



By H. M. Ross

THE THUNDER of cannon, rain of blood, and the moan of the dead and dying—these are Spain's today. Torn by internal strife and hacked by unwanted prying of foreign powers, Spain is passing through a bloody chapter in her history. Culminating years of effort and struggle on the part of the Spanish peasant and laborer to rise from the depths of poverty and oppression come the bloody and internecine battles of today tending to throw him back the few steps he has come towards freedom and a better life.

PRESENT DAY Spain retains all the unpleasant hangovers of the old feudal system under which she was first organized into a nation. In the north, the land is divided into small parcels, individually owned and worked. In central and southern Spain is encountered her biggest problem. Here, carried down from the past, are enormous estates, owned by a few wealthy absentee landlords, and worked by itinerant peasants who receive only a small share of the crops they raise. When one realizes that 1200 families own forty percent of all of Spain's agricultural land; that only forty-five percent of Spain's land can be cultivated; and that eighty percent of her 28,000,000 people live on that land, the presence of an oppressive oligarchy is only too evident.

NOT ALONE in his plight is the peasant. The laborer and business man affords him ample company in the class of the oppressed. The Bank of Spain, held and operated by a few rich and powerful stockholders, unlike the Bank of England or our own Federal Reserve System, is operated only for those few. With a capital of only 150,000,000 pesetas the Bank of Spain showed a profit of 366,000,000 pesetas for the years 1931 to 1933—a time during which Spain's markets were being drastically cut as a result of world depression. In 1934, Spain's darkest year, economically, they declared a dividend of one hundred and thirty percent. Where interest rates in other countries went from five percent to two or three percent on loan renewals, the rate of interest of the Bank of Spain went to eight, ten, and even twelve percent. Freedom from these oppressions: that was the desire of every commoner.

IN 1931, AFTER years of peaceful revolution, the people of Spain won their greatest victory. Legally and without bloodshed they declared for the new order—a Republican form of government—and by the aid of the ballot deposed the old order of monarchy and suppression. But it wasn't as simple as that. With this peaceful change to Republicanism was carried over a greater part of the evils of the old system—the king was removed, but left behind were the nobles, the large landowners, the cumbersome monarchical army—each with its attentive privileges under the old regime. The new government set out at once upon the difficult task of reconstruction and of tearing down a system which had been firmly entrenched in the order of Spain for centuries past.

THIS CHANGE meant freedom and a chance at better living for the peasant and the laborer. For those few who had until now enjoyed the power of control it meant the relinquishing of privileges, the giving up of the whip of despotism which they wielded to their own advantage and to the destruction of the man who makes up over eighty percent of Spain's population. These, then, were the conditions which precipitated the present Spanish Civil War, a counter-rebellion of the reactionary forces against the duly elected left government.

THE SPANISH Revolution was a peaceful one. What followed was that the deposed leaders sought to regain by force the powers which

PARKER—

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organized the Western Actuarial Bureau to handle the details of the schedule work with the various state bureaus. The bureau has become a clearing house of information regarding rating matters concerning insurance throughout the Middle West.

Mr. Parker's widow, his father, and his three sons survive. He was a knight of the round table of the Union League club in Chicago and the Illinois Pond of the Blue Goose.

The fire protection engineering department at Armour was begun in 1903, and one scholarship per year was given beginning in 1913 by the Underwriters' Association of the Northwest. Then, in 1920, Mr. Parker conceived the idea of supplying specially trained fire protection engineers to the state rating bureaus in the Midwest.

The scholarship plan provided twenty-five or thirty four-year scholarships each year. Recently, on account of the depression, the number has been reduced to eight or ten per year. These scholarships pay tuition and fees for the four years, and provide two months' work in a state rating bureau during each of the three summer vacations while the student is in school. The scholarship man is also assured of three years' work in a bureau after his graduation.

they had legally lost. Numerically pitifully weak, their cause is fought by the Moors, mercenaries, the foreign legion, and arms and munitions from foreign sources. The world watches with anxious eyes the outcome of the struggle. With Fascism and Communism seeking territory for the spread of their doctrines, no struggle, no matter how local its courses, is long allowed to remain a private affair.

KALEIDOSCOPE

Sequel to THE ENGINEER

—A Parable

Sequel by H. F., Presumably of Armour

SOON THERE WAS a great migration from Heaven to Hell. All of the worthy citizens flocked down to the reconstructed basement apartments at such a rate as to necessitate the installation of a special subway-Hades-Express. "The Descent of Man". Heaven became quite a deserted place now. Everybody had gone to Hell and only St. Peter was left, guarding the Pearly Gates.

Well, after a few lonely years rolled along St. Peter noticed a few souls applying for re-admission to Paradise. Gradually their numbers increased and again resembled the great migratory wave, only this time in the reverse direction. They were all coming back. "The Ascent of Man". Among the returning crowds St. Peter recognized a broken and dejected man—the Engineer.

"Come," said St. Peter, "tell me, why are they all coming back?" And this was the Engineer's story:

"As long as Hell wasn't half full yet, everything went along fine. The wonderful improvements broadened Hell's sustaining capacity, and made it capable of supporting an enormous population. But as more and more settlers kept coming down, and Hell began to fill up with people who loved to bask on the delightful beaches of the air-cooled Brimstone Lake, the Devil began to sit up and take notice. Here was altogether too much comfort, too much abundance, too much happiness, to suit him. He must devise a plan to prevent his Fiery Land from becoming a Paradise. And he did devise a plan.

He proclaimed everything in Hell

to be his own private and sacred property. His alone! And nobody was to touch anything!

"But we must live!" said the people.

"All right," said Satan, "be my slaves, and I'll let you live."

And thus, by asserting the right of ownership, he forced the people to accept slavery or starvation. A hoary alternative!

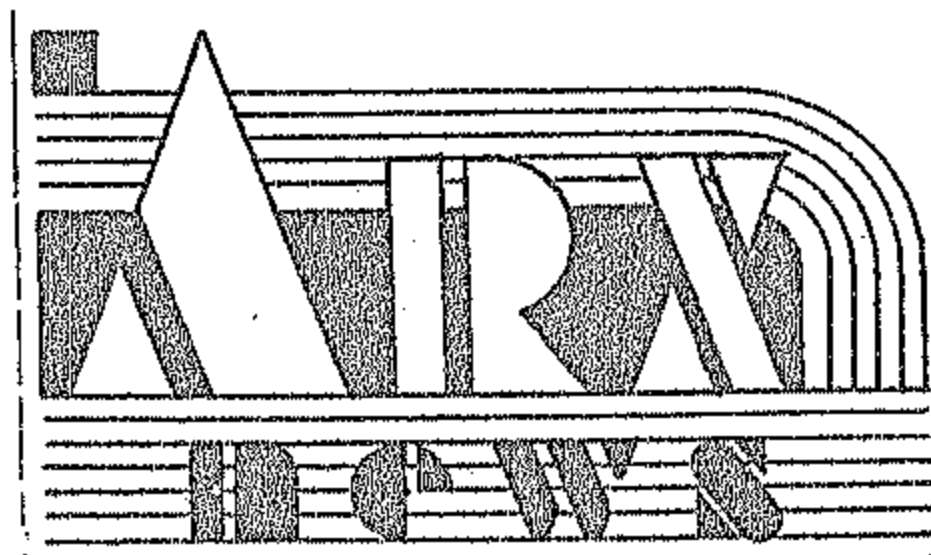
Those who would submit to slavery were at once set to work in the sweat-shops. In return for their manning of the productive processes, the slaves each received small parcels of food daily — enough to sustain life. Thus, as they, by dint of their daily toil, increased production in Hell, all of the fruits of their labor went to the chests of the Devil—deducting, of course, the cost of their maintenance. Oho! Even slaves must eat, or else how can they serve their masters?

In a very short time Hell was faced with a crisis. Even positions as slaves became difficult to secure, inasmuch as the Devil handed out slaveships very sparingly (but with great magnanimity, however!). People were starving and they began to struggle among themselves for an existence. People starved, yes—children fell sick and died—from want of the very things which their parents created in the factories, but which now lay inaccessible in the hands of the Devil. War began to spread, followed by great plagues of Insecurity and Exhaustion. And the slaves began to doubt that they were once angels.

Finally, the downtrodden Hellsfolk petitioned me, as follows:

"Apply your mathematical principles and your knowledge of the forces of nature to conquer our misery! Save us!"

And I answered: "I know more about the forces of nature than I have ever known. My mathematical principles can do wonders to make



This week rolls around with nothing of great moment (as if there ever is!) happening and so the column will be made up of a hodge

you and your families more comfortable and happy. The improvements which I originally installed are nothing compared to what my knowledge and Hell's resources could yet make possible. You could all live full, happy lives—rather than slave away for the Devil! Beauty, culture, love,—all could be yours. . . . Hell could become Paradise.

"But no! In spite of my ability, I can do nothing to alleviate your suffering, because Progress means the enrichment of Satan at your expense.

"As long as there is want amidst potential abundance, Hunger with more food than Hell can consume, competition, rivalry, hatred, greed, leading to starvation, disease, war, crime, poverty—as long as there is misery where should exist peace, prosperity, and happiness—as long as men live by Exploitation rather than by Cooperation, then Hell remains a Hell!"

We do not necessarily subscribe to any of the political views presented in the above article.

R. W.

podge of minor incidents.

Of prime importance to all of us, of course, is the Arx Dance. The bids are out and the juniors are very gratified with the sales to date. It is the dance committee's ambition to sell every Arch in the department, plus about three hundred engineers, at least one bid apiece and five bids to Schmalz.

Four of the frosh managed to weather through the freehand judgment and from just a cursory glance at their work it seems that many more will be joining the mention men: Shaw, Robinson, Burnham and Cerovski in the next judgment.

Bagatelles: At the request of Mr. Mell, Thatcher has stopped his red hot and lowdown crooning. There is a rumor abroad that Wilkinson is seeking the office of Arx Dance Life Guard; Cunningham won't fall asleep in history any more for fear of being hit on the head again with the pointer. Mr. Hofmeester probably feels that he is lecturing to a bunch of dummies anyway but at least he wants them to stay awake; Woolsey ought to try staying awake in construction lecture. Mr. Harper has seen him nodding but hasn't said anything as yet; I wonder why so many men like to nigger for Lischer? "Rickey" will also watch what he says in the presence of a certain somebody; or will he? Why don't the engineers draw their own Smokie Stover posters instead of swiping ours?

Don't forget the Arx Dance November 13.

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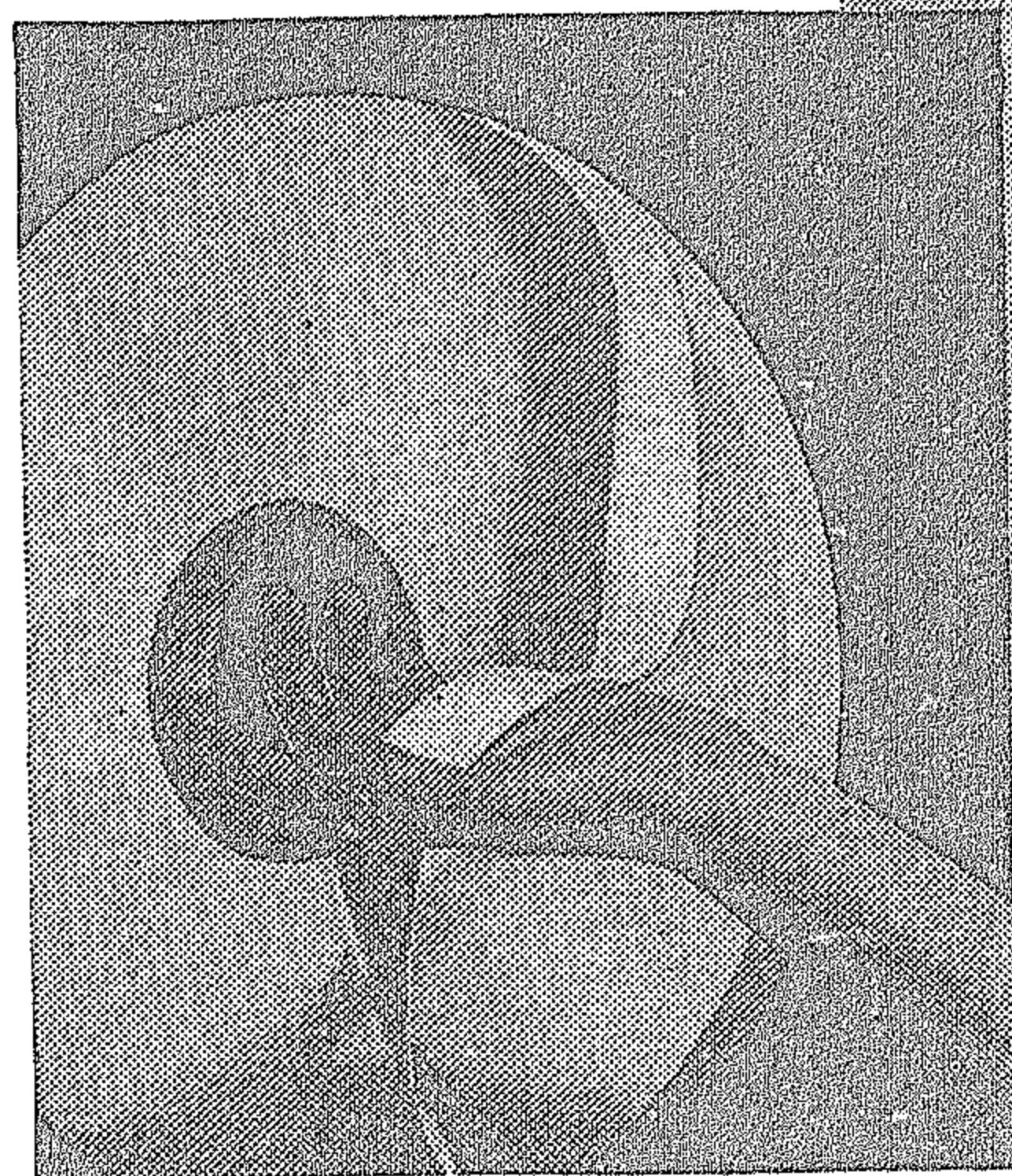
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