

# Oregon Student Pictures Routine Paris Morning

(Ed. Note: This article was especially written for the Oregon Daily Emerald by Diane David, University student who is spending her junior year in Paris as a member of the Sweet Briar College Junior Year group.)

by DIANE DAVID  
Sweet Briar Student

Every person who has ever lived in Paris has formed his own personal impressions about this city of many faces. There are eighty-one students in the Sweet Briar Group and there's no doubt that we have eighty-one different opinions of Paris. All the books in the world can't tell you about this city. To really know her, you have to live here.

Even so, there's so much to tell that the best way to begin is to sketch a typical day in my life here.

It's Friday morning. I have to get up fairly early because I have a repetition of an art history course at the Louvre at 10. (Classes are usually held in the afternoon—the professors here don't like eight o'clocks either.) Classes are given only once or twice a week in France. It's very important to attend this repetition, which is a review of the professor's lecture given by an advanced student.

At 8 a.m. the maid brings a "hardy" French breakfast—two cups of cafe au lait, two pieces of bread and butter. After breakfast, I hurriedly put on "the Sweet Briar Day Costume." It's a heterogeneous combination of dark blue knee socks, battered oxfords, an old tweed skirt, a grayish turtle-neck sweater (about the only thing we wear that looks French) and an ancient raincoat.

This shapless garb labels us as students, for though we'd like to dress like the rest of the population, French clothes are much too expensive. Besides, as long as you're covered, anything goes in Paris. The number of slacks worn every day by chic Parisians makes the old campus ruling barring the use of this warm and practical clothing look rather silly. Oh yes, we top off our outfit with a huge should bag—our American trademark in Paris.

By 9 I'm at the Louvre school. As I've said, the repetition is at 10, but as this class is large, it is necessary to arrive early in order to get a seat. (No chance for sly

remarks at latecomers here, Dr. Lesch.)

These students are extremely enthusiastic about work and the only thing which holds them up is the professor who sometimes arrives half an hour late. When class is over I have time to talk to classmates—in this case nearly all women, half of whom are much older than I. All of them are very helpful in explaining things one doesn't understand about the course.

If you've dreamt about meeting a charming young Frenchman in this class, forget it. Fortunately, things are better elsewhere, as in the school of political science or the business school, but the man shortage in France is always appallingly obvious to me on Friday mornings.

After class, some of us follow the professor into the museum section of the Louvre for a "walking" lecture. At 12 o'clock, I wearily drag myself to the Paris Metro and go home. Trains pass every three minutes in this ingenious underground, but every Parisian seems to feel that the first train is the last.

The trains only stop for about a minute at each station, and I almost miss my stop, "Etoile," as I am tightly wedged in by a workman, evidently fond of garlic, someone made with a bag full of scratchy vegetables, and three nuns. I do manage to work myself free (didn't take Fundamentals I for nothing) and soon walk out on to the large, circular place known as the "Etoile" (or star). The beautiful Arch of Triumph stands in the center of the circle, and twelve large avenues stretch out like spokes from the hub of an enormous wheel.

One of these is the famous Champs-Elysses. Another is our street, tree-lined Avenue Foch. I have to cross six of the twelve avenues to get home, and I always fell lucky to reach that destination. With no speed limits and few traffic lights, crossing the street is a matter of running and dodging between cars which hardly ever slow down for you. A Frenchman will charge unawed into the traffic, and the motorists will try to dodge the obstinate pedestrian without reducing speed. Watching this dangerous playfulness has convinced me that the adventure-loving spirit of the "Three Musketeers" is far from dead in France.

At Avenue Foch, the traffic menace is behind me, but the risks

## CAMPUS BRIEFS

Deadline for items for this column is at 4 p.m. the day prior to publication.

Recent pledges during women's spring term open rush include Carolyn Call, Chloe Ann Fairweather, and Donna Miller, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Doris Morgan, Zeta Tau Alpha, and Mary Lou Teague, Kappa Alpha Theta.

are not over. Before I arrive at the apartment on the fifth floor of the old, but swanky building, I must take a perilous ride in our authentic "French elevator" (vintage 1890). "Herman" (our pet name for him) is a typical example of what you'll find used as elevators almost everywhere in Paris. You can only use him going up, because the weight descending might break his delicate mechanism.

Our scheduled lunch time is 12:30 sharp, and we finally sit down to eat at 1:30 p.m. As usual, Madame and the maid, who had been out shopping for groceries, faithful to old French custom, were late getting home. Everything is bought fresh just before meal time. Canned and frozen foods are not at all popular here.

We always have an enormous lunch, for that is the important meal of the day. At noon everyone locks up shop and goes home to spend a good two or three hours with his family for the noon-day meal. As a result, the stores stay open sometimes until 8 p.m.

The meal itself usually consists of five courses, hors-d'oeuvres, meat, vegetables, cheese and fruit, accompanied, of course, by wine. Tea and coffee are reserved for after meals or "Teas," and only babes in arms drink milk. The mere mention of our law banning liquor to persons under 21 causes puzzled smiles in France.

## OCPA Group To Meet Here

Five officers of the Oregon Collegiate Press association will meet with members of the Oregon and Emerald staffs Saturday afternoon in the Student Union. Gordon A. Sabine, dean of the school of journalism, will speak to the group.

The association has made tentative plans to hold their conference here next fall term.

Oregon is not a member of OCPA. At the first convention of the organization, held at Linfield college during the first part of April, the Oregon delegation voted against ratification of the group's constitution and declined a bid for membership in the organization.

OCPA is the out-growth of the Oregon Federation of Collegiate Leaders conference held at Reed college last fall. Linfield, Lewis and Clark college, University of Portland, Oregon College of Education and Southern Oregon College of Education ratified the constitution to become charter members of the association.

Officers of OCPA who will be here Saturday include Harry Pease, OCE, president; Verne Duncan, Linfield, vice-president; Esther Snook, SOCE, secretary-treasurer; John Chrisman, Portland, social secretary, and Evelyn Neal, OCE, information director.

## SU Sunday Movie Is 'Sitting Pretty'

Clifton Webb takes the lead in "Sitting Pretty," this Sunday's Student Union movie in Commonwealth 138.

The picture is a comedy about the story of a baby sitter who takes over a household. Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara co-star with Webb.

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