

In Beginning

We start with a clean page. We have no predecessor to measure up to. We must establish our own traditions.

We aim to serve, as best we can, as your campus critic—the Emerald Magazine. The magazine does not plan to have you agree with its critical comments, nor necessarily disagree. We will present our own ideas and opinions of current things in the line of books, motion pictures, plays, magazines, art and music, and on occasion in any other field which seems to deserve our praise or criticism.

We aim to stimulate the student interest in things of this nature. We will serve as a medium through which, if you learn to trust our judgment, you may choose what things you will see or hear.

Board Bans College Story

Condemned by educational directors as unfit for student consumption, "Passions Spin the Plot," the second volume in a tetralogy by Vardis Fisher, an Idaho author, has been removed from the Montana university library shelves at the instigation of John L. Morris, former Montana university instructor.

Morris, a teacher in the social science department who was released within a month from his duties at the University, read several excerpts from the book to the board and pronounced it improper. Agnes Wigginton, secretary to the educational group, completed examination of the volume in question and on the motion of Commissioner W. M. Johnston, the board with the exception of one member ordered its complete expurgation. "Passions Spin the Plot" treats farm life in the raw; its central theme being the emotional life of Vridar Hunter, the main character. Fisher, to date, has had six books published.

A Slice of Life

"WE ARE BETRAYED," by Vardis Fisher, Caldwell, Idaho, and Garden City, New York. The Caxton Printers, Ltd. and Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1934. 369 pages. \$2.50.

Someone has said of this book: "If I were 22 I would think this novel powerful," but regardless of the reader's age, "We Are Betrayed," the third volume in a tetralogy by Vardis Fisher, should have a wide range of appeal for here is discussed and laid bare the struggle of a man for honesty, worth, and meaning in life; his search for a philosophy, religion, or creed in which he can trust. The first two books, "In Tragic Life" and "Passions Spin the Plot" dealt with Vridar Hunter's childhood and his emotional life, the latest book is of his intellectual, his spiritual adult life and Fisher keenly depicts the battle between the two sides of Vridar's nature: idealist and realist for the attainment of self-understanding.

Discards Ideals
Vridar is in the process through all the book of discarding his her-

itage of ideals and sense of inferiority, yet his intellectual ambition spurs him on to further disappointments in himself and Nelo, his wife. The story of the love Nelo and Vridar have for each other and the torture this intense love involves leads to a climax which is about the last word in tragedy. However, the pathos of the tragedy is a little dulled because Fisher has drawn so many agonizing moods in the pages before.

The book is interesting not only from the standpoint of an honest and, sometimes, harsh description of a morbidly sensitive personality, but because there are many contemporary references in it to fraternity life, colleges, professors, and modern thought. Fisher himself attended the University of Utah and the University of Chicago and has been instructor of English at the former college and New York university. He follows the Northwest regional trend now in existence toward writing of what one knows about and of the country with which one is best familiar.

Effective Style

Fisher's style is plain and effective in this story of one man's life. A realist to the core, he touches upon all subjects dealt with in the same rather brutal manner, portraying life as he sees it. At present, he is involved in a censorship fight in Montana and his books are the object of great comment throughout the book world.

Those who look for sincerity in a book will find it here and anticipation of the sales of the next book in the tetralogy coming off the press soon should cause a publisher's heart to expand.

R. STORLA.
"ASYLUM," by William Seabrook: New York: Harcourt, Brace; 1935; 263-XIII.

Frankness, at once a virtue and a fault, underlies the sometimes tragic humor of "Asylum." The account of a self-committed dundard's seven months' stay in a large public institution, "Asylum" is a breaking-up of many popular beliefs concerning mental hospitals. The background is supplied by half-mad companions, minor feuds, and lucid descriptions of method.

Seabrook, author of adventure and travel tales, jokes his way through another true adventure, with the laugh, semi-tragic as it is, on himself.

The day he entered he wanted to leave, and said so in no uncertain terms. The day he left he wanted to go back, and tells why in his preface. "They now call it a 'mental hospital,' as all such places do—but asylum is still what everybody knows it is, and it proved so truly an 'asylum' for me that I have a friendly feeling for the good old word. Asylum from the storm; sanctuary; refuge. . . That's why I call this book 'Asylum.'"

J. SMITH.
Fire-fighting crews in Paris now are equipped with movie cameras. The cameras are rushed to each fire covered and movies are made of the progress in putting it out. Flaws in the work of the firemen are picked out when the film is shown later.

Send the Emerald to your friends.

RECENT BOOK REVIEWS

"I SPEAK FOR THE SILENT (Prisoners of the Soviet)" by Vladimir Tchernavin. Boston, New York: Hale, Cushman, and Flint, 1035. 368 pages. Translated from Russian by Nicholas Duskakoff.

When Lenin and his associates, after snatching control of what is now known as the U.S.S.R., bowed the knee before the hopelessly reposed idol of Science, they were not altogether consistent in their promises of affection. Now comes a complaint from one of Science's prophets, registered through "I Speak for the Silent."

M. Tchernavin, as an "expert" on the Soviet staff, was connected with a fisheries project in northern Russia, when unappreciative officials stepped in and hustled him off to prison in a general liquidation drive on scientists of dubious political beliefs. How he spent his time as an exile in eastern Russia under the confining concentration camp routine, and how he escaped, are merely background material for more important issues woven skilfully into the text.

Commercially, it would seem, the Soviet is encountering rocky roads. M. Tchernavin asserts that scientific promotion of industries is impossible under the untrained bureaucracies that infest the Communist regime. Petty officials spend most of their time currying favor of their superiors, and veto the trained opinions of the few experts that are left on the scene.

Because of this, the much-publicized Five Year plan was a dismal failure, if we are to believe the author. He points out that the production quotas were set ridiculously high, and that statistics became a farce.

An interesting discussion of the sociological aspects of the Soviet program follows. The old adage, "one rotten apple spoils a barrel of good apples"—of all things!—is, in effect, the substance of M. Tchernavin's complaint. The author decries the unplanned confinement which throws together the scum and flower of Russia. We have an idea that what really soured M. Tchernavin is that Stalin was partial toward the scum.

This book will not make interesting reading for those who are partisans to stories of small children butchered by heartless Communists. It will, however, furnish an adequate idea of the Communist politico-economic policy, in a rare and original manner. A student priding himself on a thorough knowledge of conditions in Russia should peruse this book—for pleasure and profit.

G. JONES.
"THE LAND OF PLenty" by Robert Cantwell. Farrar & Rinehart, New York, 1934. 369 pages. \$2.50.

The lights in the door factory of a far western town went out. At least fifty men in various parts of the building muttered—"dirty son of a bitch!" The women, a little more refined, came forth with "hells, and bastards." Thus it all began, in "The Land of Plenty," a simple incident gave vent to seething labor dissatisfaction, that

for months had been brewing in the factory. Throughout the novel the action gathers momentum, until the final impact causes a clash between bosses and workers—a strike, and all its trimmings: scabs, pickets, sabotage, police, riots—and death!

"The Land of Plenty," in its swift, terse style, voices the cry and pathos of the American working man, and echoes the groans of the capitalistic system caught in the embarrassing mess of the depression.

The author, Robert Cantwell, shows deep understanding of lives on both sides of the railroad tracks. His book is a literary canvas which pictures, in splashing colors, the working man in the raw; his poverty, depravity, and the lust of unadulterated passions. The laborer's antagonism and bitterness towards his bosses, and the bosses' returned compliments to the workers, furnish a none too pleasing background.

It is a stirring drama of labor and capital—with sex and class struggles as the dominating theme, and lives—minds and souls twisted and gnarled by the economic system as the stumbling, mumbling, muttering actors.

H. HORAK.

Helpless Youth Says Pitkin

"NEW CAREERS FOR YOUTH" by Walter Pitkin, Simon and Schuster.

In an attempt to wave a red flag before the eyes of certain young people who seem intent upon rushing headlong into professions which he terms overcrowded, Walter Pitkin waxes serious, nay eloquent. In his book "New Careers for Youth" he casually erases all hopes for the youth who chooses law, medicine, journalism, professional music, or straight engineering.

Mr. Pitkin talks with the air of an authority, the air of one who looks, sighs, wags his head, and sets about to do something about the situation. What he does about this over-supply of semi-educated youth no doubt satisfies his own sense of "I've Done My Part," but his solutions may not be so tasty to youth itself. Among his suggestions for new fields of endeavor are those of farm manager, managers of way-side inns, industrial artists and the like.

Sounds Logical

While Mr. Pitkin's book is filled with information which sounds very logical and oppressing, one cannot overlook the fact that the same illustrious Mr. Pitkin has, despite his extensive research, all but disregarded those fields of endeavor which are just now opening to the educated young person. The opportunities presented by way of new inventions, television, airplane and mechanical development are honored with but a page in the entire book. But does Mr. Pitkin defy this prediction without benefit of black and white statistics?

Explaining that the present economic condition in regard to youth is the result of deficiencies of our preparatory schools, Mr. Pitkin says, "Few Americans have been educated in high schools and college. They have frittered away precious years over trifles, frills, inaneities, and worse. They have been under the tutelage of frosty old maids whose worldly wisdom could hardly be found if spilled into a tumbler."

Black Picture Painted

Altogether, Mr. Pitkin has painted one of the blackest pictures which could possibly be laid at the doorstep of the young person of college age today. Unless one be mathematically or mechanically inclined, which would enable one to relish the jobs Mr. Pitkin lists, he might just as well put in his application for a position in the bread line.

Benevolently, the author makes exceptions for the genius in everything that he says, in which class one feels that he places himself. But for the rest of us, it's "Back to the kennel, middle-man."

M. PETSCH.

"DEEP DARK RIVER," by Robert Rylee. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. \$2.50.

"No man wants to be free," insists Mose Southwick, the negro character used by Robert Rylee in "Deep Dark River" to express the

melancholy outlook of the colored people, and show the hopelessness of their lot.

The religious enthusiasm of Mose, who is almost white, puts him perfectly at ease in a pulpit, but his simple and trusting outlook on life and his faith in his neighbors makes him an easy prey of unscrupulous and fast-thinking negroes.

Mose managed to eke out a fairly comfortable existence by working in a gravel pit, but he lost his job and went farther north where he was employed on a plantation. Not long after this Mose was overtaken by the usual fate of man; he met a woman whom he thought he must have, and then his troubles began.

At the close of the story he is still in prison, his fate somewhat indefinite, but somehow the reader feels perfectly satisfied that the tale should end this way, for Mose is content to work on in his particular patch of cotton, meditate on deep subjects, and preach to his fellow prisoners.

The excellent portrayal of this main character puts the reader almost on speaking terms with him. Clara Winston, the white lawyer who attempted to help Mose, is also very naturally portrayed.

The life of this negro who has to struggle against the prejudices of the whites and cannot use his strongest argument, that of fighting for his wife, to secure his freedom, is surely a "Deep Dark River."

L. ANDERSON.

"WHILE ROME BURNS," by Alexander Woolcott. New York: The Viking Press, 1934. 328 pages. \$2.75.

Rome and foolish Nero knew nothing of the woe that would befall them throughout the remainder of history through the fiddler's irresponsibilities, and little did they think that history would repeat in a lighter and more truly amusing vein.

Woolcott opens his collection of anecdotes in "While Rome Burns" telling the tale of the little monster who collected his antiques not in his own Toledo of Spain but in Toledo, Ohio. It is indeed another example of being able to dig diamonds in your own back yard.

He reveals some of Kathleen Norris' personal traits, too, in his neighborhood gossip section. Mrs. Norris' works will have an added touch of reality when Woolcott's readers recall the scathing way in which she turned the prank intended for her.

The critic's linguistic qualities which he so faithfully maintains in bold print allow his own self to add richness and quality to other characters which he frankly enjoys and through his enthusiasm allows others to enjoy.

"Journey's End" which thrilled theater goers a few years ago by the vivid picturing of World War days receives its acclaim in this work. A few of the incidents prior to the play's production about which Woolcott tells gives even another side of that famed play.

Alexander Woolcott carries us through many incidents of his and other's lives picturing the unknown side of many characters dear to contemporary Americans. Always his pen is poised in the critical but friendly angle. His is the jovial critic's role, and he never branches into the heavy or sticky type.

The book is one of entertainment with a mind to life as the author and the present generations find it today.

M. BLACKBURNE.

In some countries mineral water costs more than wine, but at Altheide in Germany it is so plentiful that the streets are sprinkled with mineral water.

An electric charge is like a label on a trunk. It does its work if it only sticks until delivered.

1936
Plymouths
Now on Display at

BROWN
MOTOR CO.
195 East Broadway

Such Things Are Bad

By BILL BARKER

Rod had taken Lenore to his apartment. They could cook there. It was just as he had told her as they drove up. "We can cook here," he said. And Lenore believed him. But oh God, how long she had wanted to believe in something like this.

It was a brisk evening and smoke was rising from neighboring chimneys symbolically as they climbed the stairs to the apartment and the warmth it offered. Even the radiator was steaming as they entered the room.

"Steam," said Rod, pointing to the tangle of animated pipe. "I think I'll turn it off."

"Yes," said Lenore with a world of expression in her face.

Rod stooped over by the radiator. He might have been tying a shoe-string, but he wasn't. He was twisting a thing . . . the nob.

"It's off," he announced.

"What?" asked Lenore.

"The steam," he mentioned. "It's off."

"Oh yes," she answered.

Rod struck a match and stooped over the fire-place. The match went out. He lit another and touched it to the paper. It flared up, burned, and then the feathery ashes turned over and died.

He reached over and turned on a dim, mellow light. "Have to have lights," he announced. And then gazing into the fire-place he added, "no wood."

Lenore gazed into the fire-place. Rod came with an armful of wood and soon the fire was blazing. "It's burning," said Rod.

"I like fires," breathed Lenore in the heavy dusk as he turned out the light.

They were sitting on the davenport pulled closely up to the fire-place. They gazed into each other's eyes. Rod's soul was on fire. Lenore's soul was on fire. The davenport was on fire.

"I think we'd better move," said Rod.

A tear came into her eyes. "Oh

must we?" she pleaded. Now they were coming down her cheeks. She even was coughing from the smoke.

Rod filled a dish-pan full of water and threw it on the davenport. Lenore started filling the bathtub, but gave it up. It was too heavy to carry in.

Finally it was out and the smoke was hovering up near the ceiling. Lenore gazed at it through romantic eyes and thought that it looked like the back room of a cigar store.

They were sitting very close to each other on the floor near the window. Desire swelled up inside of Rod until his heart sounded like someone knocking on the door.

Lenore got up and answered it. "There's no one there," she said.

Again they were sitting beside each other . . . close in this darkened cave . . . warm and secure from the weather, and things. Rod longed to take her in his arms and crush her. He could feel her soft flesh in his arms, he could smell the sweet scent from her cheek, and he could hear her whisper tenderly into his ear. He looked into her eyes. They were like two magic lanterns in the dark. Their gleam projected a message on the opposite wall. She was mentally nodding her head and Rod KNEW WHAT TO DO.

THE MOMENT HAD COME.

He reached out gently and . . . it was done before either knew the thing they were doing. Rod had grabbed her hand. He was holding it like nobody's business. It was like that time he went to the circus. The heat was in tents.

That's all.

Social Changes and Revolutionary Art

Along the lines of present day attempts at "regimentation of art" comes the October "New Masses" magazine with its "Art issue" that tries, in a featured article called, "Revolutionary Art Today," to shout a permanent command of "squads left!" to the

field of creative art and turn the struggling line of art in America into a factory of mass propaganda heightened by the rosy and prospective title of "social art."

The author, Thomas S. Willison, nobly and cautiously debunks the ments in painting for their "negations in painting for their negation of human character and psychological richness" and others who are "scrupulously objective" in their painting "about essentially impersonal objects," so that now when an artist desires to paint "momentous and moving reality which today is the reality of class struggle and the decay of capitalism," he experiences difficulties. However, these difficulties seem to be nothing more or less than an attempt to work toward anything with enough of a "significance" to satisfy the poor small souls who have their ideas of "art" all warped by the avidity with which they acclaim the painted acrostics and designed jig-saws that pass as the "socially conscious" work of "29 Leading American Artists"—(reproduction appearing with the article.)

—G. R.

LET US HELP
YOU SELECT
BOOKS FOR
YOUR
LIBRARY.

See These
Interesting Titles:

T. E. Lawrence:
Seven Pillars of
Wisdom

Lin Yutang:
My Country and My
Life

Rockwell Kent:
Salamina
Stuart Chase:
Government in Business

Gale Wilhelm:
We Too Are Drifting

T. S. Eliot:
Murder in the
Cathedral

George Seldes:
Freedom of the Press

ART BOOKS

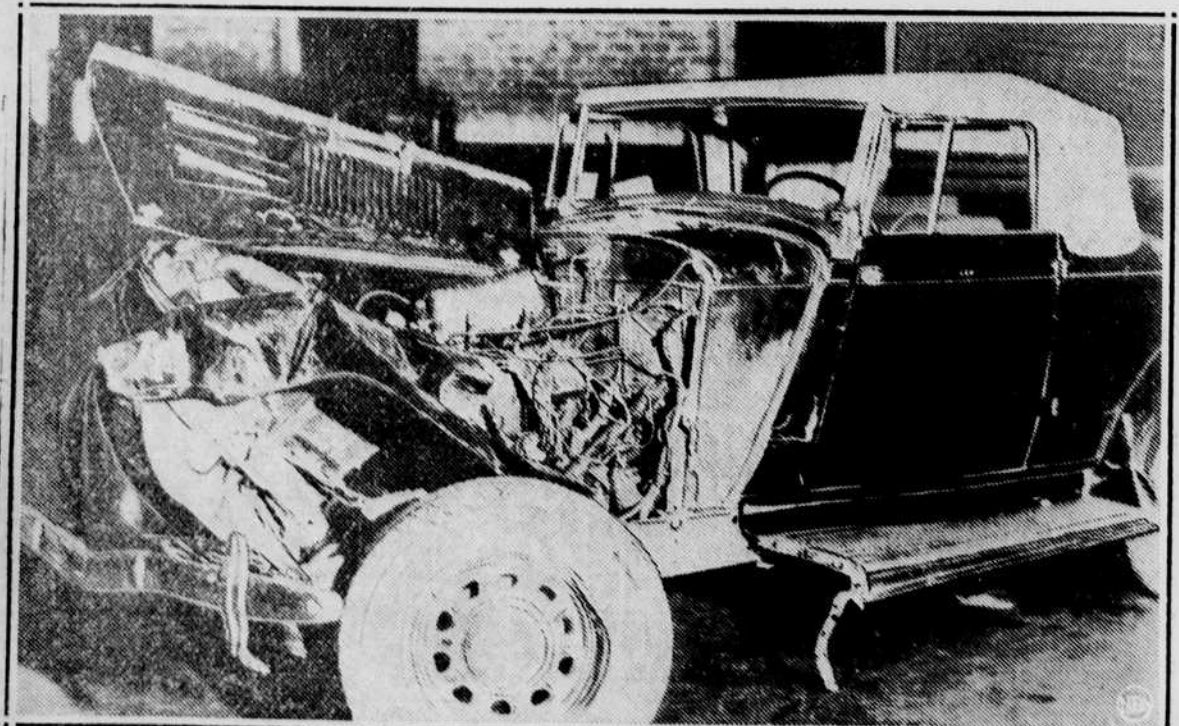
Gerstle Mack:
Paul Cezanne

T. W. Earp:
Modern Movement in
Painting — Prints
Hiroshige, with introduction by Jiro Harada

James Thrall Soby:
After Picasso

the
'CO-OP'

Wrecked Car Tells of Roosevelts' Narrow Escape



John, 19, and James Roosevelt, 28, sons of President Roosevelt, riding in the roadster pictured above had a narrow escape from death and suffered only slight injuries when the so apparent damaged was inflicted. The car was crushed against the post of a safety gate at a railroad crossing in Boston when John's quick-witted driving averted a broadside collision with the speeding train. He had crashed through the gate in a mad drive to catch a New York-bound plane.

WEBFOOTS!



Come in to the
old hangout
and
get 'em dry.

Club Breakfasts
Luncheons
Dinners
In-Betweens

Get acquainted with
Jack Young
Bruce McIntosh
Ward McKelson
soda jerkers unsurpassed.

May We Suggest



Don't Count on
Fisherman's Luck

to find your lost articles,
to get that ride to Portland for the game.

to see the rest of the
students know that you
can type out their term
papers.

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