



The average Northwestern girl wants her man to be six feet, a good dancer.

By MARCIA WINN

FROM the romantic point of view things are picking up at Northwestern university. After some years of struggle, with Cupid always the loser, the great university by the lake at last has more men as students than women.

To the layman this may seem relatively unimportant. Is not the purpose of a university, as Cardinal Newman once said, to teach its students to think? Why, then, should a ratio of 57 women to 43 men some two decades ago have sent the coeds into tremors of anxiety?

Can the explanation be found in the fact that few university students care to devote their time solely to higher thought?

You will find, if you search as diligently as Diogenes, students whose thoughts never stray toward romance or toward the shapely ankles of the coed in the fifth seat down the aisle. But they are so far in the minority, at Northwestern as at any coeducational university, that they need not be considered.

During the years 1917-'23 coeds first began to outnumber the men. Many a coed, disillusioned when a year of ardent study produced no romantic gallant for her side, transferred to a university where men far outnumbered the women.

University officials, equally distraught, went into deep conferences. How, without making an issue of it, could they discourage woman students? The solution finally came as neatly as a household expense book. Budgeting. Women would be placed on the quota basis.

As a result the ratio now has been reversed. There are 25 men to each 19 coeds on the Evanston campus, or a little more than a man and a quarter to each girl. And student life again is tranquil.

Northwestern, however, is an

anomaly among universities. It is metropolitan and it is suburban. It is as quiet as its elm-shaded acres and still beaches stretching along the shores of Lake Michigan, and it is as synopated and sophisticated as the night club district of Chicago.

The heterogeneity of its student body makes for this as much as the proximity of Chicago. The 4,500 students on the Evanston campus come from every state in the Union and many foreign countries, yet 44 per cent live in Chicago or along the north shore and commute to classes. President Walter Dill Scott estimates that a thousand students motor to class daily, while the elevated lines disgorge them by the hundreds.

Two tangible results of these factors stand out: (1) The academic standing is high, a 3.9 average; and (2) school spirit is low and college life as such is negligible. The scholastic standing is attributed by some observers to the commuting students, on the theory that they apply themselves more vigorously to study under home rule. College life, they say, partially leaves when the commuters do; the remainder of it may be found in Chicago proper, where resident students come to play.

Northwestern is and long has been noted for its pretty girls. This possibly dates back to those lean years when men were scarce and the girls instituted the policy, new to coeducation, of appearing well groomed instead of raffish, well dressed instead of tousled; alluring and feminine, even in a decade when feminism was rampant and the terror of the universities.

The average coed at Northwestern today is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her waist, somewhat thicker than

that of her mother, is 25.9 inches. Her hair is brown and at present trailing her shoulder blades in some variation of the ubiquitous page-boy bob. Her eyes are blue, her stockings sheer.

In roaming around the campus she rarely wears a hat. A flamboyant peasant scarf, immigrant variety, that shrieks its colors across the snow, is her chief concession to winter breezes. She wears sweaters and skirts, soiled brown and white saddle shoes, bright woolen socks over her stockings, and red or green woolly mitts on her hands.

She looks ultracollegiate, casual, indifferent to clothes or man.

But look again. That hair in its page-boy scallops, is waved into careful casualness. It is clean, tidy. Her nails are manicured. She has on lipstick, powder, rouge, but no mascara. The seams of her stockings are straight. Her clothes, if not expensive, look it. And the face above is generally bright, alert, intelligent.

You will not see her carrying many books, for that is not the thing to do, but she probably will have one tucked under her arm. And her grades will be better than those of the hatless young collegian in slacks, shapeless suede shoes, and gayly striped football socks with whom she is strolling.

This is the average coed at school. At night, however, if she has a date, she is a scintillant sophisticate. Her heels are French and her hat is veiled; if she is going dancing, and she

Dressing for comfort on the campus, the girls become mature and sophisticated in appearance when they go into Chicago. Below: Students at an annual charity ball.



Between classes in front of University hall. Once predominantly feminine, Northwestern's student body ratio has been reversed. (Tribune photos.)

Northwestern, Noted for Pretty Girls, Has High Scholastic, Matrimonial Rating

Foreword This is the third of a series of four articles on the questions, "What part does romance play in college life today, and what is its subsequent effect on marriage?" The first two articles dealt with the University of Illinois and Smith college. Today's instalment discusses the social side of student life at Northwestern university, a coeducational institution.

usually is, she wears a diaphanous formal.

Unlike the Illinois coed, Northwestern girls rarely date morning, noon, and night. Four dates a week are about all even the most popular coed can muster, possibly because her likes are more sophisticated—and far more expensive—than those of the girls at Illinois.

The man she likes to date is six feet tall, with curly brown hair, brown eyes, and what she terms a "V-man" physique, somewhat on the Strongheart order.

What she gets in the average Northwestern man, however, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall. He weighs 156 pounds and has a 30.8-inch waist.

He wants his girl to be blonde if possible, with long hair and blue eyes. She should reach just to his nose and have a svelte

figure. She must dress in the height of fashion, in revealing clothes, and without a girdle, please.

He wants her as intelligent as he, to like art and swing music, to prefer the movies to the stage (but she, alas, does not), to be talkative, sophisticated, and frank, but never, never esthetic.

"You can sum it all up like this," one boy volunteered. "She's gotta be peppy, intelligent, pretty, a good dancer, and a good sport. You know—be ready to do anything. Knows what to do in any situation."

Coed or man, each, according to the comprehensive poll taken by the Daily Northwestern, student paper, wants her/his date to smoke, drink, neck, and, above all, dance well.

What no man dared suggest was a thought close to his heart; that is, that the ideal date would be less expensive than she is at Northwestern, for the Northwestern coed, being a sophisticated miss who loves the bright lights and a little beer, is an expensive companion. If you take her out, take her in an automobile, please. Not the elevated. And she really prefers, when she steps out, to go to the Congress Casino, the Stevens hotel, the Edgewater Beach hotel, or the Blackhawk.

That may explain why possibly half the Northwestern coeds date Chicagoans, men more adult than their classmates, and men able, incidentally, to foot the bill of \$10 or so



Alice Ann Hanchett, left, and Jean Arms in a sorority house pillow fight.

which her evening's entertainment may cost.

Many Chicago hotels, however, cater to the college students with special Friday night rates of \$1.10 a couple or \$1 a person minimum cover charge. In this case the evening may cost only \$3.50 if you are careful.

"That's \$2 for wherever you go, either for minimum charge or cover charge," one explained. "A dollar to eat on afterward and 50 cents for miscellaneous cigarets and candy."

"But how about gas for your car?" another inquired. "That's another dollar anyway. You must dance somewhere in Evanston!"

"Well, I guess I do," the first replied, crestfallen.

The various dances and balls sponsored by fraternities and sororities are even more costly. Each group (there are 18 sororities, with 900 members, and 20 fraternities, with 983 members) has two formal dances a year, one in the winter, one in the spring. These usually are held in Chicago, at the Drake hotel, the Electric club, the Lake Shore Athletic club, or similar spots.

For each of these, and for the university's gorgeous Navy ball, Junior prom, Senior ball, and Intfraternity ball, all annual affairs, corsages are requisite for the coeds. Whether officially permitted or not, they are there, at an average cost of \$1.50.

To cope with this costliness, which virtually takes all dancing from the reach of the poor boy (and although many coeds come from wealthy families, especially those from along Chicago's north shore, the Northwestern man traditionally comes to college with "a leather jacket and a pair of corduroy pants"), or the boy who is not a member of a fraternity, the university officially has stepped in.

Frequent dances, informal in

nature, now are held at Patten gymnasium under university sponsorship. The prices range from 25 cents to \$1 a couple. Other dances are held at the Orrington hotel, also at \$1 a couple. Not only, officials claim, does it give all students an opportunity for dancing, but it keeps them on the campus—and out of Chicago.

When not dancing the students turn to roller skates, bridge, or beer as required activities.

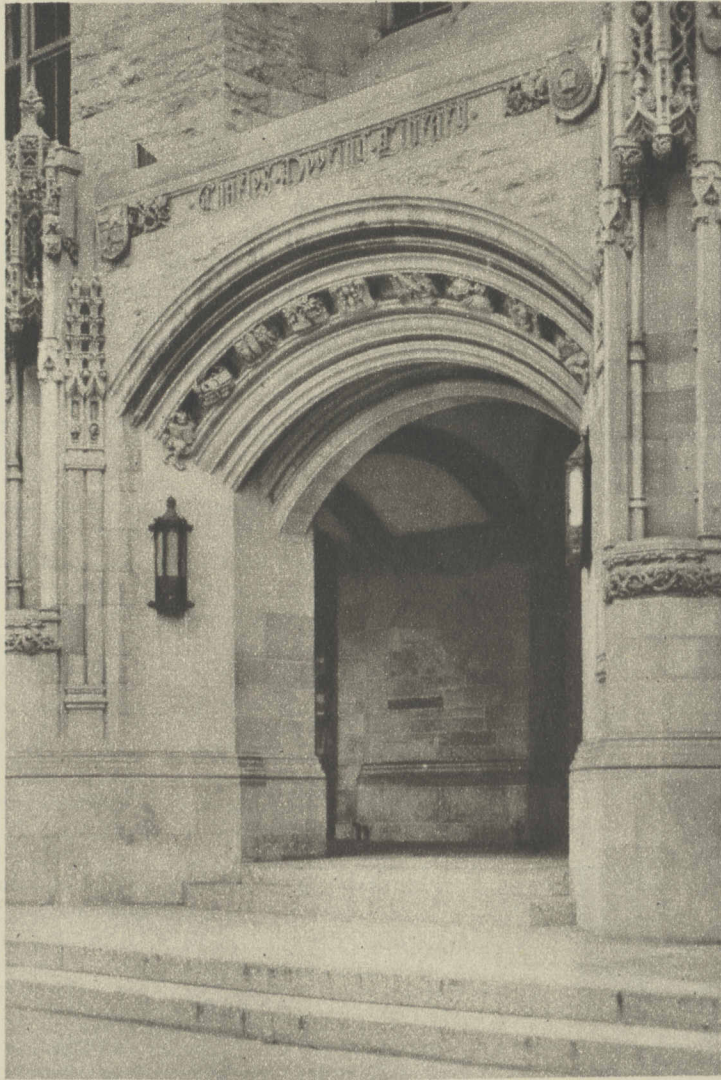
For beer, or other liquors, coeds and man students usually drive out to what they term "west campus" ("we call it that because you always find all your friends there"), a thick cluster of smoke-filled taverns on Dempster street west of McCormick road and far removed from dry Evanston.

Club Cherie in Morton Grove, four miles west on Dempster, is a popular rendezvous here, as is Arnie's White Front tavern, which makes up in inexpensive beer what it lacks in beauty. The Cormain, at the corner of Main street and McCormick road, has the added attractions of a private upstairs dining room and an open porch for summer dancing.

For gambling the students go to the 3500 club, west on Church street in Niles Center, located in what an optimistic real estate dealer once named the College Hill district. Selina Tully's Little club, with 15-cent beer and 30-cent liquor, also is popular, as is the Villa Moderne.

Cheaper drinks may be had south of Evanston on Howard street. The Club Silhouette boasts a nightly floor show, a "hot" five-piece swing band, and a long, long bar. The Ship, near Clark street and Howard, meeting place for atmosphere seekers, has a nautical interior, with a man attired in a sailor suit pounding away at the piano (he plays by ear) at all hours.

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Entrance to Deering library, one of the beauty spots of the campus. Northwestern students study hard, keep the university average high.

Noted for her beauty, the N. U. coed is also active in campus affairs. Kay Ware, Rusti Haller, Cayo Pope, Alice Shearon, left to right below, rehearse for a campus production.

