

Little Coed . . .

'Pewee' Ross Combines Activities, Psychology

By BETTY ANN STEVENS

"Here I am, lovely," announced Janet (Pewee) Ross, striding briskly to her dressing table.

"Hey, I don't like this . . . I can't say anything I want to," she remonstrated, turning to the mirror with a grin.

She stood, brushing her feathercut up into a shocked halo, and crooned, "Now help me think of something to make it REAL funny."

"D'you wanna know anything about my activities? . . . Well, I won't tell you!"

Activity Gal

We pried it out of her less reticent roommates that small, wily "Pewee" has been a Kwama and custodian of WAA, and is now a Phi Theta, secretary of WAA, secretary of her house, Alpha Delta Pi, and was general chairman of Coed Capers last term.

Pewee broke her silence with an indifferent, "I fiddled in Coed Capers when I was a sophomore, too . . . What else do you want, Doc?"

A golf trophy perched proudly on her desk was the next item of conversation, and she admitted that she'd held the county championship during '38 and '39. "Golfing was really way back in my youth," said 20-year-old Pewee. Her room mate interrupted with, "Quote the papers: Janet was 'one of the most promising young golfers in southern Oregon.'"

Education Formal

She waved a hairbrush energetically, "Rally, rally, Medford's the town! . . . It has 40,000 soldiers!"

"Grants Pass? Oh that's where I completed my formal education. Formal . . . get that?" She moved to Medford after graduating from high school.

funny," she moaned, pushing a chair up to her closet and pawing through a pile of Emeralds on the top shelf. "Lemme look at one and see what they print . . . Oh, nicknames . . . 'Doc,' 'Pewee,' only don't say 'Pipsqueak.' I wish everybody'd call me 'Pewee.' Janet's too dignified."

Padded Shoulders

She pondered for a moment, "Oh, they call me 'Shoulders,' too . . . because I wear so much padding in the shoulders of my jackets. People have a habit of pulling me up by the padding so I can see and won't miss anything . . . being the nosy type."

"Hey, do you want anything in about summer school? WELL, I went to summer school ten weeks, and I'm going ten weeks this summer. It's a wonderful thing. That's how I met Wayne. Now he's perched on a little iceberg in Alaska . . . little gigolo in an igloo . . . No eskimos around, I hope . . . "There he is," she rattled on, pointing toward a picture on her desk of a fellow in army uniform. "Yes, we have tentative plans for after the war," she admitted. "I get nine letters one day, then a lapse of two weeks in which I lose all chances for a steak. Guess I'll have to stick to hamburgers."

We were mystified, "Steak?"
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Marty B. Goes Surrealist; Gets Healthy

We were patting ourselves on the back with a Chinese back-scratcher, thinking we had gone through mid-term week with flying colors (even the colors are in the air corps now), until we started dreaming of a rainy Christmas, zoot suiters dangling from the highest branch of a shoe tree, hung by their gold key chains, and oceans of pale pink gasoline with shoes, shoes, and more shoes bobbing up and down.

Disregarding for the moment post-war problems, we focus our attention on the delicate subject of post-mid-term problems, having decided that plan of restoration and readjustment must be considered.

First, we must recondition our physical so we will be in condition to recondition our mental condition. Every morning we will take twelve quick laps around a cup of hot chocolate, and give ourselves a brisk frisk with a whiskbroom. Then we paddle down the gutters of Eugene in a canoe, heading for town to replace our worn-out parts, not forgetting a 50-watt bulb to put a light back in our brain-vault, and some brass knuckles, to protect our fingers since we bit our fingernails down to aforesaid knuckles. We must get ourselves once again accustomed to sleep, but that must be taken gradually, so will start out with an hour and one-half the first night, eventually working ourselves up

to eight hours. The last seven words are the title to a meaningless tune.

Now that our health is restored, we advance to attack the mental problem. First we travel to a museum and interview the statue of "The Thinker."

"Hey, mister," we sez, "how do you do it?"

Health by the Truckload
We plead and plead until he

finally breaks down and lets us in on his secret. He eats Wheaties every morning for breakfast. So we buy up a truckload of Wheaties, and with renewed vigor sprint over to the library and read 50 volumes of Plato and Socrates, being very cagy and sitting by the cute fellow who pops his gum so rhythmically. With the aid of Wheaties, we're

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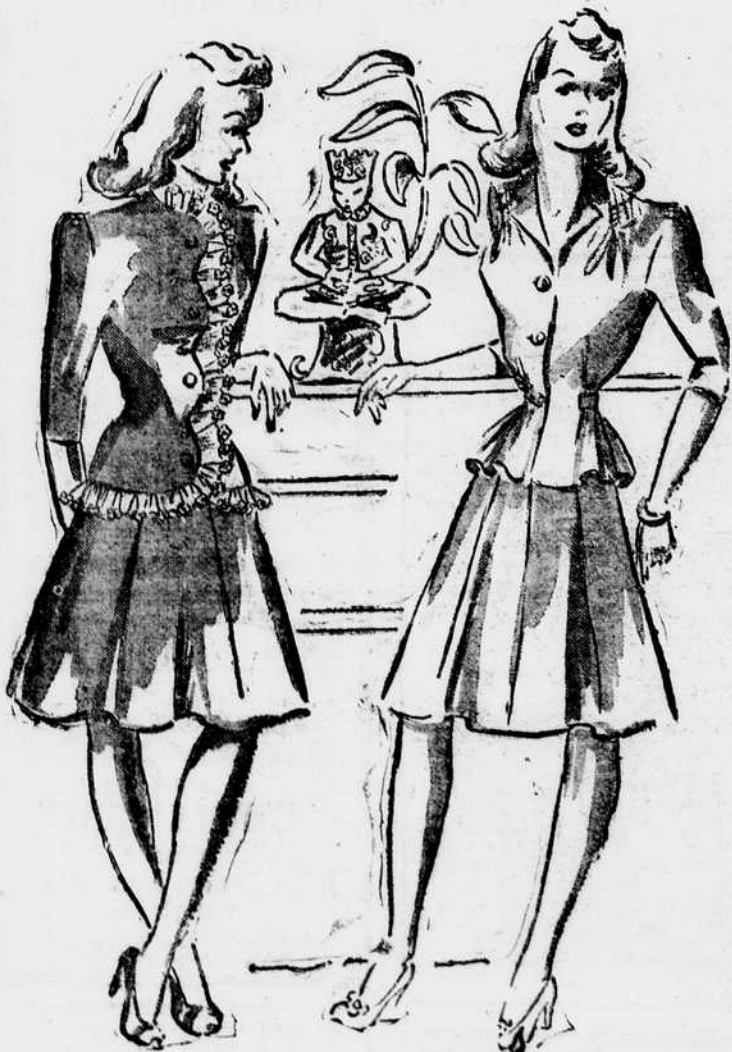
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Priorities Dent Wardrobes; Gals Contrive

Priorities are catching up with the college wardrobe, with shoe rationing upon us now, and various other items of dress becoming scarcer to find than hen's teeth.

Skirts and sweaters, the campus coed's uniform, are still on the obtainable list, however, as well as many unusual pieces of jewelry and other knick-knacks, which can be utilized to brighten up last season's outfit.

Shirlee Dillard is one of the smart girls wearing tyrolean suspenders with skirts. The braces are felt, and are covered with gaily colored patterns in red blue, green, and white . . . Dolores Hewitt sports a unique pottery pin which she made herself—faces of colored men done in glazed pottery.

Bracelets and more bracelets seem to be returning to style lately. Exhibiting the Carmen Miranda touch are Lynn Ortman and Joan Woodward, among others, who wear 10 to 16 thin silver bracelets at a time . . . Cashmere and angora sweaters, always popular, are becoming even more so of late.

Betty McCall's long-waisted dusty purple cashmere is a perfect example of the new beauties being shown . . . Janet Fitzmorris prefers a pale pink angora . . . June Walker chooses cashmere also, in a pale pink, which she wears with three strands of matching pink pearls.

—By Barbara Bealer.



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