

# A Collegiate Romance, Or-- 'See You on the Quad'

By Marty Weitzner

It was shortly after twelve when they came out of McArthur Court. Inside, the band was folding up their instruments and the clean-up crew was tearing down what had been the "Hello Dance." Outside a full yellow moon threw its pale light over the cemetery.

He looked at her as they walked across the street. Carlotta, short, stocky, but beautiful. Her long stringy hair tumbled about her shoulders, her green eyes looked up at him bewitchingly in the moonlight.

"It's so nice out," she said, "let's walk home."

"Yeah," he panted, "through the cemetery."

"No, ya don't," she replied. "I been around."

"They walked past Gerlinger in the direction of Susan Campbell

and the library. All the while, Devanter looked at her and thought of how lucky he was. This morning a mere insignificant pledge of a mere insignificant fraternity. Now, tonight, he was a carefree campus socialite escorting a queen from a mere insignificant sorority.

"Carlotta," he said, "do you believe in fate?"

"I don't believe in nuttin'," she breathed.

"I mean like us—er, we two. This morning strangers, and now and now..."

"Yeah," she sighed. The magic of the moment had come upon her also.

They were nearing the library he could contain himself no longer. He swung her around and prepared to smear her lipstick with his lips.

"No, no," she whispered, "not here. Cancha see where we are?"

He dropped her gently to the ground, then turned to notice the hallowed libe. He couldn't do it on this spot.

They walked on towards Carlotta's house. Devanter would look at her, their pasty teeth would part in wretched imitations of smiles, and off he would go, into the realm of thought.

So this was college romance. Yesterday he hadn't known a girl on campus. "Hello Dance" was coming and he needed a date.

"Don't worry," said his roomie, Sopho Moore, "I can get you one. The girls at the Kum Xi Mis will do anything for me. The old man owns the mortgage on their house."

The evening had been wonderful. He couldn't fox trot and she didn't Charleston, so they traipsed about counting the people in Mac Court in as many languages as possible. By twelve they had just gotten into the languages common to the people of upper bend of the Red river valley. Devanter had been so engrossed in their activity he had

forgotten his plan about sneaking up to the balcony.

Now they were in front of the sorority house. Looking up Carlotta could see her window with her roommate standing before it running her finger back and forth in front of her neck and making wry faces. Carlotta steered Devanter onto the porch.

"Gee," she said puckering her lips, "It's sure been wonderful. Let's do it again sometime."

"Yeah," said Devanter, bussing her on the forehead, "sometime."

With that, Carlotta plucked a mantilla (a Spanish back scratcher) from her hair, tossed it to him and fled into the house, just in time, as the house mother charged the electric buzzer.

Slowly she wafted up the stairs, her thoughts lost in the world of l'amour.

Leisurely Devanter drifted homeward, his heart bouncing gaily in his love-filled frame.

Carlotta glided into her room. Devanter bounded into his quarters.

"How was he?" said her roomie.

"Well?" said his.

"A drip," said Carlotta.

"A dog," cursed Devanter.

And the yellow moon shone brightly.

## Feature Section



"Why? Well, I simply don't go out with just ANYBODY—and I don't even know you! Besides, I don't go out on less than two weeks' notice; furthermore, I have a coke date at 8, play practice at 9, study session at 12, and a few things to rinse... What? Who's playing? He is! A new car... it is! Who were you calling? JANE JONES! There's been a mistake!—this is Jaqualla Calimanderthieson, hold on a min... Hello! Hello This is Jane. Yes, I'll be ready in half an hour!"

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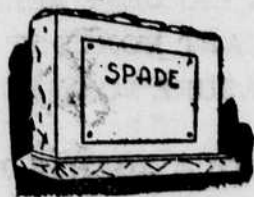
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## Shapeless Garb Plagues Coeds

By Marjory Bush

From the first day of school and for the next five terms, an Oregon coed spends three hours per week in an occupation and apparel that is seldom publicized.

This untold part of her education draws her regularly to Gerlinger, where she stretches muscles develops agility, and becomes a poised young lady.

But the costume necessary for these attributes!

First to be introduced is a shapeless, baggy, faded blue outfit faintly resembling a swimming suit. To this the elated frosh, filled with happy expectations of college life, must bow. Its loose fit has at least one advantage — it makes for greater buoyancy in the water.

The frosh must go through another shattering experience when beginning Fundamentals I. The appropriate and only possible clothing for this, it seems, is a two-piece leotard. Now a leotard is, as Webster says, a "close-fitting sleeveless garment named after a French aerial gymnast."

The French influence is quite observable too, with the low-cut effect being disadvantageously carried out in both pieces.

Once past these two major obstacles, the future sophomore can look forward confidently to a future of shorts and blouses in sizes that fit.

Of course by now she may be so daring as to try fencing or hockey. The straight-jacket, mask, and sword even become a point of pride, and likewise the football-player look of the hockey outfit.

But an enterprising coed could do a great good for humanity by campaigning for the abolition of all shrinking leotards and stretching swim suits.

## Lemon Punch

When the professor complained of a terrible headache one morning, a student remarked, "I had a terrible headache recently, but it didn't last long. My wife pulled me over on the sofa and gave me a great big kiss. Believe it or not, the pain disappeared immediately!"

The suffering professor reached for his hat. "I've tried everything else," he moaned. "Is your wife home now?"

Whenever I ride, I endeavor, of course,

To look like a part of my galloping horse;

However, my riding is rather inferior

And somehow I look like a horse's posterior.

Housemother: "Honey, why were you running home last night?"

Freshman Girl: "I was being chaste."

His face was flushed, but his broad shoulders saved him.



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