

'Revolt On the Campus' Presents Emotional Tirade Alternating Truth and Fancy

Once again publishers Covici-Friede bring to the surface of the literary ocean a great monster—red-eyed and ominous but for all that rather pathetic. James Wechsler, writer of "Revolt on the Campus," was once editor of the "Columbia Spectator," campus daily for Columbia university of New York.

From Mr. Wechsler's experience and "that of others in being subjected to violence countenanced or encouraged by college authorities for the sin of holding opinions at variance with those accounted orthodox," he is supposed to have gained inspiration and justification for writing this jagged feverish book about the holy revolt of the college student.

Truth Ignored

But unfortunately Mr. Wechsler ignores any possible journalistic distinction by not only painting a beautiful picture of a young mind on a passion binge but also ignoring simple canons of truth.

The result: the book, while presenting some enlightening incidents of pre-war hysteria in institutions of higher learning, and some true pictures of undergraduate slothfulness with ridiculous emphasis on the picture of the persecuted college student whose life is made miserable by "socialites" and big bad "athletes."

Oregon Case Inaccurate

Mr. Wechsler favors Oregon with some choice inaccuracies. He refers to Dick Neuberger's bitter fight for optional "athletic fees" and "dance fees." Mr. Wechsler, shaking his young fist and stomping the floor, tells how Howard Ohmart was persecuted.

For the edification of the whole world, and even Mr. Ohmart, Mr. Wechsler tells of Ohmart's being "dragged from his room and vigorously beaten by the emissaries of the athletic office—Oregon athletes." He says that when Mr. Ohmart protested, the attack was intensified until his resistance ceased. (Howard Ohmart himself laughed at this one.)

The book is a series of incidents of equally sensational character. And before the college student completes the book he thinks of himself not as a college student but a jail bird—and a stuffed one at that!

Jolt Possible

If one were to take a fine toothed comb, a very fine toothed comb, and go through the book he might find some credible material on which to write a fair argument for jolting college students out of their day-dreaming activities, and inspire them into some sort of interest in a world into which they are to be shortly tossed.

But Mr. Wechsler puffs as he runs because he is not in shape for such a fast pace.

R. Lucas.

New 'Comeback'



Evidently travel, instead of a Connecticut garden, supplies Germaine Farrar with the "delicious sense of soul freedom" in quest of which, 13 years ago, the spectacular prima donna triumphantly quit the opera stage. Hale and happy, Miss Farrar is pictured above in New York on her arrival from her annual vacation in Germany.

SERIES

"Gilbert and Sullivan," part III, by Hesketh Pearson. Harpers, October, 1935. Pages 601 to 613.

In three consecutive issues of Harpers, ending in October, Hesketh Pearson has outlined the important events in the lives of Gilbert and Sullivan, has painted their personalities in printers' ink.

If these men were as witty, as astute, as unique as the author has portrayed them, they were indeed salty characters.

RECENT BOOK REVIEWS

MARY OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES by Stefan Zweig. New York. Viking Press. \$3.50. Pp. 361.

Murderer, adulteress, betrayer and schemer are only a few of the many black-balling names Stefan Zweig hurls at the heroine of his latest historical biography, "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots."

The author is a sadist who wounds the reader by his psychoanalysis of Mary Stuart, painting her as a cold-blooded tyrant who brooks no interference. Elaborated references are cited of words and actions of this unfortunate queen, and, as a whole, the references misconstrue the probable real interpretation meant by the woman herself.

Hollow Praise

Again, Zweig lays great stress on the culture and beauty of the heroine, but his praise rings hollow in the face of the more detailed portrayals of her shortcomings. The scene of Mary Stuart's death, which the author dwells at length, is presented as more of a sneering mockery than as an episode which calls for regret or sympathy.

Familiar History

One finds in this book all the pageantry and political background of royal courts during the 16th century. One reads familiar tales about the tragic Scottish queen, but Zweig permits a view behind the conventional curtain and the reader sees Mary Stuart in private, animal-like passion, throwing away

honor and crown for her lover, Bothwell.

Colorful and well-written from a strictly rhetorical standpoint, "Mary of Scotland and the Isles" falls short of being a good biography; the reader can formulate no unbiased opinion; can feel no sympathy, as he must see through the eyes of the author, who gives derisive sympathy to Mary Stuart while glorying in her indiscretions. M. Graham.

STRONG MAN RULES. Shuster, George Nauman. New York. Appleton-Century, 1934. Pp. 291. \$2.00.

Fascism's days are numbered, Mr. Shuster concludes in his second book on the Nazis. Described in the half-title as "An Interpretation of Germany Today" and based, as was "The Germans," on months of study in Germany on an Oberlaender Trust fellowship, the present work can scarcely be called impartial, for it presents a definitely anti-Nazi view.

Being a Catholic, the author expresses disapproval of the "equality" basis of the "new churches." His opinion here is more subject to controversy than in the rest of the book. Convincing evidence and logical argument back up his main contentions. In the foreword he thus states his case:

No Propaganda. "Nor are there any irons in my fire . . . The reader will see that there is not one line of propaganda in this book."

Normally a strong-minded people of widely divergent political and social convictions, the Germans, almost crushed by the depression, were hypnotized into unity. This false structure, Shuster believes, will gradually burn itself out, and from its ashes will rise a planned order to remedy modern social ills.

For the reader interested in further investigation a bibliography is appended. Most of the source material, though, is in German, and this author discounts English editions of the same works as "badly expurgated."

H. G. Buel.

NOT FOR HEAVEN by Dorothy McCleary. Garden City, N. Y. Doubleday, Goran & Co., Inc., 1935. 360 pp. \$2.00.

"Animals and men—fertilizer all. My horse and I will go together." Such are the sentiments of that weather-beaten old woman of the soil, Mrs. Botwick, in Dorothy McCleary's "Not for Heaven."

An outspoke book whose very frankness is its only excuse for its coarseness. This novel is not espe-

cially pleasing to the finer senses and is apt to somewhat nauseate a reader whose tastes do not include the giving of medicine to a horse and watching for the reaction. There is humor, however, in the mannerisms of the main character.

Mrs. Botwick is one of the types of hard working and knocked-about characters which Dorothy McCleary features in her stories, writing from a background of a stiff struggle for existence in her own life. The products of a writer have not been found very remunerative at times by this author.

L. Anderson.

ROAD TO WAR, by Walter Millis, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1935, 460 pages, \$3.00.

Walter Millis, in his "Road to War" has done an immense amount of work gathering documentary proof of the mistakes made by President Wilson and others of the administration. Of course it may be altogether true that he has disregarded proofs other than those which concern his views. He has, however, produced a very readable book out of a rehash of the whole mess that was America's position before 1917.

Reasons Given

Starting with the out-break of war in Europe, "Road to War" follows painstakingly the events which inevitably drew America into the conflict—the rising war fever—the superiority of the British propaganda to that of the Germans—submarine warfare—and the selling of munitions to the allies. The fact that Mr. Millis, who is a journalist, damns Wilson, damns the administration and damns England makes his faint praise of Germany conspicuous.

"Road to War" skillfully replaces the glamour and adventure of war with a true money-grabbing sordidness. But Mr. Millis reveals his belief that such a thing as America in another war is far from impossible.

P. Brainard.

SANITY

Louis E. Bisch, M.D.—Reader's Digest, Nov., 1935.

"If you fear you are losing your mind it proves that you are not in any such danger at all. To be afraid of anything really shows a desire to avoid it," says Dr. Bisch. The article explodes several magnificent obsessions common to harassed beings, and may be profitable reading for students just before exam time! The article is not condensed, but was especially written for the Reader's Digest.

Library Displays Unusual Japanese Book Collection

A display of Japanese works, owned by Dr. A. R. Moore, professor of general physiology, is exhibited in the showcase on the main floor of the University library. Dr. Moore bought the Japanese articles in Sendai, and the few Chinese ones in Peking while he was there in 1933 and 1934.

Among the books, which range from early eighteenth to the present century, are: "Cherry Blossoms and Sake," printed in 1721; several works of Hokusai, all of which were printed in 1876 and which include "Views of Fuji," "Book of Architecture," and "Tokaido," which is of the "Road of Pilgrimage from Tokyo to Fuji." Also, there is a book of anatomy, published in 1770, taken from a Dutch work of 1740, with European illustrations. In the late eighteenth century a manuscript book on whaling was printed on mulberry bark paper. This is included in the collection. A history book, "Conquest of Japan," is of the seventh century. B. C.

Very recent publications, the "Chinese Book of Birds," and a "Chinese Book of Forests" were both printed in 1934 in Peking, and are lithographic prints. The form and binding of the Chinese books is unusual.

A printing block, illustrating the method of printing from fixed types, was used in the Orient centuries before Gutenberg's invention. The particular block on display is a fortune teller's octagon, containing magic numbers by means of which the best dates for important undertakings could be determined.

A carving of a Japanese wood-cutter is of the hardest wood, and a modern work of art. It is from the "Alps" west of Tokyo.

The seals displayed are typical of the present Oriental usage. Made from bamboo, bamboo root, and quartz crystal, they are singular in that no two characters can ever be alike. The counterfeiters can be determined by concave mirrors, which show up any irregularities. They are Chinese articles, and nearly absolutely essential in the Chinese business world, because no one will accept a check, receipt or any official document unless it is stamped with the person's seal. The seals print by being dipped in a mineral ink.

The novel display will be shown for the next week.

Germans consume 156.9 pounds of meat and 216 pints of beer per capita every year.

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Thursday.

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Chit-Chat

By Henriette Horak

Eugene Christians are brushing up the town in preparation for the visit of "challenging," YMCA Sherwood Eddy, writer, talker, intellectual globe trotter, and for a long time the favorite "quote" man of small town pastors. Seems that Eddy is on a tour of the United States chatting about the "Meaning of the Present World Crisis." But then, challenging seems to be a literary sport of Eddy. Three of his books, recently reprinted in the dollar editions—"Challenge of Russia," "Challenge of the East," and "Challenge of Europe."

In his earlier years Eddy began as a YMCA worker in foreign fields; in Asia, India, the Near East, China, Japan, Korea; just recently he has returned from a tour of Europe where he gathered data on the ups and downs of the various countries. He has held tete-a-tetes with the foremost statesmen of Europe, including Hitler and Mussolini. His books seem to be clear enough analysis of world events; might be a good idea to hear what he has to say to the University students Thursday. He saw—and now he's coming!

"Sudden Death!" Coming out early in November. Publishers predict that sales will soar into the millions. The first portion of the book was published in the Reader's Digest last July, and already 3,000,000 copies have been reprinted. It has turned out to be the most sensational piece of writing since "The Message to Garcia."

Excerpt from the coming work by J. C. Furnas and Ernest N. Smith: "The spine was snapped clean, bent at an acute angle, and its bare end protruded from a rent in the skin like the stump of a horrible, bony tail. That man is still alive. He has been operated on 25 times. He is always in acute pain and paralyzed from the waist down. Last year they sat him up in a chair and let him play poker all evening with some old cronies, as he used to do before they sneaked across the white line on the curve. He cheered up so that they almost forgot he was half a dead man. But they remembered again when one of them, feeling something sticky underneath, looked down and saw a pool of blood spreading under the table. All evening a heavy man, seated in a heavy chair, had been crushing his foot into an oozing pulp and he had never felt it!" Still feel like stepping on the gas?

Chicago's Mayor Edward Kelly put the padlock on Jack Kirkland's dramatization of "Tobacco Road," novel by Erskine Caldwell. New York critics have lauded the play—it is now in its second season on Broadway. Chicago's mayor finds it a mess of filth and degeneracy, without rhyme or reason." Sam H. Grisman, of New York, co-owner of the play, is in Chicago fighting the mayor and his padlock through every court. Could it be that Chicago which coddled a Capone now can't take an innocent modern drama, namely, "Tobacco Road"? Dear, dear!

Illustrated by our favorite John LaGatta the Post this week gives us an entertaining back-to-the-old-estate story. An interesting contrast in characters and a struggle between the girl-who-wants-to-marry and the girl-who-wants-to-marry-him, developed in catchy, modern phrases, gives this tale a certain freshness.

Two persons (?) with the same idea?

Noted Publisher



One of a group of 25 prominent American publishers who sailed for the Philippines to attend the inauguration of the new island government next month, William Allen White, famed publisher of the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette, is shown here as he appeared on the liner President Grant, leaving Seattle. The publishers accompanied a large congressional party on the voyage.

Short and Sweet

SLEUTH

"Getting Along With Women," by anonymous author, Harpers, October, 1935. Pages 614-623.

"Few men get along with women—" says "anonymous" as a starter. He implies that few men understand women and as a consequence many are "taken in."

"Anonymous" says something else; all women want to "possess" their man, and the males don't like it. He quotes a friend, "Every woman wants to possess and absorb her man."

"Anonymous" says he is a writer for newspaper and novel, and has been connected with the theater.

Louis Bromfield is a writer, for newspaper, novel and magazine and certainly knows where Broadway is.

In the October issue of Digest and Review there is an article, "The Girl I Almost Married," by Gladys Oaks, condensed from Serenade.

Miss Oaks quotes Louis Bromfield, "—our love is stopped by man's ancient fear of being possessed and absorbed by women."

Two persons (?) with the same idea?

STORY

"I'll Be Back," by Frances Woodward; Saturday Evening Post, November 2.

Illustrated by our favorite John LaGatta the Post this week gives us an entertaining back-to-the-old-estate story. An interesting contrast in characters and a struggle between the girl-who-wants-to-marry and the girl-who-wants-to-marry-him, developed in catchy, modern phrases, gives this tale a certain freshness.

Campus Writer Uses Northwest As Play Locals

HIGH COUNTRY, by Alice Henson Ernst; Metropolitan Press, Portland, 1915.

"Live here! I can't . . . It's so awful still and quiet. Makes me think too much, I reckon. Jest can't quit thinkin', somehow, 'bout things I'd ought to be forgettin'."

That is "Tombstone" speaking. "Tombstone," the lonely run-away youth whose mistrust of fellow-men makes him an unhappy victim of northern silences and tragedy in "Spring Sluicing," the first of the "four plays from the Pacific Northwest" in Alice Henson Ernst's widely appreciated first-book publication, "High Country." The American Library association has this fall placed it on their highly selective list of "preferred books."

Captures Spirit

In four keenly-wrought, dramatic interludes, Mrs. Ernst captures the very spirit of the high north-country where the individual "struggles in the midst of conflict often too severe for his prevailing." The first three plays, "Spring Sluicing" and "The Valley of Lost Men," one acts, and "Out Trail," full length play, deal with characters and incidents in the Yukon country in the '90s. "Out Trail," however, is more especially concerned with "the apathetic backwash which followed the great prospective wave" of the gold rush. The last play, "The Wooden Wife," is a drama of the Chilkat Indians before the white invasion. Simplicity and richness of character make these plays vitally real.

Noteworthy

"High Country," continuously hailed as a "noteworthy contribution to regional literature," is no less an adventure for the casual reader. To those of us included in the geographical classification "northwest," literary locales laden with woods and waters and snow-peaked scattered silence often fail to arouse an adequate appreciation of the writer's achievement. The more or less civilized Northwest, still mentally in a lethargic hang-over from covered-wagon sentimentality, will never produce any regional literature worthy of the name until local writers see the value of following Mrs. Ernst's lead of striking out boldly in an attempt to capture colorful reality through cultural interpretation.

G. Root.

I Knew Him When ---

By Bob Prescott

He was an arresting vision even to strangers. His face bore an expression of bitter, relentless cynicism that could only be achieved in campus literary circles.

One knew that he had consolidated in his facial expression all the learning of the suave head of the department down to the most humble assistant who told dirty jokes to his classes hoping his colleagues would hear about his programs.

Rarely was he questioned or doubted by his professors. Though it is conceivable that they were better informed, the students were strongly prejudiced in favor of their young god and invariably remarked, "What an ass Dr. --- is becoming lately."

His expression in conversation was quite literary. Members of the campus writing honorary of which he was a member rarely missed a meeting. This was because their own faces lacked depth and artistic feeling. By associating with him their intuition is said to have been increased as much as three hundred and fifty per cent.

In his second year he became famous for two reasons. He was suspected by his professors of having at his finger tips a formidable knowledge of the classics, and some nice quotations on humanism, naturalism and other philosophies dear to their hearts. Invariably they would jump and then beam proudly about the classroom when he quoted Rabelais "Fais ce que voudrais."

It isn't very difficult to say "Fais ce que voudrais" after a little practice, however.

He also became famous among his contemporaries for his broad field of interests. He was astoundingly versatile. His poker, bridge and chess; his drinking, singing and women were a tribute to his respect for form. An embryo Leonardo . . .

Very rarely and discreetly he would drop a compliment to a deservng friend. "That last yarn wasn't half bad," he would say. His friends thought that as a critic he was unsurpassed.

In his junior year he mastered the columnist's technique in seventy-two hours which is still a record. His observations were delivered with such a skill that his readers and friends forgot their nostalgia for New York and Vanity Fair and decided that after all it was possible to be smart even in a hinterland.

His senior year was a crowning triumph. His column became magnificently saturnine and his friends proudly sympathized with him over his unfortunate love affair.

Within a week his professors understood the situation and the new depth to his work, falling over and over each other in understanding him, privately regretting their own unruflled emotional lives.

I can hardly wait to see him again for our paths have strayed these last ten years. I had a letter from him last week in which he said that he, Josephine and the four youngsters were coming down for the Homecoming this Saturday if the Telephone company would let him off for the week end.

Hell On Wheels

By Barney Clark

By BARNEY CLARK

After a long, dreary period in which the motor industry brought forth only improvements which were not improvement (i. e. "weight-redistribution" and "knee action") and engaged in a strenuous competition to see how much alike they could make their models, three cars have at last emerged with something new.

No. 1 is the Cord, dormant for the last few years, but remembered fondly by the curve-busters. Rising Phoenix-like from its ashes, Cord flaunts a brand-new "backbone" frame, front-wheel-drive, a V-8 motor, and the newest and most vital body design yet seen on an American motor car. Cord's cutest trick is its headlamps, hidden under trap-doors in the fenders, popping up at the touch of a lever.

No. 2 is the Lincoln-Zephyr. Ford's medium-price bid. It too has a "backbone" frame, in which the body panels are structural members. Advantage: a light body with extreme rigidity. The motor is a 110 h. p. V-12, suspension is the same as the Ford V-8, and the body is definitely streamlined, with a knife-edge nose. Price: About \$1,300 f. o. b. Detroit. Rumor says it performs like nothing human!

No 3 is the Scarab, Bill Stout's rear-engined deal. This beetle has all four wheels independently sprung, a tear-drop design, and will cost five G's. So severe are Mr. Stout's ideas on streamline that he has lopped off his door-handles, substituting electric spring locks. No running boards or fenders, either, mar its bulbous beauty. Only 100 will be produced this year.

Being piqued by Hudson-Terraplane's phrase, "Radial Control," we went investigating. It turned out to be an arrangement of four torque-arms, two to each wheel. They take brake and thrust loads off the springs, prevent weave and sway. We haven't driven one yet, but it looks as though this may take some of the curse out of their Hotchkiss drive.

Chevvie, as we predicted, was far from startling. The new models are trying hard to look like Buick, hardly a laudable ambition. Hydraulic brakes, G. M.'s bogeyman of some years back, are on Chevvie now, and the compression ratio is stepped up to 6 to 1. Knee-action is optional, and who's surprised. The interior finish, as always, is nice.

According to Time, November 4, Packard salesmen are using this sales-point, "The Packard 120 can run away from a Ford!" Boy, that's what we call class war!

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