

Ten Rules For Would-Be Frosh Pried From Reluctant Senior

"What am I going to wear this fall?" squawked the college senior in answer to our query, "Why I'm gonna wear my seven-year-old camels hair 'beege' coat, stupid."

Seniors must know, really, after three years, so SIMPLICITY sets the pace come fall, we expound with special emphasis.

"Ten maxims for the well-dressed frosh?" Our senior, heckled momentarily from a coke-gorged brown study of "The Thirteenth Stair," relayed us via grunts, gestures, monosyllables, polysyllables, and reluctant chuckles the following:

First

FIRST: Before proceeding too unpatriotically on a clothes spree, the budget-wise freshman girl should squint at the general aspects of campus apparel, AFTER she gets there. Don't let a saleswoman tell you what's rating the ogle at school unless she's fresh from campii, and reeking of Oregon spirit (singular). Don't be gullible, and go mad for a glad plaid. Coeds are conservative in their fads, despite contrary-wise info.

SECOND: Suits? Violent nodding of feather-cut. Although skirts veer toward less flattering lines, a warm casual tweed is something to live in and for, to put it ungrammatically.

Luxury

Dress suits are luxury items, but tops for the extra-jingly Lady Buxton. For those pig-bank hoarders who want to be gussied-up yet casual too, a neat gabarine is recommended. Incidentally, whether this is militarily secretive or otherwise, there are now on sale in the vicinity of the U. of O. some THREE-PIECE SUITS! (ssssh).

THIRD: The pride of a college girl's wardrobe... her shapeless, baggy nubby knits. Leave the sweater-girling to Lana and remember that twin-sweater sets went out with the ark, and all will be but well. Expect roommate trouble if you have a few cashmeres, tops in sweater acquisition.

Man-Foil

FOURTH: Date dresses... ah, yesss, we hiss dramatically. What sprightly coed doesn't envision smooth, drooly ensembles? A Calox smile and five gold stars to the chic chick who nods wisely to a simple basic dress which makes a new debut with change of accessories. Most coeds own an eternal "simple black." Remember, however, if black makes your complexion look similar to that of a Japanese Mata Hari, NIX in capitals. F'rhevnsake, we pray fervently, rip off all nauseous artificial flowers.

Most appropo of any, mayhap, are dressy wools. We reminisce about a luscious blonde who caused us no end of jealousy bitten nails with her pastel wool shirt-waist dresses. Although not dating items, notice the number of jumpers being shown, which we predict in large campus quantities.

Feet-Covering

FIFTH: As 'tis not veddy smaht to patter campus-ward a la barefoot-boy-with-cheeks-of-tan in t' A risk, bracing atmosphere of fall, we shall be shod, by way of stamp number 18. On the very approved list are saddle standbys, IF AVAILABLE, and golf shoes, IF AVAILABLE.

Wooden shoes, clomping, unflattering, and muchly resoled, will see action in winter slush and muck since last year's rubber boots are kicking the Japs. Senior says that nearly every frosh will lend her Oregon year with a pair of white buck Spauldings (California saddles to yoo).

Loafers are "akamai" (Hawaiian c.k.) in weather less tending toward California mist (missed California and hit U. of O.) So, my dear moccasin-admirer, keep your red-skin blood pressure under control and your loafers on shoe trees during winter term,

and clomp with the rest of us.

Some indicators point toward sturdy, veryveryvery wearable brogues. We comment briefly, "Awk." Tearing our eyes from ballet influence and dainty ankle-strap shoes, we admit reluctantly that brogues ARE practical under stamp 18 circumstances, perhaps.

SIXTH: Button up your overcoat with its double-breasted military swagger and strut you colume-dodgers. The three-quarter-length Winnie Churchill, popular last spring, we leave in mothballs for next spring, unless you prefer unpressed pleats.

If not military, the classic

three-button box coat gets a nod anytime, anywhere. Remember, though, you bunnyfur mitten cuddler, a raincoat should be lined if you want to grow to be a healthy and wise sophomore, unless, of course, you're the rigorous type who stand in icy showers, jump out bright-eyed when the alarm goes off, and look intelligent in eight o'clock classes.

Fur coat? Nice, aren't they? However, don't feel you must poison your plutocratic Uncle Willie in order to wangle that luscious skunk. Many a BWOC's budget overlooks the aforementioned. If it's within means and

essential to happiness, "censored the torpedoes, full speed ahead." Otherwise, stop heckling pop.

Cross-Stitch

SEVENTH: Tried to buy any blouses lately? Drastic, isn't it? We'd swear it's inflation. Round-necked or "v," dickey or the real thing, they're hard to get. Of note, we stared at a clever blue cross-stitch, round-necked dickey, replete with sweater and skirt to match, gracing a dark, blue-eyed coed... quaint and smart.

EIGHTH: Headgear causes slight frowning of brow. Getting the biggest workout are kerchiefs, large as dishtowels and as enveloping as the same. (Convenient for pin-curl cover-up too). Rainhats are impractical unless your hair takes to rain like a true duck, but who wears feathers? (or wants to feel like a lame duck?) Some gay souls wear both kerchief and rainhat, but personally, they're a trifle weird.

Background

Hats for church, etc., tend toward the casual, pillbox, background-for-the-hair kind. Since OSC advertises a football season, Oregon will undoubtedly have pigskin combat, so trot out all lucky bonnets.

Speaking of bonnets, do you have a bee buzzing therein? Try little-boy visored caps, and some of the enchanting numbers dashing rampantly over the pages of the last Vogue.

NINTH: When lounging, etc. . . . rely on the jeans and plaid skirt ensemble, and don't forget a reet pair of "fatty's peril," i.e. slacks. Senior asks us to mention the cut-in-half fuel situation and the disagreeable appearance of blue goose . . . pardon, DUCK-bumps because padded robe discourages shivering, and the effects of body conditioning must not be minimized so quickly.

Exit

TENTH: And so to the sleeping porch, replete with hot water bottle, flannel bed socks, flannel night gown, and a dozen blankets. Brrrrr. Beautiful, beautiful thought as we swelter over this deadline.

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