

Dreams Of Fashions, Parties Precede Coeds' Big Weekend

By RUTH JOHNSON, SUE FEIT

Will it never come? It's been "right around the corner" for so long now . . . on Johnny Long dance posters, in sorority meetings, in midnite gab fests, and in all the Collegians.

The pretty pink balloon labeled "Fall House Party" gets bigger and bigger . . . the talk louder and louder . . . the posters more and more . . . the telephone jingle busier and busier.

First comes Friday night. You zip open the celluloid clothing bag, and there are last year's gowns hatefully staring at you. This year it's velvet, rich and dramatic. You can just see yourself regally entering the lobby in a form-fitting, velvet strapless in black or maybe a new fall rust or vivid green. Like the elegant queen that you are, you wear long gloves in a striking, contrasting shade; a simple pearl choker, and lovely new spiked heeled slippers in gold or silver. But then, maybe he'd rather have you dreamy than sophisticated . . . a gown that is billowy and made from "the stuff that dreams are made of" is almost sure to rate a sigh. And, of course, ballet length is quite fashionable this season. There you are again in the lobby. You're puzzling where to put your corsage. Your gown is strapless and dreamlike with yards and yards of cloud-like tulle . . . or taffeta or marquisette.

What To Wear To The Game
"What are you wearing to the game?" gleefully chimes in your roommate. The sanctity of your prom dream world is shattered, as a colorful football game leaps into view. "Well, I'm not dressing up, and it'll probably either snow or sleet; so . . ." So your winter coat, mittens, heavy socks seem the all too simple choice, but (you wouldn't be you without that "But") what to wear out to the house for that after-game party or out for a quick dinner. It must not be dressy, but it can't be the same thing you throw on at 7:30 every morning. A sweater is a sweater, and he's seen the gamut. Of course, there is something a little special about a cashmere, especially when it tops a very chic and fashionable all-pleated skirt. Also, a cashmere is practically in the "classic" category; it would be a good buy. On the other hand, as long as an investment seems in the offing, may-

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You're Mad, Lad . . .

That Can't Be My Date

By RON BONN

So you've beaten the ratio for a change and got yourself a date for Big Weekend. So good for you. Or maybe not so good.

If you've gotten the Right Girl, you're set; if you've gotten the Wrong Girl, you're dead. Let's sneak a preview and see why.

You call for this Wrong Girl at 8:30. At 9 o'clock she appears, becomingly breathless, with a gay laugh and an "aren't I awful," and you'd agree, only you know what's good for you (the Right Girl has made the astounding discovery that the bounds of promptness and common politeness extend across sex lines—both ways).

At some time during the evening, this Wrong Girl lifts her face sweetly at you and blasts you into the next room with a murderous Dentine breath (the Right Girl knows that halitosis and the Adams Chickie company can often bring about the same effect, and doesn't chew).

Then maybe you're off for a movie or Center stage. The show goes on, and suddenly, horribly, you discover you've got a giggle. The Wrong Girl makes hideous little far-carrying squeaks to let you know she appreciates the jokes. You spend the evening hunched down in your seat, trying desperately to look like she doesn't belong to you (the Right Girl laughs, chuckles, and smiles, but never giggles).

And now the evening grows late and romantic. Let Ogden Nash tell us the rest of the story: "I like the girls who do, and I like the girls who don't. But I hate the girls that say they might and then decide they won't."

"But the girls that I like best (and I'm sure you will agree) are the girls' who say they shouldn't, but maybe—just for me . . ."

be it should be a jersey. It must be in a startling shade . . . like orange or the new gray-black, and be set off by a jaunty silk scarf or a grouping of three or four pins. It must have a clever neckline and perhaps new melon sleeves. Or you could settle for your favorite tailored blouse with that trim straight skirt and dress it up with a very tricky, wide leather belt, trimmed with a heavy metal ornament. This latter investment would seem the least drastic . . . and a good-looking belt does wonders for so many "old standbys". In the meantime, your roommate has decided that after all, one's date probably doesn't even notice what one wears to a football game.

Saturday Night Approaches

Dreams of the game only lead to thoughts of new and more exciting realms . . . Saturday evening. You've reached the peak of excitement in your little dream world. You refrain from pinching yourself to find it hasn't yet begun. You are in the spirit of things now. You reflect. "House-party. Saturday night: Dressy. Something to absolutely put the finishing touch on a wonderful, wonderful weekend." Of course, a flash comes to your mind, you saw just what will fill the bill downtown. . . a lush strapless, tobacco-red crepe, undercover of a shutter-collared white ottoman bolero with a slice of black velvet at the waist. Together you have an outfit to make you a knockout on the street . . . when you reach your destination, slip off the bolero and there you are chic and slim, in a bare-throated creation.

Fashions Fail To Faze Typical Penn State Male

"Oh dear," says Joe College to his roommate. "Big weekend is almost here and I've got a terrific import coming up . . . but I don't have a thing to wear."

Let's go through that big weekend with an eye to men's fashions and see just what Joe, his roommate, and all the rest of the fellows on campus will be wearing.

MEETING THE BUS: Joe rushes down to the Post House to greet his girl as she gets off the bus. It is Friday afternoon and he is cheerful and bright. He is wearing tousled hair, and unshaven chin, and a look of worried pain which deepens as the bus fails to show up on schedule. When finally the bus pulls in, Joe staggers out and grasps her heavy suitcases with his palsied hands and leads her—on foot—toward a room he suddenly remembers he didn't reserve for her.

The fashion-conscious man, on the other hand would arrive at the Post House half an hour late just as the bus was pulling in. He would have brought along two strong friends, one of whom owns a car, to take the import and her baggage toward the room he suddenly remembers he didn't reserve for her.

AT THE DANCE: Joe puts on his roommate's tuxedo and leaves while that worthy one is still in the shower. He walks over to pick up his date wearing the tuxedo and a look of horror when he realizes that he forgot to get her a corsage.

The fashion-conscious man would drive; when he realized he had forgotten the corsage, he would say that he bought one and it had been stolen.

AT THE GAME NEXT DAY: Joe has shaved, showered, and dressed in a collegiate manner. He is wearing white bucks, argyle socks, grey flannels, a soft white shirt open at the neck, a hounds tooth sports jacket, and a checked cap. When they go to the game,

they both freeze and stagger out at the half time.

The fashion-conscious man would wear boots, two pairs of socks, blue jeans, a turtle necked sweater, a wool jacket, and a stocking cap—pulled down. For he knows that the stands can get cold in November.

AT THE PARTY: Joe and his date go to the costume party dressed as Abu Ben Adam and Winged Victory. Joe's beard keeps slipping and all night his mouth tastes like horses' tails.

The fashion-conscious man dresses in a dark suit and takes his date to Bellefonte where they have a very good time. When they get back, they feel fine and crash a party or two.

SAYING GOODBYE: Joe takes his date to the Post House just in time to catch the third section of the bus going the wrong way. It is Sunday afternoon, but Joe hates everyone. He kisses his date goodbye and wanders home to sleep.

The fashion-conscious man would do exactly the same thing. There is no other way.

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