

*Sun and Skis. . .*

# 'Carry on' AWS Aim Says Art-Major Miki

Looking as though just in from a leisurely round of tennis in her white sweater and shorts, but in reality just off the Alpha Chi Omega sun porch, new AWS prexy Marilyn Campbell relaxed in a chair before her desk and gazed at sandal-shod feet.

About AWS affairs next year, "Micki" remarked slowly, "I haven't formulated any definite plans. Since next year is so uncertain it's kind of hard to make plans, but we'll carry on as best we can."

With a charcoal smudge on one cheek, she quite unnecessarily revealed a tendency toward the art school and being chairman of decoration committees for "lots of things," besides being a member of Phi Theta, Gamma Alpha Chi, advertising honorary, and past-secretary of AWS.

**Sun Valley**

After a comment about a skiing picture plastered on her closet door, and another near her dressing table, Micki grinned, "Yes, I love to ski . . . Sun Valley . . . Mount Hood . . . Timberline is my favorite. It has better runs . . . I've heard . . . I've never been to Sun Valley."

She added, "It's harder to go skiing now, with transportation the way it is, so I'm concentrating on tennis . . . Besides, you don't get so many sprained ankles."

Another picture on her dressing table was of "a good friend of mine . . . The best picture in the house."

"My canvases?" She puzzled for a moment, "Oh, they're in the closet. Nobody appreciates them. Isn't that sad?"

**Various and Sundry**

Concerning an object hanging

on the wall . . . a cork helmet adorned with a flag, toy mouse, lei, and some brownish hair, Micki explained, "My brother was down in South America . . . Colombia . . . for two years, and he brought back lots of fascinating tales. That's his hat. My roommate and I fix it up and tell a big story about it. Anything I don't know what to do with I hang on the hat."

"No," she said flatly, in answer to a question about late hours, "I don't go to bed early . . . too much going on. Besides, the freshmen cut up too much."

**Twang**

From the Middle West, Lincoln, Nebraska, until she was twelve, Portlander Micki said, "People have accused me of having a mid-western twang . . . of using middle-eastern expressions." She then told of going on a trip by herself through Mexico, Texas, the midwest, and California and coming back with an odd conglomeration of accents.

That she doesn't mind acquiring accents, was emphasized by her revelation that "When I first get out of school I'd like to travel . . . go down to South America . . . go down and work or something . . . and after I have a career, get married."

## Good Taste Misplaced

By MARY ANN CAMPBELL

Query: IS it Spring, or ISN'T it??? If it is, why do we have Frost every morning? If it isn't, what is the purpose in looking as if it were??? (All this to be read very plaintively, as though suffering from consequences of Unfair, Treacherous weather.)

**SIGNS OF WHAT WE ARE PLEASED TO CALL SPRING:**

Photographer Teeter, squatting on his heels, surrounded by a fascinated group, over by the steps of Condon, giving a fine exhibition of the subtle art of manipulating a knife in mumbly-peg. . . .

All the light-hearted damsels roller-skating about sans a care in the world, in the middle-of-the-street, the Side, to classes, in front of the library, any old place, which indicates youthful spirits and enough sense to have acquired some roller skates before all this silly business about metal rationing went into effect.

Dr. Sullivan's philosophy and literature class enduring damp grass one sunny afternoon, all because it is far better to learn about philosophy AND literature some place where you can go to sleep in the sun, comfortably. . . . Takes the place of the browsing room, especially on days when no one wants to stay inside, anyway. . . .

A few intrepid souls paddling about on the mill race in canoes.

The pervasive, almost overwhelming scent of freshly-mowed lawns . . . to say nothing of the equally overwhelming smell (yes, smell, this time) of sulphur blown on the trees. . . .

The yellow crocuses (or is it CROCI???) and snowdrops blooming in the gardens down Thirteenth . . . and the first faint green on the lilac bushes, besides the gray green of the beginning of leaves on the magnolias. . . .

## Coeds Battle Wind, Rain With Braids

Foggy mornings are no aid for curly hair, as most Oregon coeds have found out. One of the most simple remedies for this problem is to wear hair in braids, many varieties of which are being seen around the campus:

Barbara Bock wears her braids in pigtails, tied at the end with material which matches her checked skirt . . . Jean Briggs wears her hair in pompadour in front, brushed up and gathered on top of head at back . . . Glamorous Marguerite Rissman looking more glamorous with her hair rolled on the sides in a long roll . . . And for warm weather as well as the fog, Jean Villair fixes her tresses with a pompadour in front, and a George Washington peruke . . . Striking Marge Curtis likes French braids for the rainy weather . . . Martha Benke adds bangs, to her pigtails . . . Teddy Nicolai rolls her dark hair in back, using heavy bone hairpins, or often wearing long braids . . . Blond Janet Robers keeps pace by wearing her hair off the face in front and braids down the back . . . And lovely Carolyn Loud and June Walker with reverse rolls . . . Bringing a new style into play, Mary Leigh Steele takes time to

Have you TRIED to get near the tennis courts lately? Well, isn't finding the courts overflowing with anxious players another sign of spring?

Besides, some unfair young women are out practicing putting on the lawn, just sort of looking ahead to their first golf game of the season when they can make all the other players look like people just out of hibernation, while they will resemble happy souls who have spent the winter at Palm Springs . . . playing golf.

So far, it's been a TRIFLE chilly for any extensive sun bathing . . . After all, no one wants

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braid her hair into three braids with ribbons on the ends of each. . . . A new style we're waiting to see is the unusual one braided down the back. . . .

—By Betty MavTavish

# jungle flowers



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Consider, my children, the lives of the great,  
The lords and the rulers of earth  
Who rose to the heights, by a battle with fate,  
From a low and unpromising birth.  
Ponder, oh reader, the truth that this lends  
To the legend that labor bears fruit,  
Though the trail be hard, you will find where it ends,  
There lies fortune and fame as your loot.  
Regard with due study the truths that you find  
And I think your decision will be  
To give up ambition and make up your mind  
To remain in oblivion, like me.

—By Betsy Wootton.

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