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# Women's Page

Mortar Board ball Saturday  
night center of coeds' activities.  
AWS will sponsor gardenia sale.

## The Backseat Driver

By MARTHA STEWART

Life is very ironical!

All this whole miserable, wet, rainy winter when all about me were sniffing wretchedly into soggy handkerchiefs or sneezing reams of paper from the desks around them or just sitting, staring wretchedly out upon the world through streaming eyes I dashed around the campus with rosy cheeks and springing step complacently enjoying good health.

All winter I wore my rubbers faithfully; I never ventured forth into the elements without first reading the barometer (NO, you mugs, the machine that tells the weather, NOT our distinguished rival paper) taking a swift glance at the sky, and then wrapping myself to the ears in raincoat and muffler, just in case it should rain.

Smugly conscious of my well-being I actually sneered at those poor unfortunates with the crimson noses and the tearful eyes.

"Now if they just lived right . . ." I was wont to dismiss them cruelly.

And then this had to happen to me!

A formal dance, an evening dress, a soft summer breeze wafting through the open windows and . . .

Well! The first thing I knew there I was in the infirmary gnashing my teeth over a thermometer while a white-clad nurse clasped my wrist and tightly concentrated upon her wrist-watch.

After the first mental rebellion against being sent to bed in broad daylight, I begin to settle down and rather enjoy the experience.

"Ah-hah," I thought to myself, "now I shall catch up on my sleep." Happily I rolled over on my side and closed my eyes.

"Sleep," I murmured, "Good old sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of foo."

A moment later I was rudely interrupted.

"The thermometer," the nurse reminded me sharply, "You still have it in your mouth." She removed the offensive object with dignity, and I popped off to sleep again. My eyes were hardly closed before I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Take these, please." It was the nurse again, this time with two oblong capsules and a glass of water. Obediently I swallowed and went back to sleep. This time peace reigned supreme . . . for all of five minutes. Then I became conscious of a strange aroma . . . a sharp, penetrating odor which crept into my nostrils and down my throat. A soft hissing sound reached my ears.

Slowly I raised myself upon one elbow and stared down the steaming spout of a round, fat teakettle perched on a little electric plate.

"Now how in the world," I muttered, "did the nurse get that there without my knowing it." Again I turned my head away, pulled the pillow high around my ears and closed my eyes resolutely.

"Nine hundred and ninety-eight, nine hundred and ninety-nine," I counted sheep.

"Hey, 've you got a match?" It was a girl in blue pajamas and a lemon colored house-coat, peering in my door.

"No!" I roared at her. "Get me a telephone. I want to phone home for a book. I'm not sleepy. I

# Mortar Board Dance Saturday

## Coeds Apply Old Tricks, Men Worry

Several campus men have been heard moaning that the girls are not showing the right spirit about Mortar Board ball because they haven't been asked. There is still hope for these grumbling males, however. Advance ticket sales reports indicate that the girls must be using the suspense technique which is so popular among the men.

The ball will be Saturday evening at McArthur court, with Johnny Callihan's Portland orchestra furnishing the music, according to Gayle Buchanan, chairman for the event. The fact that it is a girl-date affair will furnish the theme.

### AWS Sells Gardenias

The Associated Women Students are sponsoring a gardenia sale in the women's living organizations this week, as flower are in order for the men.

The girls will wear formals and the men white coats or tuxes.

One of the highlights of the evening will come with the pledging of 19 freshman women to Kwama, sophomore women's service honorary at 10:30 during a short intermission.

Girls on committees to assist Gayle Buchanan are Clare Igoe and Gladys Battleson, publicity; Vivian Emery, programs; Eunice Brandt, patronesses; Brandon Young, music; Harriet Thompson, decorations, and Betty Brown, tickets.

## Campus Cottons Make Appearance

Cool, crisp, and colorful cottons appear on the campus fashion horizon again. One of the nicest things about oncoming summer is the appearance of these fresh looking dresses when everyone is beginning to get tired of cleaning bills and warmish clothing.

This year's first crop of cottons is really something to look at—stripes, florals, peasant prints, hand-blocked linens, splashy conventional patter. Gone, apparently forever, is the simple, unassuming cotton frock of former years.

Coeds selecting cottons or linens are not only thrifty but smart as well, because most cottons now incorporate features being used in better silks and light-weight wools.

Colors in cotton apparel are grayed somewhat, in the manner of the sixteenth century mezzo tones, as compared with last year's uncompromisingly bright shades.

never was sleepy. I guess I'll read."

Anyway, even if I didn't get any sleep, I got a dozen red roses out of it . . . and I wasn't really that sick either.

\* \* \*

(Why the very idea! I didn't either write this column just so I could tell everybody I got a dozen roses. The very idea!)

### Date Winner



For all-summer-long wear, the one-piece sheer with cape has no peer. This sheer has a handsomely pleated cape.

## Men's Fashions Take Spotlight

With the eve of this year's Mortar Board ball drawing closer, the eternal feminine problem of what to wear, shifts to broader masculine shoulders, and this time it is his turn to dress to please.

With the coming of spring the traditional conservative male wardrobe has at last yielded to color, and this season finds even formal attire the added contrast that color lends to clothing.

Quite new and correct for evening wear is the white coat with grey corded gabardine trousers, or a reversal of this combination. For the more formal occasions a white tuxedo coat and dark trousers may be set off with one of the new green, blue, or maroon-colored bow ties with colored studs to match. To complete this outfit a boutonniere of blending colors may be worn on the lapel.

For fashionable sportswear there are various types of multi-colored shirts, and slacks fit high about the waist with tailored tucks. Jackets in herringbone, diagonal stripes, and checks with shirred backs, with the new three-buttoned fronts, with only one to be buttoned, are very popular. At the bottom of all this are the new Mexican huarachos which can't be beat for style and comfort in sportswear.

### TWENTY IN INFIRMARY

Students in the infirmary yesterday swelled the number on the sick list to twenty. The list included John Weber, Allen Hunt, Grace Irvin, Betty Thomas, Shirley Schrenk, Marianne Weston, Barbara Fulton, George Campbell, Walter Vernstrom, Clayton Helgren, Robert Black, Charles Dellzell, Theron Borden, Gleeson

## The Coed of the Week

GAYLE BUCHANAN

By BERNADINE BOWMAN

To be able to write like this week's coed of the week, Gayle Buchanan, talks would be an accomplishment. Such spirit and enthusiasm is rarely found in a graduating senior woman.

After being literally dug out of the costume room on the third floor of Friendly hall, where she was busily sewing on the costume she will wear in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," she nonchalantly perched on a window sill to be interviewed.

Smiling she proceeded to give her views on living and the such in a manner not common to the average coed. She knows what she thinks and is not afraid to say it.

### Students Too Young

She believes that most college students are too young to know what it is all about and what they want to get out of college. And they don't find out until they are seniors, she said. She blames part of this on the misguidance of freshmen. Their being disappointed with school she attributes to the lack of inspirational leadership in classes.

Sororities, she thinks, often do more harm than they do good. The disappointment and pettiness found in a house sometimes outweigh the good they do.

### Activities Waste of Time

This coed leader whom everyone admires so much regrets having wasted so much time in school! She thinks activities are a waste of time. They have given her confidence and friends, but she feels that the people who devote their time to studying have gotten more in the way of character building material. A certain amount of activities she considers invaluable but finds them "driven in the ground." The activities that one goes into should be limited to one's actual interests.

### Too Many Honors

Oregon, she believes, is lowering its standards by bestowing so many honors: It has to give some, she admitted, but such things as cups are outdated. Value is too often placed on the wrong things. The girls who have scattered interests get most of the recognition while the girl that specializes goes unnoticed.

Gayle is 21 and was born in Ashland. She has been over the Oregon border once, and that was when she was sent by the University to Los Angeles for a conference. The part she remembers most about the trip is missing the train that her traveling companion was on and having to go down alone.

### Youngest Child

She is the youngest of a large family and is the fifth to go through the University. She admires her father very much because at one time he had four children in college without any finan-

Payne, May Robinson, Tom Fraites, James Manning, William Hawke, Don Anderson, and William Harrow.

cial aid.

Her family, she says is arty and "queer." One brother is at the Pasadena Play House. One sister has a puppet show, another directs, and still another is musical.

A lot of people have printed articles on what they thought an ideal man should have but none of them have suited Gayle. Here are the three things she likes in a fellow:

1. A sense of humor.
2. A clean shirt.
3. Courteousness.

Along with these three things she thinks boys should learn how to be themselves, as well as girls. (Incidentally she can't stand the Joe College type.)

### Condemns Going Steady

Girls shouldn't go steady but should play around while in college, she said, forgetting to add that she has gone steady for eight years! Pin planting she considers good fun. She thinks it makes the boys feel good to have their pins planted.

And so with one closing bit of philosophy, that people should not take themselves so seriously but stand back once in a while and laugh at their own antics, she plunged back into the costume room.

Next year Gayle may be teaching English in a high school. She would like to combine teaching with personnel work.



She will appreciate  
a

## COMPACT

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