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EUGENE, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1955

Why Did They Go Hear Oppenheimer?

J. Robert Oppenheimer, who is perhaps the world's greatest living physicist, Tuesday night posed some problems for the psychologists. Why, we would ask the psychologists, did 2,500 people turn out to hear a high-brow lecture on one of the most complicated subjects known to man?

they had heard J. Robert Oppenheimer. Why did they stay? Why were they so enthusiastic about things that were so far beyond them? Some of this answer is found in the "respect" paragraph above. More lies in the shy, appealing personality of the man himself.

Dr. Oppenheimer, one of the architects of the atomic age, was the "Condon lecturer." There have been Condon lecturers before, but they didn't draw 2,500 people. Why the difference? Why the big crowd to hear about the sub-nuclear zoo and only middle-sized crowds to hear about the rock formations in our own Three Sisters area?

They also saw a man so obviously in love with his work. As he warmed up to his subject and talked about protons and neutrons and the other creatures of his sub-nuclear zoo, he became quite excited. The audience, not knowing what he was talking about, became excited, too.

Others, who knew all along that he didn't have horns, probably went because they had a feeling that he'd been pushed around, that their presence at his lecture was a signal to somebody that people resent other people's being pushed around. So add sympathy to curiosity.

It will be interesting now to see how big a turnout the great physicist has for his Thursday night lecture, the second of the series. Will the merely curious come back? Was one look enough for those who talked about how much they enjoyed it?

Now add respect. Many probably went because they recognized in him one of the greatest minds of our time. They could cheerfully grant that their own minds were inferior. At the same time they could admire the man who could see this sub-nuclear zoo that remains invisible to most of us.

It was a professor of music Tuesday night who put the thing in a nutshell. He admitted he was lost after the first 90 seconds of the lecture. But, said he, "It's rather like listening to a fine concert. Even if you can't understand the music, can't really understand what's happening up there, you can still sit back and enjoy it."

Need Safety Standards

It has come to our attention that the House Rules Committee of the Oregon Legislature has not yet seen fit to introduce a bill that would allow the public utilities commissioner to establish safety standards for gas pipeline installations in Oregon.

We all know that natural gas, a cheap fuel that will be a boon to industrial development in the Northwest, will be available probably within the next two years. To date, no one has given serious consideration to safety regulations for pipeline installation and facilities. The Federal Power Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission have been holding hearings to see which company shall supply natural gas to the Northwest and whichever firm gets the opportunity will rush to make its services available to large sections of the state.

Appearing before the rules committee, lobbyists for the gas companies contend that the companies have their own standards of safety precautions, but common sense alone dictates that it would be a prejudiced viewpoint. The public welfare demands that some agency in the state should have power to regulate the installation of gas pipelines. Both the states of Washington and Idaho have passed legislation that enables their counterpart of the public utilities commissioner to establish safety standards. If our Legislature doesn't act now it may be too late. If a pipeline is buried in the ground there is not much that can be done about it. We want natural gas as cheap as possible but not at the expense of the consumer's safety.

Strange

People who still own radios will have a chance Sunday to hear a most intriguing excursion into the world of sound. For several years the New York Philharmonic has been experimenting with bird calls—speeding them up, slowing them down, changing key and pitch. Now these sounds have been put together to create a most unusual "symphony." It will be played Sunday noon on the orchestra's regular program (KERG).

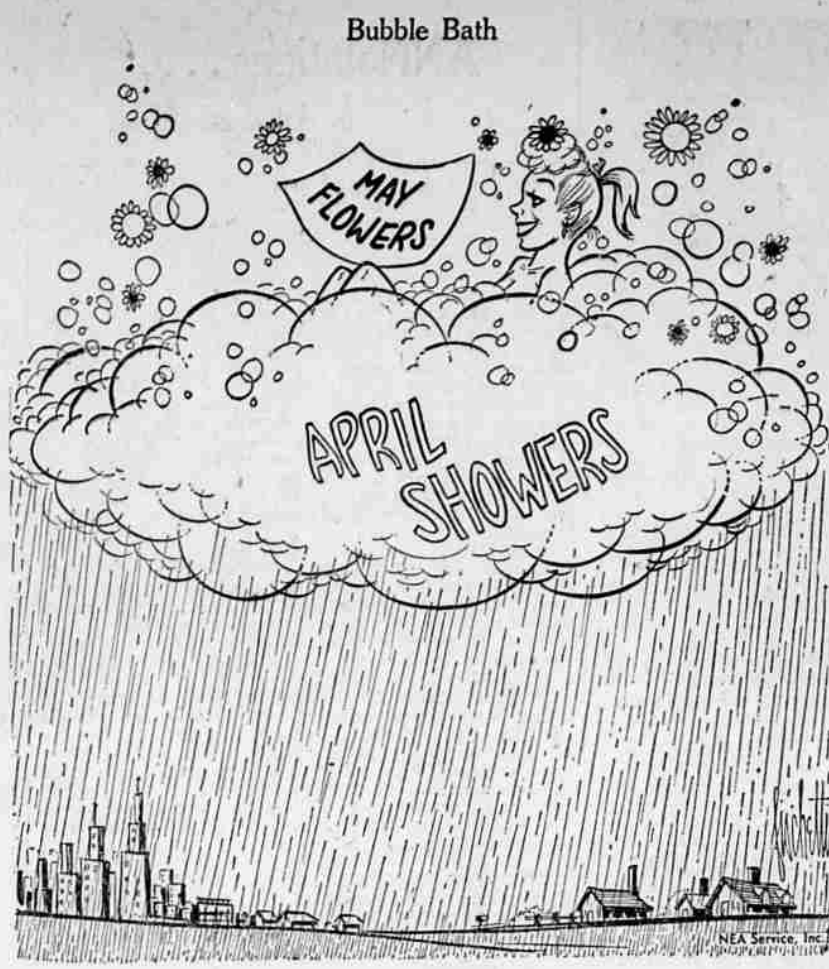
The hi-fi crowd, who look down their noses at the rough sounds coming out of the old-fashioned radio can get a hi-fi recording of "Strange to Your Ears." Record dealers advise us that such recordings are now available in Eugene. These they can take home and play as they marvel at what birds can do with sound.

Sakakawea

We are indebted to the Oregon Statesman (Salem) for pointing out that in North Dakota they are not only trying to kidnap our Sacajawea, but are also mis-spelling her name. The Indian girl, wife of the Frenchman who was guide and interpreter for Lewis and Clark, is one of Oregon's best known historical figures.

Because she helped pilot the Lewis and Clark party across many states 150 years ago, it is reasonable, perhaps, that other states might claim her, too. So we can't object too much to the suggestion of Sen. Langer of North Dakota, when he wants to give her name—"Sakakawea"—to a pool of water behind Garrison Dam.

But we do object to the spelling. Sen. Langer's Sakakawea is our Sacajawea. We spell her name right. It's just a pity that we in Oregon have not made greater use of the beautiful name.



Bubble Bath

IN THE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

React Like Mouse

EUGENE (To The Editor)—Gerald Heard, the anthropologist, says that man, in similar circumstances, tends to react like the mouse when it is cornered by the cat. Hopefully held in, the mouse will sit straight upright on its haunches and stroke its whiskers. With no possibility of a response which can save him, paralyzed by its helplessness, the mouse simply falls back on habit patterns of the past.

Men, now caught in the self-woven web of atomic armaments are seemingly as helpless as the mouse. They know that they can not find a defense against their weapons, that to employ them in war will mean suicide for the race. So what course do they take? Do they follow Gen. MacArthur's inescapable logic when he said, "We are in a new era. The old methods and solutions no longer suffice. . . . We must break out of the straight jacket of the past." He urges total, universal and simultaneous disarmament, and says that we in the United States should take the lead in securing it.

We can be profoundly thankful that President Eisenhower has appointed the able Harold Stassen to take just that lead on our behalf. This is not the response of the mouse in the corner.

But, at the same time the President is supporting the Pentagon legislation to fasten Universal Military Training on the nation. The Congress is considering the matter right now, and observers in Washington report that unless the people rise up to block it, the legislation will this time pass, and will before long turn the United States into an armed camp. Here sits the mouse on his haunches, stroking his whiskers.

Dropping the figure, is it not clear that two different and incompatible ways are being chartered for us? Disarmament is being made possible, and we are also being asked to put everything we have into the arms race, including ten years of the life of our young men. Which way are we going to take? The choice is ours. If we allow ourselves to be pulled down the wrong road, will we not ourselves be to blame?

Sincerely, ROSS W. ANDERSON Rt. 4, Box 319A.

Repercussions

EUGENE (To The Editor)—The Supreme Court's recent decision on segregation in southern schools has caused repercussions all over the nation and it is high time that we all took a realistic view of the situation. Senator Wayne Morse, in his speech, has shown where the Supreme Court has reversed itself four or five times in the past, usually because they have made logical deductions from false premises. The recent decision is based on the premise that "all men are created equal" which is false since not even twins are created equal. To say that all men are created unequal with the right to develop their talents would make better sense.

Neither do we have "inalienable rights to liberty and the pursuit of happiness." For one man might find happiness in polygamy, another in being drunk in a park, while another might find it in his neighbor's melon patch. With every step in liberty goes responsibility for the rights of others.

The Supreme Court, while trying to promote the happiness of Negroes by integration in schools, has forgotten that white children also want happiness by segregation. The Dred Scott decision was based on the premise that since a slave was not a "person"

but "property" a man had as much right to cross a state line to get a run-away slave as to get his cattle. Quite logical, but Lincoln took the position that what was morally wrong could not be made legally right. If he had used words "should not" instead of "could not" he would have been more logical because in a Republic the majority votes make a thing legally right or wrong.

Today, millions of people know that the sale of liquor is morally wrong but we have made it legally right by our votes and are paying dearly for our folly. But Lincoln also knew that he could not legally free the slaves according to the Constitution. But he could confiscate them as "contraband of war," like he might a load of munitions going South and so he did.

The 14th Amendment made the Negro a "person" but not a superior person. The "Declaration of Independence," while a beautiful ideal, is not a legal document for their is no "handle" to it. Some writers claim that Tom Paine formulated it, even though Jefferson did write it. Now Paine was a fine statesman for his day, the first to demand independence and to use the words "The United States of America," but he was quite a windy idealist as when he said "government like clothes is a badge of lost innocence." That might have worked in the Garden of Eden, but today we know that a state without a government is simply a wild anarchy, while those who don't like clothes had better go to the tropics. Because "civilization is a dress, change the dress and civilization changes; remove the dress and civilization disappears." Nudists please take notice. Civilization means restraint and does not come naturally. (A premise is not a promise.)

DORVIN DUDECK Rt. 5

Spring? EUGENE (To The Editor)—With the weather being so balmy and with spring in the air and love in my heart for the young folk, I've just thought up something constructive for my young friends. It all rather goes back to my

For Mrs. Hamper

EUGENE (To The Editor)—In answer to Mrs. Patrick Hamper's question of "Who can use old magazines?" I know that Fairview Home at Salem can use old magazines for the smaller children to look at, for older ones to read and cut out pictures. The address is Fairview Home, 2250 Strong Road, Salem, Oregon. We frequently go to Salem and we would be glad to deliver them. Any old Christmas cards are also welcome.

Thank you. MRS. RALPH BATCHELOR 1551 Maywood Member of Assn. for Help of Retarded Children.

SIDEGLANCES

By Galbraith



"Don't start dinner yet, Mom! I want to ask Marge what time to meet her tonight—I ought to take about half an hour!"

Real Title of Corsi Story Might Be 'Operation Pizza'

WASHINGTON (NEA) — The State Department story on Edward J. Corsi—ousted by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles as his special assistant on immigration and refugee problems—is that he turned out to be like a big prize bull released in the State Department's rather brittle china shop.

A lot of people have been bleeding over Edson Mr. Corsi's sudden demise as a bureaucrat—including Mr. Corsi. Well-intentioned, warm-hearted, generous and likeable, Mr. Corsi thought everybody in the world was his friend, and wasn't far wrong. But Mr. Corsi was also impulsive and unpredictable. He couldn't be bothered with red tape or regulations. And every once in a while State Department officers administering the Refugee Relief program would wake up with a start to discover that Mr. Corsi had gone way out on the end of a limb to commit them to some fantastic scheme that just couldn't be done under the law.

OPERATION 'PIZZA' There was, for instance, Mr. Corsi's big idea to bring over a thousand Italian cooks and bakers in a sort of "Operation Pizza Pie." He got all enthused about that one. He was going to bring them all over on one boat. He would have the boat arrive in New York Harbor on the Fourth of July. He would have the boat sail up the Hudson River, to some nice park he had in mind, where they would all debark and have a picnic. Mr. Corsi would be on hand to welcome them and make a speech.

He was always making speeches. Up in Philadelphia he made a speech about some poor refugee he had seen on his inspection trip in Europe. He painted a tearful word picture of this unfortunate man. A number of people in the audience came forward and wanted to sponsor his admission to the United States as a refugee immigrant. The trouble was, Mr. Corsi couldn't remember the man's name or what camp he had seen him in. The State Department tried to find him, but after a lot of time-wasting in diligent search, they gave up. By that time all the Philadelphians who

had wanted to sponsor this unfortunate man gave up in disgust. Early in March the State Department gave Mr. Corsi a written directive that he was to make no speeches and issue no statements that had not been given prior clearance. That helped some. But by that time Mr. Corsi had upset the State Department's protocol-polished apple cart so often they decided they'd better let him go.

PAY TOO LOW What really got Mr. Corsi in the end was his admission to a high State Department officer that he wanted to run for the U. S. Senate from New York in 1956. He had apparently thought he could use his refugee job to build up a big foreign-born vote following.

Mr. Corsi was in hot water almost from the first day he hit Washington. He had been getting \$20,000 a year as New York's Commissioner of Labor and Immigration under Gov. Thomas E. Dewey. He wanted that much in Washington. But the most he could get under Civil Service was \$13,000 a year. They finally stretched a point and made it \$13,700, but it still wasn't enough to suit him.

He didn't like the office space assigned him. He worked for a time in the back office of Scott McLeod, Security Administrator, who by law is given responsibility for the refugee program. That was the job Mr. Corsi wanted—that and a free hand. He wanted to open an office for himself in New York, but they stopped him on that one.

His correspondence was voluminous. But more than half of it was personal and social. In one exchange of letters he got all involved in a big surplus butter deal, from which he had to be extricated because that was the business of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson.

Mr. Corsi would accept an invitation to any meeting — for a speech — or to join anything. That was what made his security clearance so difficult. He wasn't subversive in the least. But out of pure good fellowship he had attended and joined a lot of things more discreet people stayed out of.

The State Department was going to reveal all this and a lot more. Then they decided to forget it. But as a lifelong Republican, Mr. Corsi still can't understand why he's getting the gate. He thinks he got a raw deal.

FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

Senator From Illinois Roasts West for Dams, Silver Prices

WASHINGTON—The eloquent gentlemen were considering grass, dinosaur bones, human pity, and allied subjects, including \$1,500,000,000 worth of dams on the Colorado River.

They also mentioned logrolling, silverware, and all-wool suits.

And I got the idea (correct me if I'm wrong, senators) that the only way to make all westerners happy is somehow to pour more water into their biggest river. There doesn't seem to be enough to go around in their thirsty country.

Five giant new storage dams along the Colorado struck Sen. Paul Douglas (D-Ill.) as being absurd. It would take so much water to fill them, said he, that there'd be no water trickling out the other end of the river, which happens to be in Mexico. The Mexicans want their fair share of water, too.

One of these big dams would be in Dinosaur National Monument, where numerous bones of giant animals have been entombed over the ages. Sen. Douglas said he didn't believe the dam there would flood the bones, as charged by some, simply because there wouldn't be enough water. But he did believe the water would fill the gorges and turn the wilderness into a placid lake. He said this was bad.

HAVE PITY "Pity," cried Sen. Joseph C. Mahoney (D-Wyo). "Have some human pity upon us. Let us keep some of the rains that fall and are carried away from our land by this rushing river."

"The senator from Wyoming is so superior to the senator from Illinois," said the Sen. from Illinois, "that I cannot pity him. I can only look up to him."

Sen. Mahoney said, anyhow, his folks wanted to keep some of their water behind the new dams and what did the senator want, to make a garden of the arid acres, or preserve a cemetery for old bones?

Sen. Douglas said bones didn't matter, nor pity, either. He said the country already was paying dearly to water a lot of western grass.

Sen. Clinton P. Anderson (D-NM) said what was wrong with grass? Sen. Douglas agreed it was pretty, but declared it was a poor crop to sprinkle with costly water. Sen. Anderson said it made fat cows. Sen. Douglas retorted that Illinois corn had a better latter.

Fact is, he said, it might be a better idea to sprinkle a little extra water on the Illinois and Indiana cornfields and quit trying to make the desert bloom. He also said he'd noticed that the

Mountain States' senators always were willing to vote for Southern flood control, so long as the Southerners vote for western dams.

TARIFF BARRIERS Sen. Anderson jumped up to say he'd never entered into such a deal in his life. Sen. Douglas said tacit understandings sometimes worked more efficiently than out-and-out trades. And another thing, he shouted, dams weren't all the West had been getting.

He charged that if the government weren't buying \$30,000,000 worth of silver a year, the price of same would drop and a bride could get her knives and forks at a reasonable price. The government held up the cost of sugar for the West's benefit and also the price of wool, he added.

"It would be much cheaper if we got all our wool from Australia," he said. He charged, furthermore, that the Bureau of Reclamation was trying to turn the nation's rugged rivers into placid ponds. "Dam up all these streams," he said, "and we'll reduce the entire country to a stale, tepid, uninteresting level, good only for weekend picnics." We should keep some wild places.

I do not believe the gentleman from Illinois made many friends from the West this day. He didn't even seem to care. (Distributed by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

SO THEY SAY—

We are now in an atomic age, and haven't fulfilled all the requirements of the automobile age.

—Gov. George Craig (R-Ind).

Anywhere will do. My ambition is to make the Yankee team.

—Elston Howard, sure shot to be the Yanks' first Negro.

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