

Blue-eyed Sally Spiess Chairmans Red Cross

By NANCY HOERLEIN

The University of Oregon chapter of the American Red Cross, which will start its 1945 campus Red Cross drive campaign rolling February 27, is headed by tilt-nosed, blue-eyed Sally Spiess, 5-foot 2 supercharger of UO activities and Coed of the Week.

Crop-haired Sally, petite Gamma Phi, comes from Oakland, California. A senior in sociology, she is carrying 18 hours, but still finds time to take care of all the duties required of the chairman of the UO branch of the Lane county Red Cross unit.

She and her committee chairmen have charge of Red Cross production work, i.e., bandage rolling; sewing and mending clothes for refugees; knitting afghan squares; organizing classes in first aid, home nursing and nurses' aid work, and supplying blood donors twice each month when the mobile blood unit visits Eugene. The telephone at Gamma Phi rings constantly for Sally and as she puts it, "It is usually another blood donor offering another corpuscle."

A new idea Sally originated on the campus this year is that of a "point" system by which the house and the girl earning the most

points in Red Cross is awarded a cup. These points, she explained, are awarded on the basis of the amount of work done. Four points are given for donating blood, two for knitting, and one for an hour of rolling bandages.

Biggest event in Sally's life was her marriage in July, 1942, to Lt. Noel Spiess, submarine officer, now "somewhere in the Pacific." Sally's only comment was "He's a wonderful man," but friends say she has a haunted look when paging the mailbox each day, and keeps constant company with his picture on her desk.

Sally took two terms off last year to be with her husband in New London, Connecticut, and Key West, Florida, so she will not complete her graduation requirements until this summer. After that she plans to enter some phase of social welfare work. "However," she added, "This depends to some extent on the navy."

At the present time no surgical dressing work is being done because the necessary supplies are exhausted. Sally hopes this work will begin again soon because most coeds find more time to roll bandages than to perform other Red Cross duties. According to Sally, a nurses aid course may be offered again this spring but plans are still indefinite. "Incidentally," she hinted, "girls who have taken the course and pledged 150 hours of work should finish up their hours."

Sally seldom has any spare time. When she is not studying or busy with Red Cross work she is writing letters or taking care of the hordes who gather daily in her room. Members of her house say that she always carries armloads of books around, especially to and from the library.

Sally, a mainstay at the Gamma Phi house, has always been active in campus activities. She was a member of Phi Theta Upsilon, junior women's honorary, served on the YWCA cabinet as a sophomore and has worked on numerous campus committees which include Dad's day registration, Junior Weekend picnic and traditions committee, and a surgical dressing instructorship. She was re-appointed to the post of UO Red Cross chairman after her return to school last spring.

The annual Red Cross drive will be held on the campus February 27 to March 3. Sally comments that this date is earlier than that of the nationwide drive, coming during final week at the University. She hopes to top the \$1200 quota set for the campus and has appointed Phyllis Donovan to head the drive.

They all laughed when they saw me in slacks—when I sat down I thought they'd split.

P.E. Teacher Finally Tells Basic Facts

By DOROTHEA E. MOORE

"Through These Portals Pass the Stiffest Girls in the World," (with apologies to Earl Carroll).

Drop by Gerlinger to observe a basic physical education class in action and you'll recognize the appropriateness of the preceding title. No coed having passed the physical education requirement of the U. of O. in recent years has escaped the clutches of the fiendish, muscle-stretching, slave-driving instructors who have formed an uplift society, pledging their lives in endeavoring to change female sad sacks into exponents of the "body beautiful."

You have heard the beefing, moaning, and bewailing their fate, from the lumpiest and most muscle-bound of fair coeds, but have you ever looked at the picture from the instructor's view? Believe me, it's a drama of comedy and pathos. Forty girls running six laps around the gym gives the sound effect of herds of horses thundering over the western plains (or one coed with a pair of wooden shoes on a board path). The weight pounded into the floor seems enough to flatten arches beyond repair. Imagine! Some of the nymphs weigh no more than 100 pounds. Where do they get all that pressure to put behind the landing of one foot?

After the running is completed, the class collapses in 40 individual heaps, preparing to go through a series of exercises (or to present a reasonable semblance of the same). Gravel Gertie in the fourth row drops a mop of hair over the floor giving valuable assistance to the

janitor. Behind her sits Moonbeam McSwine, beautiful in appearance from a distance but who, it is doubtful, has ever taken a shower in her life. Could that be her slip under her gym shorts? It will never stay tucked up.

All together now, "Up, down, up, down;" flexibility is the word but it's somehow lacking. One good round of a rhumba will sprain m'lady's hip joints if the dance floor leaves her as stiff as the gym floor.

A surprising number of students have learned and practiced the old adage "Never let your right hand know what your left hand is doing." They apply it to all parts of the body, and the results are interesting. Someday one may lose control altogether and find her two feet walking off in opposite directions.

Are you wondering why any person in their right mind would choose to follow such a profession and tackle such a hopeless job? Well, the task really isn't all so futile.

The sad sacks are actually in the minority and evidence shows that an increasing number of girls are genuinely interested in improving their physical fitness and general body wellbeing. Some move beautifully and are a joy to watch. One fine day, perhaps our title could be changed to "Through These Portals Pass the Most Skillful, Highly Coordinated, Healthiest, Best Footed Girls in the World."

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