

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Right or Wrong, It's Informal

The "veil of secrecy," to use an old cliché, has been lifted and now students may judge for themselves on whether the Senior Ball committee has the right idea.

The Senior Ball has been made informal—very informal—this year because of the nature of the band, King Perry. It's to be known as the Cotton Pickers Ball.

The committee felt, and rightfully so we think, that a formal dance would not be as suitable with this Negro band and so hit upon the idea of informality.

The King Perry outfit is from Los Angeles and is currently playing in connection with the New Orleans Mardi-Gras.

The situation regarding name bands is one which has bothered the University for quite some time. It just doesn't pay. The Senior Ball committee in 1948 hired Dick Jurgens for \$2000—and lost \$600. Unless students turn out in greater numbers for the all-campus formals, it will be the same situation time and again.

Formal dances aren't being abolished on the campus. There are still a great many, counting house dances, to come. We feel that the unconventionality of this year's Senior Ball, should make an interesting and entertaining evening at minimum cost.—K.M.

IFC Makes Senior Rides Make Sense

A solution has been found for an old tradition turned problem.

It's simple: lend sanity to senior rides.

A committee appointed by the Interfraternity Council seems to have come up with the correct formula. The week-old eight-point program of modifications should put a stop to the "indiscretions" which left the ancient "ritual" quaking in its antiquity a few weeks ago.

Crux of the problem had been excessive drinking—decidedly not conducive to good health when one is stranded in a chilly back woods several thousand paces from the embarkation point. But the new policy tackles this issue in its very first point, namely, "No drinking will be allowed in connection with senior rides."

That's plain enough.

If it's not enforced, it will not be because of misinterpretation. A \$50 slap on the wrists awaits any group which fails to comply.

The other regulations pertain in the main to protection against the elements, identification, provisions for taking no less than two seniors together and, not tying them in anyway upon release, and for restrictions against marring students' appearances.

Thus, senior rides are still with us. It is desirable, to modify them to meet common standards of common sense, but it is rather doubtful whether they could ever be legislated out of existence. The tradition is too strong (consider how effective a law would be to abolish celebrations on New Year's.)

Skeptics may raise the question of whether the new formula will be enforced.

Naturally, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," but indications are that the fraternities not only will cooperate, but that they desire to do so. The pudding should be no more tasty to them than to anyone.

The IFC is to be commended for reaching this sensible and workable conclusion on a difficult and important problem.

It again demonstrates that students can capably deal with their own affairs when given the opportunity.—T.K.

THE DAILY 'E'...

to the University Theater and the speech department for their work in making the Northwest Drama Conference one of the largest and best of its kind in the nation. And to Horace W. Robinson, who is in charge of the three day meeting.



Campus Critic

A Theater Student Does More Than Act

By Don Smith

Next to Villard hall there is a building. In this building work about 75 students. To them, the building is the University; it is now their main interest in life.

The building is the University Theater. The students who love it can find nothing on the campus of comparable interest. This weekend they are working with delegates from the Northwest each of whom has a theater of his own to love. For the delegates and for the students there is nothing quite like getting people together with other people of the theater and talking theater.

The theater is to these students what the AWS is to Barbara Stevenson, what the ASUO is to Barry Mountain, what the



Sky's The Limit

By Sam Fidman

There has been some suspicion among Oregon students that we have a student government. Upon investigation of the matter, it is found that the suspicion has some merit for existence. To the inexperienced observer (like you and me) the local student royalty has some semblance of a buffoonery, or puppet show, with the "control" strings pulled from somewhere through the student government's "toy" financial budget.

It has been said of student government that—it is like a peanut rotting away on the inside, and no one in the world really cares—because a peanut is so small. However, another view of the matter perceives that the rot could well spread, so it becomes a matter of some concern.

I, for one, would like to know what our student government is accomplishing, and what it would LIKE to accomplish if certain stumbling blocks were removed.

Well, lets you and me form an association for the interest of the students. We need not petition, or pass out toothsome, face-splitting smiles. What to do? Just this—show up at the Student Union Building Monday night and pack the gallery of the Executive Council. Form a lobby, a special interest group, with the special interest being the student.

Anyone who has had any gripes about campus affairs should drop in to see the council in action. If the time of the council meetings conflict with regularly scheduled house meetings, and the Oregon student body doesn't like that, this column, the letters to the editors, or direct appeal to members of the council are in order.

If the students do not have the interest to see to it that their interests may be better served and protected, then they deserve whatever gets pushed through—for or against them.

The Council meets Monday night at 7:30 in the Student Union. The next topics for its consideration are selection or chairmen for the All-campus Vodvil and WSSF, and discussion of the new constitution.

Student Union is to Henry Panian.

Each student of the theater takes the interest in the theater that the leaders of these other organizations take in their particular group. And a student of the theater, for the most part, will never be a Kwama or Skull and Dagger, a Phi Theta or Druid, a Mortar Board or Friar; and for the most part they don't give a darn. For the student of the theater gets his satisfaction in working in the theater; and any other plums thrown his way he'll take—but he won't scramble for them.

This consuming interest in the theater is a remarkable thing. You can work there four years, and end up spring term of your senior year with a one-line speaking part.

The only recognition you get is your name in six-point type on a program, and occasionally a curtain call, if you're lucky. In fact, you may work just as hard, and then get a tomato in the face (figuratively) instead of the applause.

True, some recognition is given by the theater in its annual presentation of awards—one each to best actor, best actress, best supporting actor, best supporting actress, and two awards to contributions outside the acting category. But last year's acting award winner is likely to be a member of this year's lighting crew; and if you win the award before you're a senior (which is customary) it is usual for you to miss out on parts in several plays before you return to your spot in the lights.

But, to repeat, whether you're in the spotlight, or behind it, if you're "one of those dramatists" it doesn't really matter—just so long as you're in the theater, in some manner or another.

Letters

The Campus Answers

Dissenter
Emerald Editor:

The palsied petitioners of the freshman class are, to be blunt, palsied. Eager beavers who threw aside study time on Samuel Pepys to fill out a petition for the Frosh Novelty Show are up a creek.

That certainly will be novel—no show. After Wayne Carothers met with the other class officers and about twenty enthusiastic students last Wednesday to draw mental outlines of a production magnifique, ka-ploof! The thing went up in more smoke than would have been caused by the bonfire during Homecoming weekend.

That's another point—supposedly that bonfire would have brought the class of '54 together. No need mentioning the outcome. Finally we hit upon a scheme to do this and at the same time introduce ourselves to the almighty upperclass moguls, who may be interested in meeting victims of their jurisdiction.

"Talent galore—class of '54" would be a suitable motto. Considering the dozen or so students that have already volunteered to perform, and that there are at least twice that many who have not been contacted, Horace Heidt has nothing on us as far as quality or quantity goes.

One of the very few consolations of deferred living is that the freshman do get better acquainted, but this relationship could be much stronger. And the answer is a project enlisting everyone, such as the pipe dream (as it now stands) of a novelty show.

Guess we'll have to wait until it's our turn to take over the Sophomore Whiskerino, huh, kids?

Another irate dissenter,
Marilyn A. Patterson

SPECIALS! IN THE SU CAFETERIA

● A PLATE LUNCH SPECIAL—65c

CONSISTING OF

- Hot Luncheon Dish
- Vegetable
- Salad
- Bread and Butter
- Beverage

AND

● SOUP and SALAD SPECIAL—45c

- Soup
- Salad
- Rolls or Bread and Butter
- Beverage

In the Cafeteria lunch lines only

NO SUBSTITUTES

DESSERTS EXTRA

Cafeteria Hours

11:45—12:45