

Fashion or Fertilizer?

Pity the poor yell kings. Few people cooperate with them (or so it seems) but plenty are willing to criticize.

L. H. Gregory, sports editor of the Oregonian and long a favorite of ours, got in the latest punch. He said, in his Wednesday column, that our boys didn't look so sharp.

But he did like our rally girls, much improved from the "sloppy sight" he thought they were last year.

Greg's gripe about the boys was that, dressed as they were, they didn't do much of a public relations job for the university. As he put it:

"Their white pants flopped baggily and unpressed, much as though slept in; though of course we're not saying that they were. No doubt this impression was helped from their being worn with loose, smock-type sweaters that hung nearly to the knees like old-style nightshirts (virtually the same architecture); and shoes one naturally suspected of having been donned for shoveling fertilizer or milking an obstreperous goat."

In his opinion, "not one . . . had assumed the slightest responsibility for his personal appearance."

We shudder to think of what might happen to us if we disagreed with Greg. But the point here is that we don't disagree with him; we can't.

He's not the first person to bring the subject up. If we recall correctly, many of the same words were tossed around at the last ASUO senate meeting Thursday before last. Several people there, including faculty representative E. G. Ebbighausen, objected to the tent-sized sweaters and slept-in pants.

A member of the rally board was there at the time and offered a partial explanation—that the measurements for the sweaters were all messed up (he said when the measuring was done, the sweater maker mistook the length from shoulder to bottom for the length under arm to bottom; we can believe that.)

And what do the yell kings have to say about this teapot tempest? Well, apparently they don't agree with the critics . . . to put it mildly.

Len Krichevsky, number one yell leader, the boss so to speak, told us Wednesday noon that "as long as I'm yell king" the sweaters will stay. He said he and the others were satisfied with their outfits and that they'd received a lot of comment on the favorable side from other schools. And he added:

"I feel that the change we have made (from the dress worn by last year's troupe) has caused lots more comment and spirit . . . and I feel we have the best looking rally squad on the coast." He thought that in time people, including Mr. Gregory we suppose, would get used to the outfits.

Now the last thing we intend to do here is set ourselves up as fashion experts. As far as we're concerned Mr. Krichevsky and company can wear sharkskin or burlap and go barefoot if they so choose.

But in selecting their garb, we do hope they realize that they're representing (and very prominently) a few thousand other students. If they think they can do their best job by looking like models in a bargain basement, they've got reason to stick to it. But as Mr. Gregory puts it, they're under a special obligation to make us look good too.

It's Something for You

Something new has been added. And it's all yours.

The Festival of Contemporary Arts could well be the answer to all those complaints about studying that "dry old stuff." It's culture, of course, but it's culture with a special significance for you.

A six-week series of the best in modern painting, sculpture, dance, drama, music, literature, and films is offered, most of it free. Jose Limon, often acknowledged master of the interpretive dance, will perform and explain. If Mortimer Adler is any indication of the quality of the persons appearing, the festival will be tops in all fields. It should rival the 75th anniversary program of last year.

The art in this festival isn't just art which happens to have been produced in our time, in the words of Bertram Jessup of the philosophy department. It's art which couldn't have been produced in any other time.

That means that the exhibits, lectures, and performances will put in completed form the things you've been thinking about.

We've been complaining about activities, and we want to make it clear that this isn't an activity. It's primarily non-student work.

It is an opportunity to sample the artistic achievements of your own age. We'd like to quote from Dr. Jessup again.

'Here is new experience. We are invited to share it, to say what it shall be. Our responses are not charted; our valuations are not dictated by the past . . . Contemporary art invites us to ourselves, for we alone are the substance and the conditions out of which contemporary art comes to be. It is experience—our experience. We are it.'—H.J.

APPLE-DUNKING IN '23

Beaux Arts Ball at Oregon Traced Back to 1922 Origin

By Dick Carter
Emerald Assistant Managing Editor

Oregon's gay and unique dance, the Beaux Arts ball, established in 1922, will be presented Friday in

Gerlinger annex. Bob Oringdolph, junior in architecture and chairman of the affair, advises all budding Salvador Dalis in the community who are members of the arts school and their guests to

dress the part and attend. "Catastrophe," dance theme, will be interpreted by members of the art school who will design murals and decorations. Ralph Brevic's quartet will play for the dance.

The ball, Oregon's annual Associated Students of Architecture and Allied Arts masquerade, has evolved by jumps and bounces since the first art "ball" on the Oregon campus in 1922.

Tracing back the family tree, the whole idea stems from merry-making of the "Quatz Arts ball," the annual revel of the art students of the Ecole in the Paris of pre-war vintage.

University art students' first attempt to mimic the Parisian festival resulted in a Bohemian affair followed in 1923 by primly smock-bedecked, apple-dunking students putting their "Quatz Arts bal" to bed as a Halloween fete.

The next three years saw the addition of music in 1925, the year the old Allied Arts league was formed. A three-piece campus orchestra was brought in, quantities of food took on hearty proportions and in 1926 the title Beaux Arts ball was first applied to the dance. It was this year that the ball became a date affair. The orchestra had grown to 5-pieces and the costumes were quite elaborate.

A temporary cessation of activities dropped the masquerade out of sight until 1929 when once again, heralded by a leap year motive and followed by an airplane dropping tickets between Gerlinger and Johnson hall, students realized that Beaux Arts time, like spring, was inevitable and had become rejuvenated.

Another year, 1930, and the mural-threshers went exclusively aristocratic as they gave up such former sites as the men's gym and the Anchorage to hold their ball at the Osburn hotel.

"Night Life of Gay Paree" acted as incentive for 1931 merrymaking while the 1933 masque and costume-wearers derived their "East Indian Mardi Gras" theme from more hybrid origins.

Artists and Models

It was back to Gerlinger hall for 1935-37 beaux artists. Timbers of the Anchorage rocked and heaved to and fro once more as the group invaded as "Artists and Models" with music a la Benny Goodman via juke box.

More canned music and decorations and costumes depicting "A Night in the Louvre" made 1940's Beaux Arts ball a great success. During the war years the event suffered. Next we look at the year 1946 where a Mirza Baumhover took first prize for her costume. From the description, it was sort of double, half-and-half affair called "Saint and the Sinner."

Presuming that everyone who braved the holocaust of last year has been sturdy enough to recover physically, it's ten to one they still have a vivid mental image. It seems that old man winter hadn't retreated as far as was planned when the patio of the art school was chosen as the party site. All those arms and legs not properly insulated became so stiff with cold that the ASAAA decided not to rely so heavily on its horoscopes this year.

UO Professor Wins Speech Fellowship

Kenneth Wood, associate professor of speech, was awarded the fellowship of the American Speech and Hearing Association at their annual convention in Detroit, Nov. 20-22, 1952.

Qualifications for a fellowship of the association are activity in the group, appearance on the convention programs or service on the committees.

Does It Need Proving?



"I'm tryin' to prove a theory—that stupid, dumb blonde with the tight sweater got an 'A' from him in American Government last semester."

Dear Reader:

As we indicated earlier in the week, you missed something if you didn't hear Dr. Adler's two-part discussion on art, etc. Tuesday.

We may have overshot the mark slightly by saying he'd speak in words of one and two syllables—his subject required somewhat more difficult verbiage.

He reminded us, to some degree, of an iceberg, seven-eighths of him (or whatever portion of an iceberg it is) being beneath the water—or a submarine, where only the periscope breaks water. Of course, all this isn't very flattering to Dr. Adler, who we don't think would appreciate being compared to either object.

And it's exaggerating a bit, we'll admit. He was dealing with things that aren't always so easy to talk about. And, of course, he did a beautiful job.

You'll have to agree that though a periscope isn't so very large, it's the important part. Or are we showing our ignorance here too? Maybe they don't use them any more.

Dr. Adler said one thing which we were particularly glad to hear . . . coming from him. He said (and we forgot to take notes so we can't quote) that people who can't appreciate fine art aren't the stupid oafs that the people who can appreciate fine art may think they are.

Fine art is a species of entertainment; but so is prize fighting. And two different people can have the exact same experience, one hearing the delicate strains of a string quartet, the other the indelicate thud of leather gloves or bodies falling on canvas.

So if you still don't understand the wall work in the commuter's lunch room in the S. U., quit worrying about it. Maybe you get your kicks at the ball game. (J.H.)



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