

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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On Freshmen and Politics

INTO these tranquil, peaceful days of Indian summer has crept a discordant note, entirely out of place, we feel, in the scheme of things for fall term.

"Freshman class politics," we hear from our green-capped friends, and the phrase brings us rudely from thoughts of the fine year in store for a promising class to the realization that those of '35 are getting off to a bad start.

Freshman class politics did not inflict themselves on the campus in years gone by; in fact, only last year was the first attempt made to organize regular party tickets in the yearling class elections. In the end, and we congratulate '34 on its foresight, class leaders were elected not on tickets but on merit. Two from each supposed "unbreakable, line-up" and "straight ticket" went into office.

With the death knell rung last year for the ticket system in freshman class elections, we thought finis had been written to the practice. But again we find the entering class split into political camps, with tickets and candidates the chief topics of conversation.

Of all the classes in the University, the freshmen need most a strong, unified organization. But how build this structure on a divided political foundation? That is the evil and futility of the whole ticket system, with its vote-trading, job-promising, house line-ups, and attendant circumstances.

We hate to see it leave its mark on the class of '35 at such an early date.

Hoover 6, Depression 0.

WITHOUT the time for a studied analysis of the new Hoover six-point program for turning the nation's latent buying power into commercial channels, it would appear that for the first time the president of the United States has taken a step that promises some relief for this depression-ridden country.

The creation of a half-billion dollar private credit agency to liquidate assets of insolvent banks will provide relief for any number of small depositors who are facing the coming winter with little or no cash available. It should serve to restore confidence in faltering business concerns, and generally liven trade.

President Hoover further proposes to create a government credit agency similar to the old war finance corporation if it should become necessary. While in many ways this is probably one of the best of the six points, the congressmen assembled with Mr. Hoover agreed to support it only as a last resort.

While the program of the president for immediate relief of the country has many admirable aspects, he still persists in laying the cause of the present depression at the door of Europe. He finds that the European depression has so affected our commodity and security prices that the nation has become foolishly alarmed and limited the currency available by withdrawals from banks.

It is unquestionably true that all these things play a part in the economic situation. But business is never to be restored to its normal place if no further steps are taken for economic rehabilitation. The causes for the current depression are more deep seated than mere uncertainty of prices and markets. Mal-adjustments in our economic life arising from new inventions in modern machinery and methods of manufacture that flood the markets with more goods than there is money to buy have much more to do with the situation.

It is in the adjustment and control of manufacture and distribution that the nation must look for permanent relief. Such proposals as the president's have only a temporary effect in stimulating business.

Open House to a Vote

WHEN the special student committee on Open House decided Tuesday to leave final judgment on the "bunion derby" up to all societies, fraternities, and dormitories, it was not "passing the buck," but proceeding in the only logical way to determine true campus-wide sentiment on the question.

Before deliberation began it was thought some agreement might be reached, but the host of conflicting opinions and suggestions raised during the conference made the committee unwilling to decide arbitrarily a matter so closely affecting some 3000 students.

We think campus sentiment in the main favors Open House, but at the same time there is a strong undercurrent of objection going the rounds. Chief objectors, we feel, are upperclassmen who, with an assumed air of boredom, say they see no reason why they should be compelled to go through a five-hour social function they care nothing about.

We cannot expect to make Open House compulsory for all students on the campus and still hope to have the tradition live. The student board of investigators realized this truth when it left final decision up to all houses concerned. Only those organizations voting for Open House will be scheduled to participate in it, and no loss of social prestige will accrue to that house or dormitory unit which may vote against the function.

The Emerald is a staunch supporter of Open House because it gives all Oregon students early in the year a feeling of general friendliness hard to gain in any other manner. It is the freshman's best get-acquainted medium. It makes for democracy, unity, and co-operation so vital to successful student government.

We await results of the campus poll with warranted interest.

THIS WEEK IN BOOKS

EDITED BY ROY SHEEDY

MRS. LEWIS TELLS

Half a Loaf. By Grace Heggar Lewis. Horace Liveright & Co. Even though this novel were not one containing considerable merit it could not help but attract attention. It was written by the former Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, who was living with the Nobel prize winner during those spectacular days of his career when "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith" were coming from his fluent typewriter, and the whole world was cheering his success. Through the characters of Sue and Timothy, Mrs. Lewis describes the difficulties of being the wife of a man who over night is hailed as a genius.

Sue and Timothy were very ordinary young people in 1914, the year they were married. They were employed as manuscript readers for a publishing house, and though Timothy had one novel to his credit, it had created not even a ripple of attention. A few years passed in which Tim wrote several mediocre books and enough short stories to enable the pair to travel over America a great deal. One day the author received an inspiration. "I'm sick to death of this romanticizing of the small town, this holding on to log-cabin tradition in an actuality of firebrick and arty bungalows, of victrolas and autos; this fancying ourselves hardy pioneers galloping about in hairy pants all over the great open spaces of Main Street and Fourth. Doggone it, it won't be a popular book, but I got to write it all the same."

Tim wrote his novel and named it "God's Own Country." It was the beginning of his satire, and his first blow at complacent American Main Streeters, Babbitts, scientists, clergy, and so on. That was in 1922, and his success was instantaneous. The money rolled in, but it did not bring happiness to the couple. Whereas Susan wanted a home of her own where she could begin a family tradition and raise her small son properly, Tim wanted to travel, to live in hotels. He began drinking heavily, his conceit grew by bounds, and he insisted on having his old friends, whom Susan regarded as so many rowdies, constantly about him. Tim was very much like some of the glad-handing American characters depicted in his stories.

The marriage was destined to land on the rocks from the beginning, though Tim's work and a sort of careless love between them held the couple together for nine years. But when Tim began having promiscuous love affairs, and didn't care whether Susan knew about them or not, the latter's pride finally caused her to go to Reno.

Mrs. Lewis writes very much in the style of her former husband, though without the irony. It is a simply and frankly told narrative with few peaks or valleys. Its greatest fault is that the inevitable conclusion is obvious throughout. The story gradually fades to a close with Susan waiting for her trial at Reno. Yet for a "first book," Mrs. Lewis' writing is very good as a whole. At any rate, the author should know her subject. Those who have read some of the novels of Sinclair Lewis (and who hasn't?) will enjoy "Half a Loaf."

WHAT PRICE COMMUNISM?

Seeing Red. By Eva Garrette Grady. Brewer, Warren, and Putnam.

"Seeing Red" is a record of Russia today through the eyes of an intelligent American woman. As Mrs. Grady sees it, an unemployed man in New York is better off than a Russian workman with a job. The terrors of American underworld warfare fade into insignificance compared to the gang rule of Red Russia.

Communist doctrines have largely made of the young women of Russia legalized, if innocent, prostitutes. Sex is a fetish. Marriage is a travesty. American gentlemen, with a roving eye, says Mrs. Grady, find the situation most convenient; they gather their Madame Butterflies on the run, so to speak, all quite legally and safely. Especially safely because a Russian woman, even though married to a foreigner, cannot leave the country. Which avoids potential complications.

In Russia, as perhaps nowhere else, to them that hath shall be given. For it is the ruling Red class, and it alone, which has freedom and power, and what is most important, food. The "outs," Mrs.

Grady found, struggle perpetually on the fringe of starvation. What she has to say about food speak-easies and the bootlegging of luxurizing, is enlightening. Illuminating, too, is her story of the American woman who was dragged out of her bath (in birthday costume) because she was using soap. For the use of soap under Soviet law is a crime.

Eva Garrette Grady lived quietly in Soviet Russia with her engineer husband. Mrs. Grady is a trained writer, but the Soviets did not know that, which is why she had her chance. She observed and set down exactly what was going on behind the scenes. And then she was thrown out of Russia because in a Saturday Evening Post article she told a little joke about Stalin.

E. MULLINS

TOLD ON A MAIL BOAT

Amok. By Stefan Zweig. Viking Press.

Among the new books of the late summer this story stands out so compellingly and forcefully that it is hard to erase it from memory—this little volume by Stefan Zweig. We have a reminder of the Ancient Mariner theme here, for the young German doctor is forced to tell his story to the passenger on the Wotan, the mail boat from Singapore. He tells it as the dawn comes at sea, and so excitedly, so passionately, so absorbingly, that the reader is transplanted from his own surroundings, and is there on that ship listening intently, and watching the ghostly face of the young doctor. The story is laid in the West Indies and tells of a white man who runs amuck. It is so intense, gripping and completely absorbing once picked up, the reader cannot lay it down until it is finished. The author has condensed much of real life into so few pages and created a very definite atmosphere.

M. ROBERTS

FAMILY LIFE

The Opening of a Door. By George Davis.

This story opens with the death of Grandfather Macdougall, the head of a Scotch family in Chicago, and apparently a failure in life, and ends with the death of his wife, Grandmother Macdougall. We see their seven children and their relationships to each other and to their mother through the eyes of her young grandson who lives with them for a while. We feel with him a mingling of pity and contempt for Aunt Flora with her trivial heartaches and snooping habits, Uncle Lincoln who drinks to escape from his wife, and weak Uncle Albert, whose hidden dream is a piece of real estate. And we rejoice with Aunt Theodore, who at last achieves her happiness, and with Uncle Daniel, who does not even hope for it. Aunt Alexandra and her peaceful metaphysics seem an alien in the turbulent atmosphere of their home lives.

Through the whole story the dominating influence of the grandmother is subtly felt. Her sentimental mother love is slowly revealed to us as nothing but cruelty, stupidity, and vanity, and in the end we despise her for her unconscious selfishness.

This is the first novel of George Davis and it has created quite a furor in writing circles. The New York Times says of it, "The novel is a high achievement in creative literature—worthy to rank with the best of its time. Here from among the multiplicity of new novels is one to buy, to experience, and to preserve." Lloyd Morris and John Erskine have also highly recommended the book. You will probably enjoy it for both its psychological and literary values.

M. F. OWEN

ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

The Golden Vase. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper Brothers.

In this novel Lewisohn reaches the summit of his career. The mood here is one of idyllic and lyric beauty. Only occasionally does the author lapse into something uninteresting and tedious as for description.

John Ridgevale, a novelist, has reached middle age after a youth of fighting for lost causes. At times he has had everything—nights of music and enchantment—mornings when he knew his work would shake the world, but love has passed him by. Then—as is always the case in the novel—he meets HIS WOMAN, a type no one would want to be. She seems to be the one to fulfill the long afternoons of his life. But—and there lies the philosophy and psychology that is the real story.

If you are an artist, "The Golden Vase" will have an intense appeal for you, but if you are prosaic minded you will be bored by his soarings into the intellectual and artistic beyond.

D. WILLIAMS

All books, fiction and non-fiction, reviewed in this department can be obtained at the Co-op High Hat library. Miss Mathilda Roberts, direct from five years on the University of Washington campus, is in charge of the balcony book shop this year.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Temenid meeting at Craftsman club at 7:45. Every member please be there.

Christian Science Organization will hold its regular Thursday evening meeting tonight at 7:30 in the Y. W. C. A. bungalow.

Alpha Kappa Delta will have a meeting of all members this afternoon at 5 o'clock at the Social Science house.

Cosmopolitan club executive council members will hold an important meeting at 4 o'clock today at the Y. W. C. A. bungalow.

REAL 'HARD TIMES' IN EUROPE, NOT AMERICA

(Continued from Page One) sway for a considerable length of time. His power now, however, is on the decline, because of the new political leader Vruening. While Hitler says, "We will not pay our debt," Vruening diplomatically says, "We can not pay our debt."

"Conditions in Germany," he continued, "are really not so bad as those in Sicily. A laborer in that country gets approximately five cents a day. They live on bread and lemons."

In closing, Dr. Schmidt pointed out again that the American people do not realize what "hard times" really mean.

THE GREEN JESTER

Weep a tear For Casper Thill— He figured out His syllabus bill.



Pardon us if this column seems a bit disorganized, but there are extenuating circumstances. The daughter of a prominent faculty member is making so much noise we can't hear ourselves think—not that we ever do think. But here is some more verse. It is verse than the last, so be prepared:—

If she liked to lean Upon a mantle painted green And the mantle fell to earth— Where, oh where, would Madeline?

And that reminds us of a story we heard about the Tri-Delts:—



Little Joseph came in, despondent after 3 sets of tennis, and says as a tennis player he would make an excellent lawyer—settling all his disputes out of court. Joseph plays a "brooding hen" type of tennis. He "sets" for a half hour between each set.

In looking over the theatre review by our friend Sheedy, we have come to the conclusion that Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo have certainly made their Marx in the world.

Advertisements extoll the virtues of an alarm clock that awakens one "painlessly." Oh, yeah?

We can imagine some people we know stretching themselves and exclaiming, "What a delightful awakening!"

We wish somebody would invent an alarm clock that wouldn't break when it is thrown out of a window. And that reminds us of the window song they sing in the Z. T. A. house:—

"Window we eat?"

That last was pretty transparent.

Hi, everyone. Please note that we are falling in with the trend of all modern masterpieces and adopting a theme song. In case you want to know:—

"What a day, was Yesterday—"

Little Irvin of the Vigilance Committee says that he wishes we would fall in with the trend of his credit and vanish completely. The brute!

Tea hee, Jack Hempstead, where is that nasty old mustache you were growing? Did that old meany law school cut it off?

We could say a lot of things about the baneful effects and appearance of mustaches, but we

won't.—Except that Mr. Hempstead has had a hair raising time

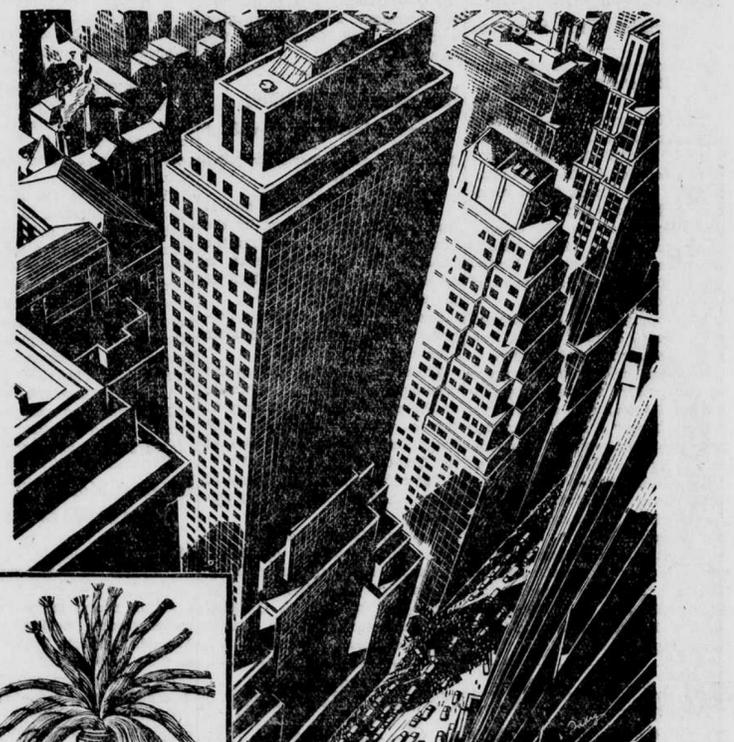
sprouting that growth and it seems kind of a shame to put it to waste.

Here is a photo of Strypt Canopy, famous gangster—he has modernized the preamble to the constitution and has paid us well for printing it.

Us boids, the ginks wat runs dis boig, so as how we kin run our hooch widout John Bull musclin' in, put a stop to heavin' pineapples, and an end to knife fights in the club room, announce that we ordainify this here set of orders and any geezer wat busts it gets put on de spot.

Offering special low rates to students and friends attending the U. of O. and U. of W. Game. \$1.50 without bath, \$2 and \$2.50 with bath. No charge for second person sharing room. Street cars to stadium pass hotel doors. Coffee Shop and Garage in connection. Frye Estate Owners and Operators. P. J. Jensen, Manager. HOTEL FRYE SEATTLE

Book Bargains. FORMER PRICES \$2.00 TO \$5.00. SALE PRICE 89c (Main Floor, Co-op). ENGLISH MEN OF LETTER SERIES — COLLINS SERIES. SALE PRICE 59c. Book Balcony — Co-op.



A nerve system for energetic skyscrapers

Long before the huge bulk of a new skyscraper looms up, Bell System men have planned its nerve system—the maze of telephone cables and wires so vital to its business activities. From the inception of a building design, telephone engineers work hand in hand with the architects. They determine the telephone

needs of thousands of future tenants. Then they plan cable shafts rising from cellar to roof and the grid of under-floor ducts that will put telephones within easy reach of every occupant. There's a real thrill in working out these plans, for without telephones the immense structures of today would hardly be practicable.

BELL SYSTEM



A NATION-WIDE SYSTEM OF INTER-CONNECTING TELEPHONES

OREGON Headquarters in SEATTLE This Week-end Will Be The NEW WASHINGTON HOTEL (SECOND AT STEWART) Seattle's Most Distinguished Hotel SPECIAL RATES TO OREGON STUDENTS "WE'LL BE SEEN" YOU