

Clips and Comments

By JANE ELLSWORTH and BETTY BUSHMAN

Where There's Smoke, There's Ire

The Barometer printed a snappy bulletin concerning smoking on campus which the faculty secretary sent to the board of regents (any similarity to the cigarette of the same name is purely coincidental) on January 27, 1890:

"Observations exchanged among the members of the faculty concerning the increased popularity among students of dried leaves of the plant known as 'Nicotiana tabacum' have deemed it wise to act in prohibiting it from the premises."

* * *

'Dear Anse—'
FOOTBALL SCHEDULE IN '45 was the banner headline on Thursday's University of Cincinnati News Record. In view of many student requests for the return of intercollegiate football, the Cincinnati board of directors announced that the sport will be resumed next fall after a two-year suspension.

To Half or Have Not
 Half credit must be given to Syracuse university, where the 1945 version of a gridiron machine will be a six-man team. Regular intercollegiate football has been abandoned for next year because of the scarcity of men on campus.

On the Air

By SHUBERT FENDRICK

How does a great dramatic radio show originate? We now take you into the KOAC extension station for the production of a radio program by our radio workshop group.

"Are you ready?" pants Bob Moran, our director.

"Ready," I reply, clutching my script close to me.

"Ready," replies Eddie Lyons, as he vamps the mike.

"Ready," reply Cay Shea and Betty Miller as they dash for the mike.

"Ready," replies Wally Johnson as he hauls his sound effects into the room.

"Ready," replies Bob Moran, carried away with himself.

Three to Get Ready

Then we are on the air. Not really, of course, but our voices are being carried over the loudspeaker to the class in the next room.

Moran starts the music, tones it down, and points at me. I start to tell him that that is impolite, but then I realize he wants me to speak. Then, of course, I get mike fright. With a mighty effort, however, I shake off my inhibitions, and begin mumbling off the script into the mike.

Soon we are in the midst of the script. Wally Johnson runs madly from one sound effect to the other. Eddie Lyons starts to rewrite the script, and the girls huddle together for protection. Bob Moran begins to tear his hair, discovers he can't spare any of it, and returns to the controls.

Pulp-icide

As Cay finishes reading each page of script she drops it to the floor. As we proceed toward the finish, the pile gets higher and higher. Soon we are knee deep in radio scripts. (Long script). Then, just as we are threatened with asphyxiation, we come to the end.

Bob Moran throws himself over the controls and sobs bitterly. Cay clutches the mike for support. Eddie clutches Cay for support. Wally clutches Eddie for support. Betty clutches Wally for support. By this time, I have collapsed.

And so we go off the air,

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More Power to You? . . .

"Student government—did it ever exist?"

Duke and Northwestern have asked themselves that question. Oregon may well examine its present governmental set-up.

The educational activities board makes all major decisions concerning publications, music, forensics, and all other money-making student functions. Eight faculty members and four students make up the board.

The executive council coordinates student activities, such as the rally squad and the war board, supervises junior and senior honoraries, and approves Oregon and Emerald appointments made by the educational activities board. All ASUO officers, two representatives from the sophomore, junior, and senior classes, the president of AWS, and the editor of the Emerald are members.

Until 1935 the control worked from the bottom up instead of from the top down. The administration could veto student action, but students initiated and organized activities under the supervision of a graduate manager. The new system, of course, has an obvious advantage in that plans doomed to failure are nipped in the bud, and time and effort are not wasted working on programs that will not materialize. On the other hand, students are denied any real responsibility and are not encouraged to develop new ideas and put them into execution.

When the system was reorganized, student finances were in need of better supervision. Compulsory fees could not be charged. The educational activities board and the athletic board were created to solve the financial problem and to guide the future handling of funds. They have succeeded in putting University activities on a sounder basis.

Whether students are ready to take more responsibility in their government is the question. The Duke Chronicle of March 9 says:

"We believe that students, if given the chance, can govern themselves adequately, because increased power will in turn breed a larger sense of responsibility. . . . Student government would be able to operate in a much more healthy atmosphere if it did not seem that dire administrative edicts would be the only alternative to a student-sponsored proposal which did not prove to be sufficiently 'constructive.' Certainly many forms of regulation of students would seem more reasonable and less picayunish if they stemmed from students themselves through a powerful, responsible, and respected student government—which we have never had."

Oregon students had more power and responsibility once, and lost it. Could we accept it now?

Keep Off the Roof . . .

Yes, it's spring, and being outside is the best thing that can happen to anyone. The library seems too dull to stand. So what do you do? You go outside.

Fine. If—if you don't decide that going outside should include going out on the roof of the library. There are signs on the roof that distinctly say no one is supposed to be on the gravel. There is a door distinctly marked "fire escape" which is obviously to be used for no other reason. But still students choose to ignore the signs. It isn't that the library officials have anything against the great out-of-doors. The reasons for the signs are good, and failure to observe them can be very disturbing to other people.

In the first place, the graveled roof of the library is not prepared for people to walk on, and it could be damaged seriously if treaded on to any great extent. Furthermore, the roof is far from sound proof, and every time someone walks across it the sound is all too audible in the rooms below.

The libe has two porches where smoking is permitted and which students are allowed to use. If these are crowded there is nothing to keep anyone from going outside—the lawn in back of the library is an excellent place to study.

Some rules seem senseless and keeping them is hard. This one about not going on the library roof is not. The reasons for it are clear, and obeying it is showing appreciation for our fine library and consideration for those who are studying below.

Professor Challenges Laudation of Franco

By WILLIS B. MERRIAM
 Assistant Professor of Geography

I did not have the privilege of serving in the Spanish Civil War as a "soldier of the cross," and had I been in Spain during that war, I most certainly would have served on the side "for whom the bell tolls." However, I am sufficiently disturbed over the article by Robert E. Hinds in Tuesday's Emerald, extolling the saintly motives and character of Francisco Franco, to feel that the article should be refuted and that the other side, based on the evidence of Franco's record, should be presented.

Franco is a Fascist; and if we are fighting World War II for the elimination of Fascism, then Franco must be tried with the blackest of the war-guilt criminals. Any other attitude toward him will result in losing the peace as surely as our neighbors did in 1919.

Spain, during the 1920s and the first half of the 1930s, was making great strides in the direction of what Dr. Isaiah Bowman, in his "New World," calls "the democratic drift in Spain." This drift toward a popular front government, and the agrarian and social reforms it attempted, was checked and destroyed by Franco and his backers, including the militarists, reactionary capitalist interests, a totalitarian church (whose action was condemned by many of its own adherents), the grandees, and other powers of privilege and vested interests, restoring a system of human exploitation which is intended to keep the peasants of Spain in poverty, ignorance, and misery.

Russia's Part

There is no evidence that democratic Spain was in the hands of "godless Bolsheviks." A few communists were in the ranks of the popular front. Spanish peasant leaders studied with interest and hope the Soviet system, and Russia did send meager aid to the partisan army. The presence of these forces on the leftist side does not, however, warrant the conclusion that the civil war was a communist revolution.

"Germany helped Franco, so

naturally he values German friendship," states Mr. Hinds, but otherwise, he infers, there is nothing Fascist in Franco's dictatorship. By exactly the same reasoning it can be shown that the Russian people aided the Spanish people's cause, so naturally they value Russian friendship, without making them all communists.

It is well-known that along with open aid from the Fascist front in Europe, Franco also employed some 150,000 bloodthirsty Moors, to kill thousands of Christian Spaniards "in response to an offer of a chance to kill Spaniards in their homes." What a record on which to glorify the character of Franco as a "good Christian soldier!" For that act he received the grand, lauded cross of Saint Ferdinand, and placed on the tunics of his mercenary Moorish legions the award of the bleeding heart of Christ! What a price to pay for the privilege of "going to church on Sunday" in Spain.

Survival of Christianity

Christianity will survive without champions like Franco. Democracy, and the century of the common man can never be attained or long endure with men of his ilk in the saddle. It is as correct to call Hitler a good Christian soldier as Franco, with his black record of intolerance, duplicity, and savage barbarism.

I personally condemn all that both of them stand for; and millions of lives have been lost in this war to back that stand. What Franco is and represents must never be allowed to survive in the world of tomorrow.

"Amusing to Hilarious," Judges Reviewer of 'Try and Stop Me'

By FABER O'HAGAN

TRY AND STOP ME, Bennett Cerf, Simon and Schuster, 1944, \$3.00.

This is a wonderful book. It is exactly as sober as a cuckoo clock, as profound and mature as a peppermint stick. In this cold, rainy, "unusual" spring weather it is well to have a book which has been written with a light heart. Not even the most determined searcher can find a sinister, or even a serious, purpose in "Try and Stop Me."

Bennett Cerf has filled 368 pages with quips and anecdotes roughly organized under "The Literary Life," "Back to Hollywood," "Music Hath Charms," and similar headings. The tone of these stories varies between the amusing and the hilarious, and since one page has little to connect it with the next, the book may be read for five minutes or five hours, as you prefer.

The length of the stories ranges from that of the five-year-old girl who, on being taken to a concert, was beautifully obedient to instructions and sat quietly through two intricate numbers before asking "Is it all right if I scream now?" to the much longer story of the fabulous parrot who laid square eggs, but couldn't talk very well (all she could say was "Ouch").

The Effect of Humor

In evaluating this book a distinction must be made between anecdotes (narratives, usually brief, having a beginning, a middle, and an end, in the best Aristotelian tradition), jokes, which are things said or done to excite laughter, and humor, the effect of which

seems to be solely to make one feel good.

Technically speaking, I suppose fine humorous writing makes the reader feel so good he laughs for sheer joy, but laughter is hardly essential to humor.

The differences between these forms are much easier to recognize than to define. Much of Dickens, for instance, is designed to stimulate good feeling. On the other hand, many radio comedians say absolutely nothing that makes me feel any better.

Few men have had as good opportunities to collect such material. At the moment Bennett Cerf is a publisher (Random House), a columnist (Saturday Review of Literature), a book reviewer (Esquire), and an editor (council on books in wartime).

His Environment

Most of his waking hours are spent among men who know how to put their ideas into words and whose wits are always working furiously. Most of them are celebrities (people who don't have to be explained, as "my-mother-in-law" or "Mr. Quimp, who is measuring the hall for new carpet-

(Please turn to page four)