

Emerald Women's Page

coeditorial . . .

Independence is Realism

Everyone talks about realism now. You cannot pick up a newspaper without noticing that someone has made a speech about world realism, political realism, or economic realism. The brief renaissance of abstract values died again when someone shut off the Four Freedoms propaganda. There is need for greater candor in our regard of things, we are told by Those-Who-Say-They-Know.

So, being busy and wide-awake coeds, we follow the trend of the times and refuse to waste time on the forms of things, the vague ideas. Instead we want to know what it is we are being told and why we should enter the activities that upperclassmen and roommates and People-In-Charge-of-Orientating-Freshmen push us towards.

Today, for instance, the YWCA is giving a "coke-tail" party especially to acquaint new women with that organization. Most of you have heard about the "Y" in your home towns. However, most of you will go to that party because the house activities chairman will put you on bread and water for three days if you don't sign up for an activity soon.

That's being realistic. Maybe there is another view of the picture. Maybe you will go to the party and drink your "coke-tails" and eat your cookies with the idea that you are not only having fun but that you would like to join this friendly group of girls—work with them and play with them. Maybe then you will realize how nice it would be to gather around that big fireplace on rainy afternoons to work on plans for social affairs, community service projects, projects for servicemen, etc.

The party is this afternoon from 4 to 5 o'clock. Joan Dolph, "Y" president, and Lois Greenwood, executive secretary, have both extended their open invitations to all new girls. Martha Thorsland has arranged an interesting entertainment program. And everyone on the campus is curious about the just-new booklet, "How to be Red-Hot Good" written especially for you by Jo D.

At the party you will be told of the actual benefits you and members all over the world are getting through the

"Y" program. The service projects of the organization will be explained. There you will be told how you can help by joining in the membership drive which starts Friday. That's being realistic.

What the upperclassmen and roommates tell you doesn't mean everything. What you find out for yourself does. So be realistic, Miss Freshman of 1944; go to the "Y" party and see what you can discover.

Mortar Board President Handles UO Propaganda

She's a small girl with short bronzed hair and when you see her the first time she doesn't impress you as being a striking person in any sense of the word. It is only after you have talked to her that you realize the president of Mortar Board and the student director of the Oregon federation is a woman with flavor and poise and a definite sense of awareness.

Kappa Kappa Gamma Gerd Hansen was born in Norway not much more than twenty years ago. Life there was pastoral. It was idyllic. She played in the big garden with her little twin sisters and spent long sunny afternoons chasing butterflies around the haystacks. Until she was eleven she went to the one-roomed white country school in which—when classes were not in session—the neighbors' chickens pecked around the floor. Evidently Gerd learned her lessons well, however, because when she went to school in Marshfield, Oregon, she turned up at the head of several classes, won innumerable honors, and registered four years ago at the University of Oregon with a four-year Aaron Frank scholarship in her hands.

Terrific Trip

But that is ahead of the story. Gerd Hansen came to America with her mother to join Mr. Hansen in Marshfield. The trip across the Atlantic, Gerd remembers, "was terrific; we were all seasick and it lasted nine days." The liner Bergensfjord docked in New York and the family traveled by train across the continent. "The prairies and coal towns impressed me especially," Miss Hansen remarked, curling her feet up on the davenport in the third floor room in the Kappa house.

Newspapers in her hometown in Norway carried the story of Gerd winning the Aaron Frank scholarship. She has a large white scrapbook filled with photographs, letters and clippings about her high school and college activities. When she first came to school Gerd lived a term in Hendricks hall, then pledged Kappa, began to work on drives and committees—and from then on the rest of the story is that of any Oregon BWOC. Kwama in her sophomore year, Phi Theta Upsilon the next, and now she is a senior and the first lady of Mortar Board.

Oregon Federation

Most important feature in her record to date is the directorship of the Oregon federation. This is a student organization whose purpose is to acquaint high school students and Oregon townspeople with the University. It is propaganda in the legitimate sense.

With Doris Hack, acting alumni secretary, as adviser, Gerd traveled through the state stopping at most

of the towns along the route carrying on an energetic UO "boosting" campaign. Miss Hansen officially terms it an orientation program and considering the large number of freshmen that registered last week, her stumping efforts were successful.

Gerd is an English major and reports that she enjoyed her Eng-

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lish and history courses all through school very much. Now she also indicates interest in philosophy; and since this summer, is quite enthusiastic about swimming classes. The story behind that is well known on the campus. Gerd and her sister were swimming near Marshfield; they were caught by a current in the tide and swept out to sea. Both the girls nearly drowned but were rescued by coast guardsmen and artificial respiration saved the sister, but, we think, Gerd's enthusiasm about the boating saved her.

Playing Second Fiddle
"Well," is Gerd's opinion, "life
(Please turn to page four)

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