

Woman's Page Staff

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Suit of Hearts

Still more news left over from Xmas—kind of like the turkey soup that follows Xmas dinner—almost better than the turk itself.

Dorothy Routt, Chi Omega, announced (though she says it didn't need announcement because she's "gone with him for years and years") her engagement during vacation to "Oge" Davies, navy medical student at Cal.

Also an event of the much-loved, much-mourned, above-mentioned vacation was the marriage of Virginia Locke of Hilyard house to Bob Brayton, ex-Kirkwoodite.

Just before Xmas, Alphagam Joan Schenk was married to Jack Tiner here in Eugene. Now they carry on domestic life under innumerable handicaps presented by the ASTU.

Plantings

With current news the Thetaz take the lead—two new brass additions! Patty Jo Scott took Larry Kramers Beta pin and Alice Lockhart has Jimmy Bell's Phi Delt pin. The Thetaz also received word that Shirley Hicks is going to be married in March to Ben Robinson.

Jack Pennington planted his ATO pin on Betty Jones, Chi Omega, which news is hot off the fire.

Maryanne Searce, Dee Gee, announced her engagement recently to Lt. Joe Meyers, air corps—the beginning of the happy ending to a high school romance. Dee Gee alum Marge Turner was married last week to Dick Allen, ATO in Portland.

By M. M. ELLSWORTH and MARTHA THORSLAND

Up From UO

(Please turn to page two)

which the United States had leased from Sweden especially for the exchange of prisoners. The transfer of prisoners was arranged through the Swiss government.

Bellinger is in the United States now and he has joined the armed forces as his best chance to return a proper "thank-you" note for his stay in the "land of the rising sun".

If God had not existed, it would have been necessary to create him. —Voltaire.

Coed of the Week . . .

Pasadena's Janet Likes Ping-pong Quiet

By BETTY ANN STEVENS

Five-foot-five-inches of gray skirt, navy blue sweater, gay twinkle and natural charm, i. e. Oregon Dream Girl and Hello Girl Janet Marugg, graciously led the way to the living room.

"I've been studying social science in the ping-pong room," she explained with a laughing grimace. "It's the quietest place in the house."

Greeting Homecoming dads this weekend, minus the osculatory salute which she bestowed upon ticket salesman Don Stetson at the Senior ball, Janet is "up in the air" because her own father won't be able to make the trip from Pasadena.

Home is tops in her eyes, with memories of "trips to Laguna and sunshiny days at the beach." Oregon is fine too, because it's "different . . . the way the girls dress, for one thing. They spend less money on clothes. One reason might be that it's so cold you wear a coat all the time, so it really doesn't matter."

Janet recently accepted a Phi Psi brass belonging to Ted Klehmet, also from Los Angeles, "Monrovia," she specified.

La-La-La

To stamp out a long-standing prejudice she's enrolled in music appreciation. With a chuckle of enjoyment, the dark-haired Alpha Chi revealed, "I've been horseback riding since I was five, then had to give it up for piano, so I hated it." Her mother relented eventually, however. She added enthusiastically, "I've gone riding several times up here, and it's wonderful!"

The first thing Janet notices about people is their eyes, because "I think you can tell about their character, and whether they're fun . . . or a deep thinker. I don't think looks are as important as personality."

No Cliches

She exploded mildly, "I get sick and tired of people using trite expressions like 'That shows me plenty!'"

A Marugg ambition is "to just take a car and go, and stop wherever and whenever I wanted."

On the gripe-list is her Emerald picture, which she feels makes her appear "like a chipmunk or Indian . . . in a 't'-shirt and sweater, and it was really a blouse and suit."

The University of Illinois recently found out that many of the Navy and Army men stationed on the campus didn't know about the USO at Champaign-Urbana.

Ophelia Observes

Ophelia says she had a lovely time at the Nickel Hop . . . lovely affairs those Hops. But then, you never can tell, you know, "Ophelia'll double-deal ya". Sometimes I don't even believe myself, and they call me . . . Ophelia! Even went out on the porch and laid traps, man size . . . danced twice too.

Once was when I intercepted a pass . . . and a smooth one it was, too. The other time I was just lucky. He was a GI with a Spanish accent 'n we cooed away in Mexican and pig latin . . . Tried to intermission but it wasn't on the program. (Must make a motion at house meeting.)

Come Out If You Dare!

Progress was bothered by those lights blinking every 15 minutes . . . had to use jujitsu to keep up a conversation 'till they started playing, "Nobody Loves Me, I Wonder Why?" . . . Asked the man but he couldn't tell me . . . in fact he seemed speechless. Next time I'll lay off the pancake so he can recognize me for what I am . . . Only Red Skelton knows . . . even wrote an ode to me and then . . . he took Tallulah.

Sleuth

Decided to prowl . . . sisters wanted me to count noses at the other houses). Got mixed up and counted ears . . . oh, double trouble! No one understands Ophelia except maybe her dead



JANET MARUGG . . .
"makes me look like a chipmunk or Indian" . . .

uncle . . . who took one look at her and something struck at his heart . . . fatally.

Back to the house, I braced myself in the doorway . . . all tired out . . . someone threw a coat on my arm . . . five minutes later I changed my name to Ima Coat and Hatrack. Determined to be cheerful so I shook it off . . . made an awful racket . . . combs, nails, 15 cents and Janet Marugg fell all over the floor, (pardon me, pictures of J.M.). Collected a year's supply of combs . . .

Fangs

Triumph of the evening was a handsome Co. B wolf man who fell for me . . . tripped him, coming and going. He had beautiful eyes . . . the kind that snap . . . at me . . . Sat down on the floor to write a poem about them . . . three fellas joined me and threw a neat pair of sevens . . . kept saying, "Come, Eleven" . . . Housemother came by and said, "Not here, children".

So children went out on the front porch . . . lost interest in the game . . . after I lost 80 cents . . . Decided that the Nickel Hop was a great success . . . never had so many people fight over me!

—By MARGERY SKORDAHL

AWS Notes

Bringing tidings of greatest joy and accomplishment to AWS was the financial result of the Nickel Hop last Saturday which reached \$125. For a wartime year on the campus and all other conditions considered, this is a "goodly sum," says AWS president Miki Campbell.

Something to be thinking about are AWS elections, coming up February 15, when posts of president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, reporter, and sergeant-at-arms will be open for a new squad to take over.

February promises to be a busy month for AWS—also including a special assembly the ninth of that month and another AWS auction "whose date hasn't been definitely set," says Miki Campbell. Right now AWS is still engaged in job of sending UO Dream Girl Janet Marugg's picture to all Oregon men in the service.

Many girls signified their interest and turned out to be interviewed for campfire counselor positions at Camp Nemanu this summer. They will be contributing greatly toward national defense if they accept similar positions for their summer vacations, for from all indications camps will be filled this year.

—By BETTY LU SIEGMAN

A significant collection of historical legal and economic material on the republics of Columbia and Venezuela has just been acquired on the Berkeley campus of the University of California.

McDONALD

DONT MISS IT!

"THE GANGS ALL HERE"

with
ALICE FAYE
CARMEN MIRANDA
BENNY GOODMAN

Here Is One Reason Why YOU Should Buy War Bonds NOW . . .

Today I met a war worker that I'd like to introduce to you all. He doesn't work in the shipyards nor is he dressed in khaki. No, he is a different type of war worker. He is an old man who lives about three miles south of Eugene in a little house which he started building himself when he was sixty-two. But his home won't be finished until after the war. You see, his only grandson is in a German concentration camp, and they'd like to have him home again. That is why they are putting \$250.00 from their small income into war bonds each month. Seeing the surprise mirrored on my face, he added, "Yes, the more we buy, the sooner our boy will return, and not too our boy, but all the boys, and the ones who may give their lives will know that we're helping all we can!" HOW ABOUT YOU?*

R. L.

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