

**WOMEN'S PAGE**

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*Pencils, Books*

**Textbooks Capture Remaining Weekend**

Now is the time for all good textbooks to come to the aid of their owners, to put it flatly and tritely. Now is the time that date rationing doesn't need to be enforced . . . when closed weekends are sure enough closed . . . when the bitter reality of an uninspiring "C" kicks you in the teeth.

**Neuer Again! Says Marty B**

Having observed at innumerable basketball games and gone the way of all basketball observers, we are developing a training period for all spectators—especially after the two games last weekend. . . .

Friday night we went to the game at Oregon State. We sat down on a milking stool and waited for the game to begin even though we couldn't see the court. Pretty soon everyone started to leave.

**Good Game?**

"What's the matter, an air raid alarm?"

"Nope. Game's over."

"Oh," we said blankly and swallowed our gum.

Good game—someone told us. Oregon won—someone told us. We clapped vigorously, gave three cheers, and whistled through our teeth.

**The Next Night**

So the next night we went to the game at McArthur court, flashed our orange athletic card to the president, the vice-president, the dean of women, the draft board, and all the BMOCs, and showed our registration card, our library card, our driver's license, our draft card, our Co-op receipts, and our laundry bill—then entered.

All the freshmen were there playing bridge and knitting. One had been there for hours and was embroidering a sampler with "Home, Sweet Home" to tack on the seat.

**"Saved"**

We marveled at the freshman who was sprawled over four rows. "Saved," she said determinedly and pointed a gun at us. Hastily

"The social activity" of Oregon has truly died and been put away in the closet awaiting spring term. The four-pointers, who are all caught up on assignments and sleep, are objects of reverence.

**Hibernation**

The rest of us go into hibernation in our closets with a box of do-doze and the latest copy of "A Handy Guide for Unscrambling Notes." For the time being we studiously ignore letters, phone calls, and coke dates. This is total war.

We walk up to the man in the reference department. "Hello, Joe," we say. We remember his name is Joe because we met him at this time last term. We notice that the Side instead of the library has deep, silent echoes. The only sound to be heard is the crunch-crunch of aforementioned no-doze tablets.

**Quiet Reigns**

The sidewalks in front of the library are minus skating Pi Phis. Up sorority row there is a noticeable absence of baseball-playing Kappas. Above the deep breathing heard on sleeping had a wink of sleep for three nights," and "When does your train leave?"

So, opening up another handy little booklet, "How to Get Through Exam Week Without a Nervous Breakdown" we read the directions carefully. 1. Get plenty of sleep. 2. Eat right. 3. Have an optimistic attitude. Get-plenty-of-sleep . . . get-plenty-of-sleep . . . Etu Brute and no-doze tablets.

—By B. A. Stevens

we retreated and sent up smoke signals to locate our freshmen. We found them, and crushed ten coeds in an attempt to reach the top row.

Once the game began we resolved to do-or-die for dear old Oregon and screamed our heads off, picked them up, screamed some more, took a cough drop, and kept on screaming.

**Scream**

We were stared at. We were pointed at. We were whispered about. And we decided that it was because people around here just weren't accustomed to school spirit. But we were proud of ourselves—readjusted our halos, and screamed some more.

After the game came the problem of getting out of the gym. We tried battling our way through the crowd with coke bottles. We were knocked down. We tried squeezing our way through. We were knocked down. We tried military strategics. We were knocked down. Hastily, we made a lightning decision and formed a football eleven to reach the door—three of us made it and left the other eight for victims of the first aid classes.

**Oh There You Are!**

We had arranged to meet our date by the Ford with the tires, but we were carried by the outgoing tide of the crowd three blocks away. Then we rushed back to wait for our date who was somewhere in the mass, probably now down by the Side. Eventually he staggered up—a bloody and unreasonable facsimile of his former self.

. . . All of which are the reasons why we are tuning in on station KORE for the next game. Amen.

—By Marty Beard

**AWS Notes**

This meek, bleak, and shall we say sleek (?) freshman is in a new pair of shoes (discarded by one B. A. Stevens, a member of that alumnae of AWS reporters) and although they're kind of tight, they'll be broken in soon. In plain English, you did a good job of it, B.A., kid, and it's hoped that your "standards" can be continued during '43-'44.

Now that we all know each other, you avid worshippers of that organization of all organizations, AWS, let's get down to business.

A "super-duper" bowling party for members of Phi Theta Upsilon and Kwama will hold the spotlight Saturday p.m. when coeds from the two women's honoraries meet at the Eugene Recreation center from 2 to 4. "Please be there" is the double cry of Co-chairmen Connie Fullmer and Barbara Lamb, who promise a "luscious" time. Part of this undue insistence is because they have guaranteed to have at least 20 members there. P.S. Don't forget—it's Dutch treat.

Congrats to the new AWS, YWCA, and WAA officers who have a new year ahead of them to show their stuff, on this good old wartime campus. Also a pat on the back for those pretty swell gals who ran against them.

Micki Campbell, new AWS prexy, promises a full year with no dull moments, what with all the work that's just waiting to be done that can help the war effort.

Now that we're all in the same boat starting with a newly cleaned slate—see you next week.

—By Betty Lou Siegman

Dartmouth college is opening a separate department of geography, in recognition of the global character of the war.

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