

Gamma Alpha Chi Head Discusses Men, Life

Newly-elected prexy of Gamma Alpha Chi, wide-eyed, dimpled, Mary-Ellen Smith, stood on one leg in the middle of a large room, vigorously brushing her long, blond hair into fantastic swirls.

Amid the buzzing and quipping of her three roommates and two other hangers-on, the coed of the week revealed a few facts about her span of 21 years.

"You couldn't get a picture of me? Well, please don't put one on," she bubbled, her eyebrows rising to dangerous heights. "In one of my Oregana pictures I had my hair all curled up on top of my head, and in the other . . . well, it's best if that's left out too."

Activity Artist

A senior, "Mary-El" is an all-round activity woman with a capital "A". Her achievements include: vice-president of Kwama, Phi Theta, treasurer of Mortar Board, president of Amphibian, sergeant-at-arms of AWA, layout manager of the Oregana, promotion manager and national advertising manager of the Emerald, executive secretary of Junior Executives, plus numerous dance committees.

After a comment about the "four men" on what was supposedly her dresser, Mary-El excitedly shrieked "Ohhh! Found men on my dresser? That sounds too good to be true. That isn't my dresser." She then scooted rapidly over to a dresser in the corner, and began clearing it off for inspection.

From Lake Oswego, near Portland . . . "Ah, yes," she interrupted with an engaging grin.

"Surf-board riding on Lake Oswego . . . that sounds glamorous! My surf-board riding consists of swimming from where I fall off to the dock."

Gruesome p.j.'s

A remark about her vivid maroon and orange pajamas with red, orange and yellow polka-dots had Mary-El laughingly protesting, "Just because I want to be happy! I guess I can wear pajamas that cheer me up when the mornings are dark and dreary if I want to." She tossed her head with a twinkle, and returned to her brushing.

"Men? They're a fascinating subject," she commented, frowning at her hairbrush intently. "Now wait a minute, I'll think of something."

Old Ivory Towers

A pause . . . "St. Helen's Hall? Yes, I went there . . . the good old ivy towers of my alma mater," she absently answered.

"Be sure and put in about her three lovely roommates," a voice interpolated from somewhere among the pillows on the couch.

"Now let's see . . . MEN," Mary-El continued, brushing her hair in deep concentration. "Something tall . . . California dancer . . . not necessarily good-looking . . . I don't want anything repulsive! . . . personality . . . good humor . . . like to sail, ski. Oh, that's enough."

She slipped on a light blue robe, adding to her variegated color scheme, and said with a gay shrug, "After graduation? I haven't the slightest idea. If there's a nice job, I'd like that."

"I love to play poker," she interrupted with an engaging grin.

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Good Taste Misplaced



By Mary Ann Campbell

The freshmen fascinate any simple onlooker who has been in the University for at least two terms. In other words, here is another one about the workings of the freshman mind.

He had been in school two weeks (the two just passed) but he didn't know how to open the door so he could get out on the roof of the library for a smoke. The knob had been turned and the door was firmly closed. So a kind-hearted senior turned the knob for him when he came back for a second try at the obdurate door.

* * *

Perils of the Open Road department:

Some drama students and their professor wended their way to Portland to see the opening of "Claudia" this week. They started out about 11 o'clock and arrived at Half-Past Five! Somehow the car kept stopping and clanking ominously, and finding garages and obliging garage men took considerable time. They finally saw the show, don't worry.

* * *

Then there was the poor bewildered soul who tramped into a class filled with juniors and seniors. She arrived about 15 minutes after class started and briskly trotted up to the front of the room. Standing before the professor, who stopped lecturing, she gazed to left and right and noticed a girl she knew.

"Hey," she inquired with gusto, "what class is this?"

The embarrassed senior gulped, "English novel."

Whereupon the freshman, not one whit abashed, remarked conversationally to the professor, "I must be in the wrong class." And left the room.

* * *

Do any of the readers of this column study in the library? Some is usually MUST, because the place is usually pretty full. Anyway, perhaps you might know just WHO are those gay souls who regard the reserve rooms (both upper and lower division) as the best place in the world to inform their neighbors of current choice bits of gossip or else as a convenient place to leave their books while they go out for a fag.

At the risk of being thought Stuffy and Old Hat, some of the upperclassmen, mostly seniors, who have to get their work done, have uttered long and loud complaints at the general merriment and lack of quiet in the reserve rooms. There's no way of keeping the place quiet except by appealing to the better natures of the Giggers, but in case that might be effective, here's a plea for keeping the noise down to a good Steady Howl anyway.

* * *

The Purist's Cat Has Kittens
She gazes at me
With proud air and
Suspicious eyes
As I peer in the box
Containing nine proofs
That a good cat loved her.

Twenty-six states and the District of Columbia are represented in the student body of Texas Christian university.

REED'S MILLINERY
"Famous for Hats"
985 Willamette Street
Eugene, Oregon

Dear Spook

My too extensive shopping tour left me up to my bangs in debt. I can hear you saying, "I told you so" now. You won the bet and your sweater is on its way. It's a yummy color—American Beauty, a cardigan, and will look wonderful with your dark hair.

For a while I was undecided as to whether I should get you that one or a lavender cardigan; but after much concentration I made up my mind to get the lavender for myself, plus a soft-shaded green skirt. Don't turn green, darling, 'til you hear the rest. For special weekend dates I found a dress that is out of this world. Picture a slim, princess top over an out-flaring skirt of bay-blue taffeta that boasts thin cherry coke stripes running the width of the material. Need I say more?

Do you remember that time when we decided to wash all our sweaters, and how, after a half a day's work we had a collection of slip-tons that either greatly resembled tents with a seam, or a sweater girl's dream.

Well, thanks to a kindly sales-girl I'm an expert at the business now. A wire sweater-frame will do a really professional job. After the sweater is washed you just slip it over the frame, and the next morning it looks like new. If the ribbed part of the sleeves is stretched out of shape just bind it tightly with a string; when it dries you find that it has regained all its elasticity. See the merits of a college education?

My roommate, I fear, is rapidly becoming a psychopathic case. Night and day she sits on the bed in our room, with a suitcase

Perfume Adds Sweet Touch

Lovely and sweet though you may be, the "ne plus ultra" touch you need to be a real enchantress is the wispy scent of a seductive perfume. One whiff of it and your best beau will be on bended knees offering to be your willing slave for life . . . at least that's the theory.

Since it's too bad to miss such a good bet, you might try a new bit of smell-lovely which has the tantalizing aroma of finely blended herbs.

That old saying about all cats being gray at night might hold true were faces not permitted the fine choice of make-up colors to offset electric light graying. Choose a deeper lipstick, a rosier face powder shade, darker nail polish for evening and the this and that to make your eyes soulful.

Ah, the virtues of the magnifying glass. It tells all, literally all about your version of peaches and cream. And no cheating, take you and the mirror and your skin into the cold, unrelenting light before you decide blissfully that soap and water are not for the likes of you.

on her right and the closet to her left. It seems that she has a lovely pale gray Georgette date dress that she has been saving for this weekend in Portland, and its accoridian-pleated skirt provides quite a problem when it comes to packing. Well, that's life!

Faithlessly yours,
Gerry Stowell.

Every Saturday during the fall, New Haven's open street cars, otherwise unused, are wheeled out of the barns to handle Yale football crowds.

Sun . . . but for How Long?

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