

Mrs. Winston

10-23h

SAVE YOUR BLUSHES



ORL. STATE
UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES

A GUIDE TO
CAMPUS ETIQUETTE

Ellen Miller
Maxine V. Howe
Beth Anne Crawford
Dorothy Dunham
Dorothy Hill
Patricia Peilby
Beth Plummer
Peggy Savage

Olive Kendrick
Leona Conger
Shirley Traubridge
Hanneta Wilson
Stella Shuck
Bobbie Soule
Marie Houk
Julia Duncan
Jay B. Dunn
Elizabeth Barry

Save Your Blushes

A Guide to Campus Etiquette for
Co-eds and Collegians



Janet Hinkle

Published by
Etiquette Board of
Associated Women Students
of
Oregon State College
Corvallis, Oregon

Marie Clark

The Coop Book Store
1939

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Bows and Beau Ties—Billie Kellog	21
Buggy Bumpers—Peggy Savage	19
Bull Sessions—Helen Ager	7
Demi-Tasse—Pat Riley, Ruth Plummer	11
Etiquette Board	27
Fruit for the Beach Combers—Maxine Howe	16
Inhaling and Exhaling—Janet Hinkle	23
Light Blinkers—Janet Hinkle	8
Living with Others—Emily Johnson	4
Mislanguage—Dorothy Hill	20
Phony Business—Dorothy Hill	13
Round About—Janet Hinkle	24
Seats in the Balcony—Janet Hinkle	18
Table Manners—Joy Dunn	9
Tail Lights	26
Well Met, Friend—Jacqueline Frakes	14

Illustrator: Jacqueline Frakes

Do you lack that certain something?
Have you lost the "S" in style?
You want to "Save Your Blushes?"
Why not read me and smile.

Do you know the latest angle
On eating rhubarb pies?
Just read our little booklet
(It's time to modernize!)

Do not be a shrinking violet—
Learn from us the magic key,
And be "gardenia-minded"
When you go out to tea.

Try to be a streamlined version
Of the moving modern age—
And read our Code of Manners
('Cause all the world's a stage'.)

—Joy Dunn.

LIVING WITH OTHERS

The quickest way to wipe out a friendship
Is to sponge on it.

Oh, so you want to live alone and like it, do you? Well, our advice to you is this—it just isn't being done this year, and definitely not on the campus. So, that being settled, let's get right down to the bottom of this matter of living with people and liking it, or at least living peaceably with them.

We might just as well start right out from the beginning in this, and the first thing in living with other people is to try to get along with them. Now, you may find yourself rooming with a lonely little girl from Prairie Hill and be inclined to take a somewhat superior attitude toward her—and why? Oh, you're from the city and that, you fancy, makes you better. Now don't deny it! Maybe you're not saying it, but you're thinking it down inside of you. The real thing is this—no one who started out with that attitude ever really got anywhere, and we mean it. Try to make a friend of her, and you'll find that it pays—she'll go out and tell her friends about her grand room-mate from the city, and there you have your start with a bouquet instead of a blackball.

Have you ever been downstairs with your current flame and had this happen to you? Some well-meaning person answers the phone, and the next thing you hear is a victorious voice bellowing down to you, "Janie, it's a man!" Probably you'll turn pale, and the boy you're with will turn red. There'll be an awkward silence, and then you'll choke out, "Oh, that's just one of the freshmen being funny, ha! ha!" You see the situation, don't you? It's just as bad if you answer the phone, and your face drops a mile, and your voice turns chill, and you say, "Oh, it's just a girl, Mary."

Are you a fan? Well, if you are, you'd better be careful, or perhaps you'll find the wind blowing cold from certain directions. Particularly, if you feel that it is your unalterable right to turn out the lights and turn up the radio and hear the Thursday night thriller, all the latest dance bands, and Aunt Nell's advice-to-lonely-hearts column. It is possible that your roommate may have a

midterm the next day, and may not share all your enthusiasms about keeping posted on all the radio programs.

The same thing goes for movie fans. Among the candidates for Public Enemy No. 1, we hereby nominate the person who goes to the movie, and then comes home with a reel by reel presentation of the entire proceedings, not omitting a single, "Then he said to her, 'Darling, I want you to trust me', and she said to him, 'Dearest, you know I'd go to the ends of the earth for you—'." Well, anyhow, you know how it goes on and on, how maddening such a performance can be. If you feel such an urge coming on, try telling it all to the family cat or the nice old deaf lady next door.

Are you a doodler? Oh, then you're the one who marks up the walls of the telephone booths with such cryptic remarks as "Betty loves Johnny," or the very intelligent phrase, "Foo on you!" Now, of course, it okay to write down something that you'll want permanently—the Egyptians did that thousands of years ago, and gave us the Rosetta stone, but will you want to come back in even ten years and still consider the inscription on the wall, "Nerts to you!" really worthy of you? Forewarned is forearmed—don't take your pencil or pen into the phone booth with you. If you want to, just think these thoughts. Don't make them immortal.

Everyone has a bit of the Sherlock Holmes instinct, but how well has it developed in you? Do you find yourself sneaking up on closed doors, and then bursting in to surprise the inmates of the room, no matter what sort of activity may be going on inside? If this is one of your symptoms, then it's serious. You'd better start on the cure now, before this thing goes too far, and you find yourself greeted with a bucket of water from over the transom the next time you pull the detective sneak into a room. The cure for this phobia is so easy. All you have to do the next time you see a closed door, and are eaten up with the desire to know what's going on inside, is to knock on wood! Use your hands and save your head!

A very common problem of living together is this philosophy of, "What's mine is mine, and what's yours is mine, too." It may be all right to borrow things, but for heaven's sake, don't make a habit of it, and never do it without asking the person. Otherwise you may have to

learn by experience. Some fine weekend you may return to find that lovely green formal with punch spilled all down the front of it, simply because someone said while you were away, "Oh, Janie won't mind your not asking her. Go ahead and wear it!" Don't be a Miss Milktoast—or else you'll come back to find your bureau drawers looking as though a flock of chickens had been sleeping in them, and scratching for pay dirt. After all, there are laws to protect private property, you know!

Almost any college girl or fellow at some time or another has joined right in with a will on the good old process of "slinging the dirt." But have you restricted your dirt slinging to the privacy of a bull session? If you have (and the chances are that you have), then you're way behind the times—the best dirt slinging is being done right in everyone's own room this year, with the aid of a dust pan, mop, vacuum or whatever other instrument you prefer for the set-to. Best be vigorous with your dirt slinging, because this is the kind that won't hurt anyone's feelings no matter how much energy you put into it. Possibly your roommates really don't enjoy see-

ing the chairs hung with your old bed socks, the waste baskets overflowing, and the color of the rug lost under a sort of gray fog. Remember the quick way to grow wings and to become an angel is achieved these days through the right sort of dirt slinging, for "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

How are you on Monday morning? A typical Monday-Morning Moana? A temperamental lemon one day, and mother's little honey lamb the next? Pray that this isn't

you, for if it is, one of these days you are going to be the person who says, "Everyone hates me, nobody loves me." Make yourself count to ten before you come out the next time with a grunt and face that's dropped as low as your knees. If you can make an effort to be consistently cheerful, outwardly at least, you'll find that you will feel somewhat better on the surface. You will feel better inside, too, because people respond better to a cheerful disposition.



BULL SESSIONS

It is a most peculiar thing,
But also very true,
That when you talk of other folks,
They also talk of you.

The dessert in the daily meal of college discussions is a good old bull fest, but often it is bitter or overspiced. There is a large amount of appetizing material that can be offered, however, so why give people indigestion by reminiscing Mary's or Bill's lack of popularity when your own might not be too outstanding?

That "crumby" date you had last Saturday is often the topic of conversation. It is just possible that Saturday night was a memorably boring evening for the "crumby" date as well as yourself. Of course, no other person in another living group can possibly measure up to the standards of your own. But is that any reason to doubt that the group might have a few good points, too?

Careful now about being so quick to take offense or to condemn others who do not speak to you. They might be as near-sighted as you are. They might be thinking about the midterm they just flunked. Give them a chance to make good with you again.

You see, all this can make a bull session really a dangerous thing to attend or to think about. Try your best to make each as much fun as possible. Life and love are always good topics for discussion, because you can never solve their problems. A little gossiping now and then is fun, if it is not overdone. Criticisms of people in your own group are definitely bad and should be labeled "out" from the beginning.

Boys particularly should refrain from betraying confidences in bull sessions. Because Jack told you about the job he hoped to get, he prob-



ably didn't intend that all of his fraternity brothers should know about it. If you have a secret to tell, tell one of your own.

LIGHT-BLINKERS

We call them chaperones. And every time we do, someone is sure to shrink inside himself at the very thought of "chaperones." But let's investigate — they are not such bad people after all.

Perhaps first we should consider the house mother and the hostess. There is a definite purpose for which they exist, else we wouldn't have them. Above all, they don't like to be considered as the meanies some people seem to think they are. They are no different than your mother or anyone else's mother, and that is their major duty to the girls with whom they associate.

The girls should know well enough about their house mother. Take her into your confidence. Invite her to your firesides, to your bull sessions. Treat her as one of the crowd.

As for the fellows, some men's living groups have started the custom of inviting various house mothers up to dinner to enable the boys to get better acquainted with these women. A fine idea. There should be more doing it. Also—and this is still to the fellows—should you happen to be jaunting along in your motor conveyance and see one of the house mothers on her way to town, is there any reason why you couldn't ask her to ride with you? She'd love it, and you'll rise high in her estimation.

As for chaperones invited to your social affairs, the highest rule of all to obey is to resist from shoving the freshman students on them. This only results in hard feeling by the freshman toward the practice, and the chaperones can't help but notice. If the woman guest is tall, and dances are traded, keep in mind to trade her dances with tall fellows.

Always see to it that you get introduced to the chaperones. If your date forgets, do it yourself. That applies to either men or women. Remember that chaperones aren't a negligible quantity—they are a necessary quality.

TABLE MANNERS

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Never goes to tea,
She didn't learn the "ABC'S"
Of table talk, you see.

Remember way back when you felt all arms and legs as Mother introduced a new guest, or said, "And this is Betty," as if something wonderful would immediately happen? We feel somewhat the same way with table manners at times, for they are literally the arms and legs of etiquette. Little things will pop up at the most inconvenient times, and Betty must know the "ABC's" of table talk to carry her through the line of safety.

Dining rooms are battlegrounds. That is, they can be if Betty shouts to Sally across the table, and Mary tells her sister who is at the farthest end all about how horrible the class in biology was today; or how that girl in the back row went out with the wrong boy and made his girl friend mad. Meals should be fun. Why even old and rather fusty people, like the Greeks, liked to laugh during dinner. Dining rooms should be pleasant places, where silver-lined clouds and nonsense bubbles are discussed. All the disagreeable things in the world seem to come up during a meal's conversation. Don't try to beat Mary and tell something worse. Feel pious like a cheerful cherub and keep your thought. It may have been too good to waste.

Did you ever bump heads like a silly bird when you went to the wrong side of your chair to sit down? Don't cry, my pet, there's a solution in the offing. Be a stubborn soul and form a habit. Seat or be seated from the left and rise from the right. Guests are always seated to the right of the host or hostess. Comes the gong for dinner, and the big doors pop open invitingly. Don't dash madly into the room. Let the housemother and president go in first, followed in turn by the guests. If you are at dinner with the best boy-friend, and he is a bit absent-minded about seating you properly, don't be a Doleful Dorothy. Be a smugbunny and never say a word. He'll learn in time.

Isn't it fun to have a telephone call at the table? Makes one feel very ultra and special-like. But it is polite to ask to be excused, after first placing the napkin on the table. Napkins can be the peskiest things, 'specially when they are big and impressive at banquets and formal dinners. Then there are the little ones of gay colors, like pretty hankies. Small napkins may be unfolded completely, but large ones are unfolded halfway and laid smoothly across the lap. And of course, after the years and years of training we moderns have had, we fold our napkins below the surface of the table.

Are you a puppy? Do you sing for your supper when you eat soup and gobble everything down so you can have some more? Tskit! If you are, you'd better be careful. "As ships are sailing out to sea, so I dip my soup away from me!" Everyone knows that, but we are a little careless sometimes, especially when the soup is very good. It's an even bet there'll be more out in the kitchen, so don't tip. And that's a tip to the wise.

The host or hostess is the official beginner. If you try to beat somebody else to the draw, you'll feel like a silly billy . . . "And they all laughed when I sat down." Remember that old saying, "He's so tight he'd squeeze a nickel to death?" The same little ditty may apply to things such as salt and pepper shakers and goblets. That is to say, don't grab them like a drowning man. The glamour gals in the movies have a technique that is a real art. They pick up their goblets by the slope rather than the stem, and so lightly that the audience is unaware of the action, but the result is a director's joy. Salt and pepper shakers get lonesome. They like to be passed together, by one hand . . . it's so very chummy that way . . . or did you already know they were the original Jack Spratt and his wife?

Sammy Slouch was a fairy-tale character who ate with both hands above the table and slumped over his onion soup until he grew into a hump-backed dwarf. The elves ran off with him and he turned into the Sandman. The modern Sammy Slouch doesn't look like a dwarf, but he does stand out like a bad thumb in modern manners. It is sometimes said of the Americans, "You walk and sit as if you owned the world." When actors want to look like Grandpa Green or a tramp or a tired old person, they

slouch. But then, if you like to be a measuring worm, go ahead, you'll get tired.

Spoons get so discontented when they are left leisurely standing in hot coffee or tea. But not being a spoon, you may find this hard to realize. Forks and knives, at the end of the meal should acquire the parallel habit, with knife and fork placed together on the plate center in such a manner that they are parallel with the edge of the table. Then there is the bread and butter problem. Break your bread in half, then in quarters, and butter over the plate. Why? Well, because the girl or boy sitting next to you at the table might have a suppressed desire to bite your elbow when you wave the butterknife around so intriguingly, and wouldn't you be surprised if he did.

Turkeys gobble, dogs gulp, and bears growl when they eat, but we funny people like to talk with our mouths full. Never can understand anything in the first place, so it seems a waste of effort. Sounds like peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, all garbled up. So if you're wise, you'll realize it's just not being done.

"Butter"

A smile is just a grin . . . spread on quite thin.

DEMI-TASSE

We receive from the left with the right hand, and pass to the right with the left.

Olive seeds and pits, bones, etc., come out in cup of hand. It's easier than balancing them on a fork. Eat potato chips with fingers, too.

If crumbs, cookies, or silverware drop, leave them—it's not only permissible, but proper.

We all like toys to play with, but don't use your glass or silverware as such—it gives away your jitters.

Expect your service dishes to be placed and removed from the left, but don't duck your head in anticipation. In like manner, beverages are served to your right.

Chewing gum loves to park under tables and chairs, but who are we to humor it, especially when it can ruin our clothes when so "misplaced."

Chairs were built with four legs purposely. Therefore do not use only two. Besides it probably will make your neighbors uncomfortable.

Chin up, eyes to the front during the meal; but it is head bowed and hands off chairbacks during Grace.

If you feel a cough or sneeze coming on, lift your napkin and turn your head away from the table.

Celery, jam, jelly, olives, etc., go on the bread and butter plate. So does relish unless it is to be eaten with meat.

Eat your lettuce, it has a vitamin or two, and also it's perfectly proper to do so.

Do you want seconds? Put your knife and fork together near the top of your plate when passing for a refill.

If a guest arrives late at your table or must leave early, one person seated on each side of the guest should rise to assist him.

Pass the salt and pepper shakers with forefingers between, about half way down.

Silverware bother you? Start at the outside and work in.

No fair leaning. One hand above board at a time. It is permissible, however, to bring them both up for cutting or spreading.

For the men—arms may rest on the table during the smoke out.

PHONY BUSINESS

Of course, you realize that television is not commonly used on telephones yet (praises be to economic situations), and so—the only part of you that the person on the other end of the line receives is the sound of your voice.

Does your voice tell that person that you have had a hard day, or didn't get a letter, or ruined your only pair of stockings? Or does it tell that you are poised and have a charming personality? Do you say "Hullo," in a dull drawl, or does your "Hello," imply warmth, vitality, and interest in what is new?

Do you let the phone ring and ring while you wait to see if somebody else will take care of it? If you do answer it, and the call is for someone upstairs, you don't say, "Smitty? Oh yeah! Okey-dokey! I'll see if he's hangin' around the dump." Instead, you use your best English, and your best voice to say, "Jack Smith? Just a moment, please." You can easily push the little buzzer, or finish your daily dozen by climbing the stairs, instead of vocalizing to see if your voice will reach the topmost rafter. Remember your sensitive diaphragm—and the telephone's.

Are you a "CLANKER" or a "Clicker?" We mean, do you put the receiver back on its hook with a loud bang, or do you pull the hook down with your other hand and put the receiver back with a soft little "click?"

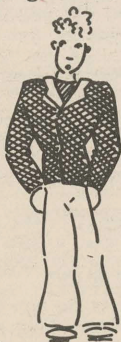
Of course, no one enjoys waiting hours for the phone, while you give an account of what happened since you last saw the big moment. About three minutes ought to finish the business at hand.

I should like to pick a bone
With those who talk at least an hour
Upon a phone . . .
Or call a girl, (It might be you!)
Tell her they know her lurid past,
And say, "Guess who?"

—Joy Dunn

WELL MET, FRIEND

So you want to meet that little blonde beauty who passes you every day on your way to Econ? Well, you and she, too, can thank your lucky stars and modern informality that it is now a simple matter. Rally dances were originated for just that. But you will kill your romance even before it buds, if you start out with such doubtful humor as, "Can I borrow your frame for this struggle?" Introduce yourself by saying, "I am John Smith," or whatever it is. If she doesn't react to this startling announcement, come right out in the open and say, "I don't believe I know your name." She'll almost have to give in then.



Introduce yourself. A rally dance is not the place to be shy or formal.

your introductions with all the poise of a Grand Duchess. Here is the form:

"Miss Fair Sex, this is Mr. Tall-and-strong."

"Miss Aging-fast, may I present Miss Young-and-lovely?"

"Mrs. Wedded-in-bliss, Miss Looking-around."

"Mr. Octogenarian, this is Miss Teen-age."

Do you get it?

Then there is the hearty Harry who says, "Joe, I wanchatameet Mabel!" And his suitable companion who, popping her gum and fluttering her eyelashes, replies, "Pleased t' meetcha, Joe."

Instead of the imperative word "meet," use the more gracious phrase, "May I present," as, "Mable Smith, may I present Joe Forest?" Or more simply, "Mable, this is Joe," or, simpler yet, Mable Smith, Joe Forest."

The accepted reply to an introduction is, "How do you do?" And for heaven's sake, smile when you say that, pardner. At first glance he might be an awful bore, but on second sight he might have the wit of Mark Twain. And where will you be then, if he's the kind who makes snap judgments and sticks to them.

Don't be a mumbler. We've all had the experience of starting out an evening with a perfectly definite name of our own and having it end up all jumbled and twisted out of recognition. Don't let this happen to your friends. Speak clearly when you introduce them and face the person whom you wish to receive the name. Also, and it may take courage, if you find your own name being mauled around, take a firm stand. Correct the speaker before it gets out of control.

Have you ever been left virtually alone at a dinner party while your partner chats with someone else, with nothing to do but to go over the alphabet in your soup, because you haven't met any of the others near you? It's a little dull, isn't it? That is, unless you're particularly interested in alphabets. The first fault belongs to your host, or hostess, as the case may be. He should have introduced you to those around. But don't be too hasty. Perhaps he was dragged into the other conversation before he had a chance to introduce you. In that case, don't be retiring. Speak right up and introduce yourself to someone near you. It is comforting to know that a convenient rule of etiquette is that being guests in the same home serves in itself as an introduction.

About shaking hands—men always do, women may, and a man and a woman may. But there's more to it than that. People often judge you by the way you shake hands. Try to hit a mid-point between a Herculean hold and a limp linger. Make it brief with a feeling of strength and warmth.

A last word—take your time. A little thought at the right time will save a lot of hasty confusion, which is a certain Waterloo to poise.

FRUIT FOR THE BEACH COMBERS

Dates are funny things. Making them is hard and breaking them is harder. The "watcha-doin-this-week-end" method is definitely out. Everyone is on the spot when this is used, and remember it's much easier to laugh and say, "Sorry," than it is to act sorrowful and say you're not doing anything. Last minute dates are delicate, but with that nonchalant air of saying nothing about "why" and plenty about "how," it's bound to be easy.

That pouting or indifferent air, sponsored by some of the rejected boys, doesn't go over, because who ever saw a "man-about-town" pouting or being rude?

Old Father Time is a wrench in the works of many a love machine. A fellow that's late and a fellow that waits are just about as different as the girl who's late and the girl who dates. Moral: Go on time or you'll find that soon you won't be going, and that goes for both the fair and the strong.

There's a lot of talk about equality between the weak and the wicked, but there never was a damsel yet that didn't fairly flutter when the one of the moment remembered a nicety. Even if your girl is the stroke on the varsity crew, she still will be flattered when her escort turns the knob on that massive-looking door. They say women dress for women, but fellows—try telling her that that spring outfit is stunning, and watch a maxim fall.

All's fair in love and war when it is playing man against man, but don't try "saying" man against man such as, "But Bob does it this way"—and while on the subject, misters, this is a democratic country, and girls resent being one of a harem—or at least hearing about it.

Dancing is a grand pastime when all concerned remember that the floor is not a place to write the campus gossip column, and that that "cute step" you just learned needs at least 10 square feet. By the way, girls, men don't mind being on a string until you start dragging them

around by it in public, so watch your step. "A balking mule oft breaks the rope."

In buying livestock it is well to look it over, but the man that stands on the sidelines and inspects the wall-flower row at a rally dance makes but one friend, and that's the girl he finally decided to dance with. Even she is usually dubious.

A blind date doesn't mean that the "blind" can't see. In fact, it sometimes improves the sight. If you get a lemon instead of a date, be a peach about it. It sounds fruity, but it really turns into a horn of plenty in the end.

As far as behavior on a date is concerned, it should be remembered that there is a time and a place for everything.

You've heard the saying, "There's gold in them thar mountains," but it doesn't mean in men. When they ask you to the "E1" for a coke, don't order a double fudge sundae with nuts. You may supply the concern with a new dishwasher. And fellows—give the girls a tip (not money) say, "I only have a dime, and it's burning a hole in my pocket. Will you help me splurge?" After all—she may be an economist.

Waiting has to be done when the fruit is ripe. In other words, you can't get the cream of the crop if you don't shop early. Be polite and give the girl a break—and that doesn't mean the date. There are very few emergencies that justify breaking a date. A memo to both genders—the date-breaker soon finds that there is nothing to break but a book for him or her, as the case may be.

The golden rule for dating is to have a good time. It is up to you. If you enjoy yourself, your companion can't help having a "splendiferous" time, and after all,

Tagging is an art



a little bit of acting for one evening may be your start to Hollywood.

Time now to say good-night,
So just remember this—
Easy to avoid a fight—
Think twice before you kiss.

SEATS IN THE BALCONY

Boy down in front
Looking at show,
Munching popcorn
Fast as he can go . . .

Tells his girl-friend
Villain isn't dead . . .
Man up and hits him,
Square on the head.

—Joy Dunn

The best movie of the year is showing at the local theater, and you have an extra heavy (not numbered in pounds) date. Well, what are you worrying about? Theater troubles are common, indeed, but just as easily removed.

We suppose, of course, that the young gentleman is supplying the adequate funds for the tickets, that being point of etiquette number one. Dutch treats, excepted. The local theater has an usherette. Good and well enough. In this case the young lady states her choice of seats, follows the usherette and the young gentleman follows both. Where there is no usherette, the young man precedes his girl down the aisle and locates the seats, standing aside until she gets to them.

You've all heard of "peanut Harry," the fellow that sits in front of you and cracks peanuts all evening long . . . or the love birds two seats over that are more entertaining than the show itself . . . or the woman's hat ahead that blots out the most exciting part of the movie . . . or the couple behind who explain every detail to each

other . . . or the boy next to you who is continually leaving for a drink of water. Well, just remember not to classify yourself among these.

When leaving, if the boy is sitting nearer the aisle, then he should precede, the girl following, or vice versa. A few more things. The girl should not stand up to put on her coat. The young man should remove his in the lobby, also his hat.

Well, it wasn't so bad after all, now was it?

BUGGY BUMPERS

Cars are handy little gadgets to have around, but saving the wear and tear on shoe leather gives rise to various problems and perplexities. In trying to solve them, don't forget that it makes a lot of difference whether it is a Packard 8 or the house jalope you're using.

If, in your perambulating, you have learned—or have been informed—that the town car is subject to severe stalling spells if left to its own devices, take the hint, Josephine, and open your own door while he coaxes the motor to keep running. But if you roll up in style, impress the girls by letting him hand you out like a lady.

Formals are a trial at all times. It's hard to be sophisticated when Joe is getting tangled up in yards of your new chiffon skirt. How much nicer it would be if you'd slide over and let him crawl in beside you instead of over and on you. And with these new-fashioned hoops, it's practically impossible for him to go either over or under.

Turn about is fair play, so don't leave Joe standing out in the rain after he has safely stowed you away in the front seat. Be a bright child and unlock the door before he has to pound on the window.

And boys, remember that ladies love a gentleman. How they do fall for having doors opened and a robe tucked about their freezing ankles. If you'd ever tried wearing silk stockings, you'd realize how much colder the atmosphere can be through one hundredth of an inch

of silk than through an inch of cords. If she says she must go home, there's that ninety-nine-to-one chance that she might not appreciate the drive out on the River Road or up to Cemetery Hill.

If in doubt about the details of ascending and descending from your chariot, keep in mind that the right thing is usually the easiest and most natural. In other words, don't climb in through the window if the door will open.

"CAR"-espondence

Orchids let there be for those
Who never tread on damsel's toes,
Or pick a well-known spot to park
(Just because the place is dark!)

—Joy Dunn

MISLANGUAGE

"Sloppy" is an expressive word. It makes you think of many things such as crooked seams, straying hair—and slang. Of course, you don't use slang—much. But did you ever sit and listen to a group of people chattering away and notice how much slang they use?

Or did you ever lend an ear to YOU and your (s)-language? How any "Yeah's," "swell's" and simply marvelous's" did you hear? If you have never done this, why not try it for half an hour? And don't be discouraged at the amount of slang you hear slipping past your lips. You know, there are many expressive and suitable English words to take the place of every offender.

Be a person with a voice like a poem, that says things as kind and refreshing as a summer breeze.

BOWS AND BEAU TIES

We are forever wondering what to wear and when to wear it. It is quite a problem—and there is a solution. We're constantly striving to look casual, but remember this—looking casual does not mean looking sloppy.

Don't you think it would be an excellent idea to look back a week or two and see what Joe and Josephine College wear to all the college functions? They have achieved this casual art, so let's take notice.

On the campus Josephine dresses for comfort and neatness. Ordinarily you'll see her in low heeled shoes, soft sweaters, and contrasting skirts and jackets. She will have a raincoat (a reversible is an economical choice.)

Either a brown or black tweed coat is very servicable and also trim looking on the campus. Any purse carried on the campus should be small and neat looking. Joe will be in "tin" pants with either a wool shirt or a cotton shirt and sweater. If you're an upper classman or have hopes of being one some day, cords or slacks with sweaters are the thing worn, but whichever it is, please don't be a "Mr. Dirty Pants." Red and green slicker are the right thing to be worn on any rainy day.

Wednesday, at the rally dance, Josephine and Joe were smooth-looking, not only in the way they were "swinging out," but in the way they were attired. Josephine had on a green wool dress. She found it quite convenient for the Lyceum that evening to don a brown hat and to dress her costume up a bit with brown pumps. Joe wore his brown-tweed suit, and remembered what a shine would do for his shoes that had seen quite a few inches of mud. A small detail of grooming can count so much in the wrong way if it isn't done.

For the exchange dinner Thursday night, and also for a fireside Friday night, Josephine could have picked nothing better than that simple looking blue silk. It was Princess style with a small edge of cream lace peeking from beneath the square neckline. Joe wore his Oxford grey suit. You may be wondering about Joe's two suits; yes, he happened to be fortunate enough to have two.

Saturday afternoon at the football game Josephine had a beige wool dress, worn with a brown hat, gloves, and shoes. (Any girl who is smart will have a neutral

dress of this type in her wardrobe, because so many different accessories can be worn with it.) She wore her brown fur coat, but any dress coat would have been just as appropriate. Joe wore brown slacks with a dark green tweed jacket. He could have worn cords with a sweater, or any other combination that is practical for the campus.

Saturday, as Josephine was idly seeing how near her toes could come to the top of the water without coming out, she was thinking, "Let's see, I wore the green one to the last two formals, Joe hasn't seen the blue one, guess I'd better hop out of this tub and get busy pressing it." The full skirt with a demure top looked extremely becoming. The conventional tux was the only solution for Joe.

The penguin's praises we extol;
He is a very simple soul . . .
He always bathes while fully dressed,
In tie and tails and dinner vest.

Sunday morning at Church Josephine wore her black velvet dress with a black velvet halo hat. The same dress was worn Sunday night to the tea dance, and she wore her hat because even though a hat cannot be put on the "must" list for tea dances, Josephine knew it was on her "should do" list. For this dance, as for all other dating, Joe wore a suit.

You can't be wrong if you have each item of your costume in harmony, such as wearing sports accessories with sports clothes, and dressy accessories with dressy clothes.

So you use the American Button (the safety pin)! You don't feel completely put together, do you? How could you when you're wondering whether your belt will slip off, or your hem will slide down a couple of inches? Of course you don't feel complete—because the only possible way to look complete is to feel that way. A few suggestions to help you gain this effect are always to keep your stocking seams straight, to never let your heels run down on the sides, and to keep all gaping seams sewed up. To brighten our clothes and to add that extra "something," have different mittens and gloves that look like "you." Scarves can also serve this purpose.

Let's look ahead and see what to bring back Spring term. Josephine will bring with her about three cotton dresses, that can be worn on picnics and also to classes on hot days. She'll bring two light-colored sweaters to wear with pastel or white skirt. And — oh-oh — she almost forgot — a goodly supply of anklets. In the spring they look quite nice on tan legs. Joe will put in his suitcase a couple of light sweaters, a light suit, perhaps, and a light pair of slacks. He'll find it handy to bring along a white coat for all the spring dances. By all means he shouldn't forget to include his loud Hawaiian shirt!

We have canvassed the school year and we have seen what Josephine and Joe College are wearing — perhaps they can remind you that the most important and direct method you have of expressing your personality is through your clothes!



You can't keep your back to the wall

INHALING AND EXHALING

Whether you inhale or not is a problem for you to solve, but there are a few tips on smoking ethics that we might solve for you.

Topping the list would be, probably, that girls under no circumstances should keep "bumming" her date for cigarettes. It is said that one reason that more college girls smoke than men is because it keeps the boys hoping to furnish the cigarettes for the girls. Boys would do well to remember that "bumming" from another fellow isn't appreciated.

Smoke sometimes irritates non-smokers' membranes. Courtesy in remembering this point will put you a long way ahead on the road to being a gentleman or a lady.

When and where to smoke is a problem. Some camps provide smoking limits. Most living groups have their smoking rooms and rules. We shall leave that part of it up to you. When a fellow is a guest in a girl's living group, however, he should remember that it is not considered proper for him to smoke while he is inside. He can easily ask the girl to step outside with him for a moment while he has a cigarette.



Lastly, try to find out if the person you are with objects to your smoking. If that person does object, then comply.

At banquets where there is a mixed group of people, men usually smoke. Women should not. The latter can smoke at their own private parties and dinners. At fraternity dinners where there are a few women guests, men should not smoke.

The rule for table etiquette is, "no hands above board." Most men object, so we have provided that men are allowed properly to rest one forearm only on the table while smoking.

ROUND ABOUT

Etiquette even haunts you on the campus. And its ghost says that there are some "must do's" that should be tended to.

Those who come to classes late,
Soon will get the well-known "gate."

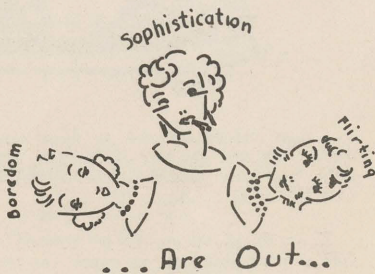
Do we dare mention first of all—promptness to your eight o'clocks? In fact, promptness to all of your classes. If you bear in mind that on the job you have to be on time, or else—well, you'd just be on time. And it would be well to know that at five minutes before the period

ends, you had better not spend your time putting on your coat, closing your books with loud bangs, dropping your pen, and otherwise causing a huge disturbance. This would not do on the job either.

The newspaper, propped so you can read it easily but in view of the eyes of the "prof," doesn't create a good impression. Neither does the proverbial letter-writer, or the ten-minute-a-class sleeper.

You've heard of the William Tell episode, and he didn't use a polished apple, either. Take a tip from Tell. A copyright doesn't mean a right to copy someone else's work. Keep that in mind.

Some schools are known for their friendliness, and others for their snobbishness, but we'll guarantee that if you want to be a well-known "round about," you'll say hello with a smile. On rainy days watch that umbrella. A jog in another's anatomy might not foster a kind disposition.

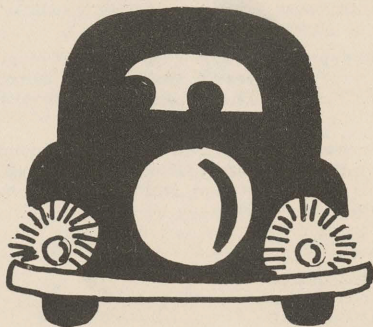


If the girl and boy friend are walking together, the girl should always be on the man's right. It is even correct to walk on the inside of the street, if it is inconvenient for the man to change. The girl appreciates a man who walks on the outside, however.

In opening a door that pushes, the fellow should push the door open for the girl, being careful not to get his arm in the way. As the girl passes through, it is a nice courtesy for her to hold the door then for the boy. In a revolving door, the girl precedes. In a latch type of door the boy should unlatch the door, open it, and let the girl precede first.

Don't let the ghost haunt you!

TAIL LIGHTS



Age before beauty or men afore ladies, or in other words fellows, get out of the bus, train, or trolley first and help the lady alight; that alighting from the Golden Chariot idea. Catch it?

❖ ❖ ❖

Everything seems to be evened up in this life. The fellow with less hair to comb has more face to wash.

❖ ❖ ❖

Generosity ceases when it comes to dance trades. Dance with the fellow that brought you! It's being done. Remember that more than two trades in a row will cause the partner in question to wonder if you're not taking that "Change Partners" song title seriously. When you make changes don't miss them, 'cause that sweet miss missing you is far amiss.

❖ ❖ ❖

It's a good idea to be so thick-skinned that when someone tries to dig you, you don't feel it.

❖ ❖ ❖

Exercise builds men! In this case it makes gentlemen. The jaunt around the car to open the door for the

damsel in distress who is baffled by the intricacies of such an operation is a gentleman's daily dozen for the day.

❖ ❖ ❖

When some people give a compliment they act as if they wanted a receipt for it.

❖ ❖ ❖

If you are one of those plutocrats who drive cars (?) and are calling for your girl friend at her home, try comparing the sound of her door bell to your car horn. The resulting tune might not be as loud, but it will be twice as effective.

❖ ❖ ❖

The human anatomy is a wonderful piece of machinery. Pat a man on the back, and you'll make his head swell.

ETIQUETTE BOARD

Janet Hinkle—Chairman

Elnor Purchase—Secretary

Sue Adams	Emily Johnson
Helen Ager	Virginia Keep
Elizabeth Barry	Billie Kellogg
Janice Booth	Olive Kendrick
Leona Conger	Pauline McGill
Ruth Crawford	Ellen Miller
Julia Duncan	Jane Miller
Mary Elizabeth Duncan	Adel Peters
Joy Dunn	Ruth Plummer
Ruth Dunning	Pat Reilly
Dorothy Dunham	Peggy Savage
Jacqueline Frakes	Margaret Schell
Vera Garrison	Stella Shuck
Dorothy Hill	Barbara Soule
Dorothy Hinkle	Bernice Smith
Marie Houk	Shirley Trowbridge
Maxine Howe	Jaunita Wilson

You have read our little booklet,
And we hope you'll like its style;
We have kept in mind to let it
"Save Your Blushes," make you smile.

If you find that still you worry
When you "mind your P's and Q's,"
Don't give up and do not hurry,
Read again our "don'ts" and do's."

Now your etiquette is finished,
And your lesson nearly through,
If your blushing's not diminished—
Well, its simply up to you!

J. Hinkle.

ORE. STATE
UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES.