

Atoms Safe in Peace

In four brief years the problems of international control of atomic energy have faced mankind. Time is running out. Soviet possession of atomic secrets presents a new urgency.

International control has been stalled in the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission for the last three years. The United States has maintained that there must be effective international ownership, inspection, and licensing of all atomic development. Such a proposal would in effect provide for a limited world government. These proposals have been vetoed by the Soviet Union and her satellites.

The Soviet Union calls for the outlawry and destruction of atomic weapons without effective international inspection and control. The Soviet proposal is similar to the outlawry of war pacts signed during the twenties.

With Soviet possession of the bomb and her refusal to agree to effective control little hope remains. David Lilienthal, the chairman of the American Atomic Energy Commission, has called for continued leadership by the United States in the field of atomic weapons. This presents no long range answer. The power of the "weak" Hiroshima bomb is capable of untold destruction.

Basically the only protection lies in the prevention of war. No system of safeguards can be devised that will provide an effective guarantee against production of atomic weapons by a nation bent on war.—Walter Dodd.

Miss Millrace Misses

The festivities on the Millrace last Friday night were enlivened by the appearance of a darkhorse—a "Miss Millrace."

This young lady, a member of one of the stream-bordering houses, was placed in her position of honor apparently by rather informal methods. No one on campus could remember voting for her—not even most of the members of her own house.

It seems that she was chosen and crowned by a segment of a neighboring fraternity.

The whole affair—no puns intended—is now water under the dam. It was an innocuous enough action.

But it doesn't take much imagination to see that chaos would result if every house or group thereof decided on the spur of the moment to put up its own queen at Junior weekend, Homecoming, or the Sophomore Whiskerino.

There's a proper way to do these things. The good of the University will be furthered if these rules are observed.—B.H.

A Disillusioned Frosh

It's always nice to know that someone agrees with you.

We received our first "letter to the editor" today, and surprisingly enough it wasn't a condemnation or correction of something we printed. Unfortunately the letter wasn't signed, so we won't print it in whole, but we can quote from it.

The fellow called his subject "last Saturday's fiasco." This new student thought the Hello dance was a get-acquainted session, but was amazed to find (despite an Emerald edit warning him) that the dance "was a more or less coming-out party for the chaps that have got themselves set-up for the coming year.

"There wasn't a stray female in sight," the letter continued. "The dance was completely taken over by the 'old guard' and the fast workers of this term."

The "gist" of his letter is this: "Why the formality?" And then he further suggested that "you ought to sponsor no-date dances."

Whether he meant the Emerald, the student body, the classes, the student union, or some other organization, we aren't sure.

But we do pass on his suggestion in the hopes that some group may pick it up and act on it according to its worth.

The Squeeze Play

One of the unpleasant aspects of campus construction was the announcement by the University Theater of the cancellation of their October production.

The play was planned for presentation in Johnson Hall. The stage, however, was boarded up and plastered over without due notification to the Theater; leaving the dramatists no satisfactory playing area.

The new theater, being constructed west of Villard, will not be ready for use before December.

Instead of the usual six major productions during the academic year, this year's season will have only five. The quality of University Theater productions, even in the cramped, inadequate quarters of the Johnson Hall stage, has been consistently high.

With good theater as scarce as it is, even the loss of one production is a situation which the administration should have attempted to avoid.

A Review ...

Solution to Infantile Thinking

...by Herb Spady

Collegiate campuses are no exception to the worldwide existence of infantilism. College students as members of the present civilization are woefully deficient in ability to deal with human problems, which would prove less emotionally disturbing and troublesome with the proper 'semantic reactions' (our 'mental-emotional-physiological' reactions to words). The use of words which have no 'meaning,' "leads to non-survival, pathological states of general infantilism, infantile private and public behavior, infantile institutions, infantile 'civilizations' founded on strife, fights, brute competitions, etc., these being supposedly the 'natural expression of human nature,' as different commercialists and their assistants . . . would have us believe." The solution of human problems becomes more imparitive as the Third World War approaches. These solutions can be made only by the reorientation of our 'thinking'.

The structural foundation for such a reorientation has been broached by Alfred Korzybski in "Science and Sanity" (The International Non-Aristotelian Library Publishing Company). In his introduction to non-Aristotelian systems and general semantics Korzybski has proposed a solution, for the emotional disturbances of 'civilizations' and semantic 'un-sanity' in individuals. This book is of far-reaching 'cultural' importance and should be read and applied by college students, and especially future educators.

A layman without scientific or mathematic training should not be discouraged by the apparent difficulty of the book that a thumbing-through would indicate. Since he is speaking about speaking it is necessary for Korzybski to develop a 'new' language. An understanding and personal use of this non-Aristotelian language is necessary before the non-Aristotelian System can be understood and applied.

It is suggested that the book be read at least twice and completely. I will definitely discourage any reader who intends to read the book only once. A cursory examination of the book is of little personal or social value. The meat of Korzybski's work lies in Book II titled "A General Introduction to Non-Aristotelian Systems and General Semantics." Special consideration should be given to this on the first reading. In the light of it the remainder of the book will become much more easily understandable on later readings.

As a final remark I remind the prospective reader that although the book looks very difficult he should not be discouraged in attempting to read it.

Wheels of Progress! Now a 'Motormat'

The drive-in restaurants have finally caught up with the snappy service of New York's automat. In Los Angeles a new "motormat" is now in operation.

The wheel-like layout has 20 parking stalls, each served by an electrically controlled food carriage. The motorist writes his order, puts it in the carriage, with sufficient money to pay the bill, presses a button, and the carriage moves off to the kitchen.

An attendant fills the order, makes change on the bill and sends the carriage back to the car.

A Crotchety Old Vet ...

On Things In General

...by Steve Loy

—What could be nicer for a crotchety old vet than the opportunity to have an outlet for his gripes, in print yet?

Registration was neither the best nor the worst we've seen. Biggest bottleneck seemed to be in the co-op book line. Why was it necessary for vets to get books before completing registration? That used to be one of the things you could put off till the line got shorter.

Heard a lot of gripes from people who didn't get their registration material on time. Some hadn't gotten cards to confirm admission, one sophomore thought it wasn't important and threw the card away. He hopes to get his material on Tuesday.

Dormers think they got the business. Three in a room is close to intolerable, with two closets, six small drawers, and two desks to split three ways. Makes us wonder how we managed with four and five in a room in '46 and '47. Then those of us who ate went to Straub. Such lines. Who says things aren't getting better?

Speaking of things getting better, the high schools deserve a vote of commendation for the fine crop they sent us. Wow! Now if I can just locate the ones who prefer older men. No lie, they're the best I've seen in four years.

Pretty good crowd showed for the dance Saturday night. I know a few who would have stood at home or brought ice skates had they known the floor was going to be slicked down like a gigolo's pompadour. The music presented a fine argument for the affirmative in the big name band debate. So what do I want for nothing?

This column was supposedly to be about the Vet's Dorms, which allows me to mention that one of the boys found a foam generating fire extinguisher in his bed the other night. Good clean fun. Wait till they find out how easy it is to set off the fire alarm. Rules of the game say such fun isn't to start till at least three p.m. The boys are still waiting for the recreation room which was to be finished spring vacation.

Glad to see the science building has been definitely located.

I suppose it was easier to move before they built it, but I know of five places it was definitely going to be.

Still wondering if they'll close Thirteenth to all traffic before too many of us are run under.

Free Lancin ...

Some Campus Sidelights

...by Bill Lance

When offered a cigarette, the sweet, demure lass blushed shyly and refused. As the smoking room continued to fill with girls (all of whom seemed to be lighting up) she decided perhaps she should have one on this, the first day of school.

"I will have a cigarette after all," she said to the girl who had first offered it. Daintily the shy lass held the cigarette out at arm's length and placed a lighted match to one end. Not only did the cigarette get well lit but so did several of her fingers.

Then there is the story about the saucy little rushee who made quite an impression at one house. Noticing things were rather lagging in the crowded but quiet living room she piped up, "Mind if I blow my nose on your curtains?"

One of Oregon's larger football players, 245-pound Gus Knickram, has announced along with future matrimonial inclinations, two pair of pajamas for sale.

Rush week has been said to be an occasion when the boys have a good time and the girls drink tea.

At the Idaho game one couldn't help but marvel at the number of "recently" married students. According to the number of general admission tickets sold there were some 200 more married students than who registered for school in that status. On the other hand it could have been a matter of "living in sin" for a couple of hours.

As introduction to his "Essentials of Physics" (Ph 101) class, Professor Dart's discussion ran along the line of how some of the nations largest dams are operated. Included was an explanation of how water, often backing up several miles, was released through openings which contained mammoth turbines, these in turn furnishing power for electrical companies. At the end of the discussion the prof asked for questions.

"Well, just one," replied a girl student. "Would you mind telling me, can they use all the water again after the electricity has been taken out of it?"

I was walking through the car loaded area in the graveyard last Saturday night. Man was it quiet—I could hear every pin drop!

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