



By CORRINE NELSON and MILDRED WILSON

Women's Page Co-editors

This week we've decided its time to say something about the gals who wear those oh-so-high heels on date nights and then ride along on the escort's arm all evening, amorously gazing up at him in that helpless sort of manner. We've seen the same gals stomping around the house before the date arrives and if necessary they can do plenty okay in the high heels without being carried. Oh well, it wouldn't be very romantic hanging onto a girl friend's arm, would it? And what with the draft and everything, maybe we ought to be more lenient and just say to them—be moderate.

Talking about women's fashions . . .

We read an article some time ago saying that women's fashions would get worse if American women weren't given something to do worthy of their talents. This, of course, didn't apply to our university coeds, who are doing their share at the filter center, knittin' for Britain, and writing innumerable letters to boy friends in the navy, army, marines, etc.

Just for our own benefit we read the rest of the article. The "V for victory gowns, slit to the waist in front and without visible means of support" the author said, "seem to defy the law of gravity as a sort of sporting proposition, requiring some daring and valor, but," he insisted, "it is a desire for personal attention in a world devoted to tanks and cannon that drives a woman to it." Interesting, eh?

Another gripe:

"Some time I'm gonna get so mad. . . we heard a fellow say the other day when a couple of girls came walking down the middle of the sidewalk and made him walk in a mud puddle. Later we asked him why he was so perturbed—after all we're so frail and delicate we should not be pushed off sidewalks and such. Fumingly he declared that women claim they wear wooden shoes to keep their feet dry and can walk through mud puddles in them without any damage whatsoever, so why can't they have a little consideration for the fellow who has just had a new shoe shine and whose trousers are all freshly cleaned and pressed.

We agree wholeheartedly with him because some gals pushed us off into a mud puddle once when we didn't have our wooden shoes on, and were we mad!

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Coed of the Week
Feminine Class Prexy
Radiates Enthusiasm

BETTY ANN STEVENS

Five feet one and one-half inches is a relatively small amount of girl to shoulder much responsibility that Pat Lawson, petite president of the senior class has to cope with. In fact, you just can't imagine blonde, brown-eyed Pat managing half the things she does.

Half-Californian and half-Oregonian is Pat, who lived in San Jose for the first ten years of her life, and has lived "near Lakeview" the rest of the time. She wants to go back to San Jose during vacation next summer.

Second in History

She's the second girl-president of the senior class in the history of the University. "and," Pat, who belongs to Alpha Omicron Pi, said with pride, "the first one was and AOPI, and was vice-president of the class, too."

"The Senior ball? Oh, it's wonderful!" she exclaimed enthusiastically and bounced off the studio couch on which she'd been perched. "It's really going to be a keen deal. The theme is defense, you know. It's just going to be super! Gee, I just get all hepped up over everything."

Many Activities

A Phi Theta last year, active in the educational activities office and WAA, secretary-treasurer of the Forty-One club, "now extinct," and soon to be a member of Phi Beta, music, dance, and drama honorary, Pat also managed to get a 3.77, tries to get on the filter board in defense work, (she attempted to get in the ambulance corps, but "I've been learning to drive a car for eight years"), and work down town besides. Evidently she believes in her statement that "working under pressure you get a lot more done."

Awaits Call

"I'm expecting a long distance phone call from Seattle, and honestly I'm just on pins and needles!" The explanation for her excitement was that "the man" was calling. "He's six feet tall, and weighs 210 pounds."
"What am I going to do when I'm out of school? Well, I'm going to Alaska. My Dad's up there, and an old prof is up there, and my boy-friend is up there too—or will be soon. He's on his way to Alaska—the one who is phoning tonight."

Petite Pat



Planning for the coming Senior ball is Pat Lawson, the second Oregon coed in the University's history to steer the course of the senior class.

ing tonight." Pat plans to get a job teaching up there next fall, and put a younger sister through college. Incidentally, she has two younger sisters "both alike" and they're the same size as she.

Teaching's Fun

"Mmm hmmm, I'm an education major, but please don't play up the school teacher angle," she said with a quick smile. "You know, teaching is another thing that's fun." She's been teaching drama at Roosevelt junior high for a term.

"Oh, I'm crazy about modern dance! It's wonderful for developing poise and things like that. Ooops, sorry, there's my phone call!"

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Cue For New
Bonnets is
Simplicity

Hats on to 1942. With the entrance of a new year, m'lady's headwear has taken a decidedly new trend. Fantastic shapes and impractical design have given way to a modern simplicity.

Note the many turbans that have become so popular. Also miniature pill-box hats with only a brilliant clip or pin for adornment.

A bird on the hat is worth—well, twice the usual price. May-

be it is only a brilliant feathered wing, or may be a pair of snow white doves perched on a black brown. Feather your hat well to be in stride with the fashions.

Ribbons redecorate "rollers." Try a broad flowered band of silk ribbon around your campus-roller and you'll be complimented on your new spring sport hat. Or if you prefer to be more conservative just pin back the brim with a jeweled clip and wear your hat halo style.

—By Virginia Wells.

Things are never as bad as they might be. For instance, how would you like to be a parent of one of those Quiz Kids, and have him asking questions?—Indiana Daily Student.

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