

Famous Women Return to Oregon

So a few Theta Sigma Phi, Oregon's class of '44, straggled back to the campus for Junior Weekend, 1945. They had managed to get two weeks off from key copydesk positions on the Chicago Tribune, erstwhile McCormick-managed sheet. Turning tail upon the colonel's death, the Tribune had taken up the cry of an Anglo-American union, was thriving under the leadership of fiery, black-thatched Editor Warren Charles Price.

Barely had the shackles of the femmes set foot on Hello walk than they were nostalgia smitten by an oft-remembered command that echoed behind them—a rehearsal, "Eyes right, Mulvihill! HUP two three four . . ." They looked back cautiously to behold the stern khaki figure who had been responsible for the brisk bark, a figure with bright blue air force insignia glinting on sleeve . . .

The air Wac sergeant, neat rows of G. I. skirts at her side, was coming on relentlessly, looking neither to right nor to left. Our friends shuddered, made for the Side to hear more of this strange turn of events. There they confronted a couple of tweedy, mussy-haired undergraduates with busy-bristled legs thrust into cowboy boots—women of course, looking like refugees from Vassar, for after all, who was there left to impress?

The tale of spring at the "U" left the grads with lump-filled throats. Annual campus elections had left the hardworking overalled gardner sobbing, for there were no splashy signs, no emblazoned streamers to pick up after the fray. There had been no fray. A quiet, unassuming independent candidate, backed by all the Greek houses except a couple who refused flatly to get into the swim, had carried the election by a vote of 286 to 13.

Most of the campus hadn't shown much interest, it was said . . . had only yawned when efficient past prexy Audrey Rose Holliday, contemplating changing her major to music (which would necessitate another year of school) had told eager, pigtailed Emerald reporters that the question of whether or not she would run for a second term was "picayune." (Miss Holliday, incidentally, after a behind-locked-door conference with faculty advisers, did not run for re-election after all. It seemed she was tone-deaf.)

"Tell us more," sobered, intent alums implored, scuffing their new \$14 I. Millers against the Side's scarred booths. "What are all those little multi-colored structures on the old campus?"

They learned that the University's dean of women, dark, amiable Hazel Prutsman Schwering had consented to the dorm dwellers' demands for still smaller living organizations. The girls were now living in groups of four or less in streamlined, compact trailers, with the system of one house mother to every five "dinky dorms." An advantage of the plan was said to be that the trailerites were never late to classes in Villard.

Social events? A loud wail arose from the frustrated 1945 students. With all army camps in Oregon shut down, with the drafting of remaining civilian men into a national labor pool, with only women enrolled at the "U" . . . well, schedules were really too busy to permit frivolities like dancing. The school had become increasingly book-minded, until the overcrowded library at last had consented to allow coeds to study in the lush, deep-rugged browsing room.

"What, you study all the time?" "It seems to be a horrible habit we can't shake off," apologized one sophisticated sophomore, glancing briefly from her water-spotted, dog-eared calculus book. Part of the revived interest in classes was

Bookhaul . . .

As released today through the office of campus war board information, dark, white-skinned Florence Hintzen and dark, white-skinned Bibbits Strong have been appointed co-chairmen of a book drive. This might be the herald of new demands upon all living organizations, for a required 25 books from each house, to be sent to American war prisoners, it was said in quarters close to the telephone.

Working with deadly, purposeful persistence, a truck, reportedly belonging to the city garbage, will daily the rounds of the campus at 4 p.m. today.

With dramatic emphasis the co-chairmen emphasized, "The books should be tied securely or boxed and placed on the front porch."

due to a newly installed pilot-training course which assured coeds completing it of a commission in Wasps. Little planes, like swarms of purposeful, annoyed bees, kept the campus alive with a continual droning, caused more than one professor to cultivate a lion-like roar in his lectures.

So far there had been no plane accidents, the alums were assured, except for the overzealous freshman whose plane crashed in the cemetery as she parachuted to safety on the roof of the men's PE building. The crash had fortunately cleaned out an especially malevolent patch of poison oak.

The amazed Theta Sigs asked about a Junior Prom. Attendance would probably be small, they were informed, since all single faculty members had already been hooked by the air Wacs—you know, there's something about a uniform. But there was talk that a shipment of masculine inmates (only those with records of good behavior and possible future paroles) from one of the more popular institutions in Salem might be sent down to alleviate the crisis. "The Prom must go on," was the cry of the junior women.

. . . As for the Weekend itself, the grads soon found out it was one of the best ever. A loud-speaker system in the Co-op kept students informed on last-minute developments of the invasion, which was steadily nearing Berlin. With the roasting theme, "I Wanna Go Back to Amazon," the students summoned all their resources and gave a canoe fete spectacular in that each barge looked like a miniature jungle.

Only dampener for the enthusiastic, undaunted juniors was the episode during the Fete when the husky 6-foot 1-inch queen, clad like her princesses in an abbreviated animal hide, fell into the mill race. The leopard-skin costume, it was found, had been of synthetic, war-necessitated material . . . it shrank miserably.

—By Margie Robinson

Pallett Returns

Registrar and Executive Secretary Earl Manley Pallett has just returned from a four-day meeting of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars in Chicago.

Main topic considered by the registrars was the granting of academic credit for military training and experience.

Ready, Set, Hoops 'n All, Says Queen Anita

"I am going to have a little trouble with my dress for Junior Weekend," stated laughing-eyed, slender Anita (Ferdie) Fernandez, queen of the weekend, in an interview Tuesday.

The dress, she went on to describe, has a skirt "six feet wide" with which she expects to have difficulty. She pantomimed coming gracefully up the stairs, scooping folds of billowing skirt up in her arms, sitting queenlike on the stage with the problem skirt hooped up before her.

ANITA ALLERGIC

"If anybody makes me laugh my eyes water," she volunteered, wiping her eyes. It's an allergy, she added.

"If white's a color it's my favorite," Anita popped in as an afterthought.

With dignity she insisted that she was not on a picnic when she got her recent batch of poison oak, but was on a "hike up to Dr. Day's on some butte." Tanned and full of energy, she lists hiking as a favorite sport along with skiing.

HOT DOGS AND LEMON DROPS

When her fiance, George (Homer) Otten, Fiji, was on the campus, they hiked to the Springfield bridge one evening, climbed it, ate their lunch of hot dogs, French bread, and lemon drops while perched atop it. They also climbed trees on their hike, she recalled.

On hikes she sports Levis and her "picnic coat which is a raincoat about four sizes too small."

She displayed her fingernails proudly and boasted, "I trained myself in the infirmary not to bite them. I usually bite my nails. They're long now. I haven't had nail polish on them since my freshman year. I wore it during rush week and then bit my nails all off right afterwards."

CALLED "PUDDLES"

Besides "Ferdie" the green-eyed queen has the nickname "Puddles."

"They used to call me that because I dropped my suitcase in the only puddle on the campus when I first came here," she cheerfully related.

With firm emphasis she said, "I don't live in Piedmont. I live in Pinole."

A recent Emerald listed Piedmont as her residence.

She lives near Pinole, she amended her statement, "on a corn ranch."

"Do I have to make a speech

I'M DIFFERENT

Breathes a brunette with soul so dead

Who never to the world has said:
"But in the sun, my hair is red!"

—By Margie Robinson

during Junior Weekend?" she worried and hammed up an idealized and poetic bit of oratory.

With an order to put across the idea that she was studying Plato for a midterm when interviewed, she went into a can-can or burlesque type of dance for onlookers on the art school patio.

"I want a jitterbug for my Prom date," she called.

—By Louise Montag

The Oregana

(Continued from page 1)

Coyly, Edith Adele Newton has suggested that those students who, overcome with curiosity and good nature, wish to buy an Oregana at this time may do so. She also assures those now absent from the campus that copies of the hefty little volume will be mailed to points east, south, north, and west.

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