

Sinclair Lewis' Novel 'It Can't Happen Here' Portrays a Fascist U.S.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, by Sinclair Lewis, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1935, 458 pp. \$2.50.

"It Can't Happen Here," written at a terrific speed by an apparently inspired Sinclair Lewis, American-scene author of *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith* and others, is receiving nationwide acclaim as a "significant book." The book is just off the press.

Depicts Fascism

Lewis depicts Fascism as it would take place in America. Half of his political characters are real—Roosevelt, Miss Perkins, Huey Long—and half are the created radicals of the Fascist move and their converted "American" followers. The action centers around Doremus Jessup, American, an average editor-citizen of an average town. In spite of the fact that he is the mouthpiece for the ideas of the author, he is a living character as well as a type.

Mob Spirit

The author shows a mob-spirited American swept into Fascism by such methods as Huey Long himself might have used. And the reader is too absorbed with the sweeping political action of the story that he fails to notice much a certain roughness in the writing. You too catch the spirit of the

party and are interested not in the personal but in the politics. "Service Before Self."

The story forecasts war, revolution, dictatorship for America. It paints a shockingly European scene against the familiar background of our country.

Critics Quoted

J. Donald Adams of the New York Times Book Review says: "In Lewis the novelist there is always more than a little of Lewis the pamphleteer."

And those who believe "It Can't Happen Here" have carefully detailed for them how America is ripe for a dictatorship, how easily the dictatorship can be formed—and more interesting still—how America will revolt.

Novel Significant

For an understanding of the psychology and principles of Fascism, this is an excellent and easily read source. For an expose of the minds of America, as Lewis believes them, it is a crisply humorous and biting source.

Every college student "in the know" will investigate this novel, as well as the rest of America. And though from literary standards it may not be "great" it will remain a "significant book."

M. E.

RECENT BOOK REVIEWS

GOLDEN APPLES by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935. 325 pp. \$2.50.

When the "furriner" entered the lives of Luke and Allie, orphans left to their own resources in the wilderness of the Florida orange country, he brought both happiness and misfortune. And here begins the story of pride against pride; the pride of an outcast Englishman of good family and fortune against the pride of the Florida C-ackers. It is the story of people far apart in social status who find themselves forced to live with one another. They find they are both striving for the same goal, and that end is a place for themselves in the world and contentment with their lot.

Tenderness Real

There is in Miss Rawlings' novel a tenderness so deep that it is not lost in the most tragic parts. The author gains this tenderness only because she knows these people.

Miss Rawlings has lived for several years in the orange-grove country of northern-central Florida, and here she has brought a new people into the field of the novel. Her first novel, "South Moon Under," her novel of the "Big Scrub" country of Florida was chosen by the Book of the Month Club.

And here's a word to the struggling journalist whose professor does not particularly care for his style of writing. When Miss Rawlings attended the University of Wisconsin, she was enrolled in the class of the wife of a well known professor now here on the campus. The author was considered by her to be a "problem pupil." Perhaps we all have a chance!

J. McConnell.

Quest Futile

Somewhere along this route, his reader feels, Mr. Tomlinson will find the Spain which he seeks, but a cool courtyard of the Alhambra serves only as one of "the usual reminders of futility." Wandering through the narrow streets of Madrid "looking for what has ceased to be there," he thinks it curious that "we rarely find what we go to see, unless we refuse to believe we are mistaken."

One wishes that the author had not employed the travel narrative as a medium for irrelevant personal philosophy in "South to Cadiz." The purely sensuous perception of beauty which graced his earlier travel sketches, "Tidemarks," and "The Sea and the Jungle," Mr. Tomlinson seems to have outgrown in this latest, more mature offering.

M. Brown.

author, is himself a newspaper man widely experienced in both domestic and foreign correspondence.

This book is an appalling bombardment of truths; it is full of inside facts on all of the large newspaper stories of recent years. In it we learn the sordid misrepresentations, distortions, and suppressions of news subscribed to by virtually all of the papers in the Teapot Dome scandal, the fight against Tugwell pure food and drug bill, and the propaganda that sent us into the World war to save the "Morgan millions," as Mr. Scides aptly phrases it.

Right to "Sell Out"

"Freedom of the press" becomes the right to sell out to large advertisers.

George Seldes tells the methods used by the public utilities and munitions interests to secure backing by the press in their huge drives for a "favorable" public opinion.

Even our main news source, the Associated Press, is exposed as a corrupt organization in which the "strike breakers report strikes."

Truth for Sale

"It has been my aim to emphasize the fight for a free press which I still consider the most important fight in the world," George Seldes declares in his foreword. But his budget of facts proving that "truth is for sale to organized capital in the United States" is too overpowering for much hope.

FIFTY YEARS A SURGEON, by Robert T. Morris, M.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, 1935. 347 pp. \$3.50.

For anyone who pays his doctor's bill last, Doctor Morris' chapter on "The Surgeon's Fee" in his book, "Fifty Years a Surgeon," should prove both interesting and informative; for those who have the average layman's curiosity about disease and the body, this book will supply reliable reviews and discussions, but for students of the medical profession it should be the most valuable, for here is presented the evolution of medicine over a period of 50 years. Dr. Morris succeeds in making this autobiography of his professional career both technical and interesting; anecdotes and explanations of surgical methods fill the book.

Facts Given

In almost every chapter, he gives a complete set of facts with the history and evolution of the particular field he has in mind. His own experiences in surgery are the basis for each chapter, and in this way, the reader gets both the subjective and objective points of view. Fads, cures, antiseptics, and gland grafting are a few of the topics he presents.

Dr. Morris writes fairly and frankly, admitting his mistakes in method as well as his successes. He has a fine sense of humor, and his uprightness and clarity characterize the books.

Paecemaker

He has always been one of the first to undertake or commend new fields of thought in medicine, and as a result, he has been the object of much criticism. His advances in appendectomy have brought him recognition and attention.

For a scientific, yet enthusiastic, explanation of the progress in medicine and a really vivid account of a doctor's problems, "Fifty Years a Surgeon" should find a wide reading public.

R. Storla.

SOUTH TO CADIZ, by H. M. Tomlinson. Harper and Bros., New York and London, 1934. 195 pages. \$2.00.

H. M. Tomlinson finds Spain a "land of confused values"; the reader finds "South to Cadiz" a reflection of bewildered impressions. Beset by the incompatibility of machine age realism and Utopian ideals of peace, beauty and romance, the author finds himself out of harmony with post-revolutionary Spain. So he chooses for the most part to ignore it and turns introspective.

In a journey through Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Cadiz, and Granada by a bus which "treated Spain as a historian does humanity," little was seen of the minor towns or the common people "except by chance and in surprise."

tains near here for the filming of "Just Fools," his first starring vehicle for Supreme Pictures.

"Evidently thrown from his horse into the Showena river, Bates' body was recovered late last night by volunteer searchers organized from members of the motion picture company . . ."

Maybe . . . who shall say . . . the grief-stricken old mother knew the truth, and, sensing it, had this simple inscription carved into the heart of the cold stone which stood over the body of her boy . . .

"The mind has a thousand eyes. And the heart but one. Yet the light of the whole life dies When love is done."

CATHERINE, THE PORTRAIT OF AN EMPRESS, by Gina Kaus, New York Viking Press, Inc., 1935. 384 pages. \$3.50.

"No great joy attended my birth. My parents had wanted a boy." Throughout the colorful life of Catherine the Great as told by Gina Kaus, it is possible to see how Catherine tried to become supreme, and finally triumphed even though she was a woman. "Catherine, the Portrait of an Empress," is the story of the fulfillment of Catherine's dream of becoming "the greatest man of her age."

Gina Kaus shows Catherine as the many-sided person that she was. While endeavoring to Europeanize the mass of Russian people, Catherine elevated Russia to a commanding position in politics. Although she ruled Russia she considered her private life her own, therefore she was the cause of great court scandal. However, when one knows the motives for Catherine's action, it is easy to see that although Catherine had many loves her real love was Russia.

Gina Kaus, previously noted as a novelist (Luxury Lines) and a playwright, proves with this dramatic and entertaining story of Catherine that she is a writer of biography. Miss Kaus includes material which has just recently been discovered, putting the book out

Chit-Chat

By Henriette Horak

Well, it looks like Professor Walter E. Pitkin's Columbia university students have been doing a bit of research again, for "Let's Get What We Want" is just off the press. The rambling 285 pages about the capitalistic system termed a book, was published by Simon & Schuster, which is enough said, except that most of the work is devoted to a refutation of "1,000,000,000 Guinea Pigs."

Devotees of Rockwell Kent are going into ecstasy over his "Salamina." Besides being a literary portrait of life in the raw in Greenland, the book was named after Kent's "jewel of a housekeeper." Eighty drawings, some in color, add to the bulk of the work. The art work exemplifies Kantian nicety.

Critics predict a "best seller" lead for Walter Duranty's "I Write as I Please." When Duranty lost his leg in a French railway accident, he nearly lost his life as well. As he lay in a hospital, contemplating death, here are a few of his thoughts.

"I am probably going to die; but if I do not die, I shall act differently in the future. I have too often been afraid in my life, but now I am facing the ultimate fear, beyond which there is nothing. None of the things I have been afraid of before are as bad as the thing I am facing now, which is death by slow torture. Now, facing death, I regret a few of the things I have done, but I regret not doing a great many things I might have said or written. If I do get back, I shall do as I please and write as I please, without fear of favor."

Duranty got back—and in his

book, "I Write as I Please," he says whatever he damn pleases, especially about Russia where he has been a correspondent for The New York Times since 1920.

The best in biography this month rates "Old Jules," by Mari Sandoz, which copied the Atlantic \$5,000 non-fiction prize for 1935.

Old Jules, father of the author, came to the sand hills of Nebraska in 1880. At that time, it was a land where a man would "marry anything that got off the train." The tale depicts Old Jules and his fight for his home; he fights against cattlemen, against the inevitable weather, and against anything which is worth a good fight. "A slice out of the sinews of America," the book has been called.

Leading November novels: "Edna His Wife," by Margaret Ayer Barnes. The story is a march of time starting in the days of tandem bicycles, beer gardens, and hansom cabs, and ending in the whirl of 1935 life as whirled by the rich. One, Edna Jones, just can't keep up the pace, when she finds herself rich, and as a result, poor Edna is left lonely and unfulfilled! It strikes every note on the xylophone of human emotions!

"It Can't Happen Here" by Sinclair Lewis—a story of the darkest pages of American history as seen by one family and its friends—and the way Fascism sent democracy back to the kennel.

"Hands" by Charles G. Norris, is a novel of social and industrial drama. It looks at America through the microscope from the eighties to the present and finds dirty work afoot!

"Honey in the Horn" by Oregon's own H. L. Davis, is fourth on the fiction best seller list. Which shows, that being nasty pays!

Without Love

By Howard Kessler

Fast approaching, the light "tdp-klop" became a staccato beat that made the ground tremble beneath their feet. Panic! It was in the hoofbeats! The two campers felt it and rushed from their tent as the thundering came close, and a maddened horse labored up the mountain trail, a slender figure clinging to its back.

"Fire! The forest on fire! Dad! He's trapped!" That was all. It was a girl, insane with terror. A mist came to Jason's eyes. Bonny . . . no, it couldn't be. But what a resemblance!

They carried her into the tent. Jason looked again and shuddered. It was a ghost calling from above.

Then suddenly he was commanding. "Get more men from the mill and phone for help! Wait! Look after this girl! To hell with the fire!"

Swinging astride Black Prince, Jason galloped off in the direction from which the girl had come. He rode hard, unseeing. Conflicting emotions surged within him, thoughts of Bonny . . . and himself. Pictures blurred and faded in his numbed brain, gay days, happy days, with the girl who had looked at him so adoringly and murmured, "Yes."

But it was too good to last. Curious . . . everything had been too good to last for him. They had made plans for a delightful little church wedding . . . and more plans about the years to come. Then . . . snatched away. He gritted his teeth.

The parting at the bedside, with Bonny so still and small beneath the damnably white covers. "I'll be waiting" . . . that was all. She was gone, out like a match. God, how he had cried aloud in agony of soul. With her had gone his gaiety, his joy of living.

Black Prince halted abruptly.

Below, a surging river roared. The cliff was steep, very steep, and high . . . and the river roared. Methodically, his eyes strained ahead, Jason dismounted. Black Prince whinnied . . . nuzzled his soft nose in his hand.

"Good-bye, old man . . . I'm going away." The roar of the dashing, tumbling water smote his ears. A moment he paused on the brink. The sun was down, leaving a red haze and shadows creeping up in the quiet evening. The cataract below looked blue and cold. His eyes were to the sky, and he saw a vision there . . . a beautiful woman's face.

The water was cold . . . it filled his nostrils . . . choked him . . . it seemed an eternity . . . gasping for breath.

"And he had a fine future, too. Too bad . . . too damn bad. Do you think Marsden can hold up his part? No? That kid was good. Just tell those noney reporters he was the greatest discovery I ever made. And get Johnny King on the phone."

"We go all ready to shoot the scene. He acted funny. But on the playbacks that scene was a masterpiece. I says to Jim, that's the 'sissant' lectrician, I says, 'Boy, that guy's too good to last!'"

"My dear, isn't it the most terrible thing? That's what I told Sue, and she told me about once when she saw him crying with a girl's picture in his hand! Yes, my dear, actually! Isn't it tragic? And the film would have broken no end of box-office records. He was so handsome. Gee, that's a keen hat y'got on Joby. Where'd ya get it?"

"Jason Bates, one of the most recent cinematic 'discoveries' of Henry De Grange, Hollywood impresario, met with a tragic accidental death by drowning yesterday, while on location in the moun-

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