

Campus Clad

By MARY HIBBITT

Dropping that horn-rimmed outlook and looking on the sunny side for awhile, we noticed many a bright spot, all the way from coke dates on campus to swing jams on Saturday night. The sky may be cloudy or blue but not our smart coeds.

Virginia Parr was looking out-of-this world in a smooth black crepe dress, with a flicker of black satin and rhinestones on the deep set sleeves. In a darling day-to-dinner suit, you could see **Patty Newton**. The suit is cherry-red and features a bolero jacket with lapels and shining silver buttons. The skirt is made on pencil-slim lines.

High lights in the shirt-and-skirt world are **Jeanne Herndon** and **Nancy Gloor**. Jeanne had a red, black, yellow and green pleated skirt with a flame red blouse to match her skirt and a western belt around her waist; Nancy had a new gray skirt, with one pleat fore and aft, and a jet black sweater.

Out of the regular curriculum and into a class all its own was the smart dress worn by **Rosa Zena Latta**. The half black, half aqua bodice and short cap sleeves accentuated by the long black gloves were certainly eye-catching. **Pat McDowell** is fated to be dated in a chocolate bit wool dress with the new high rolled collar, raglin sleeves and, to set it off, a brown alligator belt.

In a fine fit fashion is **Jean Paterson**. Her dress of electric-blue wool has long raglin sleeves, and a smart bow at the neck. To accent its dramatic quality, she wears a glittering gold bracelet. **Kay Becker** was dreamlined for dancing in a black and white favorite you don't want to miss, because there are so many variations of the black skirt and white blouse combination.

It's cheers for checks and **Virginia Peterson** in a brown and white checked coat in the smart finger-tipped length. Life is "looking up" again, and it's to a swirl of black velvet on the head of **Gladys Hale**. The hat sets high on her pretty blonde hair and forms

Coed of the Week... Attractive Sophomore Wins 'Miss Betty Coed' Title

By Selby Frame and Kay Leslie

Phyllis Kiste, attractive and friendly, is Oregon's Betty Coed of 1945. The brown-haired, green-eyed sophomore is a typical college woman. When we asked Phyllis how she felt when it was announced that she was elected, she exclaimed, "It was wonderful! I was waiting to hear who the winner was and when they said me, I was surprised and just couldn't believe it."

Her blue ribbon, presented to her at the Whiskerino in the form of a shaving mug, was sitting proudly in the center of the mantel in the living room. "The girls in the house composed a song and dedicated it to me," she disclosed.

Activity-Minded

Phyllis takes an active part in school activities and is a leader in Hilyard house, her living organization. She really enjoys her studies and has maintained an accumulative over a three point. She is also serving as sophomore representative for the Theatre Guild, senator in the ISA, and YWCA cabinet member.

She built up a commendable record at Franklin High in Portland before coming to Oregon. Her activities and excellent grades won for her an Oregon Mother's scholarship. She also won the statewide D. A. R. contest for good citizenship. "I just missed a trip to Washington D. C., because the

a smooth line. **Frannie Maier**, along with her new Sigma Nu pin, was wearing a gray campaign-jacket suit. The suit features full sleeves and showy silver buttons. In a two-timer combination of navy-blue checks and navy-blue jacket is **Treva Torsen**; the skirt and jacket are interchangeable. We certainly will miss seeing Treva on the campus the rest of this term.

In a campown shoe that's half campus, half town, is **Nancy Wort-**
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war was on, but I received a War bond in its place," she said.

English Major

Phyllis is interested in English which is her major, but she is also minoring in speech and drama. She played the lead in "Lilliom" last year and hopes to do more work in the Theatre Guild. While discussing school life, she mentioned that her sister was also attending the University. "She took a year off to get married, but is back at school again this year," Phyllis explained.

"Betty Coed" did her part to bring home the man in her life—a sailor stationed in Tokyo. She started as a helper in a Portland shipyard and worked up to a metal burner—complete with goggles. Her versatility was shown when she was employed by a pickle factory as a cucumber sorter after the war ended. However, her vacation time wasn't spent completely on the job for she managed to spend some time at the beach soaking up sunshine.

Likes California

"My biggest thrill came last November when I went to a conference in San Francisco with two other girls. We were just there for a weekend, but we made the most of our time and saw all the sights," she stated.

As to the future, Phyllis is not sure what it holds. She does not plan for her work in the English department to lead to the teaching profession. At present, her main ambition is to learn how to ski.



MRS. HARRY NEWBURN

The Faculty Women's club will give a reception honoring Mrs. Newburn, wife of the president, this afternoon in Gerlinger hall.

Thoughts of Thanksgiving

By Lynne Romtvedt

Susie Smith, a typical coed at the University of Oregon, was sitting in her little room trying to study for a big history exam and trying to forget Thanksgiving weekend, when something, she didn't know just what, descended on her solitude. It seemed to be remembrance of the past and yet—it was the future, too.

Suddenly she saw a table with a snowy-white cloth laden and fairly bulging with all kinds of delicacies. There in the middle was a huge golden brown turkey with dressing oozing out the openings and garnishments of parsley and cranberry sauce. Close by, a huge dish of giblet gravy reposed. On a platter, clouds of fluffy mashed potatoes seemed to rise in front of her eyes. There were pies—pumpkin with a generous topping of whipped cream, mince with a spice aroma that made her palate tingle with anticipation. Just as she was about to reach for a tiny taste, the table vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

"Oh, that must have been a dream!" Susie groaned, blinked her eyes and turned to her history book and diligently studied her scribbled notes. Another scene, this time she could hear people talking and could recognize them. Why! There was grandma, she had been dead for 10 years and couldn't be in the room. Only Grandma seemed so real, Susie could almost touch her.

'Come With Me'

"Do not be afraid little one, come with me!" These were the

soft patient tones Grandma used to use. No longer frightened, Susie followed her grandmother. Outside, the old car of her childhood days was standing, freshly washed and polished. Who was driving? It seemed natural that it should be Grandpa, dead for 12 years, and yet his old cheerful self.

Her grandfather drove miles into the country and finally stopped at an old farm house which looked deserted. They climbed out of the car, walked over to the little house, and opened the door. Inside, it was cold and gloomy and, at first, they could see nothing. As their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, they could distinguish some objects over in the corner around a minute candle. Yes, it was a woman with gaunt, hunted eyes and an anxious expression on her narrow face. Clustered around her were three tiny children, scantily dressed and thin. They looked tired and listless for ones so young. The woman started to speak, but to Susie it was just jabbering, probably a foreign language. She couldn't realize where they were. Did people still live like

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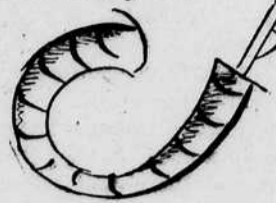
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