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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
 Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Honorable Discharge

Susan Campbell hall will soon have doors again. As the echoes of marching feet fade from Susie hallways, carpenters have begun the work of reconversion for feminine use. And since those feminine users demand that their rooms have doors to screen their privacy, the carpenters are now refinishing and repairing the doors which were removed by the army, stored in the Susan basement, and damaged slightly in the recent fire there, and will rehang the doors for the benefit of next fall term's dormitory-dwellers.

Although the reasons for the army's removal of the doors in the first place were never entirely clear to the civilian observer, always traditionally bewildered by the somewhat obscure and startling acts of the military, apparently the motive was imitation of an army barracks to remind the soldier students that they were still in the army, Mr. Jones, and that "private rooms and telephones" were not standard G. I. equipment. If that were the idea, it was successfully accomplished.

Susan Campbell's former feminine occupants would scarcely have recognized their campus home in the sternly austere barracks that was Company C's headquarters. Not only were the doors gone, but the lacy curtains were removed, and double bunk beds were placed in what was the study room of the various coed suites. Showers were installed in place of bathtubs. Hospital ward severity replaced the girls' attempts to make their rooms comfortable, colorful, and attractive. Perhaps the most startling aspect of the rooms' appearance was that all signs of human occupancy were eliminated. A stranger would have thought that no one lived in those bare rooms.

Present plans are that women students will live in Susan Campbell next fall. The floors are now being refinishing and damages occurring in the basement fire, amounting to \$2500 to \$3000, are being repaired. All army equipment has been removed. The hall will soon be ready for feminine residents—in fact, reservations are now being accepted.

And when the coeds hang their gay curtains and pictures, cover the studio couch with a colorful spread and bright pillows, toss scatter rugs on the floor, cram the closets with skirts and the dresser drawers with sweaters, and spread their arrays of perfume bottles on the dresser tops—then Susan Campbell hall will cease to be a barracks and will become a dormitory again, officially out of the army after a year of honorable service.—J.N.

Best of Luck, Marie!

The University owes a real salute to Marie Rogndahl who has already earned fame throughout the United States and appears to be on the road to success in the world of music. Going on from the class of regional winner to become a finalist in the General Electric's Hour of Charm's Undiscovered Voice contest, Miss Rogndahl has earned herself the opportunity to be heard from coast to coast on the radio and have the whole nation appreciate her voice.

We know everyone is going to like Marie when she sings April 2 because we know Marie ourselves here on the campus. We not only know her voice and her fine ability to sing, but we know her personality, her personal charm, and her willingness to cooperate and be friendly. We have all heard her sing at Dad's day, at Matrix Table and the numerous other times she has been so gracious in appearing on various programs.

And knowing Marie as we do, we have perfect confidence that she will go on in this contest to be judged tops, just as we know she deserves.

Marie has been studying voice for many years and her long hours of work have definitely shown that she has trained herself well—now she is having the opportunity which she definitely deserves. We salute you, Miss Rogndahl, and wish you the best of success on your program in April. We'll all be listening and be very proud of you.—E.N.

Clips and Comments

Kissing the boys goodby and the welcoming of spring seem to have been the most spectacular activities on campuses across the nation recently. The liquidation of the ASTP, the cruel, cruel purge of so much young and handsome date material, has wrung many a protest from coeds from coast to coast.

The most stoical reaction was from the lieutenant colonel at the University of Utah. "We haven't had word and Washington doesn't know who goes where, who remains, or how the reduction of the ASTP is going to operate," he stated. . . . Mum's the word, boys, we don't know nothin' and don't do nothin' till you hear from me.

At the University of Washington Japanese language AST's celebrated the occasion with an "it's de McCoy" tea. The Japanese-born wife of one of their instructors entertained at her home. Fifty soldiers removed their GI shoes at the door, and bowing with quasi-Jap courtesy and speaking only Japanese sat on the floor sipping tea and nibbling dainty little cakes. . . . Honorable GIs have velly good time, indubitably, yes?

ASTP classes were dismissed early at Oregon State in recognition of the Army Day celebration there. The farewell bidding was acclaimed as the most outstanding occasion of the year. Co-sponsored by the soldiers and the coeds, every minute of the day was filled with some planned activity. The coed drill teams competed for the girls' drill championship; there was an anti-aircraft demonstration from a crack outfit from Camp Adair who was attacked by three large flights of fighter and bombing planes. The championship basketball game between former ROTC boys and an army team was played, and the climax of the day was the Military Ball at which the Oregon State pin-up boy was presented to his admirers.

The effects of spring seem to be universal. Coeds are leaving off the pancake and trying to get natural tans. As one coed from this campus remarked, "We usually get everything out of bottles—our hair color, stockings, faces, nails, even sun tans." . . . and another Oregon wench added, "Yeah, and our spirits, too!"

At Louisiana State university the effects may be serious. The student newspaper reports that coeds and soldiers are frantically making kites from bits of string and paper; everyone is gaily capering over the campus with their heads and their kites in the clouds. There is a picture on the front page of an instructor in physics (getting first-hand information on the nature of wind currents, no doubt) sitting nonchalantly on the lawn with a ball of twine in his lap while his little kite flies way up in the sky. . . . Idea for the Junior Birdmen, tra-la, tra-la.

A rude, crude, and so attractive football player was seen crouching on the lawn at Drake University in Iowa. Big tears rolled down his weathered cheek; tenderly cupped in his hand was a broken blade of grass. "Someone stepped on it," he sobbed; "Bruised the first little growing thing of spring." . . .

One of the professors there was found muttering to himself, "Spring? What does the text say about Spring? Spring comes every year. I think ALL the authorities will substantiate me on this." . . . The women's dorm diet of cottage cheese and beans will be abandoned and only hassenpfeffer and turnip greens will be served henceforth. Housemothers are to don cheesecloth tunics and do an interpenetrative spring dance during the dinner hour. . . .

And final spring note from

Letters to the Editor

(The writer of this letter is a senior in journalism at the University, who left the campus early in March for Morristown, N. J., in order to enter training for the purpose of obtaining a seeing eye dog.)

* * * *

Morristown, N. J.,
 March 17, 1944

Well, I finally got around to writing a few lines, but I'm afraid it will be just that.

In Chicago I attended a play by Eugene O'Neill and also some musicals. The train was late and a fellow from Texas and myself looked the town over and went to some of the shows. I hope to see some of the broadcasts on the way back.

The training here at the Seeing Eye is a lot of work and a lot of fun. The first day we were observed, that is they watched us and judged our temperament and our ability to get around. The next day we went for a walk with our trainer to give him a chance to discover the type of stride we used.

The third day we received our dogs. Mine is a small black German shepherd dog named Lona. She has some tan on the lower portion of her legs as well as a little under her chest. She is friendly, in fact too friendly, so I expect I'll have some fun trying to keep the kids at home from playing with her. She is about twenty inches high at the shoulders and her coat is fairly thin.

The training itself is work and fun. We get up at six in the morning to exercise our dogs at what is known in the aristocratic circles as the park. At seven breakfast and then work. The first days we went exclusively by station wagon to Morristown where we took certain specified routes. The trainer

give them leash corrections. We jerk on the leash which sets the canine rascal on her tail.

The equipment consists of a leash attached to a choke chain collar for correction and leading when the dog is not working, then we have a stiff leather harness with a U-shaped handle for guiding. You can feel the dog's body move and can tell the different positions of the dog through the harness handle. After training on a straight route for a week or so we started what is called the boyscout hike. The hike is an obstacle course for seeing eye dogs. They take you across routes and through mud-holes also over highways and through narrow hedges.

Lona worked perfectly on that trip, but the next day she backslid a little and tried chasing squirrels. Her trouble consists of cats and squirrels which distract her from her work. The result is a snappy leash correction and a rather sorry dog tends to business until another cat or squirrel shows up.

The people here are very friendly. The trainer is with you from the time you leave the bus until you leave. Our trainer, a Mr. Weeman, is a good joe. He's a hard teacher, but a regular guy, gives you your mistakes but in a way that doesn't anger anyone. We get candy and beer and things from town through him, which makes a lot of extra work on his part.

Here I am at the bottom of the page and the trainer is calling us for work, so will see you in at least two weeks.

Goodbye for now,

HARRY

Drake: The Sig Alph frat men gathered in front of the library wearing big juicy Frank Sinatra ties and solemnly chanted:

"Cadets got class,
 And oomph, you bet!
 But listen, women,
 We ain't dead yet!"

was right with us and watched for mistakes. He warned us against letting the dogs wander off when crossing the street and similar things.

The dog is supposed to check for curbs and all obstacles, but they are like little kids and often will try to do as they please, then we

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