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Hinds Replies To Attackers

(Editor's note: The following article was written by Mr. Hinds as an answer to the articles which followed his story of Franco in last Tuesday's Emerald. It is the policy of the Emerald to print such replies.)

By ROBERT E. HINDS

The military article I wrote for the Emerald has attracted such a generous response I must thank the donors.

Your opinions are yours, Professor Merriam. I believe, even as you do, in being able to express oneself.

The poetry was really excellent; but I am a trifle surprised that our Kentucky feudalist could find time for such diversions.

It is fine that so many people read the Emerald after the staff goes to such great efforts to print it.

I once had the good fortune to see Mr. Sinnott presenting one side of a debate at Westminster house. The subject was "Planned Economy versus Free"—something or other—"Love," I think it was. His opponent was a very brilliant boy.

Mr. Sinnott

I note the imperial "we." Mr. Sinnott is evidently no believer in false modesty. "We, too, were for Franco once." Is "we" a turncoat? Surely such an extinguished gentleman as Mr. Sinnott has far more profitable, interesting, and pleasant ways to spend his time than misquoting military history.

"Francisco Franco y Bahamonde was born at Ferrol, Galicia, Dec. 12, 1892." Very likely true. But the generalissimo "Francisco Franco Salgado-Aranjo" was born at Ferrol, Galicia, Dec. 8, 1892.

If Mr. Sinnott does not believe me, he may go to the UO library, enter the reference room, locate the "Encyclopedia Americana," extract Volume 12, and gaze at the very first article in the book: "Franco, Gen. Francisco." This same article (while not to be compared with my original manuscript, "A Brief History of Franco's Rise to Power") also uses the figure "3,000,000 Falangists." It even says that Lt. Col. Franco finished Abd-el-Krim. I sort of thought so myself.

The Tribesmen

"The tribesmen of Abd-el-Krim did not fight in the last war as Spain was neutral." Tribesmen have been known to fight when their governments were neutral. So have civilized foreigners. I did not meet Gen. O'Duffy and his 6,000 Irishmen; but I saw something of the Argentines, Brazilians, veterans of the Gran Chaco war, the Sons of Italy from all three Americas, etc. But who am I to argue with such a learned critic of military history as Mr. Sinnott? Undoubtedly, he, too, fought, bled, and came away.

"The Spanish navy consisted of a few pre-1914 relics divided equally between both sides." See "Fighting Fleets," Rimington, 1943, for details of the Spanish cruisers of 1925-35, pages 142-3. See also Jane's "Fighting Ships," and the encyclopedias. I meant the Portuguese men of war that mutinied and became Spanish, as well as the loaned Italian fleet.

"Mr. Hinds' article contains enough inaccuracies to shame even a professor of political science." I

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not keep him from having opinions on the way that body functions or on the program it adopts. His membership gives him the chance to know the situation thoroughly and to criticize it intelligently. If he were denied the right he would probably find it best to resign from the board.

The PSPA thought that freedom of the collegiate press was contested enough to discuss it and pass a resolution on it. That in itself is proof enough that it should not be taken for granted. We think we have a good deal at Oregon. To preserve it we must exercise it and accept its responsibilities.

Steinbeck Book Deals With 'Scum of Society'

By BILL BUELL

In "Cannery Row," John Steinbeck's latest eulogy of rough-spoken and unwashed but thoroughly loveable human beings condemned by moral bourgeois minds as the scum of society, the leading characters fall into three main categories: bums, whores, and a biologist. Minor characters include a Chinese grocer, a pseudo-artist, a feeble-minded child, a flagpole sitter, and a sexually-frustrated gopher.

These assorted individuals are all inhabitants of the sardine-canning district of Monterey, California. The bums reside in a former storehouse for fish meal which slightly sticky fingers and a can of red paint have transformed into the highly decorated hostel known as the Palace Flophouse and Grill.

The whores inhabit the sturdy mansion of orange-haired Dora Flood who keeps an "honest, one-price house" and allows no vulgarity.

Beer-Drinking Doc

The biologist is brown-bearded, beer-drinking, music-loving Doc, owner and operator of the Western Biological laboratory where students of the science of life may purchase anything from rattlesnakes and octopi to sliced and pickled human fetuses.

Doc, scientist, philanthropist, and seducer is also a social philosopher. He expresses Steinbeck's own disapproval of modern capitalistic society: "The things we admire in men, kindness and generosity, openness, honesty, understanding, and feeling are the concomitants of failure in our system. And those traits we detest, sharpness, greed, acquisitiveness, meanness, egotism, and self-interest are the traits of success."

To make such an evaluation of society is easy. The big question is what to do about it. We don't think Steinbeck is at all sure of the answer. "In Dubious Battle," for instance, presented a group of communists who solved the problem by dedicating their lives to a desperate fight for a new and better society.

But "Cannery Row" presents a group of people, who, instead of trying to remake society, attempt to lead their own individual lives as independent as possible of its encumbering traditions and possessions.

They succeed in obtaining a higher degree of happiness than the convention-ridden solid citizens who lead Steinbeck to ask, "What can it profit a man to gain the whole world and to come to his property with a gastric ulcer and bifocals?"

Mack and the boys get more real enjoyment from a stolen chicken stewed over an open fire on the river bank than any banker ever derived from a multicourse dinner with imported wines. New heights of ecstasy are reached in the drunken brawl with which the residents of Cannery Row celebrate what they think is Doc's birthday.

But the happiness is never entire. For all its seeming naturalness and spontaneity, it always has a desperate, strained, decadent quality, as if a laughing mask had been strapped over a sorrow-ridden face.

"I been sorry all my life," Mack confesses in a rare moment of introspective honesty. "I don't do nothin' but clown no more. Try to make the boys laugh."

The serious thought of the book is buried in a somewhat disconnected series of humorous, ironic, and descriptive episodes. Steinbeck's style is sheer joy to read. The descriptions of tide pools, building interiors, and junkheaps are detail-studded, color-splashed masterpieces.

The characters are treated with a marvelous mingling of sympathy and satire. The humor is terrific. We laughed so hard over the anecdote of the beer milkshake our stomach muscles were sore for three days.

Take It From Me

By DOC

Jean McClanathan, Mariam Tesarik, Lois Emerson, and Dot Habel, Hendricks hall, had the privilege of showing some visiting firemen the campus last weekend, and it is their opinion that no tour is complete without a trek through the territory south of Gerlinger field. They are hoping the boys can come back for Junior weekend. Anyway they have the invitation.

Fraynie Watkins, University house, seems to find the grass is greener on the other side, or so it appears when she dates the boy from OSC.

Doris "Dodo" Salveit adequately represented Alpha hall at the Interdorm dance last Friday night, but I'd certainly like to know what lured them away so early in the evening.

Jackie Paikuli, Gamma hall, will find out one of these days that she should stay home once in a while, and then she wouldn't miss those long distance calls that come from Watson who is in Texas.

Speaking of phone calls, Marita, the prexy of University house, was pretty disgusted because Frank didn't phone this weekend.

Some Omega hall boys decided to take advantage of the nice weather the other day and went canoeing on the millrace. Their conduct, as they approached the Gamma Phi house, was just enough to tip them over. Loren Woods likes the water so well in that vicinity that he is thinking of making his home down there. Or is it the Gamma Phis that attract you, Woody?

Art Berg, Oregon medical school, came down last weekend to take Pat Geil, Hendricks hall, to whom he is engaged, to the Butler's ball. Maggie Thompson, Joyce and Joanne Utz, and "Frenchie" Herman, Alpha hall, came back after a very strenuous weekend at the beach. I faintly recall the fact that they have coast guards at the beach, but I'm sure it was only the sea breeze that tired them.

Why is it that Dodie Dednar, Highland house, gets so mad when Earl asks her if her "Cute little nose is real"?

June Hart hasn't done much studying since her husband arrived home on leave from the merchant marine. It must be a true loss to the GPA at University house.

For privacy deluxe, try the shores of the Willamette river at the foot of Emerald street when you want to take a sun bath. There is usually a beautiful view, too!

Coed: "My boyfriend in Scotland sent me his picture yesterday."

Friend: "Swell, how does he look?"

Coed: "I don't know yet — it hasn't been developed."

PSPA...

Last weekend student leaders from 18 northwest colleges and universities met in Seattle for a conference. From this meeting the students went back to their respective schools with a new outlook on student problems brought about by the exchange of viewpoints, ideas, plans and information on present conditions.

Sometimes such conferences flop miserably, but this particular Pacific Students Presidents' association meeting produced a wealth of good discussions and ideas. Our delegates Audrey Holliday and Joe Grimm came back enthusiastic and pleased.

Among other things, the idea of intercollegiate debate was scrapped for an Oregon-sponsored plan for intercollegiate symposium. Headquarters of this activity will be here on our campus. Individuals or teams will visit other schools to discuss national and international problems—an excellent means of combining stimulation to persons interested in speech plus student discussion and exchange of ideas on important problems.

After a discussion of the relationship of the University and the community, the group presented an idea for better relations between the two. Since the University is an integral part of the city in which it is situated, it was suggested that a coordinating body be set up which would further participation of townspeople in University activities of interest to the community and would encourage students under the guidance of their faculty in discussing problems of the community.

Most important of all, the conference discussed the student in relation to the administration. The delegates felt that if a student government was to be truly an educational function preparing students for participation in the communities in which they are to live they should take a more active part in the administration of their life—especially in regard to discipline, social events and living rules. However, it was definitely agreed that at all times the University administration should have veto power over student decisions.

The University is supposed to be a training ground for the leaders of tomorrow. We agree with the PSPA that it can best serve this purpose through utilizing students as much as possible in making decisions effecting student life.

As yet our esteemed Mr. Hoyt Franchere has not gone into the subject of freedom of the collegiate press. Last weekend the PSPA took up the topic and passed a resolution that college papers should be free of control by both administration and student body. The association added that the editor, while a member of the executive council, should not be restrained from criticizing that board.

The Emerald has been fortunate in these respects. There is no censorship. The editor makes all decisions of policy and uses his own discretion in attacking or praising campus affairs. The adviser acts purely in that capacity and does not lay down rules.

Occasionally an editorial or article in the daily arouses the disapproval of students or administrative officials. In its best form, this disapproval is expressed in letters to the editor. Any editor welcomes such letters because they show an interest in campus problems and because they usually point out vital information on the other side of a question. They are open and frank and do not attempt to restrict the editor's right to his opinions.

Criticism is also voiced to the editor personally. It has never taken the form of thou-shalt-nots. The editor may or may not follow this unsolicited advice, as he sees fit. He may use the ideas or opinions in future editorials or in his policy, but he is under no obligation to do so. He is placed in an awkward position sometimes, however, because advice coming from above may create an impression of control and the obligation to follow suggestions.

The editor's freedom to comment on action taken by the executive council is important. His place on that board does