

# Esquire's

## CLUB & CAMPUS FASHIONS



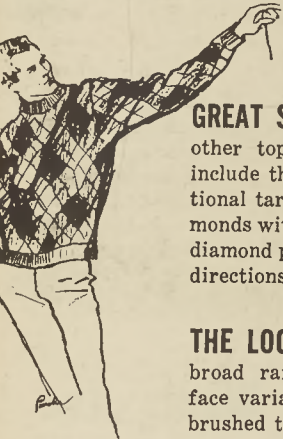
By CHIP TOLBERT, ESQUIRE'S Fashion Editor

**INDIAN SUMMER** begins to fade, and autumn arrives in a blaze of color. Chances are, those chilly afternoons will find you rummaging through last year's sweater collection, hoping the moth balls did their work. Let's bring your Fall '65 sweater wardrobe up to date with the two new knitwear trends for campus.

**THE COMPETITION STRIPE**, adapted from the stripes that identify team players in competitive sports, contributes a refreshing, colorful look in campus fashion. The placement of the stripes is all-important—and the choice is almost limitless. They can be chest-high horizontals clear across the body and sleeve, or broad verticals down one side. Double and triple sets of narrow stripes circle the sleeve, or stripe its length from shoulder to cuff.



**CONTRAST IS THE THING**... and the bolder, the better. Look for red-hot combinations like red with black and gold stripes; or blue with red and white; in brown with green and gold, or black with red and white. Anything goes for the sweater beneath the stripe. Pullovers or cardigans, crew-necks, V-necks and turtlenecks, all compete for the Competition Stripe. They'll be found in flat and bulky knits, mohairs and ribbed or cable knits, as well.



**GREAT SCOTS** in canny plaids present another top choice in campus sweaters. They include the whole panorama of plaids... traditional tartan or clan plaids, smart argyle diamonds with criss-cross overmarkings, and novel diamond patterns that extend the argyle in new directions.

**THE LOOK OF LUXURY** is underscored in a broad range of flattering texture and surface variations. Look for classic Shetlands in brushed textures, mohairs, and fiber blends of all kinds. Styling details again are wide open to satisfy individual tastes. Still, high crew necks and turtlenecks, both the turnover type and the "mock" turtle, will cop top honors.

**THE GOLDEN TOUCH** in lustrous gold crossweaves frequently appears in background or in accent tones. Traditional heather mixtures and natural tans and browns offer a smart, conservative appearance. The more intense colors—greens, reds, and blues—are often frosted with white for a new and unusual look. But bold or blended, muted or bright, Great Scots are definite campus swingers for '65.

**THE GAMUT OF GOLD** spans every imaginable shade in knitted or woven sport shirts. From light and bright to tawny tones, touched with orange, and on to camel colors, the impact of The Golden Touch will be apparent throughout your casualwear wardrobe. Mellow golden tones add fresh sparkle in interwoven accents to enrich the popular plaids and strong stripes in shirts, sweaters, vests... even in robes and pajamas. It blends perfectly with other colors to create unusual heathers and mixtures shot with gold, and also provides a vivid accent with solid shades. In The Golden Touch, fashion has discovered a real gold-mine with virtually unlimited appeal on the nation's campuses.

**FOR A PARTING SHOT**, a word about hosiery. In the sports category, you'll find a wide variety of textured knits, often in heather shades. Brushed textures and rib treatments continue as campus favorites. For more formal occasions, look for the practical and fashionable over the calf sock. It's a sure way to keep those "hairy legs" out of the picture.

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# PC Highly Respected

(Editor's note: This is the second in a series by Betty Ann Craig telling of her experiences in Ecuador during the summer.)

By BETTY ANN CRAIG

Having installed ourselves in the hotel in Cuenca, and resigning ourselves to another Spartan shower, we dragged downstairs for the evening meal, and to discuss PRAM's business in Cuenca. The four-course meal we were served was worth the trip itself. Ecuadorians, like most



Latin countries, have a tremendous noon-day and evening meals—none of this "grab a sandwich and run" business. The meals are included in the hotel bill. The average pueblo hotel charges about \$3.00 a day for room and meals. Of course, some we stayed in only rated that.

The next morning we were awakened shortly after the last rooster crow by the cries of a street vendor, and the rattle of wagon wheels versus the beep of a foreign car. It was somewhat hard for me at first to get used to a '53 Chevrolet being a "foreign car". Ecuador, having no automobile industry, has had to import every machine on wheels.

Cuenca is a very quaint, lovely city of about 50,000 people. It reminded me much of a small, clean, country town in the U.S. The pace is slow; mechanization has yet to pervade and destroy the peaceful atmosphere. Urban construction is typical pueblo, concrete stucco and cobblestone streets, with a central plaza and various shops scattered around. Once again, there are very few fixed prices in Ecuador. Buying is a matter of bargaining. With my Scotch attitude toward money, it didn't take me long to catch on to the trick. First you ask the price, haggle, then ask the "last possible price". Then you start to walk out the door unconcerned. Invariably, the shopkeeper will then call you back, so you offer him half of the "last price." When you finish, you actually pay about a third of the original offer. Somehow, though, they still manage to make a profit.

During our three-day visit there, our PRAM activities were of course our major interest. Among many things, we visited the local newspaper and were interviewed with questions of political, socio-economic bearing. That evening, the printed edition of our conference gave us a few doubts as to the political leanings of this editor who interviewed us. We were later informed that there were three Socialists in Cuenca, and this fellow happened to be one of them.

One of our girls evidently impressed the son of a wealthy land-owner in Cuenca, for the next night, we were surprised by a midnight serenade, complete with a six-piece band and three singers. I doubt if the other hotel guests appreciated this gesture, but we were ecstatic. It was the first of many serenades we had during our trip.



This Is How We Go To Cuenca, So Early In The Morning

Of major importance, we interviewed the Military Chief of five provinces, whose office is in Cuenca. This man is directly under the Military Junta that is now in power in Ecuador. I was expecting to be given an overly-whitewashed success story of the Junta's achievements, but was surprised by his opinions and attitudes. This "Junta man" also happened to be one of the few, in the many Ecuadorian officials that we had discussions with, who sympathized with the U.S. position in the Santa Domingo crisis. I might insert here, that we had an appointment with the four-man Military Junta in Quito, but when we were returning, they cancelled all appointments due to the crisis presented by the riots.

### MET PEACE CORPS

Here, as in the other cities, we met and talked with Peace Corps workers. Peace Corps is the most highly respected organization of U.S. origin in Ecuador. The work near, and in Cuenca ranged from teaching, forming work "cooperatives", (labor unions are frowned upon), to building bridges, school houses, or farming. Peace Corps has the bare minimum for financial existence, and yet it is more successful than the struggling Alliance for Progress projects, that have unlimited sources in comparison. Most of these commendable workers there live under what would be extreme conditions for us, yet they get the job done that mere dollars can't do. For example, one of our friends down there rides by horseback, 80 kilometers (about 60 miles), to get to the nearest telegraph once a month. Try that.

Most impressive was our visit to the tire factory, "Llan-tas General", General Tires. It was initiated in Cuenca by American technicians, but is now operated under Ecuadorian management. This last point refutes the ever-present complaint of American exploitation through technical assistance. By our standards this factory was tops. The wages were fine, with special services and company benefits. They even ob-

served the use of a time-clock punch card.

### "ALSO A LITTLE PIG"

Our return bus trip was almost equal to the first, including the same type of travel companions, but what's a trip by bus without a few chickens? This time were was also a little pig going to market, judging from the squeals. But this was nothing compared to the concern we had over getting back into Quito. The night we left Cuenca, the first of the riots started in Guayaquil and our base, Quito. When our bus momentarily broke down in a pueblo, we heard over a radio in a cafe that the control point at the entrance to Quito was closed to internationals, and here we were bouncing back to a closed city. A control point is like a city and major town. All traffic is stopped and generally searched for fugitives and contraband.

# CITY

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