

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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I BELIEVE that the curriculum as we know it must go. A hundred years from now I suspect that little will be left of the rigidly departmentalized college that teaches a variety of separate studies.—Glenn Frank.

A Simple System Of Educational Reform

ANOTHER McPherson takes the limelight. This time it is Dr. Hector MacPherson, who has proposed a complete reorganization of the state educational system, with the union of the University and Agricultural college as one of the outstanding changes.

Dr. MacPherson, for 15 years head of the department of economics and sociology at Oregon Agricultural college, resigned last spring "to be free to devote his time and energy to a protest against present conditions." He is now a candidate for the state legislature from Linn county, and proposes, if elected, to lay his plan before the law-makers.

The general plan does not halt with educational reforms. It extends to all state functions, which Dr. MacPherson would have organized under nine departments.

The main points in the educational program are:

1. A non-salaried state board of education of nine members, appointed by the governor with senate approval to have complete control of educational matters and to be paid a salary and expenses while on duty.
2. A single president appointed by the state board of education to administer all higher educational institutions in the state.

This system would supposedly cut down duplication of work, reduce expenses and generally expedite administration. It might be interesting to remember at this point, that at last year's hearing on course duplication, before the board of higher curricula, Dr. MacPherson defended the existing system, which the University of Oregon was then attacking.

The theory is evidently offered in a spirit of sincerity and altruism. Dr. MacPherson seemingly believes implicitly in the doctrine he proposes. He must be granted that much.

Those who criticize the suggestions (and they appear to be in the majority) by insisting that they make no improvement over existing conditions, are, we believe, missing the real significance of the system.

Granted that it offers no improved method for selecting regents or members of the board of higher curricula; that it would precipitate a fight for the presidency, and possible rivalry between towns for new buildings; and that the size of the University would make administration difficult, just think of the outweighing advantages!

What a football team we might have! Imagine a Schulmerich and a Jones on the same squad! We would undoubtedly have state championship teams until we became sick of winning. We could build a gigantic stadium, have year-round sports, and support the university from athletic returns. Any athlete who remained in the state would have to come to school here. Good-bye athletic worries!

Then think of the unification of ideas and ideals that might be developed, the noble traditions that could be established. All the energy that now goes into the maintenance of two schools might be more effectively utilized by one in turning out finely finished products. We could select the more congenial members of the faculties and dismiss the rest, retaining only those who bid fair to measure up to the uniform standard.

On the other hand, a diversity of interests might be cultivated. How much broader it would make the philosophy student, for instance, if he took a course in agriculture, so that he might be able to contemplate the more practical mysteries of growth. How fine if the English major could take an engineering course and watch the wheels go 'round. It would make admirable background for modern novels.

Besides all this, we might adopt an earlier suggestion and put the girls in one school and the boys in the other. Then half-way between Eugene and Corvallis, at Monroe, we could have the administrative offices and a giant dance hall where the students might occasionally meet, under proper supervision, of course, for brief dances.

Here is another great feature. The abolition of competition and rivalry would undoubtedly sponsor a spirit of brotherly love, thereby furthering the cause of world peace, and bringing closer the millennium.

Details of communication would be simple. We could have a fleet of fast airplanes operating between the two educational centers, and the administration headquarters at the half-way point. Students might travel back and forth for classes in a very few minutes.

If the plan of separating men and women be adopted, we shall not have to bother about transportation. Then if there were to be no president at all, we would not need the administration center at Monroe. That eliminates that. Subtract from this the women's college (because the women don't really count) and we would need only one school.

See now? It's no trouble at all. As Dr. MacPherson says, the system is not revolutionary. As a matter of fact it is simple. Yes, very.

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Accessories for the Honor Systems

WHEN "truth machines" become necessary adjuncts to university honor systems, there is something wrong.

Honor codes have had hard struggles for existence in many institutions, and in some cases have been retained by small student majorities. Now comes the University of Texas with an "honor council" that measures by means of a machine the guilt of accused cheaters.

Blood pressure, and electrical discharge from the skin of the subject while he is answering with the first words that come into his mind a list of words read to him, are supposed to indicate honesty or dishonesty.

When such words as examination, home and suspension are mentioned, the guilty one's blood pressure is supposed to record a change, according to the psychologist who invented the machine.

The one case that has so far given the council the opportunity to try its machine proved a dud. The subject decided that he would not take the test. So, there.

Why not burn all the text books before the examinations, station a proctor at each student's elbow, and discount each person's grade 50 per cent for possible cheating? Surely that would be a much more effective honor system.

New Zoology Head Lauds Atmosphere Of Oregon Campus

Another tribute was paid to Oregon's campus when Dr. A. R. Moore, newly elected head of the zoology department, declared that it is one of the most beautiful he has ever seen. He came to this university after having spent ten years as professor of physiology at Rutgers, state university of New Jersey.

In comparing the general atmosphere and spirit expressed by Oregon students and the community with that of eastern schools, Dr. Moore commented on the fine spirit of equality shown on this campus.

The new instructor received his doctor's degree at California in 1911. For two years he acted in

the capacity of assistant professor of physiology at that university. In 1913 Dr. Moore became associate professor of physiology at Bryn Mawr college, Philadelphia. From 1916 to 1926 he was on the physiology faculty at Rutgers.

In recognition of the fact that Dr. Moore is one of the leading physiologists in the United States, he was sent as a member of the international congress of physiologists which met at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1923. He also had a table at the American association for the advancement of science at Naples in the spring of 1925. At this same time Mrs. Moore, who also took her doctor's degree in physiology, occupied the women's table. Both Dr. Moore and his wife are enthusiastic about Oregon, and even the rain pleases them.



THEY DON'T KILL COWS WHERE WE COME FROM. THEY SHOOT 'EM.



"Nose-spray, the infirmity cure-all."
 Cures: fallen arches, Indigestion, Dandruff, Sprains, Warts, Everything except colds.

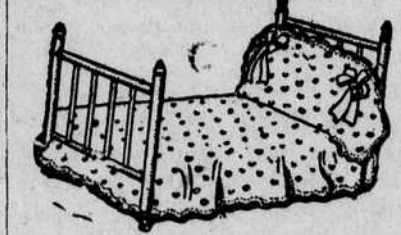
SEVEN SEER INTELLIGENCE QUESTIONNAIRE
 How old were you?
 Is it time yet?
 Are you late?
 Are you sure you are?
 Answers: Enough, not quite, no, no.

Score 25 points for each correct answer and multiply by a number that gives a total of 100. Your score is 100%.



"But I tell you Joe is not crazy, or even drunk!"
 "Well, we found him trying to read a book while standing on his head on one of the new andirons."
 "You say, he was simply trying to grasp Einstein's theory of relativity!"

The Orange Song
 Orange juice ory you made me cry?
 "I'm wild to go!"
 "Naw, you're too wild to go."



Yes, Eef eats at the table with his Sigma Nu fraternity brothers, but he doesn't sleep with them. Eef sleeps.

In competition with General Petroleum, Benoit McCrosky has also offered money for a name for his "Gas."

WANTED: THE LOW-LIVER THAT STEPPED ON MY FOOT. APPLY RUTH COREY.

Although she is advertising for the guilty person, we cannot believe that someone really did this dirty work.

The bootlegger said, "What a pip!"
 When he saw the man with the "drinking lip."

HOW COME?
 Strange as it may seem, when

Bob Mautz puts down a foot he picks up fourteen inches!

Winston Lake says that for the benefit of some of these busy journalists, someone ought to stock the Senior pond with trout, so they could run over and fish between papers.

POULTRY
 In some small town there was a crook,
 Who's name was Ambrose Tweet,
 When the owls asked "Hoo stole my worms?"
 The birds said "Tweet, Tweet, Tweet."

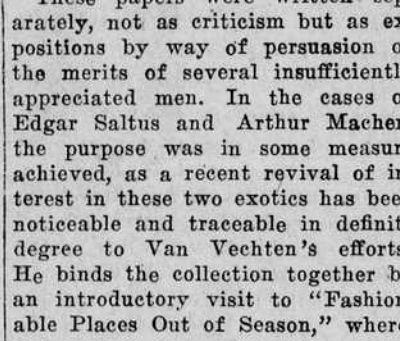
"OH, FOR THE LOVE OF MICH," EXCLAIMED THE RADIO ANNOUNCER AS HIS VOICE CRACKED.

SEVEN SEERS

Diversions On a Penny Whistle

Excavations by Carl Van Vechten
 Armed with the spade of his importance, now beginning to be rust-spotted, Carl Van Vechten goes out to excavate treasure, and incidentally, himself; and although the rubble which he must clear away is not deep, being the accumulation of but five years at most, it is not like to stay piled aside. It has the characteristic sea-sand thrown out from a child's tunnel, a way of sliding back into the hole. Van Vechten, undismayed, busily plies his spade and tosses the accumulated disregard off his treasures. He brings to light some literary household utensils of only incidental beauty and evident unhandiness, and some critical crockery—self-conscious eclecticism, a few well-turned phrases, an assemblage of decorated information. Altogether it is an array not very arresting when collected, tagged, and set out on the shelf. Viewing the labor, I'm struck with the question—why, particularly, excavate?

These papers were written separately, not as criticism but as expostions by way of persuasion of the merits of several insufficiently appreciated men. In the cases of Edgar Saltus and Arthur Machen, the purpose was in some measure achieved, as a recent revival of interest in these two exotics has been noticeable and traceable in definite degree to Van Vechten's efforts. He binds the collection together by an introductory visit to "Fashionable Places Out of Season," where-



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in he progresses from winter sojourns at several summer resorts, and thence home to inventory his personal out-of-season library. Unfortunately, although all the places he visits have boasted seasonal popularity in their time, all the books he brings forth have not.

Van Vechten would make a bad publicity agent for a new Mecca; he would be too inclined, as with his literary publicity, to insist upon revealing unprepossessing features.

Ouida he makes attractive; I shall certainly read Ouida. But I shall never be urged to investigate Philip Thicknesse, Henry Blake Fuller, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Erik Satie, nor Leo Delibes upon the strength of Van Vechten's ballyhooing. Of Machen I prefer to retain my own estimate. Saltus I continue to consider an amazing and suspiciously purple orgy.

The reason for needing to excavate and then ballyhoo this material is implied in Van Vechten's own summary. The universal unevenness, of the unimportant or the faulty, is painfully evident. Van Vechten displays many coincidental causes in the personal affairs of each for the latter's literary shortcomings. He is kind in so doing; or rather he is determined to estimate his treasures highly, their value appreciable only by the few and enhanced by the very cracks and blemishes which mar them.

However unpersuasive the effect, the adroitness and polish of a large part of the argument is intrinsically important. One should read "Excavations" not to be convinced of the significance of Matthew Phipps Shill, but to enjoy the nimble verbosity of Carl Van Vechten. I shall not occupy a bath chair at Scheveningen in December, nor inquire extensively into the Later Works of Herman Melville; but I am pleased to break the stingish

bubbles of Van Vechten's prose against my tongue.
 M. J. S.

Domestic Laundry

"That's The Place"

Pick a Good One

"Rufus," said the wise old senior to the giddy young frosh, "I see you being rushed around a lot. Watch your step and take your time. Pick a good one!"

That's smart "crackin'," whether you're picking a "bunch" or a fountain pen. You want both of them to live with you a long, long time. So it's best to step up to the Wahl Pen counter right now and choose yourself a fine Wahl Pen.

Pick the style you like (Wahls come thin and Wahls come fat); the material you want (Wahls come

in solid gold, sterling silver, gold-filled and silver-filled, red, black or mottled rubber); the point that suits your hand—stiff or flexible, fine, medium, stub, oblique or Wahl Standard Signature.

Pick any Wahl Pen, and you get not only the smoothest, best-looking writing tool that ever graced your hand, but also one that from cap to nib is practically indestructible. You could carry a Wahl in your hip pocket through three initiations, and still have the best fountain pen in the world.

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GLAD T' MEETCHA ✓ ✓
 My name is Wally. I'm the Eversharp Kid. I'm disguised this year as a neat little bookmark—for you—free—at the Wahl Pen and Eversharp counter. MARK MY WORDS, you'll need an Eversharp, too.

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