

Bird of Paradise, But...

I have, through several years of acute observation, postulated a hypothesis concerning women. This hypothesis states that women, by their very nature, are paradoxical. Let me tell you about an amazing woman I met at a party the other night who illustrates this hypothesis.

As I entered, squinting through the almost palpable haze of smoke, blatant jazz and strident laughter, I saw her. A bird. A veritable chickadee amongst the ravens. She seemed perched on

her chair, frightened, ready to fly for the door. Not wishing to alarm this bird by the usual cloddish approach, I thought I would casually sidle over and look at her closely, then subtly try to strike up a conversation. I managed to squeeze into a corner which afforded me a profile view and observed. Very nice. I mean it.

She had one of those petit turned up noses you read about. The kind that looks as though someone had pushed it in with the

palm of their hand. The much revered Greek and Roman noses are too long for my taste. Great big eyes, brown ones. They made her look demure and modest, particularly when she lowered her lashes. Most women look kind of sexy when they do that, but not her. She looked modest, shy. She had small ears, visible under short, ruffy hair. Hair that had painstakingly been set so it looked as though she'd just come in from a tornado. Hair like that is indicative of char-

reflections

by
george underhill



acter.

In her ears were diminutive gold rings, not the chandelier type that are affected by our bumptious women of today. Her mouth was full and round, vaguely reminding one of the parting lips of the flapper era.

I couldn't be sure of her height, because as I said, she was perched on an overstuffed chair. I could, however, readily observe that she had a full, round bosom, quite unlike the typical lashed down type favored by our tubercular fashion models.

She was wearing open-toed, high-heeled shoes. And I mean really high-heeled. The heel points were almost fragile looking. A nicely turned ankle grad-

uated from the shoe, gradating to a well formed calf topped by a froth of petticoats. I thought I perceived a bruise on her left leg, but was inclined to disbelieve, having found perfection.

Perceiving her glass to be empty, I attempted to gain familiarity by asking her if she would care for another. She turned to me open-mouthed, revealing the loss of an upper canine, a bruise above her left eye, and a hideous over-application of make-up which vainly attempted to cover an unsightly wart. My bird belched and in a screeching voice that filled the room, replied, "Alla time you guys bodda me! Can't ya leave me alone for God's sake?"

THEY'S A-COMIN' TONIGHT; DOGPATCH DOLLS ON THE LOOSE

By Moonbeam McSwine and Haggy Jean

Calling all shmoos!

It's tonight. Even Nightmare Alice doesn't need her crystal ball to know it's Sadie Hawkins Night in the Arts Building Hall from 9 to 12 pm. But Alice needs as much perseverance as all females for the big event.

Co-eds have to go wild to keep up with the Sadie Hawkins Day tradition. That feeling is in the air. Tonight they go jagged and jeans and rhythm and it's over for another year.

So, gals, if you haven't already made the big grab, nab that 'Abe' . . . this afternoon . . . or this evening. But do it, and drag your chosen, trapped, or otherwise the Dogpatch way.

Dress is basic and bedecked. Polka dots are right in there this Sadie Season, and of course Yokum-type denim is at the bottom of every celebration.

See Y'all at nine tonight in the Arts Building Hall!

WE WANT ST. FX

(Continued from page 1)

RAY DIXON, Arts:

"I think it's a terrific idea. The football season is all too short as it is now".

GORD HOWSE, Foresters:

"The games so far have been pretty dull and lop-sided. It's about time that this school played a decent team".



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