

Oregon Emerald

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University of Oregon, Eugene

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The Eclipse Passes - By KEN FERGUSON



A Message to Garcia

This is one of a series of articles to which outstanding members of Oregon's higher educational system are contributing. Another will be published in the next issue of the Emerald.

By JOHN L. CASTEEL (Head of the Speech Division)

WITHIN three days after this term had opened, three students came to ask me the same question: "Tell me, what is the use in a young fellow going to school any more?"

It makes a difference, of course, who it is that asks that kind of a question. For some students the answer at any time might have been, "No use at all." But this is not the answer these students sought or deserved; and it is not an adequate answer for many other students, who, in conversation, in discussion, or in their own thoughts, are asking the same question.

Undoubtedly, as these questions imply, our estimate of the usefulness of university training has been forced to undergo some revision in these hard times. For every student in whose mind this necessity has become articulate, there are many more in whom a sense of confusion or frustration of purpose is making itself felt. What significance is to be given to this stir of uncertainty, and this shaking of confidence?

The value of college training has been urged upon most of us as being one of two kinds: the cultural value or the vocational value. We have accepted the usual faith that education gives us the power and the skill needed to better the condition of our lives.

Hamlin Garland records, in one of his books of literary reminiscences, his impression of a commencement audience he addressed at the University of South Dakota. Before him were gathered the parents of the graduating class, and in their faces he observed the marks of toil, commonplace living, and sacrifice they had undergone in order that their children might not have to work as hard, and might get more out of life than they had been able to do. The commencement of almost any of our universities anywhere witnesses this same traditional aspiration in both the older and the newer generations.

But does education promise any longer a realization of these hopes? In the minds of many students it seems possibly true that education does not. Neither culturally or vocationally, they say, can a college education be entered as an indubitable asset. The fruits of cultural pursuits, the quickening of our powers of appreciation, the sense of direction in the affairs of life given by knowledge and by the brightening contacts with the sciences and with letters, may give pleasure, zest, and serenity to life in times when we can be sure of sustaining ourselves in a material environment that affords us security, leisure, and an opportunity to exercise our tastes and powers. But the prospect of our being forced to return to a standard of living that affords no such assurance and comfort may turn our tastes and insights we develop in our cultural pursuits into a source of sordid discontent.

"Imagine me reading Shakespeare in my home town," said one student, with rising inflection. And they go on, our vocational preparation stands us in little better stead. We had come to believe that the trained individual would be the man or woman to succeed in the competition for position and income. Our vocational advisers talked to us of the importance of finding a special field for our efforts, and of thoroughly training ourselves for its pursuit, of being sure that we were fitting "square pegs into square holes." With what result? Every day we hear or read of the number of men and women, who, in spite of thorough preparation for their work, have nothing to do and no prospect of getting anything, who are polished pegs who can find neither round or square holes into which they can fit themselves. Tell us, what is the use of going to school any more?

It may be that an improvement in the general welfare of the country, (I will not risk my neck by saying, "a return of prosperity"), will eventually restore to us our faith in our educational bootstraps, as it may restore to the troubled hearts of some people their faith in our economic system generally. I have no way of knowing whether such an eventuality is probable or desirable. Even Technocracy has not saved us yet, if we except those few forward-looking students who have adopted the principle of the two-hour day and the five-day week. Eventually, unless our society slips into a permanent retrogression, we will have need of men and women with fine cultural perceptions and of highly trained abilities.

But the immediate future is our vivid distress. There does not seem to be much consolation in an answer that says to these students' questions, "Wait five years. Maybe you'll be getting on better then." What answer should be given to their question? I am not ready to

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say, even at the risk of putting myself in that well-known class of persons who can raise more questions than a wise man can answer. This much might be said, however: A re-evaluation of our university education would seem to be a problem for our best thinking and discussion. It has been a few years, at least, since students and faculty on the campus have set down to make such an estimate; and no such effort has been tried since the depression has forced a new estimate of our earlier views. In times when money is dear, talk is still cheap, and purposive exchange of ideas may be still invaluable. Is it possible that some plan for a full conference or discussion over this problem on the campus might bring to the students a surer sense of the use of education in strengthening us to meet just such conditions as we now face, and that it might give both students and faculty less of a feeling of frustration and more of an attitude of ultimate direction than that which now seems, in the minds of some, to be abroad?

promenade by carol hurlburt

THE wittiest take-off of the college student which it has been my privilege to see is given by Lance Hart, debonair artist, in two harmless looking but telling and altogether charming little water-color sketches of the co-ed and her masculine contemporary. Harmless looking, they may be, but they are almost too true for decency's sweet sake.

Joe College has his chin sunk down on his chest, his shoulders slouched, his elbows turned in, his hands thrust nonchalantly in his pockets. His hair is tousled; his shoes unshined; his cords dirty. Miss Co-ed is an emaciated but provocative wench with a white face and puckered scarlet lips. Her hair is waved with careless abandon; her frock is of scanty blue lingerie and much bare skin... a sans culotte impression. Scarlet slippers to match her tempting mouth. A feminine young morsel, but what price femininity?

Most women place a premium upon intense femininity, and some endeavor to achieve it with the same provocative aids which Mr. Hart has so aptly caught. These "aids", however, are not at all apropos for campus wear. The Eugene campus is more like the wide open country than a penthouse apartment, and woman, as man likes her in winter clothes pour le pays, is adequately described in an article by Taylor Scott Hardin, Vogue for January 1, 1932.

Don't wear high heels, Mr. Hardin admonishes. Wear low ones. Shoes should be built of hardy leather, tan calf preferably, such as brogues, gillies, or monk shoes. Don't wear silk, satin, velvet or lace for sport, but do wear roughish jersey, tweeds, worsteds. The more masculine a suit the better. Turtle or crew-necked sweaters are the warmest and the smartest. Hats should be of felt of jersey, either with small brims or of the turban family.

Gloves should be sturdy, of knitted string or hand-stitched pigskin. Don't wear silk stockings, rather hose of wool, silk and wool, or of lisle. Don't wear delicate lingerie, but underclothing of knitted lisle, plain crepe-de-chine, or handkerchief linen. Wear a loose, full-skirted coat of tweed or rough cloth or else wear a polo coat.

"Don't wear any jewelry—except, if you like, an inoffensive wrist-watch. "Don't wear any more make-up than you can possibly get along without. It's best to have none at all. We like your wind-stung cheeks. We like your cold eyes. We like your grim lips—indeed, everything I have told you to do is to our liking... For dressed as we would have you, you are far more alluring than dressed as you too often are."

We Select for Promenade: Jane Fales, because, clad in tweed skirt of brown with a sweater of soft yellow worn over a high turtle-necked sweater of white, she exemplifies all those style points we have just discussed. She wears low-heeled sport shoes, lisse hose, a beret, a loose, full skirted coat of rough wool, and as little make-up as possible. "Far more alluring..."

Friend of ours told us a bit on Steve Smith. Seems they have a weekly contest on the slot machines down at the Campus grocery store. Used to be a time when the name "S. S. Smith—weekly high score," appeared constantly on the bagatelle machine. No more, though. Steve got married. Kind of hard on the bagatelle, though. Some of the boys from a local fraternity decided to take one of the pledges to church the other day. The pledge was a chap named Boyd, Sterling Boyd. Sat on both sides of him and when the plate was passed found he had nothing less than 50 cents. Dropped it in and the church people gave him a first mortgage on the building. Seems the head of the multi-graphing department, a man named Domas, Isaiah Domas, who has come in for mention before, helps run the cooperative farm out by Coburg. Quite a modern ranch, too. Run on the share plan, that is, all the workmen own shares of the farm and work for the common good, or something. Well, Mr. Domas and some other of the farm people came in the other day to explain their project before a discussion group at a down-town church. It was all very interesting and everybody had a good time until a couple of members of the D. A. R. got sore. Thought the whole business was communistic and radical and, well you know... Made quite a fuss about it, too. Lucky we have the D. A. R. to protect the public morals.

Assault and Battery by Parks Hitchcock

TODAY'S big laugh: bespectacled, efficient, Thomas Tongue, McMinnville, '34, announces from sanctum sanctorum in the igloo that Tuesday is positively the last day that anyone will even so much as let you buy an Oregana. If we remember correctly, a month ago newly-appointed business manager Tongue considered discontinuance of the publication owing to lack of subscribers.

Presumably efficient Emerald staff members now publish under the title "Weather," the weather conditions for the past two or three days. Safer than predicting the future anyway.

We select for Lemonade: (the "a" is pronounced as in liniment) Harry Schenk, because he wears such a lovely taffeta night-gown, so they say.

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