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Fraternity Problem Solved by Summer

ON October 19, the interfraternity council met, discussed the fallacies of its present setup, admitted gross inadequacies in its machinery, and made sporadic if sincere suggestions for improvement.

That was ten days ago. At the same meeting one of the members of the council stated emphatically that it did not agree with the enforcement intentions of the group. It threatened withdrawal from the council pending advice from its national body, and the ultimate decision of the council as to the collection of fines.

That, too, was ten days ago. Today the adamant member, upon advice from the national body, asserts that it will not pay the fine and should be forced to do so it will withdraw. The council still intends to levy the fines.

The next meeting of the council is scheduled for November 7. That is ten days from now. In the meantime what happens? Nothing!

With Oregon's interfraternity council in an uproar, with a member of the council threatening withdrawal, with the committee on constitutional revision working independently of the whole assembly isolated from opinion and suggestion, the council blissfully contemplates November 7 and remains static.

If the council is of the opinion that this inaction stimulates respect from the campus, and confidence in the power and prestige of the organization, it is wrong.

If it would hold a series of dynamic meetings and convince the body politic that there was "something there" besides the name, that it felt the responsibility of its position as governors of 500 college students, that alone would serve to erase something of a black mark from its battle-scarred face.

The Political Picture Is Alluring

WHAT would be the reaction of a crowded Geringer hall to a partisan speaker, who, in preparation for the coming political elections, seeks to justify his party platforms?

How would college students analyze the politician about whom he is so prone to jest? Would the college student be willing to sacrifice some measure of his personal and business freedom in order to insure a more level society? Would he be willing to kick through with a little additional tax on food in order to assure old age pensions and gamble on increased earning power through heightened trade?

Or would the college student be willing to continue on the road of rugged individualism, bucking the current of unrestrained competition?

Could a political speaker convince him that the New Deal was a flop? Would the college student like to know just what in heck the New Deal intends to do when some of the debts must be paid?

What about this new social order? How will it affect the job for which the college students have been preparing for four years?

The answer to most of these problems might at least be suggested if there was some one to suggest them first hand. Dean Onthank and his assembly committee might provide speakers that would present both sides of our local and national political scene.

The students would rather like to hear them.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

TOWERING up from the side of the road, the huge mass of rock appeared to be a shrine dedicated to some legendary Spanish colossus, but just below the grass line, where cattle grazed on the steep slope, stood a thickly-foliated tree. And that was what I had been looking for. A tree, with branches not more than ten feet from the ground.

The first part of the night was spent in the tree, watching peasants stride home from work on the gravel highway far below; the second part was spent in a shallow cave at the base of the tons of boulder, looking out upon a starlit, moonless sky, and trying to see the angels of Jacob, but succeeding only in finding a peacefully-munching cow; the third part was spent hiking into Medina Sedonia through a cold, clammy fog

that stimulated fears of bloody bandits in ambush.

It was the count of Medina Sedonia who was forced by Phillip II to command the Spanish Armada, in spite of the fact that the land-loving count turned green on ponds. But this hilltop town has attained fame as recently as last year, during the nationwide riots against the reactionary government, when 20 members of the local anarchist syndicate were shot down casually by troops from Algeciras, and caused a scandal that threatened to overthrow the party in power.

These hot-blooded Andalusian peasants were going to do something about election promises that had not been fulfilled. You see, the so-called revolution of 1931 was supposed to reform all the agrarian evils of this farming country. Before 1931, land barons controlled nearly all the good land in Spain. After 1931... well, the people hoped, but nothing happened. The old men who held the reins were too timid to inaugurate any strong legislation.

Today, one baron holds sway over an area as large as Belgium; 200 families own more than a million acres of land; ten millions acres of good soil goes uncultivated because the absentee landlords would rather raise bulls to carry their colors into the ring than farm; over 90 percent of the landlords earn an income of less than 15 cents a day because the lords will not lease out their land; much of the 22,000,000 population, 75 percent of which make their living directly from the soil, cannot land by any means, and wander about the peninsula depending upon the meager and spasmodic wages they get by hiring out as harvesters.

The Second Republic had the priceless opportunity of reforming the agricultural situation by peaceful methods, but they muffed it. Very well, next time, the peasants mutter, next time we will see, which is Authority Jay Allen's reason for predicting a bloody revolution in Spain within the next ten years.

Astonishingly acute too, are these simple folk, in spite, or perhaps because of the obscurantist policy adhered to by the church and state, which leaves four out of every ten of their children unable to read or write. "Illiterates speak like Seneca, sing like Biaga, and behave like Louis XIV," says Madariaga.

Taking the problem from the bottom up, Spain has a total area of 120,000,000 acres, four-tenths of which is cultivated, and only one-tenth of which is said to be actually unsuitable for cultivation. Moreover, the soil which is tilled is usually the poorer texture, since the best land has been given to the aristocracy and, as has been noted, lies idle. Experimentation has established the fact that when properly cultivated, yields on Spanish land may be doubled and trebled, to bring it up to and surpassing the yields in the rainier portions of Europe. In the hands of unskilled peasants much rich land is wasted, and little has been done to educate anyone to proper farming methods.

Let's wander over to a Spanish farm. Just so you don't touch the machinery. It's liable to fall apart anytime.

Other Editors' Opinions

THIS is the Lost Generation, as everyone says. The battlefields were strung with corpses, and the years that came, with bitter flappers and gin and—

"I can't give you anything but love, Baby. That's the only thing I've plenty of, Baby." and drunks and cynicism. Anybody who saw anything beautiful in a woman, in a tree or a sentence, you laughed at. Anybody who believed in God and all his trappings, you scoffed at. Purity and chastity and virtue and virginity were always good for a laugh. Tenderness was maudlin and you scorned it. You jibed at the simple Rotarians and the Main street yokels. You accepted graft, and realism, and international hate, and laughed at anyone who had idealism in politics, or was romantic, or who thought that building bigger guns wasn't the only way to keep people from killing each other. You laughed at the comfort of home and fireside, or anythings else which had managed to be revered through the years.

Gee, wouldn't it be a scream if someday you found you had laughed at everything?—The Washington Daily.

Colleges Line Up on Olympic Boycott Issue

WHILE anti-Nazi members of the Amateur Athletic Union are preparing for a battle that "will shake the Union to its foundations" regarding an American boycott of the 1936 Olympic Games at its national convention December 6, the nation's college students are lining themselves on one side or the other of the question of U. S. participation.

Since the Metropolitan A. A. U. district, biggest single unit of the Union, voted against the boycott, anti-Nazi chances of putting the resolution through apparently have diminished to a point where they have little hope of success. In all probability, consequently, the battle will terminate in a resolution favoring participation. When and if this resolution is passed, the true spirit of sportsmanship and amateur athletics, clearly voiced by the Olympics, will have surmounted its last official barrier.

One danger will remain, however—the chance of a few scattered individual boycotts, sponsored by die-hard groups, which would lower the class of the American Olympic team. Individual action has already been voted by Columbia University's student board, which recently resolved to oppose participation of Columbia men in the 1936 Games.

American participation at Berlin is left in the hands of the National A. A. U. There seems to be little doubt that the Union will approve the Games, in which it would be foolish, detrimental stubbornness for a few colleges to continue with their individual boycotts.

If the United States enters the Olympics, as she seems sure to do, anti-Nazi feeling could be best served by a representative American team that would administer a beating, in a sportsmanlike way, to Hitler's own German athletes.—Stanford Daily.



Again I See In Fancy

By FREDERIC S. DUNN 'GEE! HAW! HAW THERE!'

There were two Presidents Johnson,—one, the inexorable taskmaster of the classroom, whose lashing words were in lieu of the hickory; the other, the friendly, practical, human who felt and sensed the bond of fellowship, and of whom the kindest memories prevail.

A characteristic example of the former personality may be adduced from our sometime class in Tuscular Disputations. Jack McClure, classmate of '92, was seated beside me, all primed for a certain passage, which fell instead to Jed Bronaugh. Poor Jack was therefore at the freezing point, but managed to get considerable warmer under Johnson's tirade, until, forgetting all limitations, he began to retort. On the instant,

the President's dyspepsia too lost all limitations.

'Not another word, Johnnie. If you say another word, Johnnie, I shall send you from the room.' And there was something so cruelly tantalizing in his tone, that one could imagine him fairly hoping that Johnnie would say another word.

I am not sure, but it seems to me that I pinched John in warning. Anyway, and happily, John 'kept the door of his teeth,' and the fracas was averted. Cicero's sublime words on the immortality of the soul had well nigh reeked with the profanity of the mortal.

And now a picture of the other self of President Johnson. An elderly man was driving a yoke of oxen up Twelfth Avenue toward the University, when the team be-

came frightened and first broke into a trot and then into a lope.

The old man was powerless to check them. You can't stop a brute of that sort from behind.

President Johnson, a buttoned umbrella in his hand, happened to be coming down from Deady hall, saw the runaways, threw himself in front, flung up his arms and hat and umbrella in the faces of the animals, and, yelling 'Gee, Haw, Buck, haw there' and other phases in bovine lingo, finally swung them fairly around, almost trampling on the old driver in their right-about-face.

John Wesley Johnson may not have been born in a log cabin, but he had been brought up on a farm, all right.

(Next in the series 'WAKE KLATAWA'.)

Air Y' Listenin'

By James Morrison

Emerald of the Air
Yesterday Ned Gee, prominent vocalist, charmed you listeners, accompanied by Tinkling Chuck French at the piano. Chuck also played a few late solos.
Today at 3:45 Robert Garretson

will render classical piano solos. The young pianist has gained considerable recognition on the campus and in Portland music centers.

Local Bands
Art Holman's band sounded much better in the Igloo Saturday night than in his regular spot, probably because of the difference in size of the two dance floors.

Stars of Radio
Sunday night was Michael Bartlett's last performance with Jack Benny's Jello program. The screen singing star withdrew to devote

himself as Grace Moore's leading man in her forthcoming production "Cissey," and later to accept an offer to appear in an operetta in London.

Ben Bernie and All the Lads begin working for a new sponsor tonight, and will be heard in a special repeat performance for western listeners over NBC tonight at 10:15. The Ol' Maestro and his orchestra, aided by a galaxy of guest stars who will salute his new series from different parts of the country. From Dallas, Texas, will come a salute from Harry Sosnick and his orchestra, playing at the Hotel Baker. Mary Small, the girl

National Military Situation



vocalist of few years but great popularity, will sing from Washington. The voice of Tamara, exotic revue dancer and singer, will be heard from Boston. Of special significance will be the appearance in the program of George Olsen, Ben Bernie's old pal and golf rival. He and his band will join the broadcast from the College Inn, Chicago.

Chips from the Hollywood radio block: Between rehearsals and broadcasts of Shell Chateau Wally Beery is industriously engaged in moving into his new Santa Monica home... Universal announced that Shaindel Kalish will come out from Chicago to join Don Briggs and other Chicagoites in Laemmle pictures... Ted Lewis will be heard on the air about the end of the year when he opens at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador hotel... Most interested artist ever on a radio program was Jackie Cooper, guest of Wallace Beery's last week... Within 30 minutes he had most of the fine points of broadcasting stowed away under his blonde thatch...

The man on the flying trapeze, bareback riders, and the ringmaster. (Please turn to page four)

Campus Exchanges

By Bill Mars

Greeks Revolt

For years and years now, fraternity men have been welcoming visiting alums with the true spirit of brotherly comradeship. And for the same number of years these same men have been patiently cleaning up the wreckage of their rooms on Monday mornings. But a revolution is in the offing at the University of Colorado where Greek-letter men have had the following list of rules printed and pasted on the walls of their rooms:

1. Welcome, brother alums. Watch out for the door sill and don't trip over the shadow from the desk.
2. Don't use my mouth wash for a chaser.
3. Don't mix drinks in my hat;

4. Don't crack ice with anything but my text books.
5. Don't rummage through my desk drawer for socks. Go to the room next door.
6. Don't curl up on the rug to sleep; you will find pajamas in the closet.
7. Don't leave any empty gin bottles on top of my dresser. Be sure they are at least half full.

Here's something: Federal statistics show that there is one fatality for every 20,000,000 passenger miles on the highway and one fatality for every 24,000,000 passenger miles on the airways. Where do people get the idea that air travel is dangerous? These government figures prove that it is 20 per cent safer than automobile travel, and nobody thinks an automobile trip is dangerous.

Ring Around a Rosy

Nikita Balieff speaks on American drinking: "First you put in whiskey to make it strong; then you add water to make it weak; you put in lemon to make it sour; then sugar it to make it sweet; you say 'Here's to you'—and then you drink it yourself."

Something like the armament race. They invent a steel that nothing will pierce. Then turn around and invent a new explosive that will go through it like butter. They make nickel steel that the new explosive can't scratch. Then invent a new kind of detonator that can turn nickel steel into buckshot. Then chromium steel—'round and 'round it goes. Dubious delirium.

YOUR... Campus Guide

Campus Grocery and Restaurant

"The Old Reliable"

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