

Preferential Voting . . .

Hardly a man is now on the Oregon campus who remembers exactly how preferential voting works.

The voting itself is simple. The voter indicates the order of his preference by rating the names of the candidates in 1-2-3 order. Although he may mark as many choices as he wishes, the student voter usually is advised to vote for only two since each party has nominated two candidates.

When tabulation of the ballots begins, complications set in.

The first step is to establish the quota, the least number of votes through which a candidate can be elected. This is arrived at by dividing the total number of votes cast by a number one greater than the offices to be filled and adding one to the resulting quotient. With four offices to fill, if there were 1500 votes cast, the quota would be 301.

Next, the counters sort the ballots in piles, according to the first choices marked. If a candidate reaches or exceeds the quota, he is declared elected. The successful candidate with the greatest number of first choices will be pronounced president; the one with the second highest number of first choices will be first vice-president, etc.

Should a candidate receive more than the quota, a number of ballots equal to the surplus will be drawn from his pile. The second choices indicated on these ballots will be added to the second candidate's pile (usually the candidates nominated for No. 2 position receive some first choices). If the addition of these second choices to a candidate's pile raises his total to the quota, he will be declared elected to the next position open.

After all the first-choice ballots have been distributed, the candidate with the least number of votes will be declared defeated. Each vote cast for him will be transferred to the candidate marked as second choice on each of his ballots. This transfer of votes may raise one of the second choices indicated to the quota, and he will be elected to the next position open.

When four candidates have reached the quota or when all but four have been defeated, the election is ended.

* * *

The preferential system of voting, or proportional representation, was set up in 1937 by the ASUO executive council. At that time, the Emerald editor commented, "Proportional representation . . . means the end of machine politics on this campus, just as it has in city government. No longer will any party machine through controlling a bare majority of the votes be able to grab all student offices for its party."

In subsequent years, his comment has proved partially true. No party has been able to "grab all student offices for its party." But machine politics continue, with the parties using the old and often questionable practices to land the ASUO presidency and the top positions in the classes.

However, the weaknesses in student politics cannot be blamed on the voting system or corrected by a change in that system. Preferential voting cannot prevent students from printing libelous pamphlets (as they did in 1944). Nor can it stop students from printing and distributing handbills not authorized by the organization whose name appears on them (as they have done in 1946).

Friend Milt Raskin, who had seemingly dropped out of the limelight, and T. Dorsey's band, three years ago, is now a very busy guy. He is back in L.A. on call at major studios (cinema and wireless), making trances, and playing odd jobs. Good, because he's a wonderful 88er. He plays on "Not So Quiet Please," the otherwise stinking Rich drum affair.

Toddler's Job

The wee fem chirp on P. Harris' ARA "Onezey-Two" is his daughter. Few know it. All you have to do is listen. Guess Harris will do anything for money now. Poor kid . . . wonder if she gets a chance to go to school between recording dates.

Good angle for any enterprising disc collector; call the War Assets Corporation (it may have changed its name again by press time) and ask about V-discs. If you get any fairly concrete answer, you might stumble on a lode of solid gold. Many the exclusive govt. date did the larger bands cut during the war. Sample: Goodman's full band with "Body and Soul." There should be roughly two billion for sale somewhere.

Oddities: Peggy Lee's real moniker, Norma Eggstrom. . . A band leader named "Bus" Widmer plays drums and trumpet in Iowa. . . Ray McKinley's new band uses only five brass; an experiment, no doubt.

Leonard Returns

Jack Leonard is returning to music. Now with NY studios in some capacity. Jess Stacy's plans for another newie still jelling. Harry James offered \$75,000 a week for Latin America trip. Ex-Herman, now Bobby Sherwood, side-man seems to have stolen some "Caledonia" riffs from former employer. Which accounts for plagiaristic note in Bobby's Capitol "Cotton Tail." Ex-Duke horn and violin, Ray Nance now has own string quartet on swing lane. Lunceford may start record company of own.

Condiment manufacturers bidding for King Cole's "Frim, Fram Sauce." Would make a less nauseating commercial than most.

Telling the Editor

About Handbills . . .

To the Editor:

I wish to announce publicly that I have had no affiliation with factions which published the recently posted handbill advertising myself and Tom Kay (as veterans) for the position of student body president.

I was nominated by the Independent students on this campus for second position, and consider myself as candidate for that position and no other.

I criticize any method which attempts, by purely unethical means, to misrepresent the attitudes of a sincere candidate for public office.

—Ted Hallock.

About Food . . .

Dear Editor:

We often make the mistake of discounting the value of individual effort. That is, we lack faith in our own efforts. Calmly we digest the news (I hope we all get a good look at the newspaper occasionally) along with our breakfast of a morning. And then we accept a crippling, helpless attitude of "what good can I do in all this mess?" Of course we can't change the world overnight! But for heaven's sake when we have a chance to do something constructive, let's do it.

To get down to cases, I think we should all support the Drive for Food and Clothing sponsored by the French Club, YWCA, and the One World Club. If it was for your mother, or sister, or brother, you would send them whatever they needed, now wouldn't you? If it was your father who wrote from Hungary, "the real problem is what to eat for supper . . . of many of us you cannot say that we are alive or dead"—if it was your father, you would do whatever you could.

Well, I believe in the brotherhood of man. Don't you?

—Alice English.

Stan Kenton writing a "Concerto to End All Concertos." Lasts 45 minutes. Will use it on coming nation-wide concert tour. Cozy Cole, Kenton, and Peggy Lee will all help Eddie Duchin and his swell band —his real swell band, make a deal out of the Kraft summer show.

About Trailer Camp . . .

Dear Editor:

The University trailer camp has two garbage collection locations, one on the Fifteenth street side and the other on the Agate street side. These two spots accumulate all the garbage for the residents of the trailer camp.

The University did build sheds to house the garbage cans, and subsequently started to screen them. However, the screening was never finished and the observer will now note that two sides are open to all the various brands and breeds of flies which delight in rummaging through the garbage.

Efforts by the manager to have this work completed have met with evasive answers. The flies are bad enough now, but what will they be like in the height of the summer? This situation is a definite hazard to the health of the adults and to the large numbers of small children in the camp. It should be remedied immediately!

Can your publication arouse the necessary action by the University physical plant?

—Arthur McArthur.

HITS and MISSES

In Current Movies

By Mimi Moores

Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour have done it again. Every time these three wonderful people make another "road" movie, I hope that it will be their last, because I am always afraid that each sequel will flop and break a great tradition. So far, I am very glad to be wrong. "The Road to Utopia" produces that words-fail-me feeling; it's just as crazy, corny, and generally amazing as it should be.

I wish I could figure out why "The Road to Utopia" is one of the year's funniest comedies. Everything about it is wrong: the smattering of plot is so screwy that it makes no difference when you happen to come in; the actors

(Please turn to page seven)

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Jam for Breakfast

By Ted Hallock

The Oregonian's Grondahl got a charge out of Spike Jones last Wednesday. Seemed to prefer his antics to Rubenstein. Pop McElroy liked him too. Made money in the auditorium. Dropped 1600 round ones the next night, trying to dance people to the wash-board-revolver-shot artist.

Portland's Hudepohl stays on a St. Francis kick. Henry King and his Nob Hill Snobs open J.B. tonight. Next week Emil Coleman, most likely. Earl Horn's 18-piece symphony has been heard by campuses. The band is set for first post-war Miami Triad (Phi Delta-Beta Sigma affair) May 31, at the park. Using a book almost completely by Bill Hood, ork features

Hood's lead alto, Russ Hackett horn, Harry Johnson piano, among others. And still rehearses four hours a day.

Very good possibility that Tommy Todd Trio will follow King Cole into the Troc's K.C. room soon. If so, 10:30-11 p.m. air time will give N.W. listeners first chance to hear pianist we've been talking about so long.

Trombones Wild

Kenton, and Capitol, somehow get more and more echo into their recording acoustics. Evidence: latest release, "Painted Rhythm." Also interesting how Stan copies Woody with wild trombone, so wild in fact that it seems quite out of tune.

Following our predictions, and those of other columnists who had heard and remembered, Charles Trenet, the rich man's Jean Sablon-Chevalier, is smashing records like crazy at NY's La Martinique. Find, if you can, any of his early blue label Columbias, made in Paris during 1937-38; especially "Boomps."