

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD published Monday through Friday during the college year except Oct. 30; Dec. 5 through Jan. 3; Mar. 6 through 28; May 7; Nov. 23 through 27; and after May 24, with issues on Nov. 4 and May 12, by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initialed editorials are written by the associate editors. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

ANITA HOLMES, Editor MARTEL SCROGGIN, Business Manager

LORNA LARSON, Managing Editor

KEN METZLER, DON SMITH, TOM KING, Associate Editors

SEBASTIAN HILLIARD, Asst. Business Manager

News Editor: Gretchen Grandahl
 Sports Editor: John Barton
 Wire Editor: Dave Cromwell
 Feature Editor: Norman Anderson
 Asst. News Editors: Marjorie Bush, Bill Frye, Larry Hobart.
 Asst. Managing Editors: Norman Anderson, Phil Betzens, Gene Rose.
 Asst. Wire Editor: Al Karr.
 Asst. Sports Editor: Phil Johnson.
 Night Editor: Sarah Turnbull.
 Circulation Manager: Jean Lovell.
 Advertising Manager: Virginia Kellogg.
 Zone Managers: Fran Neel, Harriet Vabey, Jody Greer, Denise Thum, Jeanne Hoff.
 Layout Manager: Keith Reynolds.
 National Adv. Mgr.: Bonnie Birkmeier.

Will You Have This Dance, Doctor?

Perhaps someone can come up with a solution to a peculiar situation that each year faces the committee that selects the band to play for the Senior Ball.

The situation the committee faces is the possibility of a financial flop. That is what happened to the Senior Ball for the last three years. Here are the figures:

In 1948 Dick Jurgens played, 793 couples attended and the senior class lost \$300 (not \$600 as previously reported). In 1949 Wally Heider played, 555 couples attended and the loss was \$250. In 1950 the loss was \$700, the band was Skitch Henderson and the attendance was only 471 couples.

Although we don't wish to imply that these figures mean anything conclusive, the trend seems to be that the Senior Ball just doesn't draw the crowd that other all-campus dances do.

The same is true with the Military Ball. Scabbard and Blade lost about \$800 on Alvino Rey, \$150 with Jerry Van Hoomesen and \$270 with Glenn Henry. Only 331 couples attended the last Military Ball—the lowest attendance at any of the regular all-campus dances for the last four years. This year the military honorary had little or no money to take care of another such loss so the ball was cancelled.

The situation is not so bad in other campus dances. Traditionally, there are three dances which usually turn out a financial success—Homecoming, the Whiskerino, and the Junior Prom.

The Junior Prom has drawn a large attendance the last four years, and has made a profit. The Whiskerino lost \$400 in 1943 when Jimmy Zito played but made up for it during the next two years with Les Brown and Wally Heider.

The Homecoming dance last fall made a \$370 profit. It lost \$35 in 1949; made \$150 in 1948.

From all appearances, then, the Whiskerino, Homecoming dance and the Junior Prom face a favorable situation whenever committees work to select a band. They can afford to take a chance with a big name.

Why are the Senior and Military balls so poorly attended? One can only speculate. Snow was probably a factor last year when the Senior Ball lost \$700.

With the exception of the Whiskerino, the trend in attendance at all-campus dances has been steadily downward since 1946. This does not correlate with the peak in enrollment which came in fall of 1948. However, it does correlate roughly with the enrollment of women which has steadily declined since 1946.

The Senior Ball needs a shot in the arm. Any doctors on the campus?—K.M.

The Second Cup...

In light of recent developments, which hint strongly that there will be a Senior Ball Feb. 17, a few pearls of wisdom on dancing might prove helpful.

They who love dancing too much seem to have more brains in their feet than in their heads.—Terrence.

Come and trip it as ye go, On the light fantastic toe. Milton.

No man in his senses will dance.—Cicero.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd; No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet.—Byron.

You and your loved one may whirl round and round, but me and my own on the patio will be found.—Anonymous.

THE DAILY 'E'...

to AWS President Barbara Stevenson and her cabinet members for planning to orient Oregon's women on the proposed activity point system, and then giving them a chance to vote on it.

Letters The Campus Answers

Steve Church Answers
 This in answer to Bob Fries' letter in the Emerald of Feb. 12.

Bob, it's not just that the Senior Ball committee lost \$600 on Dick Jurgens in '48, nor that OSC didn't lose money on Vaughn Monroe that are pertinent facts. WE'D HAVE BEEN WILLING TO RISK A \$500 LOSS ON THE DANCE IF NEED BE, TO GET A SO-CALLED TOP NAME BAND FOR OUR DANCE.

But past dance attendance records, coupled with their admission prices for the past four years on this campus conclusively proved to us without a doubt that if we accepted any of the very few name band fee offers we received, the result would have been pretty disastrous financially.

Unless you get a break and catch a band when it's on a tour of your area, fees include transportation costs which are tremendous. Compare—the \$1250 which purchased Les Brown's services in '49, with the \$2500 which was asked for his band this time. (which includes transportation costs).

Then too, the Oregon students are so unpredictable that you just can't afford to go way out on a limb. Even with Skitch Henderson last year, THE CLASS OF '50 LOST SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS!

OSC doesn't continually get the name bands. It's true that they often do, but when they do, these are pointed up as general-

ties rather than as specific instances. We here at Oregon have had a lot of them too. Les Brown, Charlie Barnett, Skitch Henderson, Tommy Dorsey, Stan Kenton, Dick Jurgens etc., etc.

It just depends on these bands' schedulings, and mostly, just waiting for a lucky break. Though we didn't get a break in the form of a name band, we did get one in the form of a very talented musician and his band, which is considered one of the finest in its category.

Granted, King Perry, is a relative unknown in these parts, but this doesn't mean he isn't good. He is!

Maybe the next campus dance will have the music of the name band that you desire, Bob. This one won't. But this one is going to feature a bunch of versatile artists in an informal setting which will certainly be well worth the price of admission.

Steve Church

Senior Ball Story Emerald Editor:

As one of the chairmen of the Senior Ball, I feel it is only fair that two facts be brought to the attention of the student body.

Firstly, that the senior class officers made a definite effort to secure a "name-band," and were even willing and prepared to allot as much as \$1750 for its services.

However, it finally turned out that no such band could be obtained for the date set, and thus, a lesser known band was contacted, with a consequent reduction in the admission price to the student.

Secondly, the chairmen of the Senior Ball were at no time asked for their collective advice as to what the dress should be for the dance. Instead, they were "informed" by the general chairman of the Senior Ball that it was to be costume, and that the theme was to be the "Cotton Pickers' Ball."

Therefore, if any blame for this decision is to be made, it should be squarely laid in the laps of those who are held responsible for its being made, namely, the senior class hierarchy.

Dave Cromwell
 Ticket Chairman
 Senior Ball



Re: Hash

By Bob Funk

He was awakened at four in the morning by two-hundred fraternity brothers singing "Them There Eyes" more or less drunkenly (forced to make a choice, he would have chosen more) in the kitchen.

There was a glare of light from the back yard where his roommate, a light sleeper, was pouring oil on frogs and then putting a match to it. A dim figure in a red decollete evening gown was the cook, stooping to pick up frog's for the next day's dinner.

"By these tokens," he sighed, "I know that it is spring." He flung his hair recklessly over one ear, and jumped lightly down from his fifth-decker bunk, passing through the cool ecstasy of a cloud bank on his way down.

Down stairs the fraternity brothers had passed from the kitchen to the front hall, left, center, and the great stirring chords of "Them There Eyes" ricocheted dramatically off the ceiling.

"It is spring!" he chirruped to them, and then he was out in the night, and by gum, it really was spring. A great silvery orb that he first took for the moon but that later turned out to be a street lamp hung over the scene. He felt the dew oozing out of the grass between his toes, and there was a choking emotion in him which later developed into a rather pronounced sneeze.

The sound of "Them There Eyes" boomed melodically across the night. He knew that he would never be the same again.

We are usually criticized whenever we write a short, inspired thing like the above, on the grounds that it has no point. We feel, however, that a POINT is a terribly un-subtle thing to include in a thing.

And for a really different senior ball they could have a street dance, everyone could come in gym clothes, and music could be provided by sound truck (save two-hundred dollars per couple). And would that ever be keen, huh, you seniors.



The Word

By Stan Turnbull

Do people avoid you? Do they cross the street to avoid speaking to you? Would you like to borrow a bar of soap?

Well, that might not be the problem. Could you remember their names if they did pass by you? Could they remember yours? Do you give a darn?

Brace yourself—do you often say "Hi, how are ya?" to people? If you do, you might as well be saying "I can't remember your name," or better yet, "Whoinell are you?"

There is no deader giveaway that you can't remember a person's name than to say "Hi, how are ya." That phrase is to the general run of friendly greetings what flicking porchlights at sorority houses is to whatever you're up to out in the car. Stops things cold.

"Hi, how are ya" is, however, an attempt to satisfy a problem that mightily needs satisfying—namely, what do you say to that fringe of people you see just often enough so that to ignore them is downright unfriendly, but whom you don't have enough in common to remember their names.

That fellow that was in your 9 o'clock PE class a year ago; that gal you met at the second exchange desert of your freshman year—these people will plague your existence.

So why not be realistic? The next time you meet one of these "fringe friends" stop 'em and say, in a friendly manner, "Look, Mmfspgth, this must be as big a strain to you as it is to me; let's get together and ignore each other in just as friendly a manner as possible."

It Could Be Oregon



"I wish Worthal had his accordian here—he's never quite caught on to the piano keyboard."