

'One Fraternity Pin Equals 50 Votes,' That's How They Used to Play Politics

By LARRY LAU

Inner sanctum powwows among UO biggies indicated that many Webfoots of pre-war vintage are quietly grieving for the days when campus politics was a matter of cunning instead of fact. Staring morosely into Olympia bottles they will, if prompted, regale younger Webfoots with countless stories of the intense, but hilarious, political battles of yesteryear. Last year's incorruptible Snowbelle, they say, provided this era's first political belly laugh.

Elections used to feature torchlight parades, kidnappings, mass beer parties, heated speeches, intrigue and re-intrigue, coalitions made up of both Greeks and independents, and mud-slinging that was hotter than a Green Goose gossip column. A predominating reason for the lack of names in this article is the fact that many of the "wheels" of the 20's and 30's are back on campus, this time being paid for running the show. A doubter need only check back through old Emeralds and Oreganas.

In those days it was a battle-

royal, three terms a year, with a group known as the Sigma Chi bloc matching their wits, and pitting their strength against the now defunct Millrace bloc. The Canard club was one of the dominating forces within the Sigma Chi bloc. The records show that the Millrace group must have had a slight edge, having won a majority of the elections.

With campus population always under 4000 it was possible to forecast with uncanny accuracy, how many votes each candidate might get. The victors seldom won by more than 100 votes and sometimes by less than 20. Every election, whether for student-body president, or secretary of the Spanish club, was an intricate, slam-bang affair that almost everyone participated in because they were greatly interested. They claim that returning to politics as they were played in the past will obviate the present day necessity of telling students when and how to vote. Others claim that competitive spirit in politics is out of place and, like boo-

ing referees, gets out of hand and destroys its purpose. We'll concede that there are excellent arguments for both schools.

There is the now-famous story of the time when one of the Canard clubbers was running for ASUO prexy. It was to be a close election and several Greek and independent organizations were hanging back, refusing to pledge their support to either candidate . . . Also, there was a little matter of who was going to be Junior Weekend queen.

Sigma Chi bloc leaders contacted one of the fence-riding sororities (whose name we promised not to mention) and offered their support to one of their girls for JW queen if they would support their candidate to the No. 1 spot. . . Fine! The deal was made and the girl slid easily into the queenship with the rest of the votes split between the other candidates.

Millrace bloc leaders weren't idle! They decided something—anything should be done, or their candidate would (as they figured it) take a 50 vote licking. About a week be-

fore the election a designated member of the Millrace crew conducted a whirlwind courtship and succeeded in planting his pin on the political representative from the aforementioned sorority. Evidently all aflutter, the gal got business mixed up with pleasure and swung her whole house over to the millrace aspirants, who eked out a very narrow (17 votes) on the strength of this tender, romantic, double-cross.

Perhaps one of these springs several groups with either real or fancied grievances, will get together, foment in secret, and burst out wearing the daring gown of a third party, or coalition. If nothing else, this would give a post-war student body a chance to see how they like pre-war brass band and party politics.

The way it stands now, being chairman of two consecutive clean-up committees places one in line for the presidency. We'll wager Mssrs. Stassen and Taft wishes it were that simple.

Whatever Happened to Joe?

"There Are No G. I.s any more," says Theodore Draper in the January 31 issue of "The Saturday Evening Post". Draper, former division historian for the 84th infantry division, draws this conclusion after attending a division reunion recently in Denver, where he talked with his old buddies. He found people he knew, but there were not as he knew them. His buddies were civilians now, only two years after sweating out the repple depples in the ETO.

The article is largely case-histories, with a few general conclusions that should be of particular interest to the veteran in college. Draper observes that the older group that had felt the hardships of war most keenly, was more easily adjusted to the rigors of civilian life. Most of these men had families to return to jobs waiting for them. The war had been only an interruption in their careers.

The younger group was not so easily readjusted. By-and-large this group was more impressionable, more easily changed by the war experience. When they were discharged, they became civilians, too, but they were two to five years older than they had been before they entered the service, had no jobs, no skills, no families of their own. Generally speaking, that is the group that came to college to take advantage of the G. I. bill.

Upon graduation (1947 through 1951) they will still be only at the beginning of careers—two to six years after the war ended. In some respects their problems are only beginning. To many of them, the author observes, the thought is ever present, "Where would I be now if it hadn't been for the war." It's a rare G. I. student who hasn't asked himself that more than once.

Out "in the world" Draper finds little distinction between the veteran and the non-veteran. The clannishness that was so noticeable right after the war—the envy, suspicion and contempt for the war-time civilians—has largely melted away. Now, he says, it is more or less assumed that a person of veteran age is a veteran.

The "ruptured duck" which all veterans wore so belligerently in the winter and spring of 1945-46 is now seen only rarely. The casual observer is safe in assuming, however that nearly everybody has one home in the dresser drawer.

Rarely now do veterans meet as veterans to discuss "cleaning things up." Too often the veteran has found that the only thing he has in common with another veteran is the memory of being drafted.

We remember for example coming home from the wars and discussing with other veterans the chances of "doing something" about Oregon's obsolete liquor laws. That was nearly two years ago and the laws remain as before.

It is unfortunate that the author of the Post's article did not write in greater detail about the reaction to veterans' organizations. It would be interesting to read if we are correct in our observation that the larger organizations appeal principally to a certain type of veteran—or citizen—and that this type does not ordinarily frequent college campuses.

But there may be a problem coming. If the present level of employment in the nation is to be maintained, the author warns, a couple of million more jobs will have to be found for the veterans now in colleges. "The clouds on the horizon cannot be ignored without peril," he observes. That's us.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

This campus has more gay dogs than carter has pills. But then that is just my own private opinion after the events of the past weekend. It rounded out a month of pinnings, engagements, house dances, and various sundry brawls.

These gay collegians who have been ambiguously referred to as serfs, the country club set (how incongruous can we get?), turtles, peasants, and occasionally students proved themselves adroit at sticking to maxims such as "all work and no play makes Jack, or Jill as the case might be, mighty dull." (Apologies extended to the original creator of such deathless prose).

To begin with, the Phi Psis added a note of variety to their costume dance, which was dubiously tabbed "Davy Jones' Locker," by pulling a treasure hunt beforehand. The prize for which les femmes and dates scurried over the countryside was a bottle of mouthwash entitled Haig & Haig. Rick Hopper was surrounded by his many thirsty friends when he held up a victorious paw which clenched said bottle.

Seen crawling about were Ann Fenwick of Hendricks with Don Renwick, Virgil Tucker with ChiO cutie "sugar" Collinson, and DG Ann Hite with Vic Sellman. Subtlety expert Larry Lawless snagged himself a fine date in the person of ChiO Kay Snyder who went as something surrealistic from the art school.

Down the road a piece the K Sigs had their winter formal. House prexy George Bell squired ChiO Pat Davis, Kappa Kay Becker was there with Jack Donald, and Pi Phi Jacqueline Younger with Dave Eakin. Phil Patterson had lovely Pi Phi Bev Pittman as his date, Dick Morrison was with Tri Delt Beth Shoulderbrand, and King of Hearts candidate Al Riebel was with the Kappa's "Georgie" Balaam.

Also two more millrace house dances were the Beta's "Waterfront Cafe" complete with the old French sex appeal and the Chi Psi's "Cave Man" dance. Theta Jeanne Foster came down from Salem for the Beta dance and was there with Ray Farmer, OSC Phi Delt Ed Bishop, a friend of George Alexander's, was also down from Salem to go with Gammalie Jeanne Swift. Kappa Barbara Vowels looked mighty cute on the arm of Bill Yates, and Gammalie Harriet Huston and Dick Laird caused much pleasant chatter.

Playing the perfect Cave Man was that "hot boy" for coke dates, Jim Ellison with Theta Joan Edwards. Half pints George Gibson and Theta Eugenia Bileter made a good combo sitting cross-legged on the floor, sans silverware at the fried chicken gathering. Rumor has it occasional prehistoric squeals could be heard from the furnace room. ChiO Pan Newton was sporting a bone in her hair and Chuck Rufner as date.

Winners of the CHESTER-
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Despite All the Wails

It isn't very good, but it isn't nearly so bad as the rumors of a month ago would have indicated. House grades, released last weekend by the registrar, show that the all-University average is down, but only by .139. The rumor last month would have put it down about .4 or even .5.

A careful study of these figures also reveals some rather startling things. The Greek-letter organizations did pretty well. They dropped considerably less than the all-campus average, with sororities showing a decline of only .072 from spring term, and fraternities showing a drop of only .085.

Biggest single debacle is seen in the average for "men's clubs," which dropped .405. Traditionally the leader in scholarship, this class gave way even to the fraternities this fall. Women's clubs dropped only .104 from spring term.

Despite their decline of .203 from spring term, non-organization men maintain the lead on the male side of the books. Non-organization women, of course, keep their lead on the other side. Which may or may not prove that it pays not to join too many lodges.

However—and this is the amazing thing—Greek letter organizations are at the top of both columns. The DGs with a 2.78 nose out the Pi Phis and their 2.75. Last term the Pi Phis got a 2.74 while the DGs had to be content with a lousy 2.71. 'Twould seem to call for a duel. Both organizations were beaten spring term by the 2.83 of Highland house, a traditionally top-rank group which dropped to 22nd place in the all-campus scale, and to 15th on the women's side of the score sheet. Tau Kappa Epsilon, a new group on the campus, leads men's houses with a 2.65. Generally speaking the dormitory students showed as usual although sororities did top women's dorms this time.

What does all this prove? Not a heck of a lot, unless you are willing to admit that grades, as such, prove a heck of a lot. And you can't admit that unless you are willing to admit that one course is just as hard as another.

The only practical value to be gained from a list of house grades is the possible inspiration they give some house to crack the whip on lazy brothers and sisters. One group—a house which showed a drop of more than .4—is really doing something about it. The house scholarship officer interviewed each student who received a "D" grade, regardless of his GPA. He determined first how many times the student had cut the class in which he received the "D". Then he discussed other problems of the course with the student. That house stands to come way up this term.