



PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

EDITORIAL OFFICES: Journalists building, Phone 3300- Editor, Local 354; News Room and Managing Editor, 355- BUSINESS OFFICE: McArthur Court, Phone 3300-Local 214.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS MEMBER OF MAJOR COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS Represented by A. J. Norris, Hill Co., 153 E. 42nd St., New York City; 123 W. Madison St., Chicago; 1004 End Ave., Seattle; 1031 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; Call Building, San Francisco.

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The Oregon Daily Emerald official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year, except Sundays, Monday holidays, examination periods, all of December except the first seven days, all of March except the first eight days. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year.

### Benito Mussolini is Walking on his Ankles

NEWS is beginning to trickle out of Italy lately about a slight ruffle of resentment as to the acts of Il Duce. The "shadow before" still takes no more form than that occasioned by the football team's forgetting to buy the coach a fountain pen at the end of the season. But it is there.

Some Italians observe that internally all is not as it should be. Unemployment had increased in 1933 to five times the figure in 1929 and has been relieved only slightly by the current war machine construction. Wage cuts have mounted from between 16 and 38 percent since 1926. The prices on 125 commodities have increased 17 percent over last year.

Il Duce, in an effort to check contemplated flight of capital and to call in all available Italian resources, demands that all holdings such as foreign stocks, bonds and other credits be deposited with the Bank of Italy. He ordered that banks and corporations must dispose of their foreign investments by ceding them, at the exchange rate of the day, to the same central institution.

Because of an over-populated condition and relative dearth of resources the balance of trade is of great importance to Italy. There are many critics who say that Il Duce's maintenance of the gold standard and his insistence upon the high value of the lira greatly "aggravates" that balance.

Like Americans, the average Italian is interested in improving his country, and wants to see it a better place for his children. But some of them are now seeing their leader make enemies of every country in the world—openly defy all other people, ignore the economic and physical hardship placed upon both Italians at home and those in the army, and pour lira and life into a disease festered and stubborn country, wild Ethiopia.

Is it all necessary? Must Il Duce bring forth the wrath of the nations on the mass of the Italian people? Isn't there a better technique for adjusting internal difficulties and foreign policy? Do all imperialistic policies carry with them world wars?

Italians are now asking such mild and skittish little questions. Some of the answers might do Benito some good if it weren't too late. But it is. Mussolini is through!

### Shall It Be Light At Homecoming

A FEW days ago, a Portland female alumna, in a letter to the editor requested that the Homecoming committee so decorate the Homecoming dance as to have ample lighting facilities for seeing plainly other people. "For after all," opined the lady, "what is Homecoming for?"

Now here is a problem that calls for consideration of all people (especially those with new dresses). Of course it is quite necessary to see other people while dancing although some people blandly ignore this traffic problem. And then again if the lights are too low one might dance all evening with the wrong person, or fall in the punch bowl.

To be fair and square in this problem we will analyze it from two sides: 1. low lights; 2. high lights.

1. Low lights: One can't see her nose in front of his face. The possibility of checking up on your girl and the campus roméo is weakened. Sack cloth hobnobs far to freely with silk. One might offer Dean Schwering a cigar (or then again the dean might offer you a cigar).

2. High lights: The campus beauty might have a difficult time maintaining her status quo. Visiting alumni would undoubtedly recognize dodged creditors. The vice versa of this is much worse. The band would have to wash its tuxedo shirts.

This little analysis accomplishes very little if anything at all. Nevertheless it throws some light on the Homecoming dance, which is more than past committees have done.

### Interfraternity Council Gets Under Way

TODAY at a meeting of the interfraternity council progress made in the revision of the constitution will be discussed along with suggestions for altering the membership of the council to assure continuity. President Tom McCull has also indicated that some action for the improvement of fraternity libraries will be discussed.

Even the program scheduled for this special meeting indicates the birth of a progressive attitude on the part of the group. It appears as though from the unrest and back-biting of the

last few weeks, some desire for unity and cooperation has sprung up within the council.

Unfortunately there is still some muttering about dirty work, and some threats of exposing the whole works. As to the effect on the council's future work, it would be well if these people would forget their troubles and bury what they "know" or give it air. As it is, such an attitude is dead weight to a progressive council.

### Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

"WILL the young man wearing a double-breasted blue suit, who attended the Cervantes cinema Tuesday afternoon and sat next to a very ugly woman, please call this number." You can read it and weep, but it isn't a slip that has passed in the night. Rather, it is a legitimate newspaper insertion in Spain, and you find several like it in any Spanish daily. George translated a few for me.

"Young Hebrew scholar will teach typewriting, stenography, and the arts of love." "Young lady of very Catholic sentiments would sentiments would like a love affair with a young man of the same type."

"At this time the newspapers in Spain were under strict censorship, four months after the October revolution of 1934, and most of them displayed on the front page, in bold-face, the information: "This issue has been checked by the censor."

The Spaniards prefer their publicity after death. Large black-bordered announcements herald the decease of a loved one, and the wealthier the victim, the larger the announcement, so it is not uncommon to see one entire page of a journal given to the advertising of a death in the family.

A stranger in a strange land finds many strange things. For instance, the shocking hours they keep in Spain will get you down at first. You think you have landed in an exceptional pension when the meals are scheduled for 10 in the morning, 2 in the afternoon and 9 at night. You haven't.

The theaters raise their curtains at 10:30, the cabarets never move until after midnight, and I have awakened at four in the morning to find the gaiety at its height.

In my brash Americanism, I visited two or three cabarets at 12 o'clock, and came away thoroughly disgusted at the utter inactivity of these drink and dance establishments. On two occasions my companion and I were actually alone in the large auditorium, except for a dozen or more hostesses, which doesn't seem such a tough break at that. Then we learned. Next time we took in a show first and landed at the cabaret at two o'clock, to find the merry-making just starting. Somewhere close to six, I imagine, the party breaks up. I have to depend on my imagination, because I couldn't keep my eyes open after four.

Each afternoon from one to three all shops are closed, and the Spaniards have a siesta, but remain open until eight "in the afternoon." A confession of Spanish temperament are the iron shutters lowered over every shop window for the night.

Returning to the pension after ten o'clock in the evening you will find the huge oaken door bolted and barred. The correct procedure in this case is to clap loudly. Presently, from out the shadows, a sereno, or night watchman, appears, jangling a huge ring of keys. The serenos are hired by the householders in the vicinity to open the doors for the guests, but custom dictates a little palm-crossing. However, I had vowed to spend not one coin in tips, except for the ten percent that is usually added to your hotel bill and often to your cafe bill, for service.

I held my vow, but at considerable cost. Finding that I had no intention of slipping him a peseta now and then, the cheerful young Spaniard who was my sereno in Malaga, developed acute deafness. Each night I stood in the cold air for a few minutes longer, usually sidling in with a more generous guest for whom the night watchman immediately appeared.

My last evening in the gem city of Andalucia, before taking a tramp freighter for Barcelona, I wanted some sleep. So I invited a member of the family with whom I had been staying, to be my guest. It cost me a couple of dollars. But I did not tip the sereno.

### Other Editors' Opinions

THE Poisonous Virus of Modern Youth." Harsh words, those. Yet that's the title of an article by Kathleen Norris, well-known journalist, which appears in the September "Columnist's Review." But no one need be too greatly alarmed over youth's poisonous virus (social-mindedness) because Miss Norris has a solution for it all—curb youth.

Unfortunately or fortunately, there are those who disagree with Miss Norris. They don't deplore the fact, as she does, that youth has become "social-minded."

Some people, on the contrary, are rather happy about it. They seem to feel that what this country needs is a little social progress. They even go so far as to think that youth should be given an opportunity to develop its own principles.

"Their absurdities have been permitted to develop until their most ridiculous opinion is received with respect," says Miss Norris of youth.

Perhaps it is not so much that absurdities are given away to tolerance. No longer do parents wash the mouths of their offsprings for saying "Communism." People are beginning to listen to both sides of a question and to keep an open mind.

It may be hard for Miss Norris to conceive of the present generation growing up and accepting the theory that free trade of ideas results in the ultimate good. But it is just as hard for us to conceive of a class brought up to shudder at any innovation in the social system being a progressive force in human affairs.—Syracuse Daily Orange.



### Again I See In Fancy

By FREDERIC S. DUNN "WAKE KLATAWA"

The Eutaxians were in session one afternoon in January of 1883. The Secretary had just read the minutes of the last regular session. The President, tall, mystic Dr. Etta Cogswell, '83, had poised her gavel, making the usual inquiry as to "corrections or additions," when an apparition stood in the midst.

There had been no alarm at the door, no perceptible turning of the knob, not a sound in premonition. But there she stood, a buxom, full-blooded Indian squaw. Moccasined, kerchiefed, her hair in braids, she beamed good-naturedly, even laughed merrily, at the consternation she had created at this "pow wow" of the pale-face women.

Now, there was no section in Robert's Rules of Order, not even a footnote, advising how to deal with a parliamentary crisis like this, an Indian in uninvited visitation upon a literary society. Even if there had been, there is not a doubt that not one of those astounded Eutaxians would have known how to apply it.

And, despite the fact that this portly squaw was grinning and chuckling and jabbering in Chinook, there were timid girls in the Hall of the Eutaxians who remembered Indian atrocities of the last four years, the Nez Perce War, the dreaded name of Chief Joseph, the uprising of the Bannacks in Idaho territory, the pacificating visit of General Sherman not so very long ago, the 125 foot square stockade built by the people of Palouse country which at one time housed two hundred refugees from anticipated massacre. Could this squaw have a tomahawk concealed about her person?

When the President, after a gasp or two, began to recover some little equipoise, the Marshal was requested to escort Sackahontas to the

### Air Y' Listenin'

By James Morrison

#### Emerald of the Air

Today Kenneth Clair, well known to KORE listeners, will entertain with some accordion solos.

Woodrow Truax, Emerald radio editor, tells me there is going to be a big shake-up next week in Emerald of the Air programs, the exact character of which he did not disclose.

#### Local Bands

Buck McGowan's orchestras do the honors tonight at the Theta, Alpha Phi, and ZTA pledge dances.

Tomorrow evening the ATO's and their girl friends will dance to the music of Dan Hall, a 10-piece band from Portland. McGowan will furnish music for the Deltas, Betas, Theta Chis, and Chi Psis. Jack Mills and his orchestra will be at the Park tonight. Some of the band's recent engagements include Thermo ballroom, Omaha; El Torreon ballroom, Kansas City; Covey's Cocoonut Grove, Salt Lake; and the Club Victor in Seattle.

#### Stars of Radio

Popular song writers aren't the only burglars in the music business! Maybe they do snatch a bar from Tschalkowsky now and then, or a note from Bach,—but the classicists themselves had a habit of shop-lifting the other lad's music, according to Dr. Sigmun Spaeth, famed "tune detective."

"Handel was one of the most flagrant examples of the gentle art of music pilfering," said Spaeth. "He constantly borrowed other people's music. So did Beethoven, who used some of Brahms' themes. Then Brahms evened up scores for Mozart by borrowing from Beethoven."

Fraternity brothers are noted for borrowing each other's money, ties, suits, etc., but according to Spaeth, Richard Wagner went still further. He used to swipe whole themes from his father-in-law, Liszt. His famous Prize Song was snatched from a violin sonata of Liszt's—and when

somebody mentioned the fact, his reply was, "Any fool can tell that!"

Chips from the Hollywood radio block: Now that Christmas is approaching Jack Benny is trying to decide on a present for Johnny Green, his new orchestra leader. Benny will welcome suggestions from his fans; just address him care of the NBC studios, Hollywood . . . Bing Crosby is practicing for his new song series to start December 5 in the film capital . . . Johnny Green is up bright and early every morning for a canter over the Beverly Hills bride paths . . . Harriet Hilliard, known to her husband as Mrs. Ozzie Nelson, is no less the new sensation of the RKO lot . . . so much so that she has been taken out of a comparatively minor part in one picture to do an important role in the new Fred Astaire film "Follow the Fleet" . . .

Kenny Baker, 23-year-old tenor recently heard with the Eddie Duchin, Ozzie Nelson, and Al Lyons orchestras from the Cocoonut Grove of the Ambassador hotel, will suc-

ceed Michael Bartlett as vocalist on Jack Benny's program shows.

The outcome of the more important football games to be played in all parts of the United States this weekend will be predicted by Norman Sper at 10:15 this evening.

Countess Olga Albani and James Melton will be featured in the leading roles in the Palmolive Beauty Box theatre presentation of "Sari" tonight at 8:30.

NBC-CBS Programs Today 2:30 p. m.—Sperry Special—Hazel Warner, the Song Bird of the West. 5:30 — Kellogg College Prom—Ruth Etting, blues singer; girls' trio; Red Nichols' orchestra. KPO, KOMO, KGW. 7:00—Campana's First Nighter drama, "The Melody Lingers On." KGW, KFI. 7:30 — Elgin Campus Revue. Mills Brothers and Art Kassel and his Kassels in the Air orchestra;

### Campus Exchanges

By Bill Marsh

### The Road to Ruin

We were interested in an article in a recent copy of the "New Yorker" which disclosed a side to the life of a pigeon that we never realized existed. It seems that pigeons, instead of being the staid, dignified birds they appear to be, like nothing better than to cluster around distilleries where they eat the mash and get stiff.

We've always marvelled at a pigeon's ability to get right out from under the wheels of an automobile. But the other day we saw a pigeon that wasn't quick enough on the draw, and he got run over. We'll bet a dime to a doughnut that the little devil was too cockeyed to walk. Note to the W.C.T.U.: The curse of drink has even invaded the animal kingdom.

### A Democrat?

Mentioning the "New Yorker" brought to our memory a rather amusing tale of a New Yorker that wasn't the name of a magazine.

It seems that ex-President Hoover was lunching at a well-known grille in New York City one noon, and a chap whose impeccable evening attire was somewhat rumpled by having obviously slept in it happened to wander past Herbert's table. Once past he stopped, went through a painful period of concentration, then ambled alcoholically back to Hoover's table. There he proceeded to stare at Mr. Hoover's cherubic countenance until the ex-president looked up from his food and said, "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, hell," the steward replied. "Did anyone ever tell you how much you look like that s— of a b— Hoover?"

### Words of Wisdom

Not so very long ago a college student in Los Angeles asked the late Will Rogers for some advice. Will's reply was not only typical

Hal Totten, sports commentator, NBC.

8:00 — Music Appreciation hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch. KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:30 — Palm Olive Beauty Box theatre, presenting "Sari." KPO, KGW.

10:15 — Sport forecasts. Norman Sper. NBC.

but illuminating. He said, "I won't give you any advice—that's the trouble with the older generation today—they're all so busy giving the younger generation advice that they haven't any time to figure out what to do with themselves—if I were you, I'd quit looking for advice from old fools like myself and go see Mae West's new picture."

### Museum Buys Prize Winning Painting

A painting entitled "Spring Landscape," done by Professor Andrew Vincent of the art school, has been purchased for the Seattle Art Museum.

Word of the purchase of the picture was received from Richard E. Fuller, president and director of the Seattle museum.

The painting recently won first honorable mention in the annual Northwest Artists Exhibition held in the Seattle Art Museum in Volunteer Park.

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