

Sisters Tell All . . .

# Nancy Riesch Called 'Athletic,' 'Motherly'

By BETTY ANN STEVENS

"My profs are going to flunk me when they read this," shiveringly protested Nancy Riesch, coed of the week, as she hunched back into a corner of the davenport on which she was sitting, in the third floor lounge of the Pi Phi house.

With her eyes twinkling at the corner, tall Nancy, in the midst of the gay banter of sorority sisters, confided that she is ASUO secretary-treasurer, a Mortar Board, and has been Theta treasurer, president of Phi Theta Upsilon, secretary-treasurer of Kwama, in Collegiate who's who for two years. . .

**Roomie**

Mary Jane Terry impishly interrupted with, "I used to room with her."

Nancy laughingly waved her aside.

"Co-chairman of the Oregon federation, on the defense council, and Pi Phi secretary and rushing chairman.

Someone else interpolated, "She was queen of the Portland Multnomah club. You know . . . the athletic type."

Mary Louise Vincent, an ex-coed of the week, entered the room.

Nancy mischievously announced, "Sakes, now I didn't go to Europe, but I've been 48 miles into Idaho." With a mocking sigh, she continued, "I've never been to California, not even south of Eugene."

**Sister Act**

Then began a good-natured panning by sorority sisters, and a revealing of unrelated facts about Nancy.

"She's a mother to the freshmen."

Nancy ominously glared.

"The only time she ever cut any classes is when she had her appendix out."

"See the bags under her eyes? She bull-sessions until 4:30 a.m."

"She throws cold water on people in showers."

"She has a nasty disposition."

"She goes 'tch, tch' every two steps."

"She dances like a cloud."

"P.S., she is normal."

"She has the laundry concession, and is 75 per cent self-supporting."

**Nancy Admits**

Meekly essayed, "I did have the coke machine, and my secret sorrow is Errol Flynn."

She grinned, "Also, Eleanor and I hate war . . . and I like to wear pigtailed." She explained with a wave of her hand, "My likes and dislikes. . ."

Settling down seriously to the task of "Being Interviewed," Nancy revealed that she has two sisters, both of whom were Pi Phi, WAA presidents, and Mortar Boards.

**BA Major**

A business "ad." Nancy isn't taking any BA courses this year. "Since I filled all my requirements, I'm just getting a cultural education right now . . . like 'child care and training'."

When asked what her plans were after graduation, she responded, "I'm not going back to the shipyards." Not quite being able to picture blond Nancy in a welder's ensemble, we pressed her further. She explained that she worked in a bond office at the shipyards this summer. While working there one day, a workman approached her for a bond. Nancy politely asked to see his social security number. He gaped at her for a moment, then replied, "You sure can, girlie," pulled up a pantleg, and announced, "It's tattooed on my leg."

## AWS Notes

"It's a woman's world." Monotonous, isn't it?

. . . Something to make it less monotonous, says Floss Hamilton, chairman of the AWS auctioning-off of lost and found things next Tuesday at 4, sharply, front of ye Side, "rain-er-shine." Although still scouting for a couple of men to whisper the going - going - gone, Floss reports that there are lots and lots of dubious articles that would mayhap be of interest. F'rinstance: a black, rhinestone-studded garter, and lots of "simply bee-you-tiful scarves (end quote), plus, of course, the usual crop of necessary items like "los libros, los cuadernos," etc. (darn that Spanish!)

. . . On to the next line, Genevieve . . . Perchance, children, you attended the WAAC assembly. Perchance, you liked it. Perchance, you should have, because it was darned good.

. . . Remember all the collegiate "Who's-Who's" who were announced on the front page, right-hand corner, of the Emerald last week? You know, the BWOC's and BMOC's? Even those privileged people have their troubles. Just because they're in "Who's Who," they have to fill out all kinds of complicated questionnaires. Examples of perturbed personalities were Marge Dibble and Carolyn Holmes, who kept telephone operators in a frenzy trying to find out some of the answers to puzzlers. Dib decided that the best-liked person today is General MacArthur, and the best liked person in the past was Jesus Christ. Carolyn, on the other hand, at about 1:30 a.m. in the freezing Alpha Chi domicile,

(Please turn to page seven)



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## Dear Spook

Dear Spook:

While I am letting the adheron on my coat buttons dry I will dash off a letter to you. Maybe you haven't heard that from the naval cadets we learned to keep our gold buttons from chipping. It will also make the buttons on your reefer shine like mad against its dark blue.

Several of the girls in the house to whom I read part of your last letter took stands pro and con on your statement that a girl should be natural rather than sophisticated.

Over cokes we discussed the matter until the small hours of the morning and here is a consensus of opinion: The natural girl should learn sophistication. By sophistication is meant the knowledge of what is exactly right for a perfect appearance; the right shade of stockings, neat make-up, cleanliness, fashionability, and discrimination all make for sophistication.—That's about it, any rebuttal?

Along about this time of year I am tired of heavy colors so I am looking for a white wool-jersey. There are two downtown that appeal, but I can't make a choice between them. The first is

## Perversity

Why is it that I love you so  
Whenever you ignore me,  
And when you're at my beck and call

I find you only bore me?  
I weep and wail and tear my hair  
When you decide to stray,  
Why is it, when you're at my side  
I wish you'd go away?

—By Betsy Wootton

two-pieced, skirt and jacket. The jacket is laced tightly together with a ribbon of the material through gold loops. The sleeves are three-quarter length with a three-inch split, and the skirt is straight up and down.

The second is fitted to almost a handspread below the waist; there the material is gathered on either side of a straight middle panel, and among the gathers are situated two dainty slit pockets. The sleeves of this one-piece dream are unpadded and tight to the wrist while buttons of matching material line their innermost side from elbow to palm.

Your happy birthday gift is on its way, and so that you may await it with anxious anticipation I shall describe it. It's an English imported sweater of Peruvian Pink. Check that last; I thought the color would be good with that Blue Moss Chen Yu that you're forever praising.

Your friend (as you can readily see),

Gerry Stowell.

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