

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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RUMOR

IF one more well-intentioned but loose-tongued individual buttonholes us and relates in guarded tones a "pretty reliable rumor" that he has just heard that which "might bear investigating," we solemnly vow that there will be one less citizen in our fair city of Eugene.

No single feature of the work of a newspaperman is more annoying than the incessant pestering of that lowest species of the pants-wearing genus, commonly termed the rumor spreader. We venture to estimate that if all the hours wasted by newspapermen in chasing down "pretty reliable rumors" were laid end to end they would come pretty close to approximating the distance in light years between the Senior bench and the star Arcturus. What is most maddening to the journalist is the fact that only about one-tenth of one per cent of the rumors he hears have even the slightest basis in fact; and the dubious atom of truth which may be present is so buried in the mass of pure invention that it is rarely worth the trouble of investigating.

Rumors never have any purpose, end or aim. They are merely the stock in trade of light-witted, loose-tongued individuals who satisfy their craving for attention by winning an avid hearing from other equally idle souls.

Ever since the incident of Roscoe C. Nelson's speech and the ensuing events, this campus has been fertile ground for the germination of weird rumors parading as respectable reports. Such amazing truths were revealed that the campus found itself ready to believe anything, and a veritable epidemic of rumoritis spread with alarming speed. Among the victims have been persons holding high positions in the state, intelligent and scrupulous members of the faculty—even the University's athletic representatives.

To point out the vicious nature of such rumors or, by exposing them, to show that they are groundless and transparently ridiculous, would only serve to give them further circulation.

Experience has shown that the best way to nip a rumor is to laugh at its spreader, scoff at his story, and promptly forget the whole thing. We recommend the method.

BACHELOR OF ARTFULNESS

"We labor and toyle and plod to fill the memorie and leave both understanding and conscience empty. Even as birds flutter and skip from field to field to peck up corn or any grains and without tasting the same carry it in their bills therewith to feed their little ones; so doe our pedants glean and pick learning from books and never lodge it further than their lips only to disgorge and cast it to the wind."—Montaigne.

WE cannot hope to improve, but we may try to apply the thought of this fine philosopher.

There are, after all, only two reasons why one should spend the four finest years of youth in academic preparation: It may be to make ready to teach others, or it may be to bring a more perfect understanding to one's self of the bewildering avalanche of events that is the human life.

Yet in either of these cases there is no use or logical justification for the highly complicated system of pedantry which comprises a deplorable share of our educational machine.

Instead of subjecting their brains to a thorough overhauling during their stay at college, a great portion of our students merely spend their time soaking up a series of pat facts or partially digested thought which they promptly and accurately regurgitate at examination time. As simple as that.

This task done, they are rolled over, stamped with an educational "O. K.," wrapped in a fresh diploma and popularly consigned to the company of learned men.

What a mockery higher education is, if this is an appreciable part of the scheme. For unless col-

lege stimulates the organism of the informed brain into a dynamic, incandescent thing that moves of its own machinations, it has failed of its real purpose. The student who leaves college unchanged save for an addition of facts does not deserve association with an institution of real integrity.

In a spirit devoid of destructive intent or vaunting agnosticism, we offer the following for consideration:

Everyone deprecates the outlandish and senseless practice of "cramming" for examinations, which sends the student to the test dripping with recently and liberally acquired information which evaporates in a few hours, but sometimes lasts long enough for him to dump it on paper and make an impression.

But—are any of our educational activities more than thorough cramming, for which there is no examination in real life where it will profit him? Does not he go out to face a half-century of examination in which more is required for passing than a vast encyclopedic warehouse?

We wish to state that no criticism is intended for the group which makes up the great majority of sincere, reputable educators. We have, we believe, spoken for them, not against them, in propounding what we believe to be the doctrine of genuine education.

But we charge the system of education with vulnerable parts which are allowing the whole to be weakened, and the reputation of the college degree to be seriously damaged. We charge, in short, the serious possibility of graduating from college with a high-school mind.

AN ASSEMBLY HALL

THE University may feel fairly well assured of the success of its pleas for an adequate infirmary and a central library, and these two buildings are undoubtedly the major needs of the institution at present.

But every time a distinguished speaker, such as Dudley Crafts Watson, appears to address the student body, he must make his talk in a gymnasium. He is confronted by an especially tinny address system which serves largely to distort his voice to all corners of the hall. The audience must sit on uncomfortable folding chairs.

Consider the impression such surroundings must make on the guest speaker. Overhead dangles unsightly athletic equipment. The floor creaks ominously as the inevitable late comers arrive. The audience quickly becomes restless on the hard seats. The speaker moves an inch too close to the microphone and his voice squawks like nothing human. He moves too far away and he is afraid the faulty acoustics will render his words inaudible.

The need for a new assembly place is not as urgent as the need for a library, but certainly the need exists. It should be so designed that an address system is not necessary, and it should be equipped with reasonably comfortable seating provisions. It will probably be years before such a project can become a reality, but at least the need should be recognized and administrative authorities should be looking forward to the time when it may be filled.

Headline in the Oregon Journal says, "Scot's Shout at King Stuns Parliament." We wonder if parliament was stunned more because the Scotchman did something for nothing than it was because he shouted at the king.

At Fordham university it appears that the faculty are appointed by name. Father Deane is dean, a Father Whalen acts as dean of discipline, Mr. Shouten is in charge of debating, and Mr. Voekal (pronounced vocal) is in charge of the glee club.

Contemporary Opinion

Oh—Forget It!
THIS office has been deluged by football alibis, ever since the crushing defeat of Oregon at the hands of the Trojans on Saturday. There are as many alibis fluttering about as there are football fans, which includes the major portion of the population.

Perfectly natural of course, but also foolish. Football is the most uncertain game in the sporting world. That is one reason why it is so fascinating. Between two teams, at all evenly matched, anything may happen, and the final result is seldom known, until the final whistle.

As a result it is as futile to waste time alibiting a defeat, as unduly extending the celebration of a victory. For nine times out of ten Lady Luck had a lot to do with both. Far better to take both in stride and transfer one's interest and attention to the next contest.

That as a general rule, is what the football players do. Being human they are downcast by a beating and buoyed up by victory; but once either has happened, they proceed to forget it, and concentrate on the next hurdle.

That's what the Oregon players are doing now. They are getting ready for the game with St. Mary's, Thanksgiving. And the Southern Californians are getting ready for Notre Dame. It was tough to lose and sweet to win, but that's "all in the day's work" on Monday morning.

A similar philosophy might well be adopted by the football fans. But the truth is the fans take football more seriously than the players,—at least as far as the results are concerned. In fact football is not so much over-stressed on the football field, as in the grandstand; not so much within the team as outside it.

As above stated this is all natural enough. Non-combatants are invariably the most combative; the "blood thirstiest" warrior is not in the trenches, but is fighting with his imagination before the club fire.

But a little toning down on the alibi business would be in order. Oregon played great football in the first half, and with a few "breaks" instead of none in the second, the result might have been very different. But that is always true. In fact that is football.

The thing to do about a football game that is over is to "forget it." Speculations with their "ifs" and "buts," should be left to the next game,—or if the season is over—to the next year.

This is better sportsmanship, better sense, and better for the greatest outdoor game that the mind of man has ever invented.—Medford Mail Tribune.

It's Time to Come Down By STANLEY ROBE



An Artist in Oregon's Treasure House

By ELINOR HENRY
FIVE perfect things that man has done—the sculptures of Phidias, the music of Beethoven, the plays of Shakespeare, the portraits of Jan van Eyck, and wood-block prints of Hokusai—these were praised by Dudley Crafts Watson, American artist and speaker at yesterday morning's assembly.

Reading and Writing

PEGGY CHESSMAN, Editor

SHOULD you be in doubt about the wisdom of some of our recommendations, select your reading material from the suggestions of William Lyon Phelps, Yale professor, author, and critic. He lists 100 books which he deems are outstanding in all the literature published since July, 1932.

Here are some of the fiction books he mentions: "Obscure Destinies," by Willa Cather; "Human Nature," by Edith Wharton; "Human Beings," by Christopher Morley; "The Bulpington of Blup," by H. G. Wells; "Jenny Wren," by E. H. Young; "Hardy Perennial," by

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

THE old-fashioned party line telephone has a rival in the Emerald's system. Five (count 'em) people listened in on Janis Worley's verbal tete-a-tete with Mike Mikulak. After speaking to an audience like that Mike should have no hesitation in getting up and addressing a rally crowd!

Incidentally, it has been whispered that "Michael Mikulak" means "Santa Claus" in Slovakian. He looks like that to Callison, anyway!

Dr. Conklin, of the psychology Conklins, produced a mild sensation in his class the other day when he raised a map that covered the blackboard and revealed, printed in LARGE letters, the phrase "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More!" The class assumed that he was trying to test their reactions, but the good doctor was as surprised as they were!

Like "Lenny" Donin was perturbed the other day upon receiving a letter which began:

walls of one small room in the Prince Lucien Campbell memorial building.

The battered stone "God of Mercy" which stands in the hall of the second floor attracted considerable attention from the man who was official lecturer for the fine arts department of the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago this summer. Mrs. Warner told how the statue was unearthed by famine-stricken workers paid with Red Cross funds who were building a road where an earthquake had caused a landslide in 900. She regretted the pitiable state of the gentleman's nose, but Watson agreed with her that it was better to leave the idol as it was, rather than attempting repairs.

Helen Hull; "Imitation of Life," by Fannie Hurst; "Papa La Fleur," by Zona Gale; "Pageant," by G. B. Lancaster; "Valiant Dust," by P. C. Wren; "The Sheltered Life," by Ellen Glasgow; "The Burning Bush," by Sigrid Undset; "Family Affair," by Lillian Gill; "God's Angry Man," by Leonard Ehrlich; "The Flowering Wilderness," by John Galsworthy; "Forgive Us Our Trespasses," by Lloyd Douglas; "Mother and Four," by Isabel Wilder; "Ann Vickers," by Sinclair Lewis; "The Narrow Corner," by Somerset Maugham; and "Never Ask the End," by Isabel Paterson.

"Zest," by Charles G. Norris, although a novel, gives an excellent and powerful picture of man as a polygamous animal. Bob Gillespie, hero of the story, advances the theory that marriage for life is a mistake, and the readers will sympathize with him for a time, for his life is made exceedingly miserable by an unhappy marriage

with a woman thrust upon him because his mother thought the match advantageous. However, subtle though it may be, there is a moral to the tale, and proof is given that perhaps the old system of marriage "till death do us part" is the best in the long run.

Sven Hadin's latest, "Riddles of the Gobi Desert," is now available. His ability to collect material of the deepest mystery about foreign lands makes his tales convincingly exciting.

How true! And how important color is in the selection of clothes. Color has four fundamental requisites in connection with the choosing of practical ensembles. Here they are:

1. Suited to purpose.
 2. Suited to material.
 3. Suited to cut of the costume.
 4. Suited to mood which the costume is intended to reflect.
- There are three ways in which color may be combined in clothes—the one-color plan, or the shading down or up; the two-color plan, a combination of two harmonious shades; and the multi-colored plan, dashing, perhaps, but dangerous to most complexions.

Your mood may be expressed, or then again the intensity of your personality may be shown by the variety of colors you dare wear—

not that you should run around in violent red or passionate purple! The idea is—don't subordinate yourself with riotous colors, but then again don't be too somber—allowing your personality to do everything for you.

Orange is the warmest color—blue the coolest. The more luminous a hue—the warmer it is. Warm colors are advancing—cool colors are retiring.

Warm hues correspond to some temperaments. Story's "How to Dress Well" gives the following two examples: "Rosa, the Italian beauty, may wear vivid red, and like a flame, express fire and thrill. This harmony of likeness in coloring may give way to Rosa decked with pale blue, and no less will be the attraction because of the contrast of nature and color.

"Helga, the girl of Norway, coldly distant with golden hair and blue eyes, chooses a cool color—a silvery green like the ice-floes of her native haunts—and in her harmony of likeness is as distantly entrancing as the "Lady from the Sea." Her portrait is altogether logical, just what one would expect. A contrast of color with her temperament may make her incomprehensible, and as fascinating as mystery novel."

Another thing—luminosity increases size. Brilliant textures increase size; shadowy textures decrease size.

JOHN DUNBAR WANTS TO TEACH COLLEGE ENGLISH

(Continued from Page One)
all departments of work, with a comprehensive examination in the senior year over one's major subject," he explained.

He is interested in regionalism in American literature, which can not be studied or understood without a background of English literature. He believes that the present effort in regionalism will lead to something worth while, though it hasn't yet. In a country this size it is difficult for an artist to unify and synthesize, so one must pick a part or portion of the country for feeling. He does not care for

"Patronize Emerald advertisers."

Classified

FOR SALE—Men's light tan polo coat. Very reasonable. Size 38. Call Best Cleaners.

LOST—Black and white Sheaffer pen. If found call Willa Bitz, 947.

LOST—A brown suede pouch yesterday containing glasses, money and compact. Finder please return to Marjorie Ann Donoca. Call 204.

OGDEN GNASHES
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The Emerald Greet —

JOHNNY HARE, the handsome Beta.
ELMER ARNE KOSKELO, from Finland.
MARCUS F. DeLAUNAY.
FRANCES C. JENSON.
JEAN ROBERTSON.

the modern American novel, nor does he like escapists like James Branch Cabell. He believes that Moby Dick, by Herman Melville, is the finest work ever written by an American, although his favorite book is Tristram Shandy.

Dunbar likes tennis and golf and to collect fine books. He admits a fondness for San Francisco and declares that it is "the finest town west of the Mississippi." He likes both classical and jazz music and believes that every well-regulated family should have a collection of phonograph records so that music may be had how and when it is wanted.

The candidates for the scholarship will probably go to Portland January 2 for the state contest, after which the winners there will go to Spokane for the district contest.

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(Continued from Page One)

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