

Flashes...

Class Rooms Glimpse Duckette Fashions

By BOBBI BEALER

Well over half of a coed's daylight hours are spent in the class rooms, and classes are just the place to get an insight into what the average Oregon miss is wearing this season. Whoever said there was nothing new under the sun? Look around you, girls, and you may be surprised.

Helen Eickmeyer utilizes pigtails in a new way. She fastens flowers to the end of the braids, instead of wearing the usual bows... Marcia Allen may be seen wearing her near-to-waist length hair in two braids down the back, each tied with a large plaid bow...

AWS Notes

Looks like AWS will have its hands full for the next six weeks with preparations for the big event, Coed Capers, with a Victory Girl to take the spotlight and the provision that it would be wonderful if enlisted men on the campus would be interested in helping with her selection.

In other words, there's plenty of opportunity for coeds to get in the swing—in class and organization skits or on the plain "hard work" committees. With Gerd Hansen in the top-notch position of capers chairman, plus several others whom she will appoint for her various committee heads, this woman-powered production points toward a success.

Cutie

Going back to the Victory Girl—each women's house will be putting up one of its cutest cuties. The race will really begin to be interesting when judges narrow the group down to six finalists. Then there's the matter of the winner's picture going to all former Oregon men now in the service.

Speaking of activities—besides the capers, Red Cross work is about to begin, according to Carol Wicke, in charge of campus Red Cross work. The room next to the College Side will be the scene for this action. Willing freshmen and upperclassmen who haven't learned the art of making surgical dressings will quickly be taught by student instructors

Chill, No Doubt

For those furnace-less mornings, of which there will be plenty this year, there's nothing like a wool dress. Gloria Cartozian's favorite is a Princess Elizabeth plaid, with full skirt gathered at the waist, and three-quarter length sleeves... Ann McGillicuddy prefers a chocolate brown skirt with vest to match. With it, she wears a Hawaiian print blouse of brown, green, and white...

And then, of course, there are the inevitable sweaters—all colors, sizes, and styles. Cashmeres are always a first choice, but guard yours with your life, for the real McCoy will be practically unobtainable for the duration. Pat Percival, lucky girl, sports a lush salmon pink one of pre-war quality... Lois Evans wears a subdued gold one.

Lana

Our award of "sweater girl" of the week goes to Alysone Hales, with her wine and powder blue heather knit sweater.

For color this winter, add the bevy of plaid topcoats which may be seen upon the campus any coolish morning—and the many and varied blazer jackets and suits seen here, there, and everywhere.

while "old-timers" from last year will have opportunity to "roll their own."

At the University of California navy men have taken the lead in renaming the houses at which they are stationed to honor navy heroes.

Women's Page Staff:

Carol Greening,
Betty Ann Stevens,
Co-editors
Bobbi Bealer
Marty Beard
Betty Ly Siegman

Marty B. Says...

Insomnia is a two-bit word, we'll admit, but insomnia it is, and insomnia is the word we are going to use. So many troubles, so many worries, and us without our No Doze.

We're in a dilemma. Shall we date the Air Corps or the Engineers? The decisive factor is which one will be carrying the most gum. That worries us.

And we've been reading books on the art of sitting in the Side between 9:00 and 10:30 without appearing to be picking up the soldiers. We sit there nonchalantly. We glance around—nonchalantly. We smile—nonchalantly—at our fresh lemon coke. And any resemblance between our eye affliction and a wink is purely coincidental. That's what we said... coincidental.

Hup—One—Two

Won't someone tell us why the squadron commander insists on shouting "columnah right"? We rushed home to our varnished copy of Webster's Most Especially Collegiate Dictionary. Webster cleared his throat and spake. "It's column," sez he. We thanked him for his profound statement. But we're not complaining, for those columns are among the pillars of our University.

We wish someone would publish a pamphlet... on Tactics of Not Getting Involved With Squadrons Between Classes. We're learning. We sneak cautiously along from bush to bush. But then we come to an open spot and run head on to a squadron. We find that we're leading one squadron along the sidewalk, marching along beside another, with two cutting in front of us. Not that we mind it!

It's Not Neat

One more worry. We lie awake nights trying to figure out what happened to one of the iron rings which holds up the tapestry at the rear of the College Side Inn. It droops in that spot. We sit, gazing over the rim of our coke (chocolate this time—we like the fizz) and try to solve the mystery. Was it for the scrap drive, or the missing link in a certain soldier's watch band?

Can't you see we're going crazy? Won't somebody set us right?

Does Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?

Ah, insomnia!

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Mary Wright...

'More Old Campus Life' Hope of Social Head

By BETTY ANN STEVENS

It's with quiet charm that tanned, unassuming Mary Wright carries on her duties as campus social chairman and president of Gamma Phi Beta sorority. "I'm just pretty ordinary in most all ways," the former junior weekend princess said with a friendly twinkle and a flash of white, even teeth.

"This belonged to me last year, but it's Virginia's now," smiled Mary, indicating the gaily-decorated red, white, and blue room across the hall. Virginia, her sister, is also outstanding in campus activities, being selected as "sweetheart of Sigma Chi" last year, a member of Kwama, and elected to the ASUO executive council. Mary commented quietly, "I'm pretty proud of the little dickens."

Piano benches have been the only Waterloo between the two sisters. Mary laughingly revealed that when they were much younger elementary piano lessons found them pushing each other violently to the floor.

Rave

About the Wednesday night mixers, Mary exclaimed, "The girls just came up raving about the fun they had. I think that as time goes on... after this next dance... it will get more and more like old campus life. I'm hoping that Wednesday nights will turn out like the old Wednesday night desserts." She observed candidly, "I think at first it didn't start out so well. How about that?"

Other revelations about Mary brought out that she is a business ad major, but plays the field, academically speaking... thinks T. Dorsey is "kind of conventional," but likes him... says "yerp" instead of "yes" occasionally... is having a siege with dresser drawers due to over-enthusiastic painting a week ago... plans after graduation to "go into public relations work with the airlines. Doesn't that sound intriguing?"... and is "hobby-less."

Very much the native Californian, Pomona, to be exact, Mary spends her summers at the beach. "Body-surfing... sailing... mm!" she sighed with mock nostalgia. Since "Dad just got a new cattle ranch," plans for next summer include "going down to get in some riding... Virginia and I."



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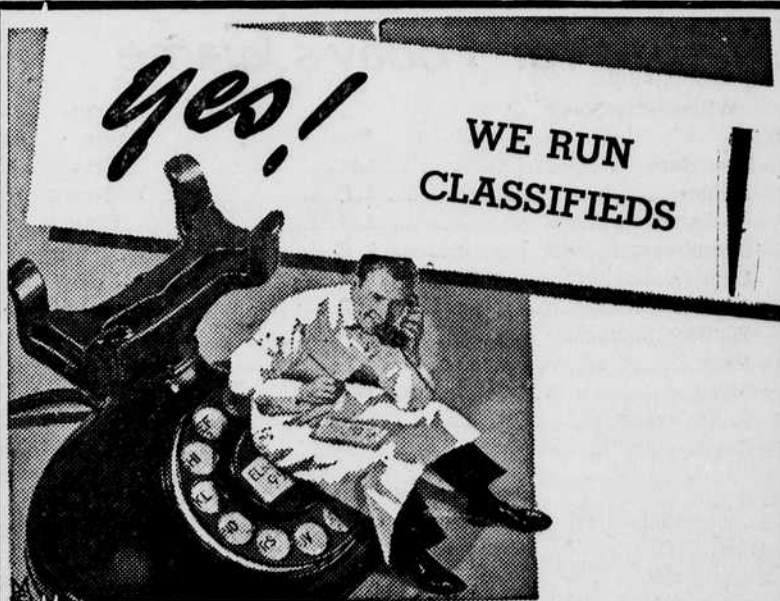
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