

Glamour Carries On

But now no one has to tell you. You probably realize that there were never so many luscious sweaters and suits on Oregon coeds, which gives you that mob feeling, and makes some of your wardrobe look sick. And you thought you were the only gal who had a pay check in the hundreds!

The situation definitely calls for action. And since buying more clothes isn't the solution, perhaps it will enter your victory bob that grooming and smooth beauty scheme are more important than a mere cashmere cardigan.

The best news in years is the three-inch cut, and variations thereon. After a two-year build-up, it can actually be seen on the campus in increasing numbers. Whether or not it's becoming, it does save time and tears.

Coeds are going to save precious minutes before a coke date by using pancake makeup and a minimum of everything else. Which reminds us, those graveyard shades of nail polish and lipstick are out at last, and the honey and true reds claim lip priorities. And another thing, once-a-day lathering of the complexion saves wear and tear on any mirror.

If you are so fortunate as to have about three dollars left, why not invest your pennies in a hair dryer, before they are no more. And we do hope you have a mending kit, a really complete one that is, and all the fixins for your shoes, from saddle soap on.

Back to those glorious tweeds of yours, they will live longer and stay springy if treated to frequent evenly balanced hanger, and gentle pressings.

Good Taste Misplaced



Every single one of the other columnists writing for the Emerald has a definite purpose, but this columnist has a Different Purpose . . . namely, to comment on anything around the campus that seems Worth Comment, and, of course, to keep the women's page editor from worrying about filling up all her space . . . any space, which usually isn't Large, that has been kindly donated by the advertising staff.

Let us now pause to consider the beginning of fall term, which seems to be pretty much like all other fall terms, despite the announced drop in enrollment. The freshman girls are as beautiful as ever, which causes all the upperclassmen to feel more like the Ancient Mariner than ever, and the freshman men have discovered those light blue pants, possibly to keep anyone from thinking they are sophomores, but the chief result seems to be that they have acquired a sort of Fresh-From-the-Farm air.

The utter lack and general dearth of upperclass men caused three senior girls the other night to discard their lofty dignity when they were joined by three freshman boys in one of the local coffee houses. They firmly announced they were freshmen and discussed the problems of English comp with fervor. One of the boys, a skeptical lad, remarked to one of the seniors that she seemed rather older than most

Frills Gone From Doin's But Oregon Still Social

Although political turmoil has taken the frills off of the big parties, Oregon is by no means anti-

Dear Spook;

At last I'm settling down to the life of a college freshman, and I love it. During rush week I had a perfectly wonderful, nerve-racking time rooming with three other girls in the dorm. The closets were filled with luscious clothes. There was one red wool jersey semi-dress job that gave me the screamers. The color, dahlia-red, was advertised in the September issue of Vogue; you probably saw it. Anyway it's really a patriotic dress 'cause it sticks to government regulations—no zippers. The hidden clasps run all the way down the front of the dress which makes getting into it a simple matter. The long sleeves are smooth and have those same tricky clasps.

Second best among the things I've seen I liked the culotte-skirts. As soon as Dad sends my check I'm going to get one that's purple and grey checked to go with my new purple nylon sweater. Hope I can get it in time for the bunion derby!

I've racked my brain trying to think of something outstanding to wear to the church social Sunday. Mickey's going to wear her new gray velveteen; it's two-piece. The skirt is gathered in the front and the dressy jacket ties in a bow on the right hand side. The matching turban and wine platform shoes set it off. I wanted to borrow June's black dress but someone beat me to it. Its draped lines and bright colored sequin midriff list it high on the lend-lease code of the house.

I returned from the Portland game with very little cash but lots of new clothes. On the trip home I wore a Sam Brown suit and matching banie of woven leather strips. But my favorite is a steel blue velveteen date dress; partly because of its sweetheart neck, and partly because of its fitted bodice and dirndl-type skirt.

Gosh! I almost forgot my one o'clock class. I'll write again soon.

Yours till you start borrowing my clothes,

Jerry Stowall.

of the freshmen. Our senior, evidently feeling she had done so much fibbing already a little more wouldn't matter, blandly informed him she had stayed out of school a couple of years, which caused her friends considerable mirth.

If the boys happen to read this, by some bit of bad luck, they should ignore it . . . the gals were highly entertained.

NOW, here's one about a freshman girl. This sweet young thing was determined to be very collegiate and blase, so, when she was offered a cigarette at one of the rush teas, she accepted. Someone came up to light it for her, but the gal, who was a trifle unaccustomed to smoking, held it out at arm's length to be lighted. The other girl, always the perfect hostess, took it, lit it for her and handed it back!!!

Had you noticed how all the freshly-mown lawns and the amiable weather make the campus seem like spring term? If Eugene doesn't settle down to its proper autumnal fogs and rains soon the student body will become more confused than usual, and that would be pretty bad, really!

These Coeds Show Plenty

If it's one thing we gals would like it would be skirts to match those new freshmen—camouflaged blue-faded pants. . . stand-by saddles have been multiplying on the campus . . . which reminds us of the nasty rumors floating around to the effect that two-tone shoes won't be with us long.

Jean Taylor and Dorie Stein won't be troubled by shoe shortage as they are well equipped with red, red, Moccaraunds . . . Mary Bently shines in her position as campus social chairman in a rust swede jacket with matching skirt . . . Another blonde, Jean Friderger, slips through 8 o'clock mists in a gray pleated wool skirt . . . a rest from the plaids that dominate the scenes.

From New York Stephanie Peterson beats us to the punch with a lush tile wool formal . . . here's hoping that this fashion soon reaches us followers . . . Marge Dibble looks nothing but trim in her navy blue wool coat.

A corduroy green suit is the prize possession of Barbara Younger . . . running stiff competition is the green corduroy skirt of Betty Biggs Schrick . . . with huge patch pockets. . .

If we could choose another roommate it would be one with a Teddy-Bear coat . . . Roberta Boyd and Betty McTavish are warm in their fuzzy white ones . . . possessing huge lapels . . . Jene Fitzgerald is different in a green Teddy-Bear . . . Marilyn Beard boasts a coral wooly coat that isn't afraid of fuel shortage.

BEARD'S

GREETINGS!

A cordial welcome to all new Coeds and a "Glad you're back" to the old.



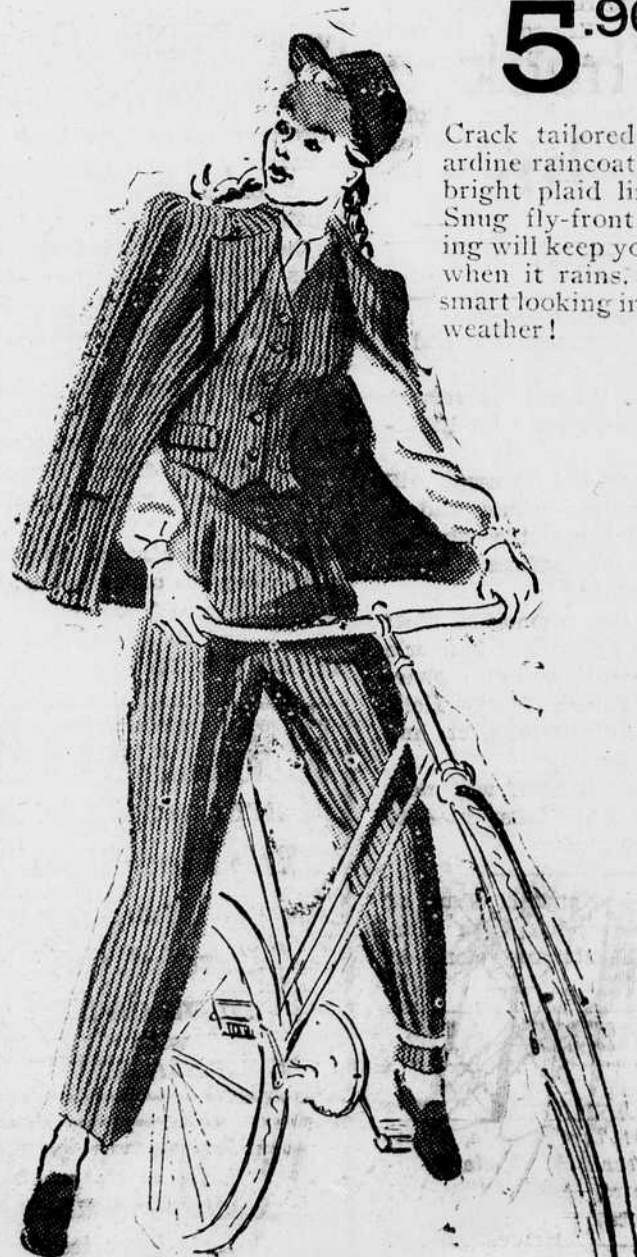
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