam, let's all—every one of us—check Choice 'A' on every question—every one of them."

"Huh?" said his classmates.

"Mr. Crimscott marks on the curve. If we all check the same answers, then we all get the same score, and everybody in the class gets a 'C'."

"Hmm," said his classmates.

"Let's get out of here and have a ball!" said Choate.

So they all ran out and lit Philip Morris and had a ball, as, indeed, you will too when you light a Philip Morris, for if there ever was a cigarette to lift the spirit and gladden the heart, it is today's new Philip Morris—firm and pure and fragrant and filled with true, natural, golden tobacco, lip end to tip end.



...We should be out singing and dancing and smooching!

Well sir, the next morning the whole class did what Choate said and, sure enough, they all got "C's," and they picked Choate up and carried him on their shoulders and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and plied him with sweetmeats and Philip Morris and girls and put on buttons which said "I DOTE ON CHOATE."

But they were celebrating too soon. Because the next time shrewd old Mr. Crimscott gave them a test, he gave them only one question—to wit: write a 30,000 word essay on "Crime Does Not Pay."

"You and your ideas," they said to Choate and tore off his epaulets and broke his sword and drummed him out of the school. Today, a broken man, he earns a meager living as a camshaft in Toledo.

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At the top of the curve of smoking pleasure, you'll find today's new Philip Morris. So, confidently, say the makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column each week.