

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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## Roommates to Spare . . .

Last year it was cigarets. This year it's housing. Such unexpected places as the infirmary and the basements of the dormitories are being used as makeshift barracks for the overflow of students at the University.

This is one situation we can't laugh off with the slogan "Things are tough all over." And it's the sort of problem which we students are glad to leave in the hands of the administration.

The people of Eugene have been asked to open their spare rooms for University students. Fifty dwellings are scheduled to be trucked down from Richland, Washington, to provide housing for some of the marred veterans. And University officials are investigating any possible housing facilities.

It isn't that Oregon didn't expect an increase in enrollment. Last spring term we pointed with pride to the way we expected our Alma Mater to grow.

But the Japanese neglected to inform us until August that they were not planning to carry on the war. And a lot of prospective students also neglected to let us know they planned to come to school this fall in time for our officials to plan a suitable home for them.

We have plans. A new women's dormitory will be constructed as soon as materials and labor are available. Earlier in the year, it was estimated that it would be ready for occupancy in the fall of 1947. Even if the building schedule speeds up considerably, it obviously is not the answer to the present housing shortage.

There are a number of fraternity houses on the campus that are not used for student housing now. However, they have been leased to private families and cannot be used until arrangements have been made with those families. Then, too, it is up to the fraternities to decide whether or not they want to lease their houses to the University. Some of them may hold out for a possible re-opening of the fraternities this year. Some of the sororities are taking in roomers to ease the situation.

Although regulations forbid having more than four girls in each room in the girls' dormitories, five or six are living in the rooms at Susan Campbell hall and Hendricks. But they consider themselves lucky because the basements have been converted into barracks sleeping quarters for the overflow.

Whatever is done now to ease the housing shortage will, of course, be temporary. From past experience the University has learned that fall term enrollment is not winter or spring term enrollment. It will be a matter of getting along with the facilities we can provide and planning now for next year.

Last year one Emerald writer reminded us that the returning veteran wants more than a shady place by the old mill race at dear old Oregon. We may consider this year a preview of things to come. This year we have to go through the worst problems of reconversion. Next year we'll have to be prepared or forget most of our dreams of postwar Oregon.

## Emerald Reconversion . . .

This is your first Emerald to be published in that long-awaited postwar world. And it is the first regular eight-page edition to come off the presses since 1943.

End of the war brought speedy reconversion. On the day after the Japanese had announced their intention to surrender, staff members and Horace W. Robinson, acting director of educational activities, discussed the possibilities of doubling the Emerald's size. Later the educational activities board gave the official go-ahead, and the campus daily grew.

As with all good things, the approval for the eight-page paper has a catch to it. The fall term budget calls for \$3000 worth of advertising. If the business staff fails to meet that goal, the Emerald will shrink to a four-page paper again winter term. We're confident that the business staff can do it—with help.

And the news and editorial departments will need help, too. Almost all of the present staff members are used to putting out a four-page paper. They need reporters, copyreaders, headline writers, type-setters, proofreaders, and photographers. In the sports department, the Emerald is starting almost from scratch. With two of last year's sports editors gone with the draft, the positions on sports staff from editor to copy boy will be open for the best candidates.

For University readers, we hope the larger size means a better as well as a bigger paper. We'll be able to cover campus affairs more completely. And we will have more activity to report.

There will be two pages devoted to sports daily. One or two pages a week will feature articles and interviews of special interest to coeds. And it may be possible to start a literary page to publish short stories and poems written by students.

The Emerald is published by and for the students of the University. We want to know what features you like to read and what you think could be added. This year's paper is just in the formative stages now. With your help we can make it one of the best Oregon has ever had.

## Scuttlebutt

By Carolyn Jacobs

With enough men on the campus to take them off the scarce commodity list, gossip is past the wartime slump. Bigger and better Saturday nights will replace the all-women bridge games that used to fill those lonely hours. Summer romances are still news and they flourished like green grass in the Oregon rain.

Roberta Scott, Sigma Kappa, is showing her sister the ring Carl Larson gave her this summer. Competing with her for attention is pledge Betty Jo Yeakel with a third finger, left hand diamond from Bob Moore. Two Chi Omegas came back engaged women. Lois Evans announced her engagement to Johnny Rankin, that Oregon State man who made so many trips over here last year. Joene Johnson has a ring from ex-Beaver George Lockoven, now a sergeant overseas.

A O Pi Esther Quier and Max Simpson are married and have set up housekeeping in Eugene. Oregon editor Jean Lawrence Yoder is here with her husband, recently discharged and now enrolled in the University. Sigma Kappa Georgia Lisky plans to marry Kenneth Gentry soon.

Tri Delt Ginny Gaggis is very proud of her Zete pin planted last week by Bud Lewis, returned veteran studying at the University of Washington. Chian Gerow, D G pledge, learns about this college life fast. She's been seen around campus with Kay Hoff. Joan Heron, also a new pledge is learning about college customs from Jack Puffenbarger.

Janet Hicks, Pi Phi sophomore, left for Portland in a flash to see Ted White, home from 13 months in Europe. The Kroder boys are doing their brother act with new partners this year. John (Polly doesn't live here any more) is back with Phyllis Field. Jim is taking in Eugene life with Gamma Phi Marilyn Rawlings.

Chi O Phyllis Perkins and Hugh Dormody are still a constant twosome. It started off again with orchids last week.

Betty Bennett, Gamma Phi, announced her engagement to Lt. Jack Cramer last Friday. They may be married come Christmas. The war is over, but the men in the services are holding their own on the home front. Latham Cone, new freshman heartbeat on campus is enough to make any upper-classman wish she were a freshman again. But Pi Phi Sue Mercer saw him first.

Annabelle MacArthur, Alpha Phi, saves all her adoring looks for Bill Davis. And what's this about Mary Coffey and her pen pal romance? The U.S. mail makes  
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## Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

(Editor's note—Mr. Politz, following his usual procedure of taking The Emerald's readers to the bubbling fountainheads of news—has been breaking bread and old miedera with the Universal Pictures unit shooting Ernest Haycox's "Canyon Passage" at Diamond lake locations.)

Susie Hayward wanted to ride horseback—and who were we to say no. "Dear," she said, addressing us—she always called us dear—also everyone else from the fish scaler to the boat-housekeeper. "Dear," she said, "let us ride horseback." We neighed an assent, and she went upstairs to change from her Mongolian peasant dress into her jodpurs. We bowed our legs and began lassoing the lodge chipmunks with our keychain.

When we arrived at the barn behind the old mission location we found no studio wranglers in attendance. They had gone to Medford for the day to replenish their supply of old cut plug, but Susie's rather reluctant palomino, and her double (even the horses in Hollywood have standins and doubles), a smaller spirited beauty with a considerable dash of Arabian in him, were there.

Susie approached the horses with multi-trepidation. She's scared to death of falling off and catapulting her highly insured body against a large, sharp rock. Her only reason for asking us on this jaunt was that we would sign the affidavit pledging to catch her, in such event, in the fish-net we brought along for the purpose.

### Horses Don't Give a Damn

After approaching the horses from behind and noticing that they did not recognize that one of the Shocking-scented queens of Hollywood was upon them, she went on the hunt for a wrangler to saddle the mounts. And she found one, a real one with a cactus face and pretzel-shaped jeans. He saddled the horses, but said he could take no responsibility for his action. Susie tossed her red head, pouted her lower lip in that on-and-off-screen way of hers and said that anything she wanted to do was OK. The Lord's little helpmate had spoken.

And so we started off—Susie in a Swiss alpine blouse and legs cheese-caked over the saddle; we in a T-shirt and a pair of Kaiser boots. We hadn't gone more than a quarter-mile when we came to a sign pointing up a mountain to the left. "3 LAKES—8 miles," it said. "Ever been up this trail?" Susie said. "No, we answered. "Is it any good?" she counted. "We've never set hoof on it before," we retorted—and our estimation of the Hollywood intelligence went a'soaring.

### Up and Up—and Up

And so we started up the dirt road. It was a veritable dustmine and all up, but we felt assured that Susie would tire after the first mile or so and decide to head back. We were to find we had grossly

under-estimated the Irish. After we had ridden for three or four miles Susie could hold out no longer—she had to have a cigarette; so we pulled up to a scrubby pine and lifted her from the saddle in approved Hollywood Western fashion, tied our horses to the tree, and talked awhile about the "Hairy Ape."

She asked if we had liked it. We said we didn't. She didn't either so we had common ground. She thought William Bendix was miscast, and we thought the last scene on the penthouse ledge was very unnecessary, and that her presence in most of the picture was equally so. She assumed the pout, and agreed.

We mounted the horses again, but instead of turning back Susie wanted to go on.

"Is there any water in this place?" she asked. "We're sure we don't know," we said. (The mountain looked as if prohibition had set in for several miles around.) "The prospects don't look very good."

### Her Throat Was Slaked

"Well, I'm getting thirsty!" She pouted and looked as if she were about to summon an assistant director to bring Lake Tahoe in by mule pack. "Well, I'm sure we will find something very beautiful at the top of this mountain" she philosophized with a bat of her dreamy eyes.

So we went on and on and up and up and the road vanished into a rugged mountain trail and we cantered around rocks and logs and hibernating bears. At last we came to the pinnacle—6000 feet above the world and the rococo civilization of the dilettantes—and there it was oozing out before in all its splendor—the Three Lakes of the Cascades—a tiny stagnant puddle from which even our horses refused to drink.

But in the clearing to the left—a half acre of barren flat land surrounded by scrubby pines—was the something very beautiful which the round red-haired lady has visioned. There in all the power of its pristine solitude was the most antique of forest ranger-built outdoor waterclosets . . . the man of nature's sole remaining challenge to the plumbing wonders of the Western world.

Susie pouted and asked us if there was a telephone nearby from whence she could phone the lodge to dispatch a station wagon to rescue her from this rural defamation of her cinematic character.

We said no and rode off into the sunset humming Lord Randal.

### Former UO Journalist

Roger Bailey, '35, visited the school of journalism Thursday on his way to Portland from Modesto, Calif., where he has been living the past eight months. Bailey, since leaving the university has been advertising manager of the Roseburg News-Review and advertising solicitor for the Oregon Journal, Portland.

In California he has been managing a large ranch during the illness of a relative. Now that the emergency has passed he is expecting to re-enter newspaper work. Mr. Bailey was accompanied here by his wife (Dorris Holmes, journalism '35) and their five-year-old daughter.

## Telling the Editor

(Editor's Note—the following letter was written July 17, in Brooklyn, New York.)  
Students of The University of Oregon

Dear Friends,

This letter may sound a bit unusual coming from someone of whom you have never heard and may never hear of again, but I do believe you will find a note of interest in it anyway.

Five years ago I was a carefree, eager student at Kent State University in Ohio. Along came the war—today I am a pilot ferrying all types of airplanes for the United States Navy. And here's what that has to do with you.

A short time ago I was assigned a plane in New York City to fly to the west coast. Upon entering the cockpit the first thing that caught my eye was a tag bearing the War Bond emblem inscribed

with the words to this effect—"Purchase of this airplane made possible by War Bonds sold by University of Oregon." The plane is a brand new F4U-4 Navy fighter, better known as the Vought Corsair. You are no doubt aware of her outstanding accomplishments with the fleet. Need more be said?

Your plane is now beginning a new life in fast company aboard a U. S. carrier on the Pacific. May God be with her in speeding victory and bringing peace to this earth!

That, dear friends, is where your War Bond money goes—where it will do the most good.

I know all America joins me in thanking you for that splendid contribution towards peace. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely yours,

William A. Stevens, Jr.  
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.