

Heads of Houses Prexy Urges Defence Work

By BETTY ANN STEVENS

Leading the way into a corner room gay with wine-flowered drapes and couch cover, on the third floor, Kappa Alpha Theta, small, blond Nelda Christenson, coed of the week, sat down in a wine-colored chair and motioned toward the couch, "Won't you sit down?" she smilingly invited.

Poised for the first question, Nelda nodded toward two rather unusual prints on the wall, and quietly remarked, "Please note my Gauguin prints. I'm very proud of them. They're slightly tipsy, though." She added that she "got them out of a Gauguin book," then bought some five and dime store pictures for the frames, and framed them.

Dressed in a brown tweed skirt and a light green tweed jacket, the heads of houses prexy confided that the jacket was "my sister's, and it's about ten years old."

Youngest of Five

It followed naturally that she has two older brothers and two older sisters. "Yes, youngest in a family of five," she calmly admitted.

With a soft smile she added, "Three of us went to Oregon State, and two of us and my brother-in-law went to school here."

"Oregon-Oregon State rivalry? Well, the only trouble I had was when Oregon State won the Rose Bowl. My brother from OSC and I listened to it together. I took a beating on that."

Art School Student

"About my activities?" She frowned slightly, then shrugged serenely, "I don't know what name have been exactly. I started out in the art school, a drawing and painting major, did posters, which graduated to the more dignified title of 'publicity,' then Phi Theta, and now president of heads of houses."

From Portland, "Yes, Grant," Nelda tranquilly admitted that "I've been going steady ever since my second year of high school. . . . No, he's not here this year," she denied. "He's transferred to Portland . . . one of the 'U.P.' boys." She's had Bing Os-

borne's Beta pin ever since she was a freshman. "He's sort of a six-foot version of Harpo Marx," she commented with a placid smile. "He's in the Marine reserve."

Switching abruptly again to activities, Nelda thinks that "every freshman should be encouraged to do something, but I don't approve of this activity girl business at all." She continued, softly, serious, "I don't think one freshman should be picked to carry the load for four years. It should be divided evenly between everyone."

Heads of Houses

About heads of houses, she said, "You know, I've found out one thing . . . that presidents of houses are wonderful people. They're not afraid to speak their own minds, and they're so unselfish. They don't think of themselves or their own houses at all."

She believes that "heads of houses should get every girl on the campus in some sort of defense work . . . not compulsory, but with all our brothers and boy friends overseas we need some insurance that they'll come back."

Twinklingly she remarked, "I know one part of activities I don't like is all of this 'queen' business." Pausing, she nodded and said, "One or two is all right, though, like the Junior Weekend queen, and Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

Of rather quiet, conservative tastes, Nelda likes to read, and likes music of "every kind and variety that you can imagine . . . from drum solos to Beethoven."

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Good Taste Misplaced



By MARY ANN CAMPBELL

It's really too bad about the fog, aside from what happens to your hair if you are reckless enough to trot out sans the protective bandanna, it prevents you from enjoying the really gorgeous colorings and the dramatic effect of the leaves being torn from the trees by a whirl of wind, in the manner of Keats' "pestilence-stricken multitude." The best autumnal effect is provided by the Chinese trees, one between Fenton and Deady and the other on the north side of Villard. When they turn yellow, as you may have noticed, they look like concentrated sunshine, all golden at once, seeming to cast a small gleam through even the bleakest fog. Don't dash over to look at them now, though. They haven't turned yellow yet.

* * *

While we're discussing botany, we might observe that there is a small tulip tree by the back door of Chapman which will acquire a gorgeous yellow eventually. (Yes, it is a tulip tree, and the two trees on Hello walk

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Coeds to Don Umph Outfits

The sophs may lack beards but the women of the campus certainly don't lack good-looking date dresses. She's a lucky gal if she has a man, but it practically rates her a queen of the campus if her man has more than the average whiskers . . . Here are a few smoothies you'll be noticing at the Soph Whiskerino come Saturday night . . .

Pat Goss will wear a black silk crepe trimmed with lace. Lace touches on sleeves and hips give it somethin'. Rhinestone bracelets will add a note . . . Billie Marshall will dance in a red silk suit plus red shoes . . . Micki Mitchell and Phyllis Dyer are planning to wear that new purple . . . Deborah Tummy's light blue wool will be in the spotlight . . . Beth Ann Walker will dance to George Carey's 14-piece orchestra while wearing a black velveteen princess dress . . . Billie Lawrence will step out in a black sequin peg-top—Gene McPherson will shine in a purple peg-top—notice it . . . Norma Trevorrow plans to wear a dashing outfit—red, white, green print. Originality in net touch . . . Winnie Scroggie will look tiny, and cute in her new white wool coat . . . Peggy Allison's black suit will come in for rightful acclaim . . . Mary Mercier, Jean Schneider, and Pat Howard are keeping it a dark secret . . . Fran Johnston appear in a black and red wool jersey—long torso and good looking . . . Zoia Quisenberry shirtwaist dress of Kelly green wool has bracelet-length sleeves and a gathered shirt—notice it . . . Jenelyn Gaston will don a draped model of light blue silk crepe . . . Lorraine Davidson has a smooth one that should be shown off—gold embroidery on collar and pockets . . . Marguerite Rissman will be glamorous as usual, in a bright kelly green wool . . . Virginia Wright and Martha Harold promise dress surprises . . . Jackie Esenmen will swing to music wearing a black, red, and white plaid taffeta . . .

—By Jean Frideger

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