

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Oxen As Well As Pioneers

If there is anything that the student poll of last week definitely indicated, it is that the students of Oregon DON'T want to be called Trappers, Pioneers, Lumberjacks, or Yellow Jackets. They may not be enthusiastic supporters of the traditional Webfoots, and they may want a change—although the vote doesn't even show this—but it is a certainty that the names listed on the ballots in opposition to Webfoots are not wanted.

Down-town sports writers please take notice. Pioneers is not, nor has it ever been, the name for Oregon's athletic teams. If only 47 out of the 2500 Oregon students are in favor of the name now, it is extremely unlikely that Pioneers will EVER supplant Webfoots. That the much publicized Pioneers should take second place to the comparatively new and unknown Trappers in the campus poll should be convincing enough evidence to its most rabid supporter that it is unwanted.

A letter to the editor printed in yesterday's Emerald shows what foolishness we have been indulging in by poking good-humored fun at the names chosen to form the opposition to the present name. He suggests the name Oxen as a better name than all the others. In support he says of it: "It is short and therefore fits into headlines. It is in harmony with those olden days when Pioneers and Trappers trekked across the Old Oregon Trail in covered wagons. It is a popular name and denotes something tough. It is alliterative!"

Obviously we do not want to be called Oxen. Quite as obviously we object to Pioneers. Sports writers, don't try to force it down our throats—we will have none of it!

The Boloff Case Reviewed

BEN BOLOFF, moronic ditch digger and self-confessed Communist, has asked that he be released from the county jail. He has served fourteen and a half months.

He was sentenced to 10 years in the state penitentiary on a charge of violating the criminal syndicalism act. The conviction was upheld by the state supreme court last October. A petition for rehearing of his case was denied by the same court a week ago, and a second petition for rehearing is now pending.

Boloff accuses the Multnomah county prison doctor of refusing to give him medical attention or aid, and presents the evidence of a private physician that his condition is dangerous.

The Russian ditch digger was arrested and convicted for being a member of the Communist party. On August 29, 1930, he attended a meeting of the Portland unit of the party at which plans were laid to protect speakers at a Labor Day program from police interference.

In his pocket Boloff had a membership card showing dues paid in full since January, 1924. Also, there was a booklet of "Extracts from the Statutes of the Communist Party of the U. S. A." Both were in English. Boloff cannot read English.

In court he admitted his membership in the party. M. R. Bacon and W. B. O'Dale, employees of the Portland police department and both members of the Communist party, testified to the nature and doctrines of the party.

His conviction is clearly justified under existing laws. But the severity of the sentence, in view of the fact that other and more flagrant violators of the same law were released after Boloff's trial, is certainly not an example of "equality and justice for all."

Now, because of his persistence in seeking a square deal, he has been given a "third degree" more insidious than any which the Wickersham commission condemned in its report several months ago.

With a Limerick---

There was a young fellow in Lure
Whose grades were awfully poor.
He said, "I'll sure pass
If I get in this class,
Thus extending my scholastic tour."

WITH such a limerick Dean John J. Landsbury keenly expressed the attitude of more than a few of those registered in his two music courses, "The Lure of Music" and "Appreciation of Music Through Understanding."

With equal keenness and even more subtle insight Dean Landsbury is already getting the students in these classes to thrill, in spite of themselves, to good music. The dean has a way of eliciting from his listeners spontaneous interest and eagerness which, despite previous thoughts entertained about pipe courses, they cannot or do not hold back.

In the two class periods in which selections of music have been played as part of the class exposition, the response of the student has proven already to one observer's satisfaction at any rate that the enrollment in these classes should be at least double the 250 now registered.

Students supposedly no more interested in the music building than in a boiler factory, save that attendance there will give two hours of credit; students affectedly unemotional, untouched by the beauties of music and art, sophisticatedly self-sufficient, unconsciously tapped their feet in time to the rhythm, hummed quietly—oh, so quietly!—with the tune, smiled with satisfaction when they recognized a melody.

These students are "discovering" that they do like music, and every now and then one makes a slip and admits it.

The Safety Valve

An Outlet for Campus Steam

All communications are to be addressed to the editor, Oregon Daily Emerald, and should not exceed 200 words in length. Letters must be signed, but should the writer prefer, only initials will be used. The editor maintains the right to withhold publication should he see fit.

COLLEGE POST-MORTEM

To the Editor:

Post-examination reactions of a great number of undergraduate students are in terms of "Did you make your grades?" Will you excuse the post-examination reactions of a graduate student who is now getting a slight peek at the other side of the fence—the teaching. Having experienced four years of college work graded as high, and having realized after finishing that work that there is really nothing to point to as having been gained from those classes, I have been extremely interested in an explanation for myself as to the probable WHY. These are some of my personal explanations of why I received nothing from my education as an undergraduate. You are under no obligations to accept my explanation.

The faculty at the University of Oregon doesn't know what its aims are in teaching. I sincerely doubt if there is a single department on this campus which has set forth a coordinated list of the objectives of that department in terms of the attitudes, skills, or knowledge units it is trying to put across to the students. Moreover, I question whether there are a very great many professors who have set forth for their own use the specific objectives of any or each of the courses they personally are handling. Certainly this is probably the largest factor in the explanation of why I didn't get a sizable value from my work under them. Personally I cannot imagine so many men and women pretending to be professional experts and not having for their work a definite idea of what they are trying to do. This condition does have one value, however. It explains why so many of the courses I took were almost complete duplications of other courses. It has some disadvantages too. I am sure that if the people of Oregon knew the waste of money resulting from it they would be up in arms and out what income is left. Three thousand students are spending their time each year wasting valuable years. The student who comes to after graduation rather loses respect for old alma mammy. If I were clever I am sure I could list some more objections to the status quo.

Another factor which tends to explain to my personal satisfaction why I received so little from my university days is the fact that the men who were supposed to be teaching me were not tested themselves to determine to what extent they were putting their stuff across. They do teach something—that is attempt to, although they don't have specific ideas as to what the total content of their courses is aimed at. But my, how poorly some of them do it. In the cruel world of reality outside a university a man is rated according to his ability to produce. Personally I can see nothing so sacred about a university but that the same standard should be applied here. Of course this necessitates a set of definite objectives for each course and an accurate testing of the extent to which the pupils of this professor and that professor attain to those aims. I cannot help but believe that some of the specimens I suffered under would be looking for jobs in some other lines if such a system of examination of teachers were inaugurated. I could not close this without acknowledging a personal recognition of a group of faculty men who are anxiously trying to increase the effectiveness of their teaching. They are sincere men who do not look upon a professorship as a semi-active retirement to be indulged in as soon as the doctorate degree is obtained. They are anxious and willing to be tested as to the values they are putting across. Trouble with me, I guess, was that I wasn't able to find enough of them in my undergraduate days to make those days appear now as worthwhile. For the present condition I can only say god speed the day when these few will be the only ones left at the beginning of the new term to say to their fellow professors, "Did you make your grades?" Whether you believe all this or not I have the personal satisfaction of thinking I have found the reason why I obtained so little from my college career.

A GRADUATE STUDENT

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Congress club will hold its second annual Bunkum banquet over College Side Inn at 7:30 this evening. This program displaces the previously announced discussion in the change of program effected by the committee. All members are especially requested to attend.

All those interested in chess or in forming a chess club will meet at the Y. M. C. A. at 7:30 Thursday evening.

Pi Sigma will meet Wednesday night at 8 o'clock in the women's lounge at Gerlinger hall.

Amphibian meeting tonight at 7:30. Group pictures for the Oregonians will be taken at 8. Please be there promptly.

House managers will have their pictures taken today for the Oregonians in front of Condon at 12:40.

Master Dance group will meet at 7:30 o'clock this evening in order to have a picture taken. Each member is requested to bring a dime. Carol Hollingsworth will be in charge.

Theatians will meet at 7 o'clock tonight in Gerlinger lounge.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet meets tonight at 7:30.

Pi Sigma meets at 8 tonight in the women's lounge of Gerlinger.

Hermian club meets at 12:40 today at east end of Condon hall for Oregonians picture.

Westminster men will meet tonight at 9 at Westminster house.

Westminster Guild will meet tonight at 9 o'clock.

German club will hold an important meeting at 7:30 tonight at Westminster house. All members are requested to be present.

Drama group of Philomela will meet tonight at the Art building at 9 o'clock.

Carl L. Schrader, state superintendent of physical education in Massachusetts, has asked that every college have a "sport doctor," whose business it would be to prevent physically unfit students from playing in athletic games.

The British colonial office has risen in defense of polygamy in its African colonies on the grounds that the natives are happier when allowed to follow their own customs.



Whoop-deh-doo. We're gonna get sued. O! Walt Norblad, whom we mentioned yestidday has dragged down the old family fowling piece and is hot on our trail. Sometimes we're thankful they don't put our name in the mast head. Oh, ya darn betcha....



AS THE PRISON UNDERTAKER SAID ENTERING THE GALLOW'S ROOM TO DO BUSINESS, "HE COULDN'T TAKE A CHOKE."

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT TO PRINT... our beefy hoop squad, what never wears warm-up pants... the nertsy pyjamas the Vandals sport... Houghton played a stellar game 'twixt halves... Jim "Varsity" Brooke, our ablest muck-raker... Bruce Hamby was seen to smile... "Speed" Pulido, reffing a good game... "Good, they've got to be good"... Bill "Honey-bunny-boo" Bartie, coyly pleading for a little less pub... Bill Duniway looks nice in the new french phone recently installed on the copy desk... "Life's Phoney That Way"... Gawge Root just turned highbrow on his pals... THELMA "POLLYANNA" NELSON, THE LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE ABOUT THE OF-

"Barter"... Pancake or Waffle Barter, George?... Nice weather we're having for this time of year... we got spring fever out of season.



N.O. ANNIE, "DUCDAME DOESN'T MEAN AN OREGON CO-ED."

And, speaking of the new literary blight, there seems to be rumblings in the east as to how the word is pronounced. It is not:

1. Duck Dame.
2. Duke Dam.
3. Duke Dahm.
4. Duke Dame.

As near as we can get it, you pronounce it sump'n like "Duck-Dummy," very loudly, with a lotta emphasis on the last syllable. You get the best effect by:

1. Coughing as you say it.
2. Holding marble, pea, or glass eye in mouth as you say it.
3. Don't say it. Write it out.

THELMA "POLLYANNA" NELSON, THE LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE ABOUT THE OF-

BOOKS OF THE DAY

EDITED BY ROY SHEEDY

THE MAID OF FRANCE
"Sword of God: Jeanne d'Arc." By Guy Eudore. Farrar and Rinehart.

By ALTINE ROGERS
Mr. Eudore's book, the latest contribution to the already vast and rapidly growing store of literature on the life and personality of Jeanne d'Arc, will disappoint many in that it takes no definite stand on the subject of the maid. Was she an inspired saint, or a shrewd business woman? A genius, or merely a tool? Mr. Eudore makes no attempt to settle the question. He is content merely to retell the story of her life as it can be gathered from documented sources, notably the archives of the Great Trial at Rouen, and he includes the voices, the prophecies, and the miraculous aspect in general as merely a part of the whole. Unusually interesting is the second part of the book, which the author has called "The Discussion." In it he takes up the various legends that arose shortly after the death of Jeanne, such as the tale that she had not been burned, but released on her promise to cease warring against the English. He relates also the stories of the various imposters—among them Jeanne's sister—who later appeared, claiming to be the maid, one of them, at least, succeeding remarkably in deceiving numerous people, including Jeanne's own brothers, for a time.

Although annoying to some because of its lack of novelty or definiteness, "Sword of God" should prove very interesting to those who admire the Maid of Orleans—and they are legion.
All books reviewed in this column can be rented at the High Hat library of the University Co-op.

MINDS US OF IRWIN'S REMARK THAT THE TEN BEST YEARS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE ARE BETWEEN 28 AND 30.



AN THIS REPORT ABOUT THE INFIRMARY ENTERTAINING THE PHI DELTS JUST ABOUT COPS THE MOCHA. HERE ARE SOME HEADS WE EXPECT TO SEE IN FUTURE EMERALDS:
"Paralytic Throws Dance in Hospital."

"Police Raid Wild Infirmary Debauch."
"Prohis Caution Invalids and Guests."
"Sanitarium Girl Makes Debut Tonight."
And so on, and on and on.

AND ANNIE POLISHES OFF THE DAY'S RAMIFICATIONS WITH THE INDIANA SONG, "HOOSIER LITTLE WHOOSIT!"

President Juan E. Montero of Chile is planning, if his official duties will allow him to take the time, to resume his professorship at the University of Chile. He likes teaching so well he can't leave it alone.

Sir James Jeans believes that while time had a beginning in the past, it will now be everlasting.



"DONT SHOOT!" cried the willowy Winona

"And why not, my gal?" demanded Josephus Universitas (Joe College), thrusting his classic chin against her heaving bosom.

"Because," replied Winona, "you will not be annoyed on the campus by his sloppy clothes any longer. He has promised that, if spared, he will change and buy his clothes from Eugene merchants who advertise in the Emerald."

Good clothing may be purchased from:
De Neffe's
Paul D. Green
Eric Merrell
McMorran & Washburne
Wade Bros.

the oregon emerald