

Alum Describes Pre-Election Activities in Italy

Following is an excerpt from a letter received Tuesday by Bob Frazier, Emerald editor. It is from Don Treadgold, former Oregon student, who is now studying at Oxford university on a Rhodes scholarship. Treadgold and his wife have just returned from a tour of France and Italy, where they spent a week in Rome, a week in Florence, and shorter times in other Italian cities. (His wife is the former Alva Grandquist, who was graduated last year from the law school.)

By DON TREADGOLD

From the evening of our arrival in Florence, we were struck by the universal and passionate interest in the campaign. Thousands of handbills plaster the walls of that beautiful Renaissance city, and there is a great turnover every evening as each party hastens to put up its answer to the opposition speeches of the day, or to gloat

over, or sneer at, the latest bit of international news.

Anyone who is fond of saying that "the man in the street doesn't care about politics" should walk, of an evening, through the squares of Florence, packed with little knots of excited men and women disputing the issue of Christian Democrats versus the Popular Front (Communists and left-wing socialists), which is another way of putting the America vs. Russia question.

No Violence Seen

Despite the feverish, almost round-the-clock activity, I did not see even one instance of threatened violence, or even a case of a man tearing down an opposition handbill. But I did see a man tear off a corner of his own handbill, so as not to cover another! If this all is not democracy, I don't know what it is.

But one should not conclude that this fondness for the electoral pro-

cess will stop thousands of workers who are not paid enough to buy food, from voting Communist. On the other hand, Marshall aid evokes a real enthusiasm, and the top Communist of Italy, Togliatti, was booed for more than a minute at Genoa last week when he declared that the "Russian harvest has made U. S. aid unnecessary."

If I should guess, I should say that the Communists will get less than 40 per cent of the vote, even though the enthusiasm for, and positive support of, Premier de Gasperi is not widespread.

We attended two notable political meetings. One was the demonstration by the students of the University of Florence of solidarity with the Prague students (against the new Communist regime, of course). Here some highly capable, well-dressed speakers addressed an earnest audience, which ejected almost as one man a Communist heckler who tried to interrupt. The

other was ostensibly not political at all: The "Easter blessing" which the Pope delivers from the balcony of St. Peter's on Easter morning to some 200,000 or more persons jam-packed into the square.

It was a vigorous electoral attack on the Communists (not by name), the first such political speech the Pope has made. "He who is not with us," said he, "is against us."

To vote Communist, as signs in every church proclaim (again without mentioning the word), is a mortal sin in the eyes of the Church.

Amusing Handbills

One of the most amusing side-lights of the campaign was the handbills. Various they accused their opponents of receiving money from America or Russia (as the case may be), cite how much help the appropriate one of the two has given Italy, how much that power wants Italy to have back its colo-

nies, or its navy, or (above all) Trieste, and so on.

The Reds attack the Church openly now. Msgr. Cippico for example, is an ex-priest, convicted of embezzling funds. A Red bill taunts: "Msgr. Cippico doesn't vote, because he's in prison. If he could vote, he would vote Christian Democrat!"

Since Garibaldi has rather been adopted by the Reds as their patron saint, the Christian Democrats post bills containing "open letters" from Garibaldi in the hereafter to the Italian people, telling them to beware of those who say he'd be a Communist today. Another bill depicts a hand tearing away the Garibaldi mask from the demoniac, grinning face of Stalin, and so on and so on.

It's difficult to imagine Americans doing all this this fall, but if there was a chance it might be our last election, if one party won, we might at that.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and final examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore. Member of the Associated Collegiate Press

BOB FRAZIER, Editor

BOB CHAPMAN, Business Manager

The Old Lady Sprouts Wings

The story in Thursday's Emerald telling of new wings for old Villard hall set our minds to imagining fancifully that fine, creaking structure wafting about the old campus on gleaming new aluminum wings. A ludicrous thought, possibly, but scarcely more so than the possible down-to-earth picture of the new wing.

Let's face the problem squarely (to use a fine architectural term). The remodeling plan for Villard calls for a building extension to the east of the present structure—toward the art school, in other words. Now comes the issue: Should the foster structure assume the facial characteristics of Villard or the architecture school—two distinct types—to complement the present styles? Villard was dubbed as "early Oregonian (modified)" by an architecture student, but when pinned down he gave it the more romantic title of French classical. The architecture school, on the other hand, is a modified Romanesque structure. Picture the clash of types when the new building runs one style almost into the face of the other! An architectural nightmare!

Now that the situation has been exposed to a good north light, we hasten to warn indignant students that demonstrations or open revolt will not answer the problem. We must be calm and thoughtful, weighing carefully the possible solutions. The simplest scheme which immediately presents itself is to make the new wing a half and half structure—a French-Romanesque, you might say—but the resemblance to a dark-and-white bread sandwich forces us to discard this idea.

The best answer would seem to be a complete and radical departure from either of the afore-mentioned styles—a "radical departure" is the usual term: A new structure copied after a fine old German mead hall would certainly add color to the campus or possibly something copying the Johnson hall style such as was used for the Delta Gamma house.

But we dream on. Let's face it. The new building could be just another quonset hut. —M.E.T.

Texas Professor Introduces New Examination Procedure

FORT WORTH, Texas—ACP)—An experiment is under way in the department of physics at Texas Christian University which could result in a revolution against traditional university examination procedures.

It all started some time ago when Dr. Newton Gaines made the discovery that physics students do just as much thinking, and disclose just about the same extent of their knowledge, in devising a first-class examination as in taking one. This led to the experiment.

"Most of my tests are coded multiple choice," says Dr. Gaines. "When a student doesn't know the answer to one of the questions, I give him the privilege of omitting it if he can write a better or at least as good—question in its stead.

"This method may be unusual, but it requires comprehensive knowledge of the subject plus ingenuity and application on the part of the student.

"The good students like the new system," Gaines reports. "The poor students—but the poor students like nothing about examinations, no matter what the system.

Notes on the Poor Man's 'War and Peace'

RAINTREE COUNTY by Ross Lockridge Jr., Houghton, Mifflin, 1948.

By BARBARA HEYWOOD

Once upon a time, in 1941, a truth-greedy man named Ross Lockridge Jr. resolved to wage typewriter warfare against the ephemeral qualities of life, and the eyesight of Book-Of-The-Month club members. He would imprison in printer's ink practically all of the happenings in Raintree county, Indiana, between the years 1844 and 1892, and most of the outstanding events in the United States during this time. Even more, he would try to solve the greater problems which have faced man since he "lost his vestigial tail," (page 1017).

The result? In 1946 a manuscript—but not a masterpiece—filling a suitcase.

Raintree County is an epic of the Civil war period, but if one reads closely, it is also the story of the author, a thoughtful man, sweating and shaking his fist at air in his effort to think beyond human capacities for the answers to questions he shares with a whole generation: Is there a God? Is there immortality? Was "Adam" an ape? Whence the American republic—and the world? Even, on page 1044, "Would it make the green frog happier to know that he is a frog? (This one was not answered.)

Lockridge put these questions in the mouths of his characters. They discuss and dispute, but rarely conclude. Their answers are usually too muddled for the reader to understand—this being a fair sign that the

author himself does not fully comprehend what he is writing.

Although Raintree County is a maze of interwoven flash-backs, newspaper excerpts, dreams, and philosophic ramblings which would put that old fugue-master, Bach, to shame, it is engrossing when read only for the story.

Johnny Shawnessy, the hero, (a rather weak one) is the binding thread of the story. He has three women in his life: Nell, more a song lyric than a girl; Susanna, who throws her hundred dolls out of her bed when she marries Johnny, and later goes insane; and Esther, a plain, timid second wife. Johnny marches to the sea with Sherman, is in the theater when Lincoln is assassinated, is pronounced dead in action and comes home to knock over his own tomb-stone, and—well, much more.

The humorous parts of Raintree County are the best. Some laughs are provided by fun-poking at rustic life in Indiana, some by the expertly comic situations provided by the author, and a lot by the covertings of "Perfessor" Jerusalem Websters Stiles, the local academy teacher who tried to elope with the preacher's wife but missed the train. He also turns out such fascinating maxims as

"S is for Sex and also for Sin.

The difference between them is not worth a pin."

At times, American history is made quite graphic in Raintree County. If nothing else, through thick (1066 pages) or thin, it is a good big hunk of Americana.

State Elections Attract Student Interest

By LARRY LAU

McKay and Wallace, Duck votes will probably go to the young Mr. Hall. On the millrace issue and the liquor-over-the-bar controversy, there seems to be no question.

We hope the interest shown by the student body in local, state, and national politics will cause an abatement of the very stupid struggle we see each spring between the Greeks and Independents—the kind of shoddy affair that widens a gulf that should not exist.

Several consecutive springs we've seen students trot dutifully to the polls and vote for someone they hadn't heard of because the "politician" in their organization told them to; page after page in issue after issue of the Emerald devoted to describing the world-shaking accomplishments of candidates who didn't know they were running until after the party caucus.

We've seen an intramural football game between a Greek and Independent team be a lot of fun in the fall, and we've seen the same two teams fist-fighting over a softball game in the spring. All for a student government that doesn't govern, is representative only in theory, and that seldom justifies its existence.

We'd favor a third party that could draw its strength from both factions, but probably that's too much to hope for. We could forget the whole business. Seems a shame to ruin a nice month like May.

