

Men's Page--If The Ladies Don't Mind

Ye Gods

By Miriam Eichner and Roberta Moody

Not knowing just what benefits will be derived from a men's dress column, we offer:



Capering about on the campus greens like young lambs in the spring, the male student populace has been spied flaunting gay and varied apparel. A certain Phi Delta was seen strutting about in a rich-green suit and hat, with grey accessories. Other style plates have been promenading in clean cords, classy blue sweaters, and flashy ties. Checked flannel sport slacks are being worn with gabardine belted-back suit coats—always a glad sight to the maiden's eye.

LINGERIE

Astounded members of the Emerald staff were introduced to the most intimate life of pompous Hercules Phipps when he sauntered into the shack recently bedecked in white ducks under which green and white striped shorts were plainly revealed to the admiring public—and why are the staff numbers increasing?

SANDALS AND SOCKS

Now for beautiful ankles and feet we suggest a peep at "Big Business" Mercury Russell's extreme parts carefully shod and draped in Scotch-socks and shiny-brown brogues. For tea time we propose zephyr sandals, this summer's most talked-about and walked-about smart shoes for men, as the best camouflage for the tripping tootsies of the Chi Psi's social light.

And for a long time we've wanted to call the attention of the world to Jack Mars Gilligan's lovely Christmas-present loud—loud—louder—socks!

BRAIN WEAR

"Black Beauty" Appolo Aughin-

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baugh (how Appoling!) would be delightfully "set off" in brown slacks, coat, and shoes with charming accessories consisting of a Sennit straw hat, yellow suspenders, stockings, and lastly but not leastly a huge yellow orchid—and, for other male admirers, the delicate flower has been reduced in price.

Platinum blond Venus Harbert should be told about headwear. Milliners would do the world a favor if they created deep-crowned turkey-red derby for the lad. After all he's growing up.

Then there are these sun-hats—of the type they wear in Africa and at Oregon State—which promoters have attempted to put across on this campus. For the complexions of the more lily-like type of male, this paraphernalia should fill the bill, but the coeds will still vote for the deep sun-brown.

OVERALLS

And when Bobby "Bacchus" Lucas slides into his snappy grey paint job, garbed in pearl grey with wine red tie—to match the roadster's air-wheels—that's class, men—class. (Mr. Lucas comments "Consistency!")

Our idea of a ritzy knockout would be Jim Reed in lavender-checked coat and orchid slacks. Complete with white shoes and navy socks this should be a perfect background for this blond Neptune.

We haven't seen any of these light-tan gabardine campus uniforms. How about the titian charms of Newt Adonis Stearns in such a get-up?

HERE'S HOW

And "Nero" Bauer, the well-dressed man from Pendleton and parts, passes on a tip to his fellows. When on the verge of investing in a new bit of wearing apparel Nero goes about the house and collects odd bits of clothing.

He assembles an ensemble. He goes forth to meet his bowing (scrapping and curtseying) public and solicits comment. If opinions are favorable, Nero buys. (Did you see him Wednesday in brown bi-swing coat, brown boots, and beige whip-cord breeches? We did. We gushed, and Nero will invest.)

Miss Otis Regrets

Since all the stool pigeons and men-about-town seem to be holding tight to their news in anticipation of the "Green Goose," real dope just isn't crawling about. Didn't our friend I.B. publish one whole column yesterday without one scrap of anything dusty mentioned?

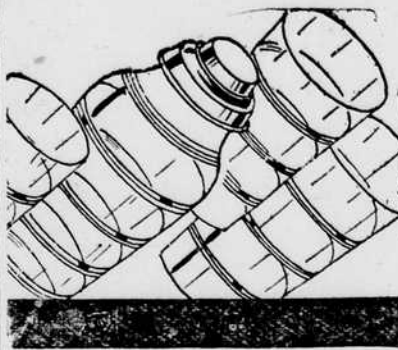
Okay now, we'll slip one over I.B. Scoop! When Maury Van Vliet and the rest of the bringin'-home-the-bacon baseballers rolled in yesterday Gaddis and the gang all turned out to meet 'em. And with the team were three "coeds"—three live ones from Seattle! It seems the babes had made the whole trip with the boys—imagine the chummy feeling of the some-coming convention! (source unmentionable).

And for the truth about yourself and everybody else, try parking just outside the Theta's new sun and sleeping addition. The sisters play truth to put themselves to sleep—under the moonlight and all—so revealing! and stuff.

It just can't be true—so sad—but unless something pops quick—Theummel will be sitting at home with his beer while another passes into eternity. Grant takes Pat, the D.G., to the D.U. shindig, hoping for a Mortar Board date with the much-beloved—but Pat invites the Portland interest for the formal. Theummel and his love life—ah—

And though it's been going on for some time—you really should be told—That Marigolde and Ed

(Continued on Page Seven)



Cocktail Hour

And then I said to him, "There's nothing like a cool, soothing drink on a hot summer afternoon." He agreed, but went on to stipulate that of course a lot depended upon the drink and the general get-up of the concoction.

"Now," said the Innocent Bystander, "you can make drinks, and you can make drinks." His voice changed in its inflection between the two pronunciations of the word. "There are drinks for all occasions."

Thinking of all the times when there would be nothing like a good, reliable cocktail recipe to save the situation, I made myself so bold as to ask a list of the very Innocent's favorite dispellers of that "my evening's a failure" feeling.

They, with a couple of private insertions at the last, are given, with much anticipation, below:

"Innocent Bystander"

3 drinks
Juice of one grapefruit, one orange, 3-4 of one lemon
1-2 ounce simple syrup
1-2 pint gin
1 pint carbonated water
Dump fruit juice, syrup, gin and ice into shaker. Shake until frosty, add carbonated water, stir twice and serve.

"Topaz"

3 drinks
Juice of one orange, 2 1-2 lemons
1-4 pint of Sauterne
5 jiggers of gin
Ice
Pour all ingredients in shaker, agitate and serve.

"Smoke"

3 drinks
1-2 pint orange juice, one lemon
1-2 pint gin

1 jigger Vermouth
1 egg
Ice
Pour orange juice, lemon, and gin into shaker. Beat whole egg into a batter and add to the rest, along with Vermouth and ice. Shake violently and serve.

"Silk Pants"

(to be served only to unwelcome guests!)

1 jigger gin
1 jigger Sloe gin
Dash of lemon juice
Stir together, serve and run!

"Sloe Gin Sling"

1 drink
1-4 lemon or 1-2 lime
1 jigger Sloe gin
Carbonated water
Ice

Place the quartered lemon or lime in a thick-bottomed glass. Crush well with a wooden pestil. Add sloe gin, ice and carbonated water. Stir and serve yourself.

"Dimmick Special"

Juice of about six lemons, depending on how thirsty
As much gin as lemon juice
As much sugar as lemon juice in shaker.

Dump all in shaker and exercise ingredients until exhausted. Serve in glasses, half filled with crushed ice. Add squirt of carbonated water.

"Violet Takashuta"

Considerable orange juice
Two teaspoons of grenadine
White of one egg
As many jiggers of gin as people drinking, but not more than orange juice unless circumstances are right. Add cubes of ice. Shake by hand very thoroughly. Do not use electric mixer or drink will result in nothing but foam.

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