

# With the Coeds . . .

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . . . ERMA FISTE

## THE FURROWED BROW

Come June and August when a few hundred students slip into a furrowed brow and talk credit hours with their deans, I wonder how they're going to talley up "Introduction to Weeding, Intermediate Social Chatter and Cafe 401."

It's going to be a blow all right to the hundreds who have studied alcoholism in the raw. (With research work and labs in Heid and Double you-know-what.)

Those term papers on Wild Life on the Campus by an interested Audubon Society member probably aren't worth an academic credit hour. No sir, it's gonna be rough.

Yet, it isn't college without it. Do you know that the South won the Civil War . . . over a glazed doughnut and a cup of java . . . Mary met John and married her two years later . . . and it all started the day she cleaned out her locker and slugged him with her Anthology of American Literature. More eyes have met over that fountain of H<sub>2</sub>O in Chaminade than are slugs in a pay telephone.

Have it out with your dean . . . probably won't help much, but it's worth a try. You may graduate three years ahead of time . . . oh, by the way, if you find out you don't graduate and you can work it in your schedule . . . try to get Survey of Date Bids, 307 . . . meets in the SUB six days a week with night sessions arranged to the convenience of the class . . .

—E.L.F.

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## POET AND COLUMNIST

Sketch of Mrs. McNeil's daughter, Shirley.

Born? Yes. In Toronto, Canada, some very twenty odd years ago. Speaks most atrocious French since she left the country before she could even talk.

Spent her Freshman year at Virginia University in Richmond. Scraps from the scrapbook reveals she was freshman attendant to the Homecoming Queen, a candidate in the "Miss Union" contest which took her to Hampton, Va., to represent V.U. and a traveler of renown with the Virginia choir which journeyed through Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey.

Although Shirley claims she doesn't know which end of a racquet to grasp, another clipping uncovers a caption under her picture reading "All-Round Coed." ("They gave me a letter to get me out of the department," she claims.)

At U.D. where she is striking for a Liberal Arts degree she is engaged in writing poetry for the Exponent, and a column and features for the U.D. News. She acts as publicity chairman for the U.D. Chapter of the American Red Cross and recruits talent for visiting shows.

Our twenty-year-old jive enthusiast has strutted on the Flyer's drill team for two years and holds down a part-time job. She is the daughter of a Baptist minister and has a little dream cloud marked "Social Work" that she climbs on a few thousand times a day to make sure it's still there.

Don't look now, Shirley McNeil, but I think we've just polished off another "Character of the Month" on the Women's Page.

—E.L.F.

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## OBVIOUSLY THE PROFESSORS ARE BORED

The professor had just explained the relationship between combining weights of compounds and the atomic weight of atoms when one of the students raised his hand. Upon receiving recognition, the eager neophyte innocently inquired, "What has this atomic weight got to do with elements in a compound?" The professor shook his head and wearily began again.

So many times we are prone to criticize mistakes or foibles of human nature when guilty ourselves of more serious faults. Every college professor has numerous critics who, having received "tough" assignments or low grades, vent their sorrow by conceiving for the professor choice epithets such as "Old Hard-nose," "Home-work Harry," "Screaming Shubert," and "Red-pencil Perkle." Like most arguments, however, there are two sides to the story.

I think it must be rather disagreeable to try to teach Joe College a fine point about one's favorite subject in learning when the lad is more interested in contemplating the chance that dear old Siwash has of defeating Podunk in the coming football classic. I wonder how professors who are masters in their various fields of knowledge can be tolerant and patient

with the great ignorance displayed by me and some of my classmates. There would probably be more understanding of our professor's task if we considered how an upper classman scoffs at the immature efforts of the "frosh." This should teach us to appreciate the patience of our instructors, since they undoubtedly have more right to be critical than any of us have.

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**A CAREER GIRL ?**

Dear Women's Page Editor:

Excuse the intrusion to these pages of fashion and women's gab, but I sorta feel at home in this part of the *Exponent* . . . especially when I've got a problem.

When June rolls around . . . I'll be Sue \_\_\_\_\_, Career Girl . . . that's where the hitch comes in. Some of my friends are out for the psychologist field . . . another personnel work . . . one in dietetics . . . one can write, another plays the piano and a few I know are sticking to dramatics. But me? I'm just Sue \_\_\_\_\_, Girl Nothing.

I thought I'd find my nitch if I went to college. But I didn't. I have no talents and a prospective degree. What to do.

Sue \_\_\_\_\_

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Dear Sue:

You're smart. Some gals don't face the career business till the Sheepskin is framed over the mantle and their mother is awaking them on Monday morning with, "Hurry up . . . it's time to go to work." Then it comes to them they have no job.

Believe it or not . . . there is one vocation on this earth where show people and musicians are not needed. You don't have to be particularly clever or particularly specialized. I'm talking about your favorite department store. Yep, that's right . . . you're in there a dozen times a week, but I'll bet you never thought of it as a growing concern. All it takes is a liking of people.

Sales jobs lead to Assistant Buyerships and Buyers Positions . . . the latter who tour the N. Y. Markets throughout the year. There are supervisory jobs, clerical, secretarial, advertising, fashion coordination, interior decorating, training, research, personal shopping, display, estimators, and a score of other jobs.

This is only a suggestion, Sue . . . but pick out a department store, square your shoulders, walk in the door and really look at it. It has many things to offer. No matter what job you may choose, there are training programs to back you up and help you along. Before you know it . . . you'll really be a career girl . . . with a future that sparkles like mad. Ed.

## HEAD START FOR SPRING

April is approaching bringing ideas to your head about your Easter bonnet that gives such a lift to the spirit. You'll hardly know the face you've carried around under the weather-beaten felt all winter when you see it against lovely straws and bright flowers.

However, it is always well to keep in mind that your hat should be outrageously expensive only in looks, whether you are selecting a chic new model or rejuvenating last year's hat. To achieve this there are certain points every discriminating girl should note. The shape is the thing—its purpose is to accentuate your best features and blur the unfortunate ones. Hair style, coloring, and size of the body should all be taken into consideration in the oft-times perplexing search for an attractive model.

The well-chosen hat should not be seen as a distinct feature—rather it should become a part of the person, making a flattering frame to focus attention to the face.

This year's millinery selection is light and crisp in line, a rainbow in color. It includes gay new straws that will take you lightheartedly into spring, and versatile berets that still appear fashionable with tailored suits. You can look as pert as a wink in a soft sailor, a veiled tricorn or a flower-swept cloche. However, if you are an equally style-conscious girl, who is economically handicapped, there is such a thing as a substitute for a \$62.50 hat. That neat little hat that seemingly lacked glamour can now come into its own, if you can get into the nearest dime store. There you can change this hat as quickly as you can change your make-up by selecting two of the biggest, fattest, most luscious roses to pin on it.

A woman's hat has long been the source of men's ridicule, however, some fashion experts claim that men privately get a kick out of a woman's headgear and would certainly miss it as a conversation piece if for no other reason. It might be interesting to note that for many centuries hats for women were unknown while men indulged in many elaborate styles, including those with long flowing plumes and ornaments richly decorated with gold and silver. Feminine version of the hat dates back to the early Egyptian women of high rank who wore close-fitting headdresses resting on fashionable wigs. The most fantastic models in history were worn by Marie Antoinette and her ladies at the Court of Louis XVI. They resembled huge ships in full sail or gigantic flower gardens.

Even if you'd rather not compete with the hat styles of Marie's day, you should remember that your spring hat is more than something to wear—it's a wonderful feeling—the top of spring.

—MARY ELLEN NAGLE.