Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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THE PILLARS TOPPLE

ONE by one, with thunderous detonations, fall the pillars which have held Chancellor Kerr in his position of eminence.

It was the beginning of the end, that earth-shaking board session of September 11, when the attempt to dismiss the dean of women came to light and the chancellor was first seen in an unfavorable light in the glare of publicity.

Two of the stoutest pillars crashed when Governor Meier demanded the resignation of C. L. Starr after the disgraceful incident of the suppressed audit reports. C. C. Colt, another Kerr supporter, followed Starr.

And as the dean of women incident was the wedge which drove deep fissures into the foundations of Chancellor Kerr's edifice of administrative autocracy, so it was Roscoe C. Nelson's speeches attacking the University and its faculty that loosed the finishing thunderbolts.

Roscoe Nelson, a sincere man, soon learned that what he thought was a disgruntled minority was an overwhelming majority. He found his position untenable, and under a storm of censure, the newest and stoutest of the chancellor's pillars fell.

The mighty voice of the upstate press loosed its shattering lightning. From Coos Bay to Medford, from Astoria to The Dalles, came the cry that Kerr must go if higher education is to be saved.

The Portland Oregonian, leader of the metropolitan press, now tardily reverses the stand it has labored to sustain through months of dissension, and utters its conviction that to preserve the birthright of education to the youth of the state, the chancellor must retire. The Journal, guided editorially by the chancellor's warmest supporter, does not answer, and its silence is more damaging than the Oregonian's utterance.

Now E. R. Bryson, who declared that the self-appointed Eugene "spokesmen" of the summer of 1932 represented Eugene's business interests when they approved Kerr, gives way to the pressure of public opinion and acknowledges he spoke inaccurately. Thereby is destroyed the last vestige of support for the chancellor in Eugene.

One by one the pillars fall, and the chancellor's well-wrought structure of political strength trembles, topples. . . .

There can be only one end. The chancellor has frequently and sincerely proclaimed his aspirations for a progressive, harmonious educational system for the youth of the state. Now it is starkly apparent that the best interests of higher education can be served only by his resignation. If he does not follow the courageous example of Roscoe Nelson in withdrawing from a situation where his presence can only prolong turmoil, then it will be the unpleasant task of the state board to pull down about his ears the edifice he has been 25 years in rearing.

THE CRUCIAL RALLY

THIS is the day when Roscoe C. Nelson and the stresses and strains of higher education can be crowded into the background; it is the day when the greatest Oregon team in history leaves to meet its greatest rival, in the game that spells success or failure for Oregon's first championship hopes in years.

It is the crashing prelude to a game which means the continuance of a brilliant succession of eight clean cut victories, and the preservation of a season's unblemished record.

It is the game in which mighty Mike Mikulak and Mark Temple and Leighton Gee must be at their crashing, fighting best to show themselves true all-Americans. For they face other potential all-Americans who are almost as near to fame as the green-shirted veterans. This game, and no other, will tell the story.

Every Oregon supporter must be at McArthur court today to cheer his team onward to an essential victory. And even though he can no longer whisper, he must follow the team to the depot at noon and give it an inspiring, resounding farewell.

It is Mickey Vail's last rally and he plans to make it his greatest, here and in Portland. It must be even greater than the roaring sendoff of Homecoming, for in the metropolis Oregon stands judged by its showing against the cohorts of Corvallis. Mickey's fear is not that Oregon will fail to equal Oregon State in its demonstration of spirit, but that Oregon will not make the Beaver rooters sound like a peanut whistle competing with a boiler factory.

Sports writers are giving Oregon State the edge. It will take more than good football and brute strength to win this game. It will take the inspired efforts of every man on the team, playing above his head every minute of the game, to emerge victorious. And that inspiration can only be instilled by the massed efforts of 2000 loyal rooters.

BEWARE THE FEDS!

REALIZING, with what we consider unusual perspicacity, that no appeal to the so-called better instincts of the student body will prevent the annual shifting and juggling of student tickets for the big game this week-end, the Emerald feels it must warn that federal agents have arranged to take their toll of those individuals who said joyously, "I can get in on Joe's ticket."

Federal agents will be standing at the Multnomah stadium gates sampling tickets and signatures here and there with the hope that they may catch a few master criminals in the nets of the law. It seems that the student body has had to pay a federal excise tax on all admissions, and the government has construed the using of the non-transferable tickets as an evasion of the tax. In which case the student body will be liable for a healthy fine.

We wish that we were so bulging with moral sentiment that we could point out to you the pathway of evil that one is entering upon when he sells his soul to the devil by selling his ticket to a fraternity brother, but realizing that we speak to incorrigibles, we show you the iron fist of the law as it will present itself in Portland.

Contemporary Opinion

WHAT IS ACADEMIC FREEDOM?

WHAT is this "academic freedom" which has been under discussion in recent higher education controversies? Many people are asking the question. Here and there press comment reveals a complete misunderstanding of the thing these faculty people at the University are fighting for.

A university or a college is not like any other business—at least on the teaching side. A great school is an association of scholars, men and women of equal intellectual ability and achievement. In a great school, there must be a head to make final decisions but his position is not at all like that of the "boss" in a store or factory.

The president or chancellor should be himself a scholar of sound merit with a grasp of scholarship in all the parallel lines of education. For instance, the chancellor or president may, in his own name, be a distinguished historian, physicist, biologist, lawyer, entomologist. But he cannot pretend to mastery in all the many and diverse lines of scholastic endeavor. He is surrounded by men and women of equal or even greater distinction in their own particular lines of endeavor. He is compelled to consult with them constantly as to the arrangement and coordination of courses, the allocation of credits, the employment of new people and the scores of problems which arise in the development of vital education.

The president or chancellor may frequently be compelled to settle disputes and make final decisions but at all times he is compelled to lean heavily on the advice of deans and professors and it is customary in nearly all great universities—Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Harvard, California—to place much responsibility on the faculty and its faculty council. The law which created the University of Oregon provided this setup. It was omitted, unfortunately in the law creating the State College but it should be provided.

The president or chancellor is NOT the "Boss" as is the head of a factory. He is what the lawyers call "dux inter pares," a leader among equals. His position is similar to that of a chief justice presiding over a court of judges of equal rank and station. He is an executive surrounded by a staff of experts. He must be firm when emergencies arise but he is dealing with people who have the highest sense of professional duty and responsibility.

That is the principle for which the faculty at the University have risked their bread and butter. It is not trivial. It is vital to valid education. The state is not hiring these highly trained people to be "yes men." The state needs a leadership which can guide but which will not throttle "academic freedom." We pay these faculties to get the benefit of what they know and can do. Politics and expediency cannot be allowed to interfere with getting the best out of them.—Eugene Register-Guard.

The Emerald Greets —

WESLEY STEINMETZ, who attended the University of Berlin two years ago. "I am not in sympathy with the National Socialist program being carried on in Germany, and I abhor racial persecutions in any shape. The move has created an unspeakable condition."

PEGGY CHESSMAN, versatile literary editor of the Emerald, and daughter of the versatile Mr. Chessman, editor of the Astorian Budget, says she isn't well enough informed about the higher education situation to make a statement. Wise girl!

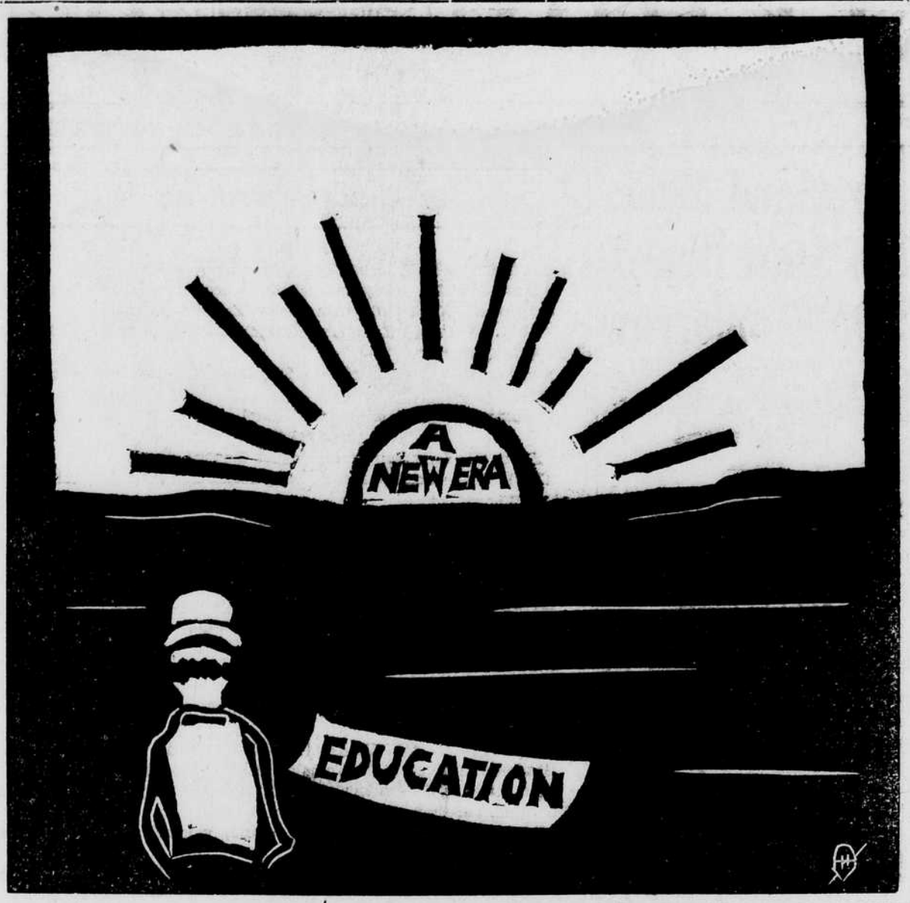
ALICE TILLMAN
SHERRIL GREGORY
GRACE HERMAN
MAY LOVELESS

Mary E. Starr Speaks On Textile Collections

Miss Mary E. Starr, instructor in home economics, spoke at the A. A. U. meeting at the Anchorage Wednesday night.

Her talk was based on her summer of collecting textiles in Europe and her subject was "Collecting Historic Textiles."

What's in It? - - - By STANLEY ROBE



Seen From the 'Crow's Nest'

An editorial reprinted from Sheldon F. Sackett's column in the Coos Bay Times.

By SHELDON F. SACKETT

There can be no peace in higher education in Oregon as long as Dr. William J. Kerr remains its chancellor. That statement might have been controverted a year ago. Then it would have been argued that "the better angels of our natures" could heal old wounds and mke thias 70-year-old palladin of Oregon State college a successful leader in Oregon's unified educational program. Today, in the light of another year's trial, it is quite evident Dr. Kerr must go. We had hoped he would go quietly at the end of this year, perhaps to a position as chancellor emeritus, perhaps to a quiet retirement apart from the Oregon educational system. Now that Roscoe C. Nelson, newly named board chairman, has flamboyantly and with the utmost lack of discretion, forced the fighting into the open, Kerr must go—if not willingly, by the ouster route.

Mr. Hoover cannot head NRA. Trotsky cannot head the House of Morgan. A man like Dr. Kerr, connected for 25 years with Oregon State college, cannot strip himself of all the ties of the past and be an impartial controller of Oregon's educational system. He may have the best intentions in the world. But he faces a condition, not a theory. Eugene remembers the two score years of legislative fights. Eugene remembers that he was mute when the Zorn-Macpherson fight raged and threatened the life of the university and the town where the university is. Eugene knows full well that a little cabal of its own citizens, scared of losing their property through the removal of the school, conspired to accept Kerr as chancellor as a move to thwart the merger fight. These citizens are cognizant that Dr. Arnold Bennett Hall resigned as president of the University of Oregon as Dr. Kerr resigned as president of Oregon State college on the explicit and written agreement that neither was a candidate for the job of chancellor and that an entirely new man, outside the state, would come here to assume the new position.

Dr. Kerr knows all this. Yet he was willing, on the squeaky margin of one vote, to accept the chancellorship and let himself in for the worst fight Oregon's higher educational system has seen in this century. He continues to talk platitudinous things about Oregon's youth and the need of harmony when business men in Eugene insult him and his own student body and faculty have turned on him. The situation is intolerable. He should either fire his faculty; which he cannot and dares not do; or he should resign.

Dr. Kerr has many admirable qualities. He has persistently pulled money from the taxpayers to build a mammoth plant at Corvallis. He has ruled there with an iron hand covered with a velvet glove which kept of a retinue of "yes men" around him who lauded his achievements and dared not speak their mind, if they had one. There is no question that he has been devoted, ardent and successful in these objectives. But by no stretch of the imagination could Dr. Kerr be considered a scholar or a great educator. He is an administrator; a clever fellow with legislators. His day of usefulness in Oregon ceased when he sought and accepted the chancellorship. In this new position he is totally unfit.

As for the current fight at the university, it is lamentable, of course, to have an entire campus and a city in a furore. Mayhap it is best for the fight to come into the open and be carried to its bitter conclusion. We think it quite likely that the special session of the legislature, tired of the seemingly never-ending fight, will turn each school back to a separate board of regents. Then the noble experiment of 1929 will be ended and the cat-and-dog scraps of decades gone by, will be resumed.

We had hoped that Mr. Nelson was a man of judgment and understanding. We presumed after his initial address that he would take weeks and months to study the Oregon higher educational system. We thought that in due time he would realize that new leadership was needed in the chancellorship but we likewise presumed he would have the judiciousness to wait until the academic year was past and to find Dr. Kerr's successor after a thorough, nation-wide search.

Instead, he appears to have been grabbed by the Kerr crowd, talked to by the ardent Kerrites such as B. F. Irvine of the Oregon Journal, and then carried away at Eugene by the sound of his own voice and at Corvallis, by the partisan applause of the student body. Nelson has failed utterly as a board of higher education chairman. If he sincerely wants to do the educational system a good turn he will resign at once. If Governor Meier wants to avoid a bitter, internecine educational fight he will yank Nelson and put into the breach some man of the background, the good temper and sincere judgment of Judge Sawyer of Bend.

If nothing else is done, the fat is in the fire. Mr. Nelson is entirely wrong when he thinks only one per cent of the faculty is in arms at Eugene and 99 per cent are satisfied. One per cent is satisfied; the rest is in arms. So is the student body. Just as a nation can not be indicted, neither can a university faculty or student body be entirely discharged and expelled. The blood is on the moon and the days ahead are stormy for higher education in Oregon.

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

POLISH up the Rolls-Royce, James, we're going to Portland. Four-thirty this afternoon is the starting hour, and the family will be with us.

* * *

Late-hour flashes from the Portland hotels indicate that the change of time of the rally train will catch them off base in their preparations. It is feared that they won't be able to remove all the spittoons, rugs, pictures, washstands, glasses, mirrors, and bathroom tiles from the premises in time for the Friday eve influx.

* * *

Innocent Bystander missed out on the Washington game in Seattle and was therefore unable to give you six readers an adequate coverage on the post-game events, but fear not, I. B. will be in Portland from 8 tonight on, and next Tuesday's paper will contain a complete eye-witness account of every atrocity.

* * *

We have become alarmed at the rapid spread of our sorority-phone-survey idea. First, the manly, dignified Barometer took up the theme, using large chunks of our own phrases without the slightest credit to us; and now we pick up the Stanford Daily and find that they, too, have fallen a victim to the phobia. Apparently they only read the Barometer, as they gave a good deal of gentlemanly credit to the sheet; but we shall go into a high-powered pout, for after all it WAS our idea!

J. Almon Newton, official Emerald Bronx-cheer-giver, is heading a movement to form a Dorothy Anne Clark Secret Sorrow club. Mr. Newton, who has already elected himself Supreme High Potentate, expects that his membership will compare well in numbers with such organizations as the D.A.R., Elks, United Mine Workers, and the W.C.T.U.

* * *

An eminent physician states that it takes 15 days for the average human body to recover from the loss of two consecutive nights' sleep. Multiplied by 2000, the approximate number of students to attend the game, we have 30,000 hours of sub-par activity, or a total loss of 371,249,855 kilowatt hours, and can you spell c-a-t?

* * *

OGDEN GNASHES

"Little Caesar has come and gone,
But the malady lingers on!"

* * *

"Workers of the World—UNITE!!!"

* * *

Here's a charming item that just missed getting in the Emerald:

"The Obsidian club will make a trip to Spencer's Butte, November 12, leaving at 2:00, if weather permits.

They have planned to drive to the south side of the butte, to the pass, and make advances on the south side.

After the hike they will visit a boy's camp."

After all, there are limits!

Mannequin

By PATSY LEE

FRIDAY'S diary of a freshman co-ed:

Arise at five a. m. after three hours of sound sleep due to an orgy of house-cleaning. Why do I get up at five a. m.? Because I play alarm clock to the whole house. Catch off a few minutes' snooze between six and six fifteen, as there are no calls to be made. That Marjory is a tough egg to get up, and I wish she wouldn't sleep with her hat on.

Wander into the dining room at seven p. m. to eat breakfast. Eight o'clock—still eating breakfast, instead of going to class. The breakfast is so good, decide to cut my nine o'clock. Get dressed (hope Don Eva calls me today. Oh, my), start to my ten o'clock, but see my prof for the eight o'clock which I just cut, so decide to dismiss college from my mind entirely. (Editor's note: the good old college tendency towards rationalization is taking place.) After all, there is a football game Saturday. And say, people keep talking about this guy Morse. Who is he anyway? I wonder if he is good looking.

Well, here I am in the College Side. I haven't eaten for an hour so decided to drop in for a cup of coffee. Twelve o'clock. I must go home to eat lunch.

One o'clock—still eating lunch. I believe I will reform and go to my two o'clock. After all, I am here to learn something. (Reform rationalization taking place—still hopes.)

Ten minutes to three. Well, for goodness sake, I forgot to pack for the trip to Portland, and I must get to my roomie's dresses before she does or I won't have a single thing to wear. Wonder if I can grab off that little Patou number with the red bow. I just know Tom would like it. Oh, but I forgot, that isn't who I am going out with—well, Dick will like it. (Editor's note number three: here we see the mind going completely blank. Danger ahead. She'll miss that train.)

I simply can't do a thing with my hair, and all those nice Fiji's will be on the train (she doesn't know 'em like we do. They won't be in any condition to notice it, gal). Wonder if Mahr Reymers will take me down to the train. (This is a paid advertisement.)

Four fifteen! I'll miss that train yet. Where is Helen? She was going to loan me five bucks until the fifteenth.

Four twenty-five! The train at last. Everything's in the bag. (No pun intended.)

Five ten! Train still on siding. When are we going to start? Oh, dear. Harry is waiting for me in Portland. Say, I don't like that girl across the aisle, do you? Let's move up there by Don White. He's so entertaining. Look at him now—he's standing on his head in the aisle. Isn't that too cute for words?

Eight fifteen—too tired to write any more, dear diary. If they would only remove some of the bodies from the aisle and stack them in the seats, we might be able to get out of here.

Now for a big time. Oh, goodness, Martha, here comes Dick. Do I look all right, honey?

"Patronize Emerald advertisers."

Reading — and — Writing

PEGGY CHESSMAN, Editor

THERE'S a game to look forward to this weekend, and next week there is Book Week. Don't forget to "Grow Up With Books." There follows another list of books. Choose one to read each day of next week.

"The Fault of Angels," mentioned in Reading and Writing several weeks ago, is a novel that should be one of your seven. Paul Horgan has produced a witty, satirical comedy that won the Harper prize novel of 1933-34. The judges were none other than Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Canfield, and Harry Hansen.

To supplement your readings on modern Germany, choose "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror," material prepared for the World Committee for Victims of German fascism. It presents the Hitlerites as incendiaries in the burning of the Reichstag. However, don't forget to read the other side of the question. There are numerous books at both the old libe and the Co-op that give the arguments of both factions.

For strong novels of the Orient, select either "Oil for the Lamps of China," by Alice Tisdale Hobart or "The Bird of Dawning" by John Masefield.

Other good novels of the present time are "As the Earth Turns" by Gladys Hasty Carroll; "Poor Splendid Wings," by Frances Winwar; "There's Always Another Year" by Martha Ostenso; "Duchess Laura" by Marie Belloc-Lowndes; and "Where Is My Mother" by Charles Gilmore Kerley.

For your non-fiction selections, any of these might be highly recommended: "Testament of Youth" by Vera Brittain; "The Beginning of a Mortal" by Max Miller; "Our Times: Over Here" by Mark Sullivan; "The American Procession" by Agnes Rogers; "Letters of Grover Cleveland" by Allan Nevins; "The Epic of America" by James Truslow Adams; "Riddles of the Gobi Desert" by Sven Hadin; "Raggle Taggle" by Walter Starkie; "The Journey of the Flame" by Antonio de Fierro Blanco.

"What I Like" by William Lyon Phelps; "Prometheans" by Burton Rascoe; "Life Begins at Forty" by Walter B. Pitkin; "Slanting Lines of Steel," by Colonel E. Alexander Powell; and "San Francisco" by Charles Caldwell Dobie.

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