CO-EDS ON THE QUADRANGLE

By HELMUTH ENGELMAN

Architect Winnifred Orr

Winnifred Orr wants to be an architect because her father is one. She cannot remember any time when she had other plans. Her father specializes in churches, and Winnifred says that although he is not internationally famous, he is good. She is proud of her whole family. "Winny" was born eighteen years ago in Ellwood City, Pa., where she lived three years. Then the family moved to Columbus, and have lived in the same house ever since. They attend the Glen Echo Presbyterian Church.

According to the information she volunteered, Winny is five feet, three inches tall, and weighs 102 pounds. Her brown eyes and brown hair are more or less apparent.

Her mission in architecture, if it can be called that, is to undo a little of the wrong that has been done on houses for people in the middle income class. To her eyes the average house is an abomination. It is poorly designed and just as poorly built. After a few years, it looks like, and is, a wreck. She would like to see some improvement in this condition.

Winny's personal tastes seem to be for rather conservative things. As has been said, she wants better built houses for better homes, and she herself has lived in the same house practically all her life. She likes big, spacious, curving, self-supporting stairways, and plenty of big windows. She is not very interested in athletics, but likes to swim. She used to be interested in football heroes, but is not any more. She even likes to sew. Her favorite foods are chili con carne and Italian spaghetti. She likes practically everything else too, though. Lime phosphate is her favorite drink.

Her artistic tastes are pretty much on the classic side. Winny likes very fine old Greek sculpture, not modern, which she feels is clumsy. She appreciates the modern school, but finds more feeling in the old. Incidentally, she does not think the Mona Lisa is very beautiful.

As a sort of hobby, Winny collects small books of poetry and pictures out of magazines. She finds the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay and the illustrations of McClellan Barclay most to her liking.

Winny reads a great deal, favoring modern, but not ultra modern, authors. She prefers novels with a historic background, and biographies.

Her favorite colors are red, yellow, and light blue. She likes shoes. She likes to dance, not to "bangy, crashy" music, but to Guy Lombardo, or Tommy Dorsey. She likes to hear Bing Crosby sing. Then again, she likes to listen to Viennese waltzes, and Cuban music, and enjoys ballroom dancing. The Big Apple is beneath her dignity.

Clark Gable and Dopey (from Snow White) exemplify Winny's idea of a man. Robert Taylor is not masculine enough. Winny liked Mae West better after seeing the stage show, but still doesn't consider Mae the acme of perfection.

In general, Winny and school make out pretty well together. She is not at all sure whether she likes math, but she is the only girl in the class, and that makes it fun. She doesn't like chemistry, but her liking for Drawing 401 makes up for it. In spite of the subjects some of them teach though, she likes all her instructors. She just wishes that the chairs in the drawing rooms were more comfortable. Otherwise she's pretty happy about the whole thing.

Mrs. Wilma H. Dolezal, Landscaper

Mrs. Wilma H. Dolezal has led a very interesting life. The fact that she already has a degree in arts did not deter her from entering Landscape Architecture. Wilma's husband is taking Horticulture, and the general idea is for him to do the manual labor, while she covers the esthetic end of their business. Mr. Dolezal has also promised his assistance when she takes agronomy.

Mrs. Dolezal admits she has been a "patron of the arts" only since Fine Arts 421 (she got a B), although artistic tastes run in the family, which possesses several three or four-hundred-year-old violins. These,
Mrs. Wilma H. Dolezal

however, go to the men cousins. So Wilma plays piano. Her favorite composer is MacDowell. She has relatives near Prague, in Hungary, who wanted her to continue her music there. So Wilma came to Ohio State, got her degree in arts, is now studying Landscape Architecture, and has developed a taste for Benny Goodman. She likes new and modern dancing, likes to watch tap dancing. Her other chief source of pleasure is just talking to people, which she regards as a welcome outlet from school.

From 5 until 9 p.m. she works as cashier in the University Hospital. Before starting on landscaping, Wilma found this job much more intriguing than school. It has become even more so since the installation of a new bookkeeping system, but even at that it cannot compare with T-squares, and triangles, and compasses and such. But with these there arise a few troublesome details, which cannot be ignored. When ye drawing professor waxes wroth over a poor girl's ignorance of bolts and nuts and screw threads, then the poor girl does not feel very happy about the whole thing. Also, it is quite disconcerting to cut one's finger every time one wants to sharpen a pencil. But this, she contends, is where being a more or less solitary girl in the midst of a large group of men is advantageous. They are always willing to help by sharpening pencils, suggesting improvements on a drawing, and even helping her with her coat.

She feels it is really a shame, then, when someone asks for a date, to have to refuse, but the fact that Wilma is married is now becoming more general knowledge, and such refusals are naturally becoming rarer and rarer.

From appearances, it is quite obvious that married life agrees with the Dolezals. They say it is quite convenient. They spend more money now than before, but for different things. What they used to spend on amusements and clothes is now finding use for drawing instruments and such.

Since their marriage in November, they have set up housekeeping with two other student couples. The residence is a single house which has been divided into three apartments. The husbands often play handball together, and at times, the wives even combine their laundries. Everyone seems well pleased with the arrangement.

On the subject of home with the folks, Wilma had little to say. She misses the Bohemian cooking, especially the fried chicken and sour cream sauce and rice, and likes to get back once in a while, but not for long. To her, with her new home, it feels too much like the proverbial rut.

Wilma remembers an awfully nice Sunday school teacher she had once, but she feels like a heathen now, after not seeing the inside of a church for a long time.

Wilma is very proud of the fact that she gave a teacher a big, juicy, shiny red apple once. She wouldn't do it again because nowadays teachers have no sense of humor—they wouldn't understand.

Your correspondent was also requested not to forget that she has a younger sister, attending a Cleveland high school at the moment, who is very blue-eyed, very blond, and loves to dance. Now, boys, if she is anything like her wedded sister, that means something.

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