

Coed of the Week...

Editor Edie Smruives
Despite Bohemian Life

By BETTY ROBERTSON

If one ever sees a somewhat dilapidated vehicle of 1931 vintage on which the roof lining is drooping in spots and the seats fall to the floor at regular intervals, the brave girl who is bearing up well beneath the strain is Edith Newton, BWOC. She is the 1944-45 editor of the Oregana, a member of Mortar Board, Theta Sigma Phi, journalism honorary, and is on the editorial board of The Emerald.

She is the first student ever to be both business manager and editor of the Oregana, and the third woman editor. Her career on the yearbook all began back in 1941 when "Newtie" (sometimes known colloquially as "Nudie") was a freshman and nervously sold ads. During her sophomore year she did mounting work, and was advanced to the position of business manager in her third year. Now she is the important personage behind the desk in room 100 of the journalism building, the editor's office.

"This year we are going to try to keep up the All-American tradition," Edie said. "Lots of freshmen have signed up to work, and we have a good staff." (Ed. note: All kinds of luck to her.)

Editors Bunk Together

Along with Anne Craven, Emerald editor, and Phyllis Amacher, a graduate assistant in the psychology department, Edie lives in an apartment at 1945 Kincaid street. "We have the BEST time," she grinned. "We take turns cooking. Whoever gets up first makes breakfast, and it's good, too—toast, hot chocolate, and everything. We divide up the work usually, but Phyll does most of it."

Edie was born twenty years ago right here in Eugene, and will be 21 on November 18, thereby missing her chance to vote for Dewey by 11 days. She is an only child and Portland is her home town. While she was in grade school, the Newton family shuffled between living in Los Angeles and Portland, so altogether she attended 14 different schools before she entered junior high.

Has she ever traveled? "Oh, yes," Edie exclaimed. "We went to Canada once when I was real little, and when we lived in California, we went over the border into Mexico once in a while."

When asked about her future plans after graduation, Edie commented that she'd like to work on a newspaper in New York or Alaska. Then the big secret came out: She and Anne Craven have a great yen to own and operate a little newspaper in Alaska. She wasn't entirely sold on the idea until last Sunday an article on this northern territory was published in The Oregonian. Now it is the one desire in her young life.

Editor Invades Big City

Last summer she and Anne worked for the United Press in Portland doing rewrites for the wire and radio. "It was really lots of fun," she said enthusiastically. "We saw so many kids from the University there."

In addition to all her other duties last year, Edie was also in charge of the city desk once a week for The Emerald and was co-chairman of Junior Weekend. She had the most terrible time the afternoon of coronation. Two hours before, she found out that the crown, cape, and scepter hadn't come for the ceremony. She was desperately trying to entertain her mother at tea in Gerlinger hall and find a crown and scepter at the same time. At the very last moment she succeeded. "Oh, it was awful!" she sighed.

Her car is named Hepzebah. She insists that it runs very well. Suddenly she cried, "Gee, that reminds me! I gotta call up the ration board. They haven't mailed my A coupons to me and I'm in a bad way."

Hepzebah Gives Up

This reminded her of the time last year when she and Anne and Marjorie Young took a carload of friends (?) out in the country ten miles from Springfield with the intention of leaving the so-called friends there. "That's the only time Hepzebah ever gave out and really embarrassed me," she said sadly. "The bendix spring on the starter broke and we had to be pushed back."

As a conclusion, brown-haired, green-eyed Edie drawled, "Don't forget to mention that our apartment only has enough dishes for one guest." What a hint!

Students from the public administration course at Elmira college recently spent a week in Washington to receive a more realistic picture of what the government is like.

Ode to a Diet

I like to go to restaurants where steaks are brown and rare,
But now that you are with me, I must simply sit and stare,
I like to come home with a date and sip a chocolate coke,
But just because of you, my friend, I settle for a smoke.

I used to be most happy when my clothes would half way fit—
But your new administration has them hanging quite a bit.
The day has come and gone now, when my beau would come to call
And he'd bring a box of candy, and we'd sit and eat it all.

Well, I guess I'll go on hoping that someday my dream comes true,
That my zealous little appetite will someday not be blue,
That I'll look upon a dinner and it won't be just a snack,
And I'll eat and eat and eat until I gain each lost pound back.

DAGMAR SHANKS

Fashion
Furlough

By CAROLYN JACOBS

With frosty mornings and warm afternoons, Oregon coeds are finding it difficult to dress for the weather. There are two ways to solve this problem. Some brave and warm-blooded girls are seen going to early classes minus coat, confident that the sun will shine soon. Others wrap themselves in raincoat and bandana until afternoon, then change to something cooler. What's your system?

Cotton dresses are still seen occasionally, but they are rapidly giving way to skirts and sweaters. Speaking of sweaters, maybe you were one of the lucky few who bought a new cashmere when the last shipment came in. Baba Munteanu came away with a deep purple pullover, enough to make any cashmere collector kelly-green with envy. Also to be envied are those who have a coveted stock of pre-war cashmeres. We're thinking especially of Mary McClintic. Until the war is over, it's satisfying just to look at a Hadley.

Covert raincoats are still tops for rain. Mary Jo Warrens has a gray one, the favorite of covert colors. If you aren't wearing an all-around pleated skirt, a ski jacket will take the place of a raincoat. Liz Gilmore was seen the other day, wearing a navy denim jacket—very practical and very large. A raincoat can save the day if you have bangs and they're allergic to moisture, and whose aren't?

Charm bracelets are still popular with everyone but instructors. There's something about hearing the jangle of students' charm bracelets as they take notes that will make a wicked gleam come into any professor's eye.

Heavy identification bracelets like the one Marilyn Sage has lend

(Please turn to page four)

Daze of Ophelia

By MARGERY SKORDAHL

Ophelia crossed her eyes daintily . . . smacked her hare lip 'n sat down . . . had to strain the brain. Could not decide which house to play like the Bunion Derby with . . . first.

"Eenie, meenie, miny, moe,
"Which place is for me to go?"
Ophelia enunciated slap-happily. Decided on Sigma Nu, Kappa Sig, and Lemon O . . . no one home. Should have been disappointed . . . wasn't. She whistled romantically through her upper plate . . . guess what . . . no teeth. "I'll Walk Alone" Ophelia promised . . . herself. Along came the Campbell coop . . . figuratively speaking, on

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their way to the Pi Phi house. Being the cooperative type, Ophelia pigeon-toed after them. Had a lovely time there . . . every-one thought she was in disguise. "Character" they called her. Sentimentality choked Ophelia . . . shortened it to sentiment . . . breathed again.

Every place Ophelia crashed
(Please turn to page four)



O,
promise me . . .

if you're one to say yes to the war-bride question, DO have a Wedding, however hasty. A glance at our bridal beauties, from girlish 17.95's to dream drama at 39.75 should convince.



a dual personality

can be an asset as per this jumper that sheds the blouse to go

dinner dress in the new bare-arm mode. Wool-with-glitter, 26.75.

. . . or would you rather be a mink?

A mink is an animal with 24-carat skin, but need he be so set-up as this character? No. Still, a fur coat IS



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