

Weekend Dances Show Originality of Motif, Wild Flights of Fancy

The spirit of the dance pervades the lovely Oregon campus this weekend as ten dances have been scheduled in the offices of the dean of women, Mrs. Hazel P. Schwering (109 Johnson—after entering the door, turn to right fifteen paces, then to the left fourteen paces, then to the right twelve paces, and ask for Mrs. Schwering).

Sorority sojourns and fraternity villas will open their doors wide to the spring air and what couples care to dance. All will be gayety, laughter, music, and bad punch. The patrons and patronesses have been reading Milton and Neitche for days in preparation for solitary meditations when isolated in some drafty corner of the barns.

Dry cleaning establishments throughout Eugene have reported a huge up-shoot in business with the advent of the white suit—sometimes referred to as the "white wing rhapsody." In fact all-student-Eugene breathlessly anticipates the whirl of organdy and the blare of the brass as the nice, the crisp, and the conventional goes on parade.

Beta-Chi Psi

With abated breath and stifled giggles, the sisters of Alpha Phi and Gamma Phi Beta have, for the past fortnight, ogled across the mill race to see the boyish, intense civil war between two of Oregon's sweeter fraternities. And the cause of the desperate strife has been but a dance—which lends importance to the society page of any paper and particularly this one which reports the inside dope on a battle of the mill race.

The Betas and the Chi Psis both dance tomorrow night and they are next door neighbors, too. So the competitions for decorations, atmosphere, splendor, which which to woo the wide-opened eyes of the coed, runs high.

Two weeks ago today, the Chi Psi faction came out with the announcement of a barn dance. And trickling out with this announcement came the word that they would cover the outside of the house with horse-hides a foot deep. The Betas retaliated with a "fire sale" dance, in which they were to burn down the house and dance

amongst the charred ruins. The Chi Psis solicited the aid of Postmaster James A. Farley as a patron. The Betas called in Mary Baker Eddy. The Chi Psis looked higher to the realm of the mighty and offered to subsidize the Tom Mix circus for their backyard feature. This idea appealed to the Beta freshmen who bolted the battle and decided to attend the circus. The result: Chaos!

Only after the interference of Dean Schwering did the actual dance programs take form. The pacified Betas offer as their motif a replication of Coney Island in the midst of a tidal wave. The Chi Psis, not to be outdone in confusion, invited Alpha Phis.

In the meantime, the Eugene fire department and police force have been noticeably strengthened. On with the dance!

Chi Omega

From the Chi Omega sanctuary last night flowed sweet music, ripples of laughter, the subdued whisper of rustling organdy, and the lingering smell of cheap perfume. Dark figures, silhouetted against the tall, dank walls of the Chi Omega bastille swayed to and fro, to and fro, to and fro and to and fro. The New York Yanks and the Detroit Tigers played for the dance and until the intermission had offered no hits, fourteen errors, and six runs.

Featured at the dance was the palm tree—millions of them from the basement to the third floor. The delightful occasion was featured by the dancing of Jo Waffle, who quite unmindful of her charm, entertained throughout the evening.

The smooth-voiced Robert Scott Cathey and the vivacious Gertrude Watson arrived for the dance at 11:15 and left at 11:16. Other charming decorations for the dance were the floor, four walls, and the ceiling.

Delta Gamma

The Delta Gammas, the ever sparkling Delta Gammas, last night held a surprise dance. All was quiet, deathly quiet. In the attic of the fine brick mansion an organ droned forth the "Rosary" as couples dimly peddled about dressed in lamp-black with visages embellished in burnt cork and maroon lipstick.

Males, arriving for the occasion, were issued into the basement where they were purged of their sins while chants hung about their quivering ears.

Further subduing the dance was the feature of the evening—the skeleton number presenting Margaret Keene and Jack Thorne. The chandeliers were draped with lost souls and the clank of chains stabbed the evening throughout.

Ghosts of the Baltimore Orioles and the Chicago Black Socks played for the wails of the metamorphosed Delta Gammas and their hypnotized escorts. At twelve o'clock, all vanished with a flash of deep red and the Delta Gamma house stared lonely into the night.

Dorm Dance

The all-dorm dance featured the playing of the House of David and the Washington Senators.

Cavorting about in the midst of Eugene's night life, the "Dormers" discarded the threat of apoplexy and charley horse and threw themselves into the mad madcap of dissipation. The holocaust featured the airplane idea. Three-point landings, barrel rolls, loop-the-loop-the-loop-whoop, and other



fancy fandangoes enlivened the evening of revelment. No serious crashes were reported although eight crushes made their debut.

The evening's entertainment reached a crackling climax when Ebba Wicks performed an outside loop and was saved by masses of surrounding shrubbery.

All in all the dance was a huge success and everyone agreed that it was the best party they had ever walked out on.

Alpha Chi

Great banks of freshly cut flowers will make a veritable hot house out of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority when it presents its annual spring informal at the chapter roost tonight. The Boston Braves and the Cincinnati Reds will play, starting at 9 sharp. A great many of the campus satellites will be present, gliding about on the mirror-like floors of the palatial dump in the fervid intricacies of the "dance" . . .

Good luck to you Alpha Chi When it's over don't sigh But remember when it's done Soon you'll have another one.

Alpha Delta Pi

Alpha Delta Pi will throw open its doors tonight to those favored few who are invited to its spring formal. Once through the locks the lucky guest will find himself in a fairyland of fireplaces, soft lights, loud music, and low proof punch. From then on he and his respective hostess will spin and dip until the midnight hour, at which time the men folk will be thrown out and the orchestra remunerated for its ghastly throbbings.

Delta Tau Delta

A refreshing and original idea will be Delta Tau Delta's contribution to the social activities of this gay weekend. Namely, a breakfast ball to be held at the chapter house, beginning at approximately 9:30 this morning. The motif of the dance will be that of the spring festivals of other countries, and the decorations will feature drapings of moulded waffle and flap jack batters. A particularly taking ornament will be the slide of bacon

New Style Trends Reveal Influences of University And Backwoods Artists

Noted for the lavish display of devastating drapery and dapper duds, the University of Oregon again issues its proclamation to the world of fashion as to what is desirable in clothing.

Rosemary O'Donnell, ravishing Kappa, dragged herself out of her sorority recently littered with jewels. Around each wisp-like wrist coiled amulets of wrought gold, set with bricks and weighing twelve pounds on the hoof. From her proboscis swayed a hoop of pig-iron.

Jimmy Emmett, Sigma Nu something, sported a costume of

infinite impossibilities. A vest of black cardboard, a whale-bone crusher, worn well over his left shoulder, and gaiters of pool-table felt completed the nightmare.

Kathleen Hetherington, Alpha Fee lily, fell into the mill race yesterday in a battleship grey toga of seersucker with a picot edge. On her hard head she wore hair. On her toes, nail polish. On her mind—nothing.

Ed Farrar, athletic athlete, athlete, graced Hayward field at the Oregon State track meet yesterday dressed in the usual costume. Nothing unusual at all.

over the front portal, upon which, embroidered in brightly colored beads, will be the Latin phrase, "Deltum Welcum OOsium." During the intermission the cook will render a stove solo.

Alpha Xi Delta

An awfully jolly time was had by the guests of Alpha Xi Delta at its annual spring informal yesterday. The chapter house was decorated with great mounds of wild flowers, whose fragrant odor echoed through the airy halls . . . An innovation was effected which provided no end of amusement to the dancers, i.e., the stairsteps had been removed from the stairway and wild grasses had been maliciously laid in their places, a la Frank Buck . . . A good laugh was had by the assembly whenever an unwary patroness attempting to mount the stairs would go thundering to the basement below, where some gullible person would be impaled on a series of razor sharp bayonets placed point upward . . . After the supply of patronesses began to wane, amusement was still forthcoming in the form of a trombone solo by Ed. Farrar who was accompanied by Mike Mikulak on the harp.

Today Noon Deadline For Payment of Fees

Today noon is deadline for those who have not yet paid the third installment of registration fees for spring term. Beginning Monday, May 20, a fine of 25 cents will be levied for each tardy day. Payment may be made on the second floor of Johnson hall.

Deep Snows to Block Pass Until Late June

Unusually deep drifts of snow on the McKenzie pass will probably make it impossible for many students to go to their homes in eastern Oregon when school is over in June, it was disclosed yesterday by highway officials.

Snow is piled to depths ranging from 7 to 18 in the level and as deep as 35 feet in the deepest cut. Indications point to one of the latest openings of the pass in history. Plows began to cut into the drifts yesterday morning.

FIR TREE INN

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