

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

An Opportunity

"Boy, you guys down here sure have it easy. All you have to do is ask for \$6000 to put on a Canoe Fete, and you get it, just like that."

This was the observation of a recent visitor to the campus from another school. He couldn't have been farther from the truth.

Sure, it looks easy, and to those of us who haven't had a part in the planning and building for the Fete, it's been easy.

But stop and think for a minute about what has gone into the Canoe Fete, what will go into it, and of the grand scale on which it will be presented.

There will be 13 competing floats, a comedy float, and a queen's float. There will be bleacher seats for 3000 people, plus plenty of room on the ground for those who'd rather watch from there.

Several awards will be given, the committee is trying to line up the University Orchestra and Singers to appear, and the highway will be blocked off and traffic rerouted for the two-hour presentation.

All the problems aren't solved—there's the problem of propulsion. The Millrace, in case you hadn't heard, contains germs which can cause infectious hepatitis, which can be a serious disease. That eliminates the use of pledges as "motors."

There probably isn't a person among us who thinks like the aforementioned visitor.

But it will look that way if we fail to capitalize on the opportunity which is being given us by the people who are reviving the Canoe Fete.

That opportunity is the chance to restore the Millrace.

At this writing, only one of the campus political parties had released its platform—the Millrace wasn't mentioned.

The men who conceived the idea of reviving the Fete aren't going to be around next year. There will have to be leaders, devoted leaders, who will work for the restoration of the race just as this year's Fete planners have worked devotedly for

the revival of that event.

Have the campus politicians thought of this? Has the senate thought of this?

The issue shouldn't be a political one, it should be one on which the campus is united. But it's the leaders who will have to start it.

That's how the Fete was revived. From an idea came a plan. From the plan came the request for the means. From the means (which were loaned, NOT donated—the Canoe Fete is a business venture) will come the Canoe Fete.

That is the way the Millrace will be restored, if we want it.

All will be lost for quite some time if we lose the present opportunity.

Race Prejudice?

What is race prejudice?

We thought we had a pretty good idea until last year. A year ago there was a short but heated controversy over an African dance presented during the Vodvil.

This year it's cropped up again. One of the factors brought to bear on judging the Vodvil skits was "race prejudice." It was the feeling of several of the judges that the Pi Beta Phi's, in presenting what appeared to us not only tasteful but exceptionally good dances representing foreign nations, had presented harmful stereotypes which were prejudicial to good interracial relationships.

That the dances were based on stereotypes cannot be denied. That there was intent to ridicule the lands or peoples portrayed or that the dances were in bad taste, must be denied.

The ugly words "race prejudice" are rapidly becoming a sort of a god to which we pay homage without any rational basis for doing so. And this is a campus that is free of what we consider any serious race prejudice.

Some things can be carried too far. Worship of this taboo is one of those things.

And in this case, it was carried way too far.



SCIENCE MADE SIMPLE: NO. 3

Once again the makers of Philip Morris, men who are dedicated to the betterment of American youth, have consented to let me use this space, normally intended for levity, to bring you a brief lesson in science.

It is no new thing, this concern that the makers of Philip Morris feel for American youth. Youth was foremost in their minds when they fashioned their cigarette. They were aware that the palate of youth is keen and eager, awake to the subtlest nuances of flavor. And so they made a gentle and clement smoke, a suave blending of temperate vintage tobaccos, a summery amalgam of the most tranquil and emollient leaf that their buyers could find in all the world. And then they designed their cigarette in two sizes, king-size and regular, and wrapped them in the convenient Snap-Open pack, and priced them at a figure that youth could afford, and made them available at every tobacco counter in the land.

That's what they did, the makers of Philip Morris, and I for one am glad.

The science that we take up today is called astronomy, from the Greek words *astro* meaning "sore" and *nomos* meaning "back." Sore backs were the occupational disease of the early Greek astronomers, and no wonder! They used to spend every blessed night lying on the damp ground and looking up at the sky, and if there's a better way to get a sore back, I'd like to hear about it. Especially in the moist Mediterranean area, where Greece is generally considered to be.

Lumbago and related disorders kept astronomy from becoming very popular until Galileo, a disbarred flenser of Perth, fashioned a home made telescope in 1924 out of three Social Security cards and an ordinary ice cube. What schoolboy does not know that stirring story—how Galileo stepped up to his telescope, how he looked heavenward, how his face filled with wonder, how he stepped back and whispered the words heard round the world: "L'etat, c'est moi!"

Well sir, you can imagine what happened then! William Jennings Bryan snatched Nell Gwynne from the shadow of the guillotine at Oslo; Chancellor Bismarck brought in four gushers in a single afternoon; Hal Newhouser was signed by the Hanseatic League; Crete was declared off limits to Wellington's entire army; and William Faulkner won the Davis Cup for his immortal *Penrod and Sam*.

But after a while things calmed down, and astronomers began the staggering task of naming all the heavenly bodies. First man to name a star was Sigafos of Mt. Wilson, and the name he chose was Betelgeuse, after his wife Betelgeuse Sigafos, prom queen at Michigan State College from 1919 to 1931.

Not to be outdone, Formig of Yerkes Observatory named a whole constellation after his wife, Big Dipper Formig, the famed dirt track racer. This started the custom of astronomers naming constellations after their wives—Capricorn, Cygni, Orion, Ursa Major, Canis Major, and so forth. (The Major girls, Ursa and Canis, both married astronomers, though Canis subsequently ran off with a drydock broker named Thwaite Daphnis.)

After naming all the heavenly bodies, the astronomers had a good long rest. Then, refreshed and brown as berries, they undertook the gigantic project of charting the heavens. Space is so vast that it is measured in units called "light-years." These are different from ordinary years in that they weigh a good deal less. This, of course, is only relative, since space is curved. As Einstein laughingly said, " $E=mc^2$."

Well, I guess that covers astronomy pretty thoroughly. But before we leave this fascinating topic, let us answer one final question: Is there life on other planets?

The answer is a flat, unequivocal no. Recent spectroscopic studies have proved beyond a doubt that the atmosphere of the other planets is far too harsh to permit the culture of the delicate vintage tobaccos that go into Philip Morris Cigarettes... And who can live without Philip Morris?

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This heavenly column—like the author's more earthy ones—is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS cigarettes—who feel you'll find real enjoyment in their product.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Evacuation of Matsu, Quemoy Would Make US a "Paper Tiger"

By J. M. ROBERTS
Associated Press News Analyst
The dispatch of Adm. Radford
and Asst. Secretary of State

Robertson to see Chiang Kai-Shek has aroused immediate speculation that the United States is trying for a Nationalist evacuation of Quemoy and Matsu Islands.

The United States has been worked into a position where the merits and demerits of anything it does chase each other around in circles.

If it is dangerous to look like a "paper tiger," and it is, then a decision not to defend the islands is dangerous to that extent.

If there is danger that a decision to defend them would not deter the Chinese Reds from an attack, then the immediate danger of a new war, perhaps even a general war, would demand a backdown. For a war would negate everything Western policy has been trying to do and the small positions are not worth it.

The rapid buildup of Red air strength on the mainland—now being accomplished at a rate far exceeding Allied expectations—admittedly brings the time of decision nearer.

Robertson and Radford, both friends of Chiang, may therefore have gone to see him for one last discussion of the possibility of drawing the ultimate line of defense behind, not in front, of the islands whose value is primarily political rather than military.

In that case the United States probably would be able to get her European allies to add their guarantees against invasion of Formosa itself, guarantees they will not give if the war is to be started over Matsu and Quemoy.

It has become rather obvious, too, that the loss of face among Asiatic allies by a refusal to defend the small islands will not be so great as once appeared. In many places the character required to back down, rather than face fighting which many consider not really necessary, would soften the impression created by the series of retreats.

It is quite possible, however, that the Robertson-Radford visit is a tactical move, ideally fitted to the moment, rather than a definitive step.

Red China has been making a great display of non-belligerence at the Bandung conference, kissing off the Formosan situation as something to which she has been forced to react by American interference.

By dramatically pointing up the seriousness of the Red buildup opposite Formosa, with airfields being completed and Russian-made planes arriving at an impetuous rate, the new conferences at Taipei could serve a purpose all their own without necessarily producing anything really new in policy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thanks Expressed

Emerald Editor:

I would like to express publicly the thanks of the ASUO and myself for the work done by individuals who helped in the ASUO primary election, April 20: Janet Farris, Ray Westenhous, Betti Fackler, Leighton Wilbur, Agnes Thompson, Connie Drury, Mary Alice Allen, and Marcia Webb for assisting as poll captains; Dick Briggs for construction of the booths and signs; Aloys Brown for serving as secretary, Veneta Peterson for distributing election notices; and the Emerald for their fine coverage and explanation of the election.

As there were upwards of 150 persons involved in the election machinery, it is impossible to mention all their names. However, without their able assistance, the election could not have been run and they certainly deserve the thanks of the whole student body.

Hollis Ransom
ASUO Vice-President.



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