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Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

In response to requests from garbage men the nation over we will devote today's column to a biography of garbagedom's first citizen, the man who put romance in garbage disposal—Mushton-K. Spinoza.

Mushtonkin started early his association with what was later to mold his life. At the age of 3.675 his mother mistook him for the leftovers of Saturday night supper, deposited him gently between the fruit salad father forgot to eat and a can of exhausted tuna fish. This is not difficult to understand. Mushtonkin was a very unattractive infant.

Artist

Entranced by his surroundings, even at this early age, Mushtonkin scented that here his future lay. At 5 he began to draw sur-realistic garbage cans on his father's tux shirts.

His parents, schooled in progressive educative methods, were quick to realize the potentialities of their son's aptitude. His mother, a portly woman who later modeled for her son's garbage can ads, immediately enrolled Mushtonkin in McFlunkey's Elementary Trash Basket Kindergarten.

But destiny had marked Mushtonkin for its own. One night a vision of Mayor Hague mounted on a platinum garbage can revealed itself to him. The air was scented with the sweet stench of campus politics and o'er the mayor's head dangled a neon garbage lid halo.

Voices

"Come to Jersey City where even garbage is corrupt," the spirit said.

Mushtonkin packed, immediately set out to follow his secret destiny.

The wake of the honorable mayor was easy to follow for anyone who had a nose at all. It was damn pungent.

In Jersey City Mushtonkin (now Mushky to his intimates) took advanced courses in sewage disposal, wrote his doctor's dissertation on "The Effects of Garbage on the Course of Empire," became personal garbage man to Mayor Hague. He came in very handy in the disposal of bothersome Republican politicians.

Is a Man

His salary under the Jersey messiah enabled Mushtonkin to become independent, shake off his political affiliations which always left a bad stench in his wagon, and become what he had always dreamed of becoming—the glamor boy of the garbage world.

He established headquarters at 59 Rockefeller Plaza, immediately set to work on innovations to revolutionize his profession. He astounded the garbage world with his first innovation; white tie and tails for garbage men on evening runs. He followed this up with the combination garbage and black market sausage wagon.

He established higher rates for Park avenue garbage consisting of only hors devres and Martini green olive pits.

Honors began to flow on him. Hahvahd awarded him an honorary doctorate magna cum refuse. Princeton created a new degree for him—DDR, Doctor of Domestic Residue. He received Germany's coveted Schtinker's Cross with double skunk's tails. Japan knighted him Brother of the Aromatic Empire.

Still Going

The ingenuity that inspired him as a young man still keeps him active today. Though retired (Please turn to page three)

Have It Around

By BERT MOORE

For better or for worse, the Emerald is having a gossip column again. . . .

The Taus evidently haven't seen the figures given out by the registrar regarding the ratio of men to women on the campus, for Chick Cecchini and Jim Bedingfield were out with Portland girls who were on the campus over the weekend.

Coed's champion Marge Dibble is reportedly fostering a petition against any like recurrences.

ATOs Busy

The Taus were also very busy handling pins over the last few days. Theta Martha Lee Benke gave Barney Frank the Irvin S., Elaine Wilson, Chi O, restored Jack Pennington's hardware, Don Lonie planted his cross on Pi Phi Mary Jane Simmons, and Theta Louise Gordon returned Bud Vandeneynde's. All is not off between the last two, however, they are still going steady, which is something.

With all kinds of red faces on the campus this week Fiji Dave Swanson took over the title of "Reddest of Them All" Saturday night at the Frosh Glee when he tried to introduce Theta Franny Colton and found that he had forgotten her name. After five minutes of frantic choking Fran took pity and introduced herself. Swanson is reported to be ill on the way back to the infirmary, due to a swollen tongue.

Ball and Chain

Friends of Sigma Chi will be glad to know that the national "Ring - in - the - nose" club is allowing the SC's to form a chapter on this campus. Charter members include Dave Jahn (Genny Coykendall, Pi Phi), Bob Curtis, (Jean Daniels, Theta), Art Hosfeldt (Teddy Nicholi, Theta), Frank Baker (Betty Lind), and Harry Thompson (Mary Jane Eachus, Pi Phi). Jahn, elected president at an informal session by the mill race, is considering the petitions for entrance of Hal Ford, who is romancing Tri-Delt Signe Eklund, and Len Surles, fervent admirer of Chi O Charlene (Chuck) Pelley.

The stars fell down on Alpha Chi O Nelda Rohrback Saturday night, one landing on her finger. This beautiful piece of prose comes to you through the courtesy of Lee Spitzer, Phi Sig, who was last seen climbing the steps of Johnson hall to eradicate an inscription there once and for all.

Brass Bulletins

Pin news: Theta Barbara Bock took Beta Kim Kaufman's over the weekend, and sister Mary Jo Warren made it a Beta doubleton with Jack Munro's. Jo Hemenway, Pi Phi pixie, took Theta Chi Roy Bryant's and Gamma Phi Virginia Wright, Kappa Sig Sonny Fenton's. Janet Bean, Theta, returned Delt King Martin's pin Friday night and took it again Saturday, making her eligible for some sort of a record.

Item: Pi Phi Laura Case returned Gordy Child's Theta Chi pin.

Item: Mary Gorrie (G. D. I.) is back in town.

This week's best bet: That Roger Jayne will give his Beta pin to Chi O prexy Dorothy Routt soon.

Chin Out

Personal to Dave Swanson: My throat is available for cutting every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 11 till noon at the Side.

Personal to anybody: I will buy or trade grandmother (in good condition) for alarm clock. I'm in danger of flunking my eight o'clock.

In response to many requests (two, to be exact), I reprint the poem from which the title of this column is taken. This poem was (Please turn to page three)

Freedom . . .

ONE of the four great freedoms for which the world has been making itself a pockmarked battlefield for several hundreds of years is the freedom of the press.

The poor press has been kicked around and fought over since Gutenberg and yet even today there is no freedom of printing or freedom of publication in the greater part of the world. Editors today have pledged themselves to work for a "world guarantee of the freedom of the press" after the war, but what are their chances?

In Russia, in Germany, in China, in Italy, in every country where the government still controls the press even in peacetime, there can be no real freedom of the press. Nor is there freedom of speech over the radio, or action in the motion pictures, nor freedom in any other major form of communication—not even mouth to mouth in some countries.

* * *

ONE country cannot have a real connection, socially, with another country when they are separated by language, by restrictions, and by traditions. It may take still more hundreds of years to break down all the barriers between the peoples of the world who have freedom of communication, those who do not even understand this great freedom.

Time magazine this week in their background for peace department outlined the stepping stones and the pitfalls to a real unification of countries via freedom of the press, the movies, the radio, and transportation.

* * *

SAID Time, "It is still the world of the Great Navigators, a world three-quarters ocean, unpotable, inhospitable, and deadly to men; the dark masses of land are still as large, the stony mountains still as high, the myriad populations still as strange, the myriad languages still as hard to learn. They deceive themselves who say this globe has shrunk to a convenient size, to a neighborhood whose men can greet each other at corners and whose women can borrow butter across the fence. The truth has been lost in a metaphor. The old and profound distances between places and between minds are still the same; only superimposed on them are the new adjacencies of air travel, the new omnipresent communications as instantaneous as light itself.

"Yet in this delicate film of intercourse, of mutual visiting and mutual speech, misunderstood, over-rated and abominably overcharged as it has been with blatancy and mistranslation and deceit, lies part of the world's hope. It is the hope that some day all the media of intercourse may be free, and the important ones as responsible as they are free, that speech between the great regions may become more modest and exact, that respect for one another's differences and charity toward one another's fault may be taught through the air and on the screen along with the tragi-comic curiosities of the news, and that not only the facts but the schemes of those who would make the facts their tools may be known and judged by a healthy world society."

The Test . . .

TODAY reservists in two classes will buckle down to one of the longest exams they will ever take, in college or out. They will write until their fingers are sore and their eyes ache from the glare of the white paper, but all of them will finish, because more depends upon today's test than on any other they will take while at the University.

The armed forces have learned that skilled minds, when they have their quests for knowledge turned in the right direction, are one of the most useful of all the articles and implements of war.

The outcome of today's test will tell hundreds of University men whether or not they can best serve their country peeling potatoes or planning military strategy.

Good luck, navy and marine reservists.

—B. L.