

# + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

## The Only Solution

The engineer's report on the Millrace does clearly what no other organization or individual has been able to do. It shows exactly what can be done to save and improve the race to the point where it can be used by all students.

First, as anyone in the Millrace houses knows, the level of the stream is too low. That level cannot be raised as long as the present system is used.

Secondly, no one in his right mind will spend money for a permanent boat house or other improvements if there is a good chance he may wake up some morning and find the stream completely dry. That is exactly what will happen eventually if improvements aren't made. The dam gets shakier and more and more water goes around the end of it every year. It could stand for 30 years, or go out tomorrow; no one can tell.

Then, rather than spend a lot of money to fix the old 'Race up, why don't we just abandon it? The answer is surprising. It costs too much.

The engineers estimate that the initial cost of abandoning the 'Race would be \$75,000, plus another \$1,000 per year. This does not include filling in the area. Filling would cost another \$63,000, making a total of \$138,000 initially.

If the 'Race were abandoned the city would have to spend an estimated \$50,000 to install a new storm sewer system to replace the one which now empties into the Millrace. In addition, the University would have to spend \$25,000 for facilities to pump water for cooling purposes out of the river.

Even the lowest of the two figures (\$75,000) is higher than the initial costs of two of the three plans for pumping sys-

tems submitted by the engineers.

We believe that the report shows exclusively that the most economical solution is to install a pumping system.

## To Rally or to Blast

The Homecoming noise parade chairmen have come to us with a problem, and quite frankly, we don't know the answer.

The committee is considering a plan to do away with the mechanical noise making equipment which annually blasts the campus and Eugene practically off the map.

Objections have been made to the dangers involved in the use of such equipment, its high cost and the changed emphasis from a student rally to an automatic, ear piercing parade.

Backfire from acetylene cannons nearly resulted in serious accidents last year. The window of a 13th Ave. shop was broken. And there is the annual toll of cuts, bruises and minor burns.

The men's living organizations have been going all out on the noise parade, spending large sums which could possibly be put to better use in Homecoming signs or open houses for the alums.

Originally, the parade was designed to stir up students for the Homecoming game. It still ends with a rally for all students, but student participation in recent years has played an increasingly minor role in the noise parade.

Should the idea be for the students to make the noise or for the machines? And does repeated use of the same winning machine remove the element of competition from the parade?

We don't know the answer. We—and the noise parade chairmen—would like to hear what you think.—(S.R.)



"MAY I BORROW A CUP OF C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>1</sub>?"

## THE LOOKING GLASS

# Music, Comedy Barely Discernible in Show

By Bob Davis  
Emerald Columnist

Ruth and Eileen Sherwood are two girls who move to New York City but refuse to be swallowed up by the masses by creating some of the most ridiculous scenes ever filmed in the big town.

"My Sister Eileen," an adaptation of a Broadway play of the same name, is the story of two sisters; Ruth, who never catches a man's attention, and Eileen, who for obvious reasons is never without an admirer.

Eileen is played by Janet Leigh, an actress who consistently adds nothing to a film except to show with emphatic proof that the Dior influence has not reached the shores of California. Who is to say, however, that Tony Curtis is not satisfied.

"My Sister Eileen" is billed as a musical comedy, which naturally leaves the impression that there will be music and comedy. They are often barely discernible. The music is neither beautiful nor interesting and when Miss Leigh and some of her mediocre companions get hold of a number, it is doubtful that it can even be called music. The dance numbers are only a twirl or two above their musical environment.

As for the comedy, it gets

buried under an avalanche of slapstick and asinine situations which often insult the viewer's sense of proportion and plausibility. Not that there are not amusing episodes in the picture. For some inexplicable but typical Hollywood, move, two of the best movie comedians are pushed far into the background. Kurt Krasner and Jack Lemmon carry their light comedy burdens very well.

Krasner is excellent as the apartment owner who cons the sisters into renting a basement room that is situated directly above the path of a subway being blasted out of the Manhattan rock. It is hard to say enough for Jack Lemmon. Unfortunately, Lemmon also does not say enough.

slapstick and asinine situations How does the whole farce end? The only logical way, of course. Ruth and Eileen naturally get their men, but not before a final fling at merriment.

The extroverted Sherwood girls do their bit to ease world tension by starting a conga line in Greenwich Village with some visiting Brazilian naval cadets and become ambassadors without portfolio by receiving medals from the Brazilian Consul. Who could ask for a more lively conclusion?

# Letters to the Editor

Emerald Editor:

When one looks at the smiling faces of our contemporaries behind the bars of a Corvallis jail, does he see the modern version of ancient barbarians—or a group of normal underclassmen? I think the latter (the recent developments of Little Orphan Annie notwithstanding) and therefore write a plea in their defense.

Webster's Collegiate dictionary (second edition, 1947) defines vandalism as "The spirit of conduct of, or like that of, the Vandals; hostility to, or willful destruction or defacement of, things of beauty," and a vandal as "One who willfully destroys or mars anything beautiful, as a work of art." (Emphasis supplied.) Now, I ask you, is the football field of the Aggies a "thing of beauty" or a "work of art?" And are the immortal initials "UO" emblazoned on the greensward "defacement?"

Yours in intercampus brotherhood,

Edward N. Fadeley  
Second year law student

P.S. Since the policy of expulsion, being generally unpublished, evidences a philosophy of retribution rather than deterrence, let me suggest retribution by restitution. What living organization would not transplant its turf to the Aggie gridiron and thus transplant to our institution whatever scar a "UO" may make? Even so, the scar may become a lasting memorial by re-sodding the cavity with a grass of distinctive texture and hue.

Emerald Editor:  
An Open Letter to Miss Sally Ryan

Dear Miss Ryan:  
Today I read your editorial, headed Vaccination Certificate, on Henry Morton Robinson's

evaluation of the Ivy League and the state university. You made some interesting criticisms, but unfortunately you missed the point.

No doubt Robinson's article can be called snobbish, overemphasized, generalized and biased. Those are valid criticisms. The basic truth, however, remains — most Ivy League schools are far better than the state university, which is exactly what Oregon is.

I assume, from your sex, that you have never attended an Ivy League school. I have. If it matters, I went to the same college as the author you lampooned; I attended classes with his son, Tony Robinson. I imagine I am in a better position to judge the article than you.

I would be quite willing to bet that the average 16-year-old graduate of a good Eastern prep school could out-think and out-talk the average 21-year-old University of Oregon graduate on any cultural or quasi-cultural subject. By the time this prep school boy has gone through four years of an Ivy League school, the comparison is similar to one between Aldous Huxley and Al Capp.

There are various reasons the Ivy League schools can accomplish what Oregon cannot. The intelligence of the entering freshman is higher, and their cultural background better. The interest in a well-rounded education is far greater than at Oregon. More work is assigned, and more completed; in addition, the Harvard or Yale student has enough initiative to find out on his own what is not required of him in the classroom. Above all, there is a general cultural atmosphere that is completely lacking at Oregon. You can find traces of it at Cal or Stanford, and a warped idea of it among

the shaggy students at Reed.

There are students at Oregon who obtain the equivalent of an Ivy League education. To do this on our campus takes initiative and curiosity, two qualities hard to find in the Oregon undergraduate.

You have noted, perhaps, that I consider culture the proper product of a liberal education. That happens to be the meaning of Bachelor of Arts—its Arts with a capital A. Universities and liberal arts colleges were founded for that purpose; like Mr. Robinson, I am backward enough to believe that it should still be the purpose.

I cannot suggest a solution to these problems; I am not sure any exists, for the state school in our super-democratic world. I can only ask you to stop throwing "cobblestones" at institutions of which you have little knowledge. I like the University of Oregon, too; but I would never claim it ranked with the Ivy League, or numerous other excellent schools.

One further twist of the knife: You picture alumni of state schools penning Robinson sarcastic letters with one hand while fingering their gold with the other. In the first place, the purpose of a liberal education is to teach one to enjoy, understand, and contribute to, life—not just to accumulate wealth, though that does come in handy. In the second place, you might check "They Went to College" to find out the average income of the Ivy League graduate as contrasted with the state school graduate. I hope you enjoy driving your Cadillac to the bank, Miss Ryan, watch out for that Princetonian behind you in the Rolls.

K. B. Koeppen  
Senior in History



The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year, except during examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or the University. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor; initialed editorials by members of the editorial board.

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