

## Wild Notes

By Fred Young

WE DISLIKE falling into the sequence of Emerald stories debating this prom band thing which doesn't have the required two sides for a debate. We believe (and you should) that the solution lies with the student body. When the day comes that we have to dance or listen to just the name of some band, then will be the time to gripe that we didn't get Woody Herman or Claude Thornhill for a campus dance.

It must be admitted that we haven't been assessed big name prices to hear little name bands.

The little name bands have supplied pretty danceable music—better music than is available elsewhere in these parts. Possibly Mac court doesn't allow the amount of night-clubbing we would like, but its dances usually have good programs and offers all a chance to let the academic hair down.

IT SEEMS reasonable to assume that people attend a dance because they want to go to the Senior Ball, not because they want to hear any particular band. The general disinterest in band ratings is evidenced by this column's readership—you, and we heard there's one other person.

So, if some great band were available for several thousand dollars how much encouragement has the student body given the activities office to sign a band when the Senior Ball loses money even after spending less than a thousand on their band.

You can't say that over 500 couples would've appeared if Jurgens played. Beneke would've required nearly 1000 more couples, or fattened tickets.

Strangely enough the activities office has shown its willingness to stick its neck out for a high-priced band if one is available. So maybe it would be a good thing to support the Junior prom (Zito has played bigger proms than ours in California) and show we like the hell out of these school dances, because we've been promised when the Student Union is completed we can have Kenton (he'll be back) any weekend we want.

HERB JEFFRIES, who sang with Duke Ellington for so long and recorded the memorable "Flamingo" with that band, is soloing for Columbia records now with two recently released records requiring reviewing. Herb's "Easy to Remember" and "Bewildered" find his voice in the best shape—mellow and rich—offering the kind of music of which you don't easily tire.

Paul Weston manages a bit of the bop as his orchestra backs Jo Stafford's "Always True in My Fashion" which is mentioned since we feel it's about the best of Jo's recent. "Just Reminiscent" is on the back and goes back to Jo's days with Tommy Dorsey. Very good record—Capitol 15378 if you bother with numbers.

DIZZY GILLESPIE, whom we must mention to answer the general campus demand, doesn't really come through in usual great fashion on his last Victor record. "Lover Come Back to Me" isn't the best Dizzy but if you collect J.B.'s records this will prove

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## A Picture Editorial

### You Call These Traditions?



★ ★ ★  
 HOW MUCH LONGER ARE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS GOING TO SUBMIT INDIFFERENTLY TO THESE SILLY (AND DANGEROUS) VESTIGES OF THE RAH RAH COLLEGE DAYS WHEN MEN WORE RACCOON COATS AND WOMEN WERE FLAPPERS?  
 ★ ★ ★

## An Interesting Experiment

To the Editor:

The story in Friday's Emerald about Princess Mary Margaret struck me as right between the covers of my thumbed copy of "Modern English Usage," and prompted this report of an interesting experiment.

"Standing about five feet five inches (says the Emerald) Mary Margaret's other interests include bridge and knitting, both of which she is very adept at doing."

At noon on Friday my wife and I spent forty-five precious minutes in a vain effort to combine bridge and knitting and come out with a five-five hobby pile. Our bridge decks (three), our knitting needles (four), one ball and two skeins of yarn added up to only four feet three inches.

We decided that bridge and knitting were only "included" in Mary Margaret's hobbies, and that perhaps other items were part of a list omitted because of space problems. We therefore added to our bridge decks, knitting needles and yarn our mah jongg set, cribbage board, and a bobbin winder. This gave us an even five-five. Getting into the spirit of the thing, we added two dice we keep around for casual n-tertaining, and arrived at five-five and one quarter. We claim this as a temporary record.

However, as the Emerald hinted (unless I read badly) Mary Margaret is "very adept at doing." She can probably get Dinah the Dog to do a headstand on her hobby pile, and beat us easily.

Sincerely,

M. S.

## From Our Mailbag

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### WORTHWHILE

To the Editor:

I wish to congratulate the Emerald for printing a review of the 1949 Oregon State legislature. By allowing prominent men of opposing opinions to put forth their ideas in the Emerald, you are giving the students of the University a chance to evaluate for themselves the arguments presented on a controversial subject.

One of the principal achievements we should be obtaining from attending the University is an interest in the major problems and questions of the day. Certainly, there is no finer way of accomplishing an understanding of these than by reading on both sides of an issue and formulating our opinions upon this basis.

The Emerald has supplied its readers with a worthwhile feature. It is my hope that it will be repeated in the future.

Fred A. Risser

### HARD TO BELIEVE

To the Editor:

I read with incredulity the Emerald's article concerning the lack of name bands for big proms at Oregon; especially the state-

ment reputedly uttered by Dick Williams, undoubtedly in a moment of playful jesting, "mid-week bread and butter dates would have to be arranged to make the tour pay." These musicians must eat a hell of a lot of bread and butter!

Dick Jurgens, to cite from the article, was paid \$2000 dollars for a three-hour stand; that is \$666 per hour for the orchestra and, arbitrarily setting the number of side men at 20 (a small symphony) \$3 per hour per man.

From another mathematical angle, each musician makes \$100 for the one-niter. This, figured on a 40-hour work week, is \$2.50 per hour; all week! How many working men, business or proletariat, drag in that many clams in 60 minutes?

In addition, Jurgens got all kinds of free publicity aimed at the group of people who do a great portion of the phonograph record buying; a good chance to increase record sales royalties. It seems too good to pass up!

To sum up my remarks, I find the statement that name bands are hard to get, hard to believe.

Rod Smith

## Farrell's 'Road Between' Ain't Very Good, She Sez

By Jo Gilbert

"The Road Between" by James T. Farrell. (The Vanguard Press, Inc.; \$3.50)

To be brutally frank, "The Road Between" isn't worth the reading. Whatever Farrell was aiming at, he missed it. The spark of life, the excellent conversations, the colorful descriptions, that held together the dreariness of "Studs Lonigan" is missing here . . . "The Road Between" is slick prose leaving no impact whatsoever.

The plot is relatively simple. The hero, with his young wife, escapes his Chicago background and we find him in New York. He has written one novel, (panned by the critics), and is now starting upon another. He picks up pennies doing reviews. He drifts into the communist clique, dislikes its lack of intellectual freedom, so drifts out of it.

The characters don't come alive and appear to be typed . . . drawn from Farrell pigeon hole of stereotypes. The plight of the struggling writer leaves the reader cold. Farrell fails to convince me that the guy has got the

genius that is implied.

The whole attitude of the book is immature. Farrell is rebelling against the way of the 20s still. Someone forgot to tell him it is 1949 and times have been changed.

Conclusion: The only way this book will look good to the reader is if he has just completed the entire year's copies of the Congressional Record.

Incidentally, "Command Decision" by William Wister Haines is out in the two-bit edition. Fine book! After that you can see where even the brass had a rough time of it. It is much better than the play or movie in this person's humble estimation.

Also Truman Capote's "Other Voices, Other Rooms" is also on sale. Looked at the first paragraph in it and decided that Truman and Faulkner should get together . . . same long involved sentences. I haven't read it and don't plan to. The grapevine has it that he isn't as good as his build-up.

Note: Truman was the character that Life magazine had the picture of . . . the languishing pose. Same pic is on the back of the book.

## Reader Survey Leaves Writer Confused, Nursing Bunions

By Vinita Howard

Until recently I was, in my opinion, a perfectly normal person. Now, whenever I see a newspaper it takes all my will power to suppress the urge to draw little vertical lines through all the news stories and ads. I realize that I'll probably never be the same again and that my mental stability is fast waning. My only defense is that it happened for a good cause.

You see, recently I, with 33 other journalism students, went on a readership study to find out what people read in their local newspaper. I was also chased by a dog, had doors slammed in my face and chit chatted with people about the "awful Russians," earthquakes, weather, baseball, arthritis and high living costs.

Simplifying the process greatly, let me explain that a readership study is taken by drawing vertical or horizontal lines through news stories and ads that interviewees have seen in one particular edition of a newspaper. Later, all this is tabulated and statisticians figure out in percentages what men and women read. On the surface this sounds comparatively simple, at least that's what I thought.

But in the first place, people spot you coming to the door and refuse to let you in. In the second place, if they do let you in they refuse to believe that you're not trying to sell something. No matter what you say to disarm them they are positive that you're selling vitamin pills or magazine

subscriptions. If you tell them that all you want to do is ask a few questions they stare at you suspiciously . . . thinking, no doubt, that you are working for Dr. Kinsey.

After one full day of interviewing people concerning what stories they see or read in a newspaper I have reached some rather basic conclusions. There are five types of newspaper readers:

Those who say that they've read everything in the paper so they can get rid of you, those who read only sex and crime news and apologize because they simply didn't have time to read about the Chinese Communists or the "cold war," those who "just look at the headlines" because they hear the news on the radio, those who make pertinent comments or recite personal experiences and those few who really read and understand the news and editorials as well as the comic strips.

Frankly, I'm still not certain just what I learned about newspaper reading habits. My only compensation is that I learned other and probably far more valuable things such as the neighborhood gossip ("three young girls down the street ran away from home last night, took the family car and headed south. Tsk, Tsk! don't know what's happening to this younger generation."), what the RELATIVES are doing, the trouble with the country, the city and the world and how things have "changed since I was young." "Why in my day a boy wouldn't have thought of killing his mother."

I also got bunions!

## OREGON DAILY EMERALD

THE OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per term and \$4.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon.

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