

Annual Girl-Date Spinsters' Ball Is Affair of This Week-end

Diary of a College Girl Found In 1912 Oregana Proves That Coeds of All Years Are Alike

Editor's Note: Today's "guest diary" is taken from a real coed's diary published in the 1912 Oregana, which seems to show that the interests of college girls are still very much the same.

Sunday night—Diaries seem useless things. One never does dare to say anything very personal in them. If I do, I always feel as though I were being watched, so I just stick to facts. And all the names I use I just make up,—out of the initials of real people; and then of course, people (if any one were to read this), wouldn't understand. One always feels so foolish if one is asked about keeping a diary. I'd never dare say I do,—but it will be nice to read over after I'm married.

I wish something exciting would happen. Went to church. Nobody interesting there. Superb Blonde had a new hat,—rather ugly. The Sweet Cat, Little Hen and the Petite Wren were all out; funny that Fresh Daisies and French Cowslip and A. Kiss weren't there. Someone told me that the rest of the Gamma Phis go to the Presbyterian church. I don't think they freshmen ever go though,—I never saw A. Heather or Elite Cow at any church.

Had dinner and told T. L.'s with the girls till four o'clock. Heard some peaches. Gay Curtis told me a dreamy one from Divine Winker, but she fibbed. Don't believe any of the Sigma Nu's ever say nice things about us,—only the ones that are engaged, and I'm not sure about that either. Went for short stroll to see who might be on the race, and saw Happy Boy scrubbing his teeth on the Kappa Sig back porch. I bet he just got up. Wouldn't his hair be pretty on a girl? Had supper! Boys came over and we sang. Sunday's a stupid day. Made candy. Went up stairs

at ten o'clock. Studied hard for hours. I'm going to bed early this week,—on my way now, its ten-thirty. Hope tomorrow's exciting! Monday night.—Nothing doing. Went to classes. Trained Coed-throat posted me in French. Unfair, I was there all but ten times last month. Spring is here,—all the dames have new hats. They're hideous. I'm going to have a beauty. Cut English and talked to Rather Malicious in the library. Told him the Emerald wasn't fair, so we fought fierce. Heard that How Horrid gave a quizz. Missed it! Don't care. Rained all afternoon. Met Big Prim,—curls all out. Always knew her hair was straight. Mount Max brought me home under his umbrella but he let me carry three books. I know a lovely scandal. We talked it over a few minutes this evening. Came up at nine-thirty to go to bed. All my resolutions are broken 'cause it's twelve-thirty. The Delta Sig lights are on,—wonder if that Cute Wooser is still studying.

Wednesday night.—Never can spell Wednesday night. Tri Delt's are having a party. I wasn't invited,—

Hollywood High-Hatter



Betty Furness' choice in chapeaus is always extremely smart—if extreme. She is shown here wearing a high-crowned black felt hat trimmed with a silver fox head. Rising from the head is a long curled tassel of burnt orange.

hump! I'm going to be more serious from now on and only write real earnest things in my diary. I wonder if any girls in college are boy crazy? Our house mother said some were. Went to classes. Had a music lesson. Went up the race. Count Max was on the Kappa Sig porch. Gee! wouldn't it be great to go some place with someone really wonderful like Sad Lad! They say he has twenty-nine football pictures of himself,—all different. He's a swell kid, all right. There's a lovely college man poster at Schwartz-Child's. I'm going to get it, mebbe. Wonder if the girls will think some man gave it to me?

Thursday night.—Absolutely nothing doing. I wish something would happen. Winsome Wheeler went home today. The Kappa Alpha Thetas will sure miss her. She broke down from overdoing and excitement. It's just awful the way we girls go out. Dance almost every weekend and big parties galore. Bought seven cute curls today for \$3.00. They don't match well, but they are a bargain all right.

Friday night.—Cut all afternoon. Went up race. Saw Ever Singing and Bert Pacificator in a canoe. Wonder why she wasn't teaching? Tonight we had nineteen callers. Bet we beat the other houses! Always Noisy has lost her voice. Funny? Hope she forgets how to talk. She always did talk too much. Oh, it's nice when the boys come. I JUST LOVE FRIDAY!

Saturday Night.—Cleaned house. Hate it. Kappa Sigma dance. I was crazy to go. Wouldn't—just hate that old rag of mine, and I knew everyone would wear new dresses. Lent my curls to one of the girls. And someone else wore my slippers. Besides,—there was a moon and it would have just been wasted. Someone told me that all the girls spoon. I don't believe it. Oh! why didn't I go to the dance anyway. I'd go now if I had to wear a kitchen apron. I just can't wait to hear who took whom and if any queer couples were there I don't see why the girls don't come. I wonder how my curls looked? Hope my slipper hurt her. After all it was only a dance! I'm going to be above them. They are only for the young and very immature. Oh, why don't the girls come? I want to know if Great Bore was there.

Co-Ediquette

By BARRY BAKER
What is the proper way to eat artichokes?
They are always eaten with the fingers: a leaf at a time is pulled off, the edible end dipped in the sauce, and the end bitten off. When the center is reached, the thistle part is scraped away with a knife, the edges cut, and the "heart" eaten with a fork.
What is the meaning of "a la carte"?
This means you order "accord-

ing to the menu" and pay for each dish ordered. In an a la carte restaurant, the check includes a list of items with their prices.

What is the correct way to remove pits, etc., from the mouth?
Never spit skins, pits, bones, or anything on a fork or a plate. The only way to remove anything from the mouth is between first-finger and thumb. Dry grape seeds and cherry pits can be dropped from the lips into the cupped hand.

When should one drink soup?
It is always correct to drink bouillon or any other soup that is served in a cup. That's why cups have handles. Two hands are used for drinking bouillon, but only one for coffee, chocolate, or tea.

People We've Seen The Fraternity Clown; or Is That Boy A Card!

By MARTHA STEWART

"This house must'a been a lousy joint before I crashed in," he used to tell the boys of dear old Psi Psi Psi after he'd pulled something that simply staved them all. "Why I'm the only one that keeps the place alive. You must have been a sleepy lot before I came."
Certainly they never got much sleep after the house clown moved in. He kept them on their toes every minute doing things that kept the boys screaming all the time. Like the afternoon before the house formal when he collected everybody's tux trousers and hid them underneath their mattresses.

"Boy, this'll wow 'em," he'd chuckle to himself with fiendish glee as he mixed the salt and sugar on the table or dropped a water-bag down on the boys starting off to class. "This oughta wake 'em up a bit." He kept them roaring all the time doing things like that.
He was the person who left the message for one of the boys to call "Jimmy" at a certain number. The number turned out to be that of the dean of men whose name happened to be James. It was he also who used to stick his head in the phone booth late at night while someone was whispering sweet nothings in his loved one's ear and bawl out in the voice of a fish peddler. "Hey, you're not a Christian Scientist. You can't kiss the gal goodnight by phone." That used to put the boys in stitches.

"Never a dull moment!" he would chortle happily as he set all the sleeping porch alarm clocks to go off at fifteen minute intervals throughout the night before exams.

And then one day he had his big inspiration, the peak of his career. It was a perfect brain storm—the most colossal thought he'd ever had. His room-mate slept in the top deck of the bed they shared on the sleeping porch. That evening while all the boys were at the library he sneaked onto the porch and systematically removed the screws in the top deck of the bed, replacing them with fine wire hairpins that he'd bought at the drugstore that afternoon in spite of salesgirl's giggles.

He could hardly wait to see the surprised expression on his room-mate's face when he jumped into bed and came crashing through

Oregon Women Like Attentive Considerate Men Better Than 'Diamond in the Rough' Type

By CLARE IGOE

Do Oregon women love cavemen? Or do they prefer the smooth well-mannered, courteous gentlemen who always knows the right places to go, the right things to do, and looks as if he had been born in his tuxedo?

After a recent survey of what traits campus males prefer in women, it seems only fair that the weaker sex should have a right to air their opinions on what they expect from their dates.

Ladies, it seems, do not love brutes—contrary to popular opinion on the subject. Nor do they prefer the unpolished "diamond in the rough"—if we may be permitted to coin a phrase. They expect courtesy and consideration, and a certain amount of wordiness.

Week Social Slate Features Number Of Winter Formals

Although no campus dances are scheduled for this weekend, a number of house dances will be given. On Friday night Delta Delta Delta, Gamma Phi Beta, Beta Theta Pi and Sigma Phi Epsilon will give winter dances, and Chi Omega will entertain at a formal dinner dance.

Phi Kappa Psi is having a formal dance at the Eugene hotel Saturday night, and the all-co-op semi-formal is also to be held that night.

A "first-nighter" idea will be used for the Gamma Phi Beta formal at the chapter house. Jimmy Morrison and his orchestra will be secluded behind curtains, which will be drawn apart when the "show begins."

The Tri-Delt formal is being given by pledges for upper-classes, the theme of the dance being kept a secret. Sigma Phi Epsilon will hold a semi-formal dance with palms and flood-lights for decorations.

The theme for the Sigma Alpha Epsilon dance is also a secret from upper-classes. Gus Meyers will play for the formal, to be held at the Eugene hotel.

Members of Beta Theta Pi are building an enclosed extension onto their front porch so it will provide a sheltered place for dancing at their formal, for which Babe Binford's orchestra from Portland will play.

Members of co-operative houses and their guests will dance in the AWS rooms in Gerlinger hall at their semi-formal dance to be held Saturday night.

Nominations for AWS, YWCA, and WAA official positions were made yesterday at the associated women student's mass assembly, and Friday these candidates will be voted on at polls placed in front of the old library.

Nominees selected are chosen on a basis of scholastic and activity record. Nominees chosen this year have been outstanding in both fields.
Gayle Buchanan, Kappa Kappa Gamma, nominee for presidency of AWS, is a Eugene girl, a major in English. She was president in 1936-37, active in YW work, a member of Pot and Quill, and secretary of the junior class. This year she served as assistant chairman of frosh counsellors.

Miss McNiece Active
Opposing her is auburn-haired Genevieve McNiece, Sigma Kappa. She was this year's Panhellenic secretary, Kwama, and later Kwama advisor, and a member of Phi Theta Upsilon. She has also served on several committees and directs.

Gretchen Smith, Alpha Delta Pi, is nominee for WAA presidency. She is a junior, a member of the PE club, vice-president of WAA, and an honor-roll student.
Gertrude Branthover, who opposes her, is an independent, active in the physical education school and Girl Scout work.

Three women contend for position as YW president. Ellamae Woodworth, independent has been active on the YW cabinet. Harriett Thomsen, Susan Campbell, has also been on the YW cabinet, as has

Personality Preferred
MARGIE MORSE, vivid, dark-haired senior class president, would like men to be about half-and-half. "He must have brown hair," she insists. He needn't be good-looking, as long as he has a nice personality. Margie doesn't care for the "smoothie" type, but likes someone who isn't above doing "goofy" things occasionally, rather than go to a dance.

JERRY CHESSMAN, Kappa Alpha Theta, sees the advantages of both types. She believes, however, that the "smoothie" is apt to be more fun—or at least she suggests that the "diamond" do a bit of polishing up. As long as she is in college.

Smoothie OK'd
MARY WRIGHT, Gamma Phi, wants a man who is a "perfect gentleman"—someone who knows the "proper things to do, and does them smoothly." She likes courteous, thoughtful treatment, and holds out for a man who "opens doors for you, and doesn't trip you when you go through."

CHARLOTTE OLITT, Sigma Kappa songstress, emphatically prefers the masculine type—a man's man. She likes someone with a real personality.
ALICE STEWART, little blond business ad major, dimpled coyly when asked her preference. "What do I care," she smirked, "as long as he's pretty."

KAY STAPLES, Tri Delt, doesn't like men too attentive—she'd rather they'd be "hard to get," and prefers the "diamond" type. Above all, she says, he must not be conceited.

Ideal Man Listed
MARGARET GOLDSMITH, Alpha Chi Omega, had her ideal man well in mind. It seems he must be good-looking, have personality and a good amount of intelligence, be well-dressed, considerate, attentive—and a he-man. We think if Margaret finds him she'll have plenty of competition.

MARY JANET HIGGINS, Kappa, at first affirmed that she wasn't interested in men at all. Upon second thought, however, she decided she might like one, if he had big feet.

MARY ELLEN EBERHART, stately, poised Pi Phi, suggested that a new committee be formed on the campus—the CEFFMOSFF, the Committee to Encourage Fraternities Pledging Men' Over Six Feet Four. Being broad-minded, however, Mary Ellen remarks that as long as he's over six-foot-four, she isn't choosy.

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Nominees in Coed Political Run Hold Top Activity Spots

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Benefit Dance Is on Friday at Osburn Hotel

One of the outstanding social affairs for the coming weekend is the annual Spinsters' ball to be held Friday night at the Osburn hotel.

Miss Helen Dodds is chairman for the affair, and is assisted by Misses Lorraine Barker, Marian Morse, Virginia Endicott, and Elizabeth Soules. Carl Roosen's orchestra will play.

Spinsters', organization of young Eugene women, sponsors the dance, proceeds going towards a scholarship fund drive. Formals are in order for women, and dark suits for men. The dance is a girl-date affair.

Tickets may be secured from Spinsters on the campus, and at the door. Admission is \$1.00.

Margaret Carmen, third contender.

Vice-Presidency Race
Running for vice-presidency of AWS is Vivian Emery, Alpha Chi Omega, a junior who was head of frosh orientation, Kwama, and Phi Theta Upsilon, as well as vice-president of the junior class in 1936-37. Against her is Frances Johnston, Gamma Phi Beta, a member of the rally committee, and active in committee and directorate work.

As vice-president of YWCA, Virginia McCorkle, Alpha Omicron Pi runs alone, and Betty Mushen is unopposed on the WAA vice-president spot.

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