

# Here Goes Kids, Politics-- The Question of Secession

Practical politicians look on the run from the USA and back to the AGS as a "smart" move. A move generally conceded to be favorable to AGS, and disastrous to USA.

But perhaps it is just as well for USA to have these houses draw back into the Greek bloc. USA contends to be a party of individuals, not houses; and it appears that it will soon have opportunity to prove it is made up of individuals.

Of course, the houses out of the AGS did not officially belong to USA, but it was generally understood that they gave USA its support. And now that they have turned back to AGS, received their little slaps on the hands (no candidates for at least a year), it is assumed that they will not support USA.

Exactly what prompted the moves back is not quite clear. After losing two student body president elections in two years, the AGS wisely decided something must be done to get all the fraternities and sororities in the same fold. What offers were made to the previously rebellious houses are not known.

Perhaps the realization by the Delta Zetas, the Tekes, and other former "outlaws" that they would have to have qualified candidates if they were to receive nominations from the USA was enough to scare them back to AGS—where frequently the only qualification for any candidate is that he belongs to the right house and be able to follow instructions to the letter.

At any rate, USA is rapidly losing "house" support. But greater hope for that party may lie in the work of strong individuals. Because there may still be people who believe in good student government, and who will work for the nomination of competent, qualified, and capable persons regardless of where they live or what jewelry may or may not adorn their sweaters.

And these people, through hard work, sincere beliefs, and a conscientious desire to see student politics remain above a Greek-Independent battle, may band together and work to see that the supporters of high-level student government are placed in positions of influence.

Letters to the editor may be submitted to the editor in the Emerald Shack. Those received before 3 p.m. will be considered for publication in the following day's issue.

Double spaced, typewritten letters of 250 words or less have the best chance of being published and read, though any letter addressed to the editor for publication will be considered.

## Queenie--Top Mystery

There's every possible chance that the Junior Weekend Queen will be crowned this Friday evening at the All-Campus Sing.

We say every possible chance, because the on-again off-again Queen announcement has been promised three times. And three times the Junior Weekend committees decided to prolong the suspense, so the announcement date was changed.

First, the Queen was to be announced the Monday immediately following voting. The committee was courageously breaking with tradition, and planned to give the Queen a longer reign.

But it was an uphill fight. The committee reneged and decided to hold off the announcement until sometime that week; the week rapidly ran out, and the committee made a third last minute stab and said—"the announcement is due Friday."

That was last Friday. But no announcement. Now, the Queen will not be known until coronation this Friday evening, unless the committee changes its mind again.

Who knows, perhaps the suspense will be made even greater, and the Queen won't be announced until after the Weekend is over. This, at least, would be a novel touch.

It's not that we are particularly unhappy about having the Queen's identity remain a secret until the all-campus sing. Though we do think allowing the queen and her court a little longer reign is a nice idea.

However, the committee, or committees, should make up their minds and then stick to their decision. Oh well, Hail! Queen Whoever-you-are I.

## Sophomore Wisdom

# Courtship in the Co-op Or-- Love's Latest Folly

by Bob Funk



He found her in the Co-op, demurely looking over the collection of 50-cent pipes.

"Coke?" he asked.

"Ha. No sale." She pursed her lips into a period, and regarded him coolly. "No cokes today, bub. I'm trying to quit."

"You're mad," he said, thinking himself danged clever to have figured all this out. "I have just divined that you are mad, and I further divine that you are mad because I didn't call you."

"Melt," she muttered. "Evaporate. Now how could I be mad, hmmm? How could I be mad after you've treated me so fine, so really fine? Now, it couldn't be that you billed me for that orchid corsage, or that you bit the house mother's wrist at the house dance, or that you have called only once in two months, and then only to ask the name of one of our freshmen who is blonde and sits behind you in class.

"And it couldn't be, it couldn't be, because you said you felt odd and I said it was love and you said no, it was the fifth cocktail. Oh, no. No, it's just that I have a new ulcer, and have quit coke forever."

"Yes," he said, astonished at his own insight, "you're mad. How about a root beer?"

"You'll never buy my love with soda pop," she said proudly, flinging what remained of her hair over her right ear. "I'll not be

bought!" And with that she sank sobbing to the floor, taking up all the space between the pipe counter and the counter that displayed U. of O. ????? sweat shirts. He kicked her gently in the thigh.

"Arise, beloved, you're blocking the line to the cigarette counter."

"Let me die," she said in a muffled voice, her mouth being covered by one arm. "Let me die here. Forget me. Don't let me hold you back—go out with other girls . . . new fields to conquer, new house mothers to bite."

"All right," he said bravely. "Besides, coke for one is cheaper than two."

"Not so fast there, sonny!" She arose with a radiant smile, executed a triple-nelson on him, and led him to a secluded corner by the typewriters. "I've recovered."

"Yeah," he observed. "Ya sure have."

"Toujours gai!" she giggled.

"Coke?" he queried.

"Soda," she replied.

"All is forgiven?"

"Not until after you've taken me to the prom." And, hot little hand in hot little hand, they exuded out the front door, just like anybody else, and went and bought a soda. This is love a la Co-op, we guess.

And the reason for this is that it is spring and time to write about stuff like this.

You, yeah, you could probably do better, but would you want to? We got ya there!

## On the Air

# The Soles Are Already Gettin' Thin; Everything Depends on 'When'

by Marty Weitzner

Ever since they first decided that "history repeats itself," people have been developing theories which show a cyclical trend in the rise and fall of civilization. All of them have tried to establish a regular pattern of development, improvement, and breakdown, which began back in the days when our ancestors hung their "Room to Rent" signs up on cave walls.

Our teachers have proven these theories to an adequate extent against the European and Far Eastern background, but no one has tried to stack Toynbee up against the continent that Columbus discovered in 1492. Rather than try, we have gone ahead and have developed our own American cyclical theory of history. It is a little off the beaten track, and might not excite the educators even if we do get it to work. Hence its inclusion here, and not in some periodical devoted to historical research.

Let's go back to the era right after World War I. Peace conferences made the headlines, prohibition made the era, and jazz made the music. America was living in a time of hope and prosperity, and the music reflected that era.



When the depression hit, and stocks and fortunes tumbled, we turned to escapism. This was the era of swing, of loud blaring music. It sounded like our own thoughts, hesitant, unsure.

Like our economy, our music developed. The people who made swing in 1933-36 began making dance music in 1937-38-39. Munich and "peace in our time", and "war mongers" and "isolationism" were historical factors then. We could see shooting ahead of us, and musically, we wanted to get in the last dance before war shut out the lights.

When World War II ended, we

entered a happy era. Russia and the United States beamed at each other in San Francisco. Men came ashore from ships in New York and San Francisco looking for ways to blow off the steam accumulated over two to four years, and we went "bop" crazy. After a short while we went back to our jazz, and it was and is, 1920 all over again. Once more we are back in the era of the Charleston and the bobbed hair, even if we don't have to rely on the bathtub for our spirits.

But what's this. China goes Communist. The Russians shoot down an American plane. Talks of conferences with the men of Moscow. At the same time, look at the music. The dance hall men are coining money all over again. Are they going to shut the lights on us again?

That's the cycle. Jazz when we are happy, "bop," swing, etc. when we aren't sure. When the boys start marching, we want to dance. They closed our first big dance with the Lusitania. Pearl Harbor closed our second. The music magazines tell us we are entering our third big hop.

Hope we can wear out our dancing shoes on this one.



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