

Junior Coed of Week: Convention Planner

Led by Oregon's dark-eyed, raven-haired Jean Watson, the seventh annual convention of the Oregon Federation of Collegiate Leaders was held on the University campus earlier this term.

The purpose of the convention was to aid the numerous leaders of the various campuses in Oregon. Mutual problems were freely discussed and solutions to these problems were sought in order to maintain smoother running schools.

"I do think the convention was a success, especially with problems concerning finances—campus, not personal finances!" Jean grinned.

Born In Hawaii

Jean, or Chub, as she is known to her friends, was born in Honolulu, T. H. The 20-year-old Theta has been active in campus affairs all three years of her college life. Her sophomore year found her clad in the white sweater of the Kwamas. While in this honorary, she held the position of treasurer, and in her junior year moved up to the position of secretary in Phi Theta Upsilon.

"The job I enjoyed a lot was being co-chairman of the Dream Girl contest this year. The girls are so cute and it affords a lot of excitement, too!" Jean exclaimed.

Home for Vacation

Jean and her sister, Terry, came to the United States from the islands when the war broke out in the Pacific. Terry was then a student in the University, and Jean finished her high school education in Corvallis. Last summer, for the first time in three long years, both girls returned home for their vacation.

"It seemed like a wonderful dream!" Jean sighed. "Of course things had changed a lot, but just the same there is quite a bit of difference between the Hawaiian sun and Oregon mist."

To Visit East

Plans are being made by Miss Watson and her mother to visit the east coast this summer. Washington, D. C., New York, New England, and Quebec will be visited by this English major. "We're going just for fun, and speaking of fun, when I went to San Francisco for Terry and Les's wedding two weeks ago, I really felt rather wicked."

Upon making this profound statement, Jean hastened to explain that sister Terry had married Les Anderson, former student body president of Oregon, and that Jean had hastened south to act as maid-of-honor. "I gleefully and

happily tooted off to San Francisco," she laughed.

Listing likes and dislikes, Jean confessed a weakness for rice, lemon meringue pie, steaks smothered in onions, and black coffee. On the other hand, vegetables and school dances are her pet peeves.

"Don't think I'm a big toad, though, because I love a really GOOD party!" she concluded.

My Day

By
SMOKEY

It seems to be the fad about now for everyone to make comments on what goes on the campus since it's back to normal, so I've decided to make a few authoritative statements myself. After all, I've probably been browsing around here longer than most of the "webfoots" and do have a pretty good "in." In fact, there isn't much I miss.

Since I only attend classes when the mood strikes me (a trait I picked up from certain well-known Side-Sitters), I have plenty of time to keep up on the latest. And besides that, I waste little time playing bridge.

Yesterday, I didn't quite make it to the Side for coffee time at nine, but I did get up and dash over to the Co-op at ten. Simply everyone was there for that morning pickup—cigarette, I mean.

Heard a few persons talking about the frosh dance and etc. of last week-end. Seems like there was more etc. . . . a party here and a party there. Back in the old days when I was just a mere innocent pup, more people used to go to campus dances. And strangely enough, there were gin-mills in the outlying districts then, too. Think I'll do some sleuthing on the problem.

Spent the rest of the morning attending to personal affairs but was on hand to direct traffic at 13th and Patterson during the noon rush.

Lunched 'til two and then went

out to chase motorcycles and meditate.

Certainly slipped up on the women's elections last week—would you believe it that not even I knew who was going to be on all the slates 'til late the night before.

At three I headed for Taylors' to check on operations. As I strolled around, I noted that operator No. 47, a somewhat curvaceous brunette, was getting things well lined up for the week-end. I tell you, sometimes I have to be positively blunt with those women, I'm the type that prefers to do the chasing. For example, just as I was leaving an attractive blonde wearing a pair of new Spauldings grabbed me around the neck and started pulling my ears! Gave her one of my most indifferent looks and stalked out.

By then it was getting late and time for me to go home and amuse the boys. They like to play all sorts of games just before dinner. You know, the old stuff of hurling a stick into the street.

Then there's another pastime we have . . . It's sort of a new adaptation of cowboys and Indians. The fellows dart around through the bushes kicking leaves, and I pretend to be completely unnerved. It entertains them.

Last night I decided to skip that ten o'clock coke date and stay home with the freshmen. Play hard to get—that's my theory. After an hour or so of kibitzing at bridge I turned in.

Springtime . . .



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