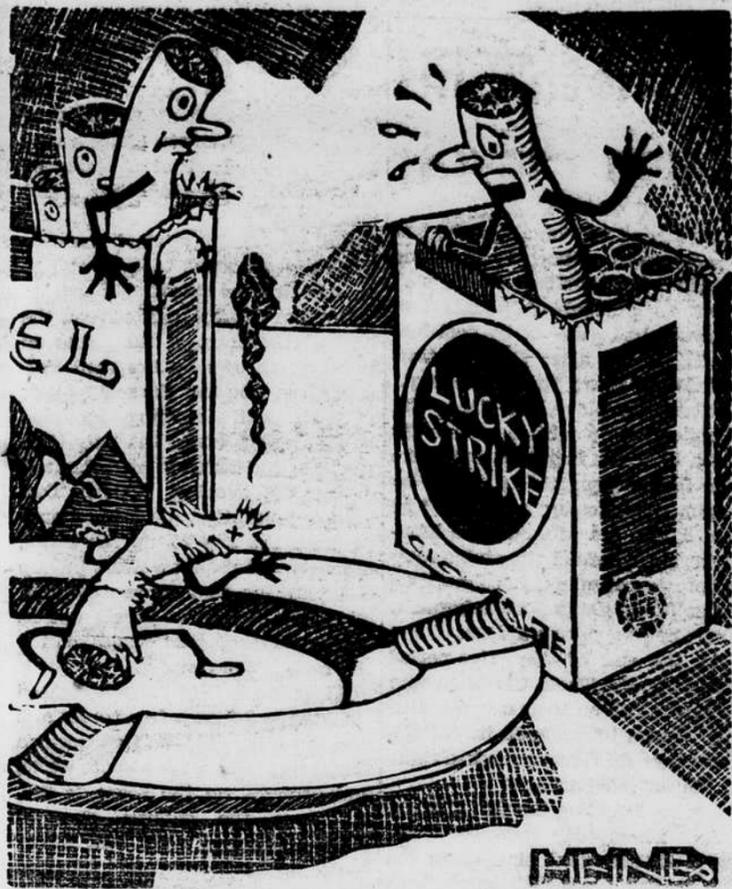


A Woman's Place . . .



Bernie and Ashwell, two well-known campus figures, discuss the average coed, the University of Oregon, the Side, and life in general as they rendezvous beside an ashtray.

Side Cigaretts Bemoan Fate As Coeds Continue Bridge

By SMOKY

A strange conversation was overheard the other day at the Side coming in on a special frequency not usually audible to human ears. Though interrupted by the usual human static of gossip, gripes, and miscellaneous trivia, a "reliable source" reports hearing the following conversation between two cigarettes:

Since the real names of these two cannot be divulged, we will call them Bernie and Ashwell to conceal their identity. Any similarity to actual cigarettes, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Crushed

While a blonde on his right was bidding one no-trump, Ashwell peered out of his package and leered at Bernie who was just on the other side of the ashtray: "Good afternoon and L. S. M. F. T. to you, friend! What's the matter, you look sort of crushed today?"

"Well, you would be too, pal; if

hefty over there had landed on you—she's about as dainty as a ten-ton truck. Besides, I'm tired of being cooped up in this package, I want get out and see some of the better ashtrays in the world."

Frat Man . . .

"No, no," Ashwell fumed, "if you'd seen the guy who mooched cousin Willie, you wouldn't say that. Just think, in there you're safe—if you ever come out you'll meet your match; I'd hate to see my best friend go up in smoke. Boy, was Willie mad at having to leave the L. S. M. F. T. fraternity, in fact he was positively burned up! He didn't even have time to say 'Which way does the wind blow?' before he got lit."

Pack Happy

"I know, I know, Ashwell, but I want to accomplish something in this world, not just run with the pack. I have a burning desire to become distinguished before I'm extinguished."

"No, Bernie, you're talking like a college student—get some sense. Don'tcha see, it says on my package I'm lucky, and it's right. Hey, Ashwell, you better duck, that Blonde's dummy for this hand and she's reaching for you!"

"I guess this is it, Bernie, goodbye, old friend. I'll try to face it with a stiff upper lip."

WILL INDIVIDUAL who "borrowed" Army type field jacket from hook in Friendly between 1-2 Friday, please return it?

LOST: String of Pearls on 13th street between 11:00 a. m. and 12:00 p. m. on Monday—reward—call 3874. Jean Jackson.

The Gad-a-bout

Tonight marks the last of the regular Wednesday desserts and exchanges until after Thanksgiving vacation. Leading off with their preference desserts tonight are Pi Beta Phi, Sigma Nu, and Sigma Alpha Mu.

The rest of the houses getting together for exchanges are: Delta Zeta-Delta Upsilon; Kappa Kappa Gamma-Alpha Tau Omega; Alpha Phi-Sigma Phi Epsilon; Alpha Delta Pi-Phi Kappa Psi; Kappa Alpha Theta-Sigma Chi; Alpha Omicron Pi-Sherry Ross.

Gamma Phi Beta-Kappa Sigma; Alpha Chi Omega-Phi Delta Theta; Alpha hall-Campbell club; Omega hall-Gamma hall; Alpha Gamma Delta-Theta Chi; Chi Omega-Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Sigma Kappa-Stitzer hall; University house-Stan Ray hall; Delta Gamma-Phi Gamma Delta; Hendricks hall-Sigma hall; Susan Campbell hall-Minturn hall.

Sparking the firesides Friday night are Alpha Gamma Delta, Sigma Chi, Kappa Alpha Theta, Sigma Nu, and Chi Psi.

Social Notes

By NANCY BEDINGFIELD

The Thetas have taken the social limelight the past two weeks with three new pins—Polly Chafe is wearing Don Stanton's Phi Delt pin, and Miki Metcalf is sporting Dave Edwards' sword and shield. Mary Kingston has Frank Robbins' Fiji pin.

DG Jeanne Herdon is wearing the Sigma Chi White Cross—owner, Dave Silver. Homecoming for the Delta Gammas proved especially exciting as former house president, Barbara Lucas, announced her engagement to Gil Pease, SAE. And Janet Field is wearing Chuck Kitchell's Beta pin.

Liz Powers, Kappa, is the proud possessor of Kappa Sig Prexy Bill Barrish's pin. Mary Fairchilds, also KKG, is another wearer of the SAE pin . . . Wayne Stroecker.

Cupid seems to have slowed down, with mid-terms and all, but is gaining momentum for a gala Thanksgiving holiday.

Night Staff:

- Marge Griffith
- Gay Baldwin
- Martylou Coffey
- Betty Twedt

Emerald Pursues Search For 'Unknown Sweetheart'

In its search for the University's "Unknown Sweetheart," the women's page publicity-man-on-the-spot opened the Piggers' Guide, put his finger on a name, and found the first contestant for the campaign. The results are printed herewith.

947? . . . yup. Is Peggy Finnell there? yup. Tell her that she is the number one gal for the Emerald's "Unknown Sweetheart" Contest this week. Yup.

This sort of monologue could have gone on all afternoon so I thought it best to go over and interview her personally . . . and to say the least it was a pleasant surprise.

The smooth 21-year-old Pi Phi fit the qualifications to the letter . . . not a big wheel on the campus, no columns of committee appointments, no closet full of varicolored sweaters with unknown hieroglyphics labeled thereon, and without an honorary to her name.

Vital Statistics

Name: Miss Peggy Finnell, weight . . . she didn't say; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; eyes, green, age, 21; home, San Francisco; year, junior; looks, judge for yourself.

"I wanted to major in journalism when I came to Oregon," she confessed, "because during the war a gal at least had a chance in that field. In another year I'm going to work for United Airlines as a stewardess, and ultimately hope to wind up on the San Francisco-Honolulu run."

Peggy is no stranger to Hawaii, as she took the Matsonia over this summer to visit her sister. After hearing definitely from the airline as to when she would report for duty, Peg switched over to liberal arts to cram in a few courses on cooking and management which would help her in her job.

Likes Sports

"I'm learning how to cook meals on an airplane which come already prepared," she laughed. "What sports do I like? Well, swimming, riding, football games and basketball are tops with me." When questioned about the current Oregon football team she nearly blew her coffee out the window.

Miss Finnell on men: prerequisite must be a good personality, taller than five six, and easy to talk to.

The only phobia Peg has is the wearing of odd-ball skull pieces. She has one job that looks like a



LOIS HILL

Beauty on the Spot

It has been stated that no two snowflakes fall alike. This same statement could very easily be applied to skiers.

With the recent organization of the ski club here at Oregon it seems an established fact that the ski season is officially underway.

There's a certain thrill (or spill) about balancing oneself on two, long narrow boards and swishing down the hillside. Of course the discouraging part of it all is that once you reach bottom you must again make the uphill climb.

To become a skier, I'm told, you need four things—a mountain, a pair of skis, strong bones and an optimistic attitude. With the acknowledgement of these important elements, the rest might be considered relatively simple.

A word of caution to beginners—your most deadly enemy is the tree! Glorified as the thing might be in Joyce Kilmer's beautiful poem, "Trees," to the skier the problem of preserving them for the poets is rather difficult.

In observance of current weather conditions here on the campus, perhaps we should be directing this subject toward water skiing.

Nevertheless, the popularity of skiing is increasing each year. Note to California students! You should be brushing up on your skiing techniques, too, as recent weather reports indicate that you may be skiing home for Christmas.

The preceding facts and opinions do not guarantee mastery of the art of skiing—however, it is really very surprising the number of friends one meets in snow games.

Next week's Beauty on the Spot will be Ruth Allen. Her article will not more than 300 words is due Monday at the Emerald offices.



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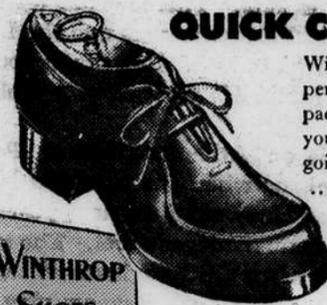
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