

Good Taste Misplaced

By MARY ANN CAMPBELL

One blonde coed put in a really different New Year's eve. She lives on the highway into town, and was all alone on the evening of the last day of December. She was idly gazing out of the window and suddenly saw two elderly people get knocked down by a speeding car. She rushed out of the house, and found that the woman had a hole in the back of her head which was bleeding considerably. The man was very badly cut, too, so she dashed back and called an ambulance.

The ambulance departed, and she settled down again to her book. This time she looked up in time to see two cars meet headlong. Again she called the ambulance, and the man on the other end of the phone asked if she wasn't the person who had called before.

The third accident was a little later. A car, whose driver seemed slightly confused about the difference between the street and the sidewalk, knocked down a sign reading "Speed Limit, 35 miles."

Well, you can't say the evening was monotonous!

One morning a gal was wishing she had some beads that would look well on her beige sweater . . . and, SURPRISE! her roommate's looked marvelous! When she saw the roommate at breakfast, she was surprised to hear her say, "What do you know! I've got some beads exactly like that!"

Later, the roommate was accosted by a sister who observed, "At last I know whom you're living with. I recognized her by your beads."

Then there was the girl who had two boxes of powder . . . one labeled "Dawn" and the other "Dusk." She was delighted at first, but now feels they are slightly confusing. She put on "Dusk" when she went to her 8 o'clock, naturally, and had a horrible-scramble after her 9 o'clock,

Marly B. Confesses. 'I Love My Room'

By MARTY BEARD

'S not a closet . . . 's not a Coco Cola plant . . . 's not a psychopathic ward. Just Wit's End. That's what we call our room.

Stumble in. Wait a minute and I'll kick those coke bottles out of the way. Roommate number 1 has been practicing bowling. She's quite athletic, y'know, so don't be alarmed at the dents in the wall; she uses it for a backboard to practice her tennis shots. Why don't we have a rug? Well, she says the bare hardwood is much better to practice basketball on . . . and she shoots the balls into lamp shades. Clever, isn't she.

Too Loud?

Is the phonograph too loud for you? That record is "Quiet Please." Roommate number 2 sits in a trance for hours and we bring her meals to her. She's mad about drums. Sometimes we think she's having an epileptic fit, but that's just the way drum records affect her. Her favorite record is "That Local Yokel Done Drummed Up My Jitter-Bugs."

Do sit down. But you'll have to pick up the chair that Roommate number 3 knocked over last time she flew out of the room. An activity girl be she, and she thrives on power pills. Every morning she does her homework for track trying to make her 8 o'clocks.

Don't Be Scared

Don't be frightened when you see her. She always collapses just before she gets to the door, and then we drag her in and put her under the bed. We respect her talent, though because she's the first person we've ever seen who can comb her hair, brush her teeth, type a theme and take a no-doze tablet all at the same time. Be careful what you say to

when she had to dash home and put on "Dawn" before she went to her 10 o'clock!

The grapevine has it that Ray Dickson and the whole cast of the drama department's next play, "The Whole Town's Talking," are composing a new song, especially for the show.

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her . . . she thinks her activity stride is becoming.

That record? Oh, it's still "Quiet Please."

Our other roommate is a Character. We get worried about her at times but try to keep on helping her. As I always say, don't give up the ship and you'll never be overboard (over-bored). Sometimes she thinks she's an anti-aircraft gun and goes around ack-ack-acking. And then she thinks she's an air-raid siren because she feels badly about not being any other kind of siren. She spends all her spare time working on some kind of a new formula for making bootleg gasoline out of rubber, sugar, and coffee.

Her Face . . .

We've forgotten what her face looks like because her bangs have gotten so long; every time she takes a step we all hold our breath for fear she'll trip over them. All those pictures of zoot-suiters on the wall belong to her. She's mad for a glad plaid. And her vocabulary consists of "How about that?"

That record? It's STILL "Quiet Please."

Couldn't I interest you in a chummy game of tiddly-winks or Hell? Oh, you have to leave. Do come visit us again. We are appearing at the Museum of Natural History next Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 3 o'clock 'til 6 o'clock.

Yes, "Quiet Please."

WOMEN'S PAGE

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Social Front Looks Quiet

By LOIS HULSER
Society Editor

It promises to be a quiet week-end with two dances and a skating party marooned on an otherwise blank social calendar. Theta Chi is honoring its pledges with an informal dinner and dance at the house Friday night. The inter-co-op skating party is slated for Friday eve at the ice rink. Saturday, Fiji will entertain its freshmen at an informal dance.

The first dessert list of the term is shorter than usual with nine houses scheduled to entertain with exchanges. They include Kappa Alpha Theta-Beta Theta Pi; Delta Tau Delta-Alfa Omicron Pi; Delta Gamma-Kappa Sigma; Highland house-Canard club; Phi Kappa Psi-Kappa Kappa Gamma; Alpha Gamma Delta-Phi Kappa Alpha; Chi Omega-Sigma Phi Epsilon; Theta Chi-Alpha Phi and Alpha Chi Omega-Sigma Chi.

Univ. of Boston summer session offered more than 250 courses.

AW'S Notes

"Hug a pickle for a nickel." She may turn out to be your dilly-y (ha.) That's the way Jo Dolph, co-chairman of the Nickel Hop interprets their slogan, "The Last Call to Arms." Furthermore, she defines "Dilly" as a smooth cookie . . . a sweet little sack, or something exceedingly similar. O yes, it's Friday night after next, from 7-9 (the night before the Senior Ball, lovelies.) Mary Corrigan, the other co-chairman of the 5-cent bounce, is in there with four gold stars, too.

. . . Peggy Wright is chairman in there championing another "rain-or-shine" auction that will be postponed if it rains. We shall wish her lots of luck and pray for "clement" weather, which isn't grammatical at all.

No doubt the MEN left on this campus won't read this, because it's the women's page, and for obvious other reasons, but NOTICE, ALL MEN! (with a comma after the "notice"). Would you and your brothers like to be known as "KINGS OF THE WOLF-PACK" and receive \$5 in records besides? At the Hop each girl will be given numerous little pink slips of paper, on which she shall inscribe her name. The wolves at the door will be given one of the aforementioned slips

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