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'Old Wives' Tale

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands. . . ."

Thus began our morning ritual in grammar school. Then the teacher—Miss Metcalf it was—made us stand individually, inspected our nails, necks, and ears, and questioned about our health habits. Had we washed our teeth; had we bathed lately; were we "regular"—she was a bear for that sort of thing—and had we all drunk our six glasses of water the day before?

We young scrubs were a healthy lot in those days, and even now we are wont to attribute our grade-school robustness to that early supervision of our bodily hygiene.

That's what put us in mind of a whale of a good editorial topic.

MOST of the collegians we know bathe and brush their teeth and that sort of thing, but many of them, we thought, don't drink enough water. Undoubtedly—we went on in our mind—that might account for the wide prevalence of colds. Here was a good chance to take a crack at the water fountains around the campus, the ones where you turn the handle and the water barely oozes out and you don't get enough water to moisten a postage stamp.

But, just as a more or less perfunctory check-up to make sure of the therapeutic and general salutary benefits of H₂O, we buzzed Doc Miller over at the Health Service.

It's a good thing we called up, for that rash display of medical knowledge to which we first felt impelled might have made a monkey out of us and discredited our editorial column no end.

TO be brief, all this water-drinking stuff may just be an old wives' tale. Doctors differ in their opinions, but the consensus is that you won't become a Charles Atlas merely by tanking up on aqua pura. Doctor's agree that when a patient with a fever is perspiring greatly he should be given plenty of water to keep up his bodily "water balance," but best opinion snorts at the idea of keeping the flesh and bones in trim by drinking the mystic "six glasses a day." Some persons, for instance a man tending a blast furnace, will need to drink more water than the traditional six glasses. But they won't need a doctor to tell them. A dry throat gives them all the prescription they need.

Well, we were floored, to put it mildly. Here, after cussing these drinking fountains for two years, we finally build up a logical blast only to have Doc Miller wet our powder. Foiled. Curses.

All, but our fertile brain sparkled with another idea.

If patrons have to put their lips over the aperture of a drinking fountain and suck the water out like a hummingbird at a glad-iola, won't a swarming colony of microbes stake claim?

Yes, Doc Miller agrees. So there.

Now, how about having something done about it?

It isn't the fault of the fountains themselves. The fountains, Dr. Miller avers, are signed, sealed, and certified by Crane and Koehler of Koehler to be the most sanitary, the most well made, and the most efficient dispensers of H₂O that the human hand has yet devised.

But is the fault of whoever has the job of regulating them. Whoever those persons are, they must think they're controlling a flow of the "blushful Hippocrene" or some other rare potable.

Why so stingy. Hell's bells, we have a whole river full of the stuff flowing out here a block.

This isn't the Sahara desert, but maybe we'll all have to start carrying canteens at that.

No Two-Headed Calves

RIPLEY will not appear on the campus because Eugene does not have regular airline service that would enable him to meet other coast engagements. Ha, no great loss, either. And that isn't sour grapes.

Newspaper columns contribute to a variety of interests and "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley undoubtedly satisfies some element of the popular taste. But the cartooning spell-binder gives scarcely the sort of presentation for which a university should pay good money, especially when that money can be expended

in bringing more worthwhile features to the campus.

RIPLEY is smart; he's clever, and he probably makes loads of money collecting curious odds and ends of knowledge and passing them on to the public. Still he is hardly what one would call instructive aesthetically, scientifically, or even practically.

He might have come to the campus, amazed us lightly with his facile crayon sketching, tickled us with a few loose bits of curiosa. But when he left, what would we have for our money?

Ripley was rather a tinsel figure in the ranks of personalities scheduled in this year's concert and lecture series—the Cossack chorus, Roland Hayes, the Ballet Russe, Nino Martini. With his flea circus and his two-headed calves, Side-Show-Man Ripley looked strangely out of place.

THE fact that Eugene is only a "whistle-stop" for coast airlines—as Barney Clark puts it—has for once stood us in good stead. Our inability to provide air connections for Mr. Ripley has enabled us to remove the one weak spot in an otherwise superb lyceum and concert program.

The concert and lyceum committee, it is hoped, will make good use of its opportunity and replace Ripley with a presentation more in accord with University taste.

Miscellany

Nyaaa to TCLACA from OSC

MARRIED students at the University of Oregon have organized!

The brainstorm of a week-old bridegroom, the new group calls itself the "Two Can Live As Cheaply Association." This front-page news in yesterday's Oregonian came as a laugh to Oregon State's Merry Ti-eds, for they have been organized four years, long enough to learn the fallacy of the popular saying.

Publicity on the TCLACA in the Oregonian suggests that the group will help in the formation of similar organizations on other college campuses by distributing information. TCLACA leaders may be a bit discouraged when they discover that they have not struck on a new idea. Several groups on the coast as well as in the mid-west and east, could give lots of pointers to the "newlyweds" at Eugene.

THE Merry Ti-eds, local club, has progressed far beyond the honeymoon stage. The group operates much like a fraternal society, with a constitution and initiation ritual. In this way, group solidarity is assured.

Social affairs are scheduled once a month. The home-ec auditorium is often the scene of the Merry Ti-eds' parties. Discussion groups are fostered as means of promoting interest of the married students in current affairs and their own problems. Dr. J. W. Ellison will lead the group Friday in a discussion on high-lights of the world today.

The Merry Ti-eds believe that the TCLACA is on the right track, and while regarding organizers of the Eugene group as upstarts, the Oregon State group encourages them as followers in a worthy cause.—Barometer.

Campus Comment

(The views aired in this column are not necessarily expressive of Emerald policy. Communications should be kept within a limit of 250 words. Courteous restraint should be observed in reference to personalities. No unsigned letters will be accepted.)

To th editor: It is with thorough disgust and in a spirit of relentless rebellion that I write to you, sir, on a subject which all true Americans are brooding deeply. I had hoped that you, sir, the editor of the Emerald, would have seen your editorial duty yourself and thrown the resources of your powerful and stirring daily to the protection of one of our fellow citizens who, defenseless and friendless, has apparently been abandoned to the whims of a decadent foreign country.

I speak, sir, of Mrs. Wallis Simpson. I say that a nation-wide movement must be inaugurated within the next twenty-four hours to defend the honor of one of the fairest Americans that has graced our shores since that great day when we severed forever the bonds of slavery—I refer to that glorious fourth of July, 1776—I say, sir, we must act immediately.

Americans have very generously offered to the decadent, crippled, congenitally unsound royal English line a specimen of the very finest American womanhood. Though we are no longer a British possession, we still have a great love and respect for this stupid and shortsighted kingdom which ever since the bloody horror of '76 has been suffering from a form of dry rot. We were gradually forgetting those horrors of the revolution and until these last three months our relations had been improving most felicitously.

Now, sir, as a part of this program to cement the bonds between the mother country and our own great America, and as I have previously stated, to restore to the British line the healthy line blood which it has lost these last seven hundred years, and to keep the scions of the house of Windsor physically and mentally capable of executing their numerous duties, (the laying of cornerstones, inspecting of tenements, etc.) America generously offered in marriage this lovely, vivacious and en-

Tune 'er Out...

By BOB POLLOCK

By the time this mess of type is set before you, it will be Thursday, so maybe we'd better tell you all about the radio programs this day . . . but obviously you don't give a darn what they are or you wouldn't be reading this. According to the rules, however, we write a "radio" column. Here it is stogoes:

WORLD'S LOUSIEST PUN: Says Bob Burns, "I don't want to say my lines in Shakespearean language. People back in Van Buren, my home town, are liable to think I've gone high hat." Cracks back Wiggy Bing Crosby, "What do you care, Van Buren is only a little Hamlet!" Another choice one that contributes materially toward our inordinate taste for the stuff that made Milwaukee famous, is all about a dope who got a present of a pair of soft-leather gloves and exclaimed, "What's this? Is somebody trying to kid me?"

It's Thursday as we may have mentioned: And do you know what happens every Thursday? Oh sure, the sun gets up, the pros put us all to sleep, and Del Bjork makes another all-coast or all-American outfit, but there's something else. Guess what? It's the symphony! 8:15. KGW. Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1; Moussourgsky's Night on the Bare Mountain, and Wagner's (pronounced Wagner) Overture—Flying Dutchman.

Others you can put in red and stick around for are all the old standbys: Kraft Music hall at 7 on KGW—the outfit that just gave Jack Keough a job . . . Maxwell House showbeat at 8:30 on KEX . . . and, of course, 'em 'n' A—we never listen to 'em and we use Dr. West's tooth-paste, but it's a good program all the same.

This won't contribute to your musical education but it seems that Professor Horn came off with verbal honors again yesterday.

It seems one of his classes stayed away in droves, so, somewhat irritated, he gave the faithful who appeared a little essay to write. Inspiration came to one member of the class—inspiration of the finer sort—his masterpiece was a title.

Deigning to hide his light under a bushel until Horn could collect the essays, this lad scrawled his marvel across the top of a sheet of paper and rushed up to the desk.

"Hey, prof, some title, eh?" quoth he.

Horn scanned the sheet, not too eagerly. It read: "A Reign Affricated."

"Yes," he said dryly, "I hear it poured over Salem yesterday."

The acid test of chivalry these days is giving your last cigaret to a lady.

trancing young southern belle, Wallis Simpson.

And sir, we made a great mistake. England has stricken a death blow to Anglo-American to recognize Mrs. Simpson. By doing that, England has stricken a death blow to Anglo-American friendship. They have slapped America in the face and have refused to mix the blood of their decrepit monarch with fresh, healthy American stock.

It is with deep regret, sir, that I say to you and to all Americans that to satisfy the demands of honor, we have only one course. This course, sir,

is a tragic one but necessary unless we are to humble ourselves to the rank of slaves.

War, sir. WAR.

As soon as we have sent a battleship to rescue Mrs. Simpson from the British pillars of righteousness then let us mobilize the entire military and naval force of the United States and our own R.O.T.C. and defy vile England.

War, sir, unless England apologizes and accepts as an alternat Aimee Semple McPherson. Revenge.

Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

ALL the girls file into the room and divest themselves of coats and jackets and gloves and scarves and books, spreading all such impedimenta around them in imposing array. Which is all very well, and I would say or do nothing to detract from these attempts at comfort.

Then when the lecture or discussion gets nicely under steam they decide it's too cold in the room and with practically one accord they draw their coats around them, helping each other at this little ritual in a manner which is truly heart warming. Soon they hear something (wonder of wonders) which attracts their attention and into a capacious purse or bag they plunge in search of a pencil, meanwhile rattling contents of this article of luggage loudly.

The payoff comes when the bell rings just as the professor has started a pointed thought. Not a man in the class moves. But one girl picks up a scarf and waves it around in the air like a flag in an attempt to fasten it around her neck without raking her coiffure. Another grabs her books and poises them on her lap, all set for a quick dash to the door when the gentleman finishes. A third pushes back her chair and reaches for seams in her stockings, so that boys won't be disillusioned when she steps out on the rialto.

I shall become anti-female if this keeps up. And besides, though I don't want to appear in favor of any radical change in college attitudes, it still seems to me that students owe at least a little respect to their professors.

THIS being the season for all-American selections, and nobody having asked me for a contribution, I'll lift one bodily from my home town paper of several years ago, with all due apologies to Mr. Bob Letts, if I may say so, sir.

LE—Jugg, of Rom
LT—Bottle, of Milk
LG—Tis, of Thee
C—Fourth, of July
RG—Mother, of Pearl
RT—Life, of Riley
RE—Girl, of Mydreams
Q—Will, o' the Wisp
LH—Height, of Folly
RH—Jack, of All Trades
F—O'Song, of Songs

There you have it, children, and let there be no more of this.

ANOTHER quip of which I'd be proud had I pulled it is this, from Walter Winchell several years ago: It was at a function for a Broadwayite and several columnists were called on to make "breezy" speeches. A critic reported: "The wits of the town got up and bunted."

And now—midnight oil, here I come.

FOOT Lights

By EDGAR C. MOORE

TODAY'S ATTRACTIONS
HEILIG: "Ranger Courage" and "Down to the Sea."
McDONALD: "The Last of the Mohicans" and "Here Comes Carter."
STATE: "The Man From Guntown" and "Racing Blood."
REX: "The Last of the Mohicans" and "Here Comes Carter."
MAYFLOWER: "MLiss."

James Fenimore Cooper's classical novel, "The Last of the Mohicans," a tale of frontier adventure, is dramatized on the screen of the McDonald with Binnie Barnes, Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxon, Heather Angel, and Bruce Cabot in the feature roles. The companion picture, "Here Comes Carter" is a rapid moving tangle of an ever-seeing, all-telling Hollywood reporter.



Anne Nagel, wife of Ross Alexander, appears with her husband in "Here Comes Carter" in a singing and dancing role.

Ross Alexander, one of the film-capital's climbing stars, Anne Nagel, Hobart Cavanaugh, and Glenda Farrell are included in the cast.

"Down to the Sea" with Ben Lyon and Russell Hardie at the Heilig brings to Eugene a dramatic tale of tropical typhoons and fights with man-eating sharks. Also on the bill is "Ranger Courage" in which Bob Allen is starred.

"The Last of the Mohicans" and "Here Comes Carter" are also playing at the Rex for tonight only.

Kid McCoy has the leading role in "Man From Guntown," a western melo-drammer at the State. "Racing Blood" is on the same bill.

"MLiss" in which Anne Shirley, who made her first starring appearance in "Anne of Green Gables" and John Beal, minister in "The Little Minister," are teamed together in a down-to-earth story of gossip in a small town, at the Mayflower tonight.

Send the Emerald to your friends. Subscriptions only \$3.00 per year.

Spanish History Helps Explain Present Strife

By MARGARET RAY

"It is necessary to study the history of Spain if you wish to understand the present revolution," Anna M. Thompson, assistant professor of Romance languages, declared in commenting on the Spanish struggle. Miss Thompson has spent ten years in Spain, teaching at the International Institute and working in the American embassy.

"The present leftist government was legally elected in 1931, with the sanction of King Alfonso. The king was, for a long time, one of the most popular men in Spain, and it was often said that he would be elected president if a republican form of government was established. He became unpopular following the massacre of Spanish troops in Morocco, which was caused by the strong military policy he instituted there. Feeling against him reached a peak when he allowed Primo de Rivera to become dictator. Spain will never stand a dictatorship for long. She has never yet submitted to domination. The republicans, who were formerly associated only with socialists, have been forced to accept radical aid. Some of the best people in the country have thrown their lot in with the government, and the rightists will have a hard time establishing a dictatorship, even if they are successful in the revolution."

"The republicans are neither anarchists nor communists," Miss Thompson explained. "They are decidedly liberals, and the cabinet which they chose was composed of liberal men, with the exception of Lerroux, who might have been called a radical. Their constitution was also liberal—almost idealistic—designed to gain the support of all parties but particularly that of the rightists (monarchists)."

The objective of the leftists' program was to better the condition of the poverty-stricken peasants. To do this, they attached some of the large acreages of the nobles and turned them over to the peasants, which, of course, caused a great deal of ill feeling among the rightists. Other points of their program were the granting of suffrage to women, and the separation of church and state. The church was not outlawed as in Russia and Germany, but a great many of its privileges were taken away.

Another general election was held in 1933, with the rightists sweeping into power. Millions of pesetas were appropriated from the budget to reimburse the nobility for land given to the peasants. Republican Prime Minister Azana was put on trial for his life, but could not be convicted, and there were numerous executions of so-called political enemies.

The reasons for the monarchist triumph were: (1) the depression came, and the people wanted a change; (2) the women's and clerical vote was favorable; (3) agriculture and labor forces expected a millennium under the republic, and were too ignorant to see the progress which had been made in two years; (4) Lerroux had withdrawn from the republican party with his bloc and joined the rightists. The country was divided just about 50-50 except for his bloc; (5) the nobles had the money too, and probably did buy votes.

After two years' taste of monarchist rule, the people returned the republicans to power in the 1935 election. The rightists would not admit the legality of the election, and so began the revolution. General Franco, who was exiled by the leftists because he refused to take the oath of allegiance, was

one of the chief fomentors. "The revolution was going slightly in favor of the government until the rightists received outside aid," Miss Thompson declared. "My fear is that since she has received aid from so many sources, Spain will have to sacrifice some of her lands as payment. The island of Mallorca is already an Italian stronghold, and the Balearic islands will be the next to go.

"The revolution has made some strange bedfellows," she remarked. "The republicans, who were formerly associated only with socialists, have been forced to accept radical aid. Some of the best people in the country have thrown their lot in with the government, and the rightists will have a hard time establishing a dictatorship, even if they are successful in the revolution."

"I believe Spain should be left to her own destiny," Miss Thompson declared in conclusion. "There will probably be fighting for years and years, but I see no reason why she cannot recover from the conflict as well as France did from hers."

Campus Calendar

Mary Louise Ruegnitz, Alexine George, Marceline Seavy, Catherine Callaway, Gwendolyn Caverhill, Peggy Hayward, Mrs. Mary Werham, Irene Heath, Jack Elders, Maurice Kelly, and Robert Marquis are in the Infirmary today.

Sigma Delta Chi will meet in 105 Journalism at 4:30 this afternoon.

Travel group of Philomilet will (Please turn to page three)

Get a shake at TAYLOR'S.—ad.



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