

It Might Happen...

(Continued from page two)

"It's wonderful," grinned the Russian in English.

They were at the point of embracing when their short-wave radios began crackling furiously.

"It's war!" cried the pioneers in simultaneous Russian and English.

They listened, appalled. Washington was in ruins, Moscow but a memory. New York was a rubble. Radioactive rats scurried through the scorched bricks that had been Leningrad.

Gradually the two pioneers drew apart.

"You... started... it," said the American reproachfully, spelling out the words from his borrowed dictionary.

"No... you... dit," retorted the Russian, who could say "no" in any language.

Suddenly the American's radio began to crackle with a new note of urgency. From a secret underground command post buried deep in the Rockies came a crisp message from the President of the United States:

"Understand Russians also landed on moon. Essential to preservation of American way of life that they be wiped out to the last man."

Trained to obedience, the American raised his atomic rifle.

"Nyet!" cried the Russian, frantically leafing through the dictionary.

"Must," cried the American hoarsely. "Orders. Kill you to last man."

"Man? Man?" screamed the Russian, thumbing pages madly. "But... I... not... man... I... woman."

This, children, explains why there is peace on the moon today, even if there is a frightful shortage of child-size space helmets.

Thinking Time...

(Continued from page two)

Do the colleges and universities have an obligation to require some "thinking time?" Should there be, in every student's schedule, a few hours a week for walking by the river, for sitting on a park bench in the rain, for lying in the sun, for going to church, for doing whatever it is that students do best while contemplating the estate of God and man?

Always with us is the possibility that this habit of thinking, questioning, doubting, wondering will carry over into their adult lives when the educational process should be continuing. Perhaps then there will be less preoccupation with trying to

Girls Scheduled For Oregana Pics

This week's Oregana picture schedule for women's living organizations has been announced. The women are to wear dark sweaters and are not to wear their hair in a pony tail.

Wednesday, Carson 2 at 9:30-11:25, 12:30 to 5:30; Thursday, Carson 3, 8-11:25 a.m.; Carson 4, 9:30-5:30, 12:30-5:30.

Dodge Publishes Stories in Journal

Two articles by R. E. Dodge, assistant professor of Business Administration, have been accepted for publication by the quarterly "Journal of Retailing" published at New York University for national circulation.

"Discount Practices of 'Legitimate' Retailers," is the title of one of the articles, and the other concerns marketing aspects of consumers 65 years old and older. The latter gives the finding of an extensive research project conducted recently in Portland.

"adjust" to an imperfect world and more attention paid to creating a world in which some adjustments (like living with a possibly lethal satellite over our heads) will not be necessary.

Governor Selects Hart for Board

Portland attorney Allan Hart, an honor graduate of Stanford and Yale University who has had an active hand in drafting Oregon school legislation, was named Sunday by Governor Holmes to the State Board of Higher Education.

Hart, a former general counsel for Bonneville Power Administration and now a member of the Portland law firm of Hart, Davidson and Veazie, will fill the vacancy left by the recent resignation of eastern Oregon rancher and banker Herman Oliver.

A democrat, Hart is Governor Holmes' third appointee to the

nine-member board which controls Oregon's eight universities and colleges and general extension division. His appointment subject to confirmation by the State Senate, is for Oliver's unexpired term. The term expires March 2, 1958.



CLOTHES MAKE THE BMOC

Last week we passed along some fashion hints for coeds. Today we will do the same for college men.

The most important thing to remember, gentlemen, is to dress with verve, with dash, with inventiveness. Don't be imprisoned by the traditional conservatism of men's clothing. Brighten up your appearance with a single earring, or a cavalry saber, or a gold derby.



Guard Against Gaudiness

However, guard against gaudiness. If, for instance, you are wearing a gold derby, do not also wear a cavalry saber. This is too much. Wear a dagger instead, or, for formal occasions, a bowie knife.

Let us turn now to a persistent rumor that a garment called the "suit" is on the verge of making a comeback. Some of you older students may remember this "suit." It was an ensemble consisting of a jacket and trousers, both of which—this'll kill you—both of which were made out of the same material!

The last "suit" ever seen on an American campus was in 1941—and I ought to know because I was wearing it. I was an undergraduate then, and in love—hopelessly in love with a beauteous statistics major named Harry Sigafos. (She is one of the two girls I have ever known named Harry. The other one is her sister.)

I loved Harry madly, though her expensive tastes were the ruin of me. Bit by bit I sold off my belongings to pursue this costly courtship—first my books, then my clothes, until finally I was left with nothing to wear but a "suit." One night I came calling for her in this garment and she, of course, slapped me across the face with a riding crop and sent me from her door.

I slunk home and lit a Marlboro and sat down to think. I always light a Marlboro when I sit down to think, for their good mild flavor is a great aid to cerebration. I always light a Marlboro when I don't sit down to think, too, because Marlboro is my favorite cigarette, and I know it will be yours, too, once you make the acquaintance of that filter, that flavor, that flip-top box. As the man says, you get a lot to like with a Marlboro.

Well, sirs, smoking and thinking thus, my eye happened to fall on an ad in a campus newspaper which said: "WIN A COMPLETE WARDROBE! Touhy's Toggery, the campus's leading men's store, announces a contest to pick the best-dressed man on campus. The winner will receive absolutely free a complete new wardrobe!"

Struck by a sudden inspiration, I took pen in hand and wrote a letter to Mr. Touhy of Touhy's Toggery: "Sir—I see by the paper that you are giving a complete new wardrobe to the best-dressed man on campus. What a ridiculous idea!"

"Obviously, to be the best-dressed man on campus, you must first have a lot of clothes, and if you have a lot of clothes, what do you need with another wardrobe?"

"Touhy's Toggery should give a new wardrobe to the worst-dressed man on campus. Me, for instance. I am an eyesore. There isn't a crow in town that will come near me. Three times this month the Salvation Army salvage truck has picked me up. Esquire has canceled my subscription."

"I submit that a vote for me is a vote for reason, a vote for equity, a vote for the American way!"

With a flourish I signed the letter and sent it off, somehow feeling certain that very soon I would be wearing a complete new wardrobe.

And I was right—because two weeks later I was drafted.

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