

With the Legislators Washington

President Truman asked yesterday for the right to shake up the executive branch of government. Quickly a bipartisan move started to let him have it, but Senator Taft (R-Ohio) urged caution.

Mr. Truman asked the lawmakers:

1. To restore the power to overhaul the government that was held by the president temporarily under 1939 and 1945 laws. He wants it made permanent.

2. To make no exceptions. The previous laws barred the president from touching a number of agencies.

3. To keep the veto power in congress. This means that Mr. Truman would lay any reorganization plan before the lawmakers. If they didn't approve they would have 60 days to kill it.

Mr. Truman's proposal followed similar recommendations by Chairman Herbert Hoover of the commission on government reorganization. The former president wrote congress last week that a general reshuffling of the "most gigantic business on earth" is badly needed. He also said that to get results there should be no exempted agencies.

Mr. Truman's message prompted immediate introduction of a bill by Chairman McClellan (D-
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The Phi Psis Move

The Phi Psis have been wooed and won.

Last spring eight Greek-letter houses, including Phi Kappa Psi, bolted the Greek bloc so their members would be free to support the United Students association, a Greek-Independent coalition.

Last Friday the Phi Psi chapter announced it was returning to the bloc. The move was made on the heels of an announcement by bloc president Mo Thomas that the Greek party was undergoing a reorganization.

What effect will the move by the Phi Psis have on the USA and the other seven Greek houses?

When contacted by the Emerald yesterday representatives of the seven houses all announced that their houses would remain loyal to the USA.

Theoretically the Phi Psi's return to the fold should not hurt the USA. In their statements last spring, the USA said they wanted individuals in their party, not groups. But if such individuals desire to participate in the USA, is the Greek bloc powerful enough to prevent its sons and daughters from participation in non-bloc politics?

The USA is dependent upon individual support for its existence. Now the question arises, how sincere were the members of the eight rebelling Greek houses and the Independent students who formed the coalition party? Were they honestly attempting to clean up campus politics, or were they simply politicians frustrated in their quest for campus power? It isn't all black and white. There were those members of the rebels who were undoubtedly sincere. Will they be able to carry on the crusade?

The Greeks observed the popular appeal of a reform movement last spring, and evidently decided that it would benefit them in almost all politics that reform comes to the fore only in time of crisis.

Evidently, two reforms groups now face each other across the no-man's land of campus politics. The frosh elections will be the testing ground. The professed appeal of both parties is to the intelligent, thinking voter. That voter has his choice.

American AIRPLANES

By Tom Marquis

At the request of countless numbers of American Airlines readers I have consented to present a brief history of the birth of radio in order that listeners may have a better understanding of the most powerful medium of communication since the Pony Express.

It seems that some years ago there was an Italian by the name of Macoroni who worked in a wire factory in the little Villa del Turin Bay, a seacoast town just south of Fozzia.

Macoronia was a simple peace loving man most of the time. But once in a while when things at the shop or around the house didn't go quite right his fierce temper would exhibit itself. As an aftermath of such displays, Macoroni would consume great quantities of wine in effort to cool his ungovernable temper.

One morning at the breakfast-table his wife said to him, "Elbo," for that was his first name "we've got to have more money. The bambinos aren't getting enough vino to make them grow up big and strong. Why don't you ask the boss for a raise."

Macoroni, still in the throes of early morning awakening, did not take kindly to this sort of talk. He left the house in a tiff, and instead of going straight to work he stopped off at the local piazza to tip a few.

Feeling no pain by the time he arrived for work late in the afternoon, Macoroni decided to take his wife's advice and see the boss.

Such a meeting had already been arranged for him.

It seems that the head man was displeased at Macoroni's late arrival, the more so that Macoroni held the important job of wire winder. In his absence the wire had become entangled in practically every machine and worker in the establishment.

The impassioned plant manager, a chap named Benito Vitorio, cast several asunders on Macco-

roni's lineage before dismissing him summarily.

Macoroni disappeared into the catacombs to brood on the strange quirks of human nature. The scars on his sensitive soul caused by, first his wife's nagging, and then the outburst by his boss, mushroomed like toadstools in the cool depths of the caverns. His now twisted mind knew only one goal—REVENGE.

He must think of some way to put the wire company out of business. The idea of an entire world that did not use wire seemed to be the best solution. Elbo set about to invent substitutes for every item in society that used wire in its production.

At first things went rather slowly. And then it came—the first seering burst of inspiration—he would invent the wireless telegraph, fore-runner of radio. Backed by the vast financial reserves of the American soap industry work proceeded swiftly.

At the first broadcast of a soap opera Macoroni was hailed as a genius. For a time all went well for him. The little factory at Turin Bay was forced to halt production. Macoroni's revenge toward his wife was complete when he ran off with an aria singer named Vesuvius Pompei.

Elbo lived happily for a time; but he was living in a fool's paradise. His eventual fall was not far in the offing.

The increased need for wire in certain articles of women's apparel brought about the reopening of the wire plant. Vesuvius soon tired of Elbo and deserted him for an aggressive traveling spaghetti salesman from Milan. The constant broadcasting of soap operas soon broke Elbo's spirit and he died a broken and forgotten man.

But not before he had given his contribution to a fickle public. From such humble beginnings have come some of the world's great advances. We humbly salute Elbo Macoroni—the father of radio.

From Our Mailbag

Letters to the Editor

DISTURBED

To the Editor:

Nothing is quite so disturbing as to pick up the morning newspaper and read a column or two of sincere, but inaccurate ravings of a feature writer. As, for instance, the recent commentary on "Why Do Girls Come to Oregon?" in the Emerald.

According to the writer, it is merely a desire on their parts to throw stardust into the eyes of an "nonsuspecting" male, and while he is helpless, drag him off kicking and screaming to the altar. This is pure, unadulterated balderdash!

Let us approach the whole problem methodically. First, when have there been most campus marriages? The answer is obvious—since the war.

Then—what change has there been in the composition of the campus population which might explain this? The women? Hardly; they have remained a constant factor through the years; coming out of high school and going into college without interruption (even through the years when the campus was so devoid of men that girls had to paint the "O," may it be remembered).

The men? Ahhh, there is the changeable factor! When these remarkable creatures began to filter back to the scene in the fall of 1945, they were two to ten years older than the downy-cheeked youths who once were typical Joe Colleges hereabouts. They were somewhat more mature and ready, as the saying goes, to "settle down."

So, for the past three years, a girl hasn't been able to date a guy more than three times in a row, but what he gets that "home and f'ing and everything" gleam in his eye. "Home" being either a trailer and a hundred feet boardwalk, or three rooms and a rowboat in

Amazon flats. For this a girl wants to give up a room in a house with hot and cold running water, and meals served without personal hand-to-hand combat with a coal stove? Some evidently do, but this falls into the classification of unsolvable mysteries along with why girls get better grades than boys.

But to get back to the girl who is not looking for a man, some man, any man. Consider the date problem she faces. She likes to go out dancing and such, but she can't quite see this old stuff about wedded bliss for several years to come.

So what happens? Beautiful friendships explode all over the place as Joe takes her hand in his, were as woefully misguiding. As an example, remember this statement? "... they (coeds) complain that when men don't go out Saturday night it is because they want to study. If girls don't go out Saturday night it is not because they want to study but because they can't get a date." Very glib . . . and utterly misleading.

A girl is not often permitted to

thinks what filing a joint return would do to his income tax, and says will you be mine, huh?

Betty who up to now has been somewhat attracted to the dear boy, immediately begins to cast about for a kindly way to brush him off. So at this point comes the old business of you are one of the swellest boys I've ever known, and I'll always want to be friends, but—etc., etc.

Lesser points in the column forget that this is a man's world (except, May, which has Mortar Board), in which it is customary that he ask she for any and all appointments to be made. If a man wishes to go out, he goes. If a coed wishes to go out, she waits, and, and waits, sometimes, which can result in a weekend of gnashing of teeth and reading good books.

As for discussing last night's wrestling match with the girls, the writer practically admits that due to the notorious duplicity of males, a girl has to circulate around and get the low-down from the others, in order to pro-

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The Lowdown Some Notes on the Progress Of Speech in the United States

By Bud Hurst

Once upon a time men were refined and gentle of thought. They expressed themselves in words and on paper in a way that was often delightful to listen to and behold. But what of today? How does our old friend Joe College say the same things? Let's see.

MILTON—"Beauty stands in the admiration only of weak minds led captive."

JOE—"I don't see what'nell he sees in her anyway."

DE BENSERADE—"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry, and born in bed, in bed we die."

JOE—"Geez, what a sack artist he is."

GOETHE—"Blood is a juice of a very spe kind."

JOE—"Twenty bucks a pint they give ya and it don't hurt at all."

HERBERT—"In conversation boldness now bears away, but know, that nothing can so foolish be as empty boldness."

BETTY COED—"Don't get fresh, big boy, or I leave right this instant. See!!"

SHAKESPEARE—"The undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

JOE—"And then they went to the dance at Fern Ridge park and damn near didn't get back."

JEFFERYS—"The bud is on the bough again, the leaf is on the tree."

JOE—"Who's fer goin' on a picnic?"

SHAKESPEARE—"The early village cock hath twice done salutation to the morn."

JOE—"Awright you, this is the last time I'm callin' you. Do you wanta make that eight o'clock or dontcha?"

CAMPBELL—"The combat deepens. On, ye brave, who rush to glory or to the grave."

JOE—"Okay. It's past seven. let's hit the books."

MILTON—"Such sweet compassion doth in music lie."

JOE—"Wanta dance, honey?"

SHAKESPEARE—"An inhuman wretch, uncapable of pity,

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