

Leave Platforms on Floats

There's frequently the cry of politics connected with Junior Weekend (selection of committees, queens, princesses, and so forth and so on). But this year politics is playing its role right out in the open during the weekend.

With student body elections set for May 22, and the special constitutional election the same day, would be political wheels have to be thinking of platforms and plans for something other than their house floats.

No more will there be a gay, carefree, naturally pleasant attitude at the picnic—in every smile and every "hello" suspicious persons will see the gleam of a baby-kissing candidate.

Clever politicians might even furnish dixie cups free at the picnic with a "vote for Joe" stamped on every spoon. Or perhaps honorary members will be instructed to remind persons whom they serve to "Vote AGS, Avoid a Mess;" or "Vote USA, It's the Way;" (whichever the case may be).

And then there is the very definite possibility that this Junior Weekend will be so good that nobody will really care about politics, and will devote all their time to having fun at the picnic, prom, float parade, sing, etc.

Which sounds like an excellent idea.

'Not for Just an Hour'

New buildings aren't the only improvements the campus will see this year. University requirements are being changed for the better, too.

Faculty members met Wednesday and decided to level off the number of hours required of all upperclassmen, whether they're in professional schools or not. Students now will need 62 upper-division hours if they want a bachelor's degree.

To those juniors who can't see where they will squeeze 17 extra upper-division hours into already crowded schedules for next year, the registrar's office gives these words of possible consolation:

"Following past precedent, a reasonable period of grace will probably be allowed for those in transition. It is probable that the faculty will take care of the matter before the end of the year."

The change was not made to correct any existing evil. It was just a matter of keeping up with the times—recognizing the fact that more schools have changed to upper-division standing, and that more probably will in the future.

Thus more students will have a more adequate minimum backlog of courses and hours, and the four-year University program will be more uniform for all.—A.G.

A Peekaboo Other Places

Here's the latest rundown on the goings-on at college campuses located all around the country:

Discrimination is rearing its ugly head at the University of Colorado where campus organizations have banded together to boycott and take other actions against the Buff Barber shop.

Elections hold the spotlight at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. A record turnout of 755 voted at the primaries—but much hinged on the verdict handed down on five candidates who violated publicity regulations.

At Seattle, a University of Washington professor declared in open address that "professors have the right to teach overthrow of the government." Meanwhile, plans are going ahead for the annual sophomore carnival—called the "Greatest Show on Campus."

School will be out early at Idaho State College at Pocatella. Commencement exercises are scheduled for May 26.

At the University of North Carolina, tempers reached the breaking point as the student government battled over the practicality of the National Student Association's purchase card system. A proposal for replacing it with a student board of control has been advanced—and the outcome hinges on investigations into which one offers the best advantages in dealing with the Chapel Hill, N. C., merchants.

Agitation was bustling on the Louisiana State University for the store owners around the campus to close during convocations. The hope was that attendance would receive a healthy boost in that way. But some people still had their doubts.—T.K.

The Doctor Says...

If the tug-o-war between sophomores and freshmen is to be held over the millrace this year with one of the teams getting dunked, it is likely that this tug-o-war will be of more consequence than the usual tug-o-war.

The teams will not only be fighting for the honor of their class in a spirited struggle—they will be fighting to keep their good health.

The millrace is polluted. Both a doctor at the University Health Service, and the Eugene Health Department consider it inadvisable to swim (or get dunked) in the waters.

Immersion in the millrace could lead to typhoid fever or diphtheria, or any number of diseases and sicknesses. The water is not clean, it is super-polluted. The sewage of the upper Willamette towns, added to the garbage of the millrace bed which has been dry the past few weeks, has made the race a dangerous spot in which to swim.

Dr. Squire Bozorth of the health service believes it might be all right if people could keep the water out of their noses and throats. But the losing side in the tug-o-war will not have much time or chance to think about keeping their heads above the water.

Unpleasant as the fact is, the best and most commendable solution would be to either cancel or change the location of the tug-o-war. Traditions can be carried only so far, any reasonable and intelligent person will agree. And when the carrying out of a tradition endangers the health of those involved then that tradition should be modified.

If traditions are to receive their pre-war importance, and this year through the efforts of the traditions committees they have regained some of their prestige, then traditions must be handled with common sense.

And common sense prohibits the dunking of persons in the millrace.

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In the Beginning There Were Flags and Lids and Oratory

Since its inception 61 years ago in 1890, Junior Weekend activities have come a long way. Like today—they'll hold the tug-o-war and then there's the float parade and the luncheon and a raft of other activities all building up to Saturday night's extra special—the Prom.

But it hasn't always been this way. In fact, the whole affair had a rather tempestuous beginning—and through the years traditions have been added, changed, and dropped in rapid succession, the files of Old Oregon reveal.

The whole thing started at the turn of the gay 90's when an exaggerated oratorical contest was christened "Junior Exhibition" day. But soon this little pipsqueak of an affair started growing until finally—by 1906—it got completely out of hand. It seems that the juniors took it upon themselves to raise a class flag each year and then stationed guards by it to prohibit its furly tail from ever touching the ground. And then some underclassmen took it upon themselves to assemble forces, charge the flagpole, and rip the flag—and any juniors standing in the way—to barest shreds.

As a counter measure, the juniors climbed in large

dry-goods boxes and were hoisted up so that they might better defend their banner. But the underclassmen, not to be outdone, scared up a water hose and soon turned it full force upon the helpless juniors.

Cuts and abrasions became a trademark to the day so the emphasis was changed to "Campus Cleanup" in 1906. This was called "Class Day" and lasted until 1908 when Junior Weekend finally received official recognition. That was the same year that the big concrete 'O' was erected.

Today—freshmen think it novel to wear green lids on Junior Weekend. But perhaps few of them know that until 1935 it was considered a distinct honor—and that freshmen wore their lids through the entire school year until Junior Weekend. At that time, the lids were flung into a huge bonfire—signifying the freshman's newly won freedom.

Even the tradition on "hello" walk was enforced all the year around and not just during the May weekend.

Also, the senior bench, formed in 1910, used to be lighted up by a bright beacon at night—and seniors were kept busy preventing their inferiors from occupying the sacred stone.

However, hazing practices on the Law School steps got out of hand—so these campus mores were deleted.

There were other traditions, too, that came and left as the years rolled by—the dunking of violators in a duck pond near 11th and Kincaid, a canoe carnival with its queen on the Millrace, and special dress and fashion shows for future co-eds held, appropriately enough, immediately after the muddy tug-o-war.

In 1940 they recaptured the gaiety of Strauss and "Springtime in Vienna"—with students dressed in the raiment of old Austria and dancing to the wonderful waltzes.

And so it's come down to the present—with all the big weekend activities telescoped with those of Mothers' Day and the All-Campus sing and the tap-pings and countless others.

Certainly—after a sag during the war years—Junior Weekend is coming back stronger than ever. And, if the past is any indication, there's just no telling what traditions will hang over Junior Weekend a decade from now.—T.K.