

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Timing

NOT entirely superficial was Lair Thompson's figure of speech at the Mother's day banquet last Saturday. The president of the Oregon Dads pointed out that timeliness of action by any administrative body is as important as good timing in a golf swing, and then he made his point: that the board of higher education should take immediate steps to secure a successor to Chancellor Kerr, who has announced he will hold his office until a new chancellor is appointed.

Lair Thompson's words of advice should not go unheeded. The board has sought, in recent months, to rectify with as little commotion as possible its previous errors of judgment and the blunders of its agents. It displayed excellent judgment in the appointment of Presidents Boyer and Peavy. A two-months truce in higher educational warfare culminated April 16, when Chancellor Kerr gave notice of his intention to withdraw. To this point the board's actions were well calculated to convey to the entire state an impression of stability, sincerity, and orderly arbitration of controversies.

Now that Dr. Kerr has taken the long expected step, however, nothing can be gained by delay in the matter of selecting a successor. Higher educational affairs will remain in a state of suspense until the new selection is made. Parents of high school graduates will continue to be fearful of sending their children to Oregon's institutions until they know that those institutions are permanently delivered from political manipulation and internal dissension. Full confidence in Oregon education cannot return until a successor to the chancellorship is named—a man whose educational and administrative reputation is widely and favorably known, and one who has never before been connected with higher education in this state.

The low level of enrollment—27 per cent under pre-Zorn-Macpherson figures—is indicative that rapid, decisive action must be taken. If possible, the new chancellor should be designated before the opening of school next September, as Mr. Thompson recommends. The present period of virtual interregnum is hardly healthful to morale, is certainly not conducive to a general restoration of faith in Oregon higher education.

Hit and Miss

PRACTICALLY every senior becomes aware, along during his last term in school, that there are a lot of courses he would have liked to have taken, and a lot of them he did take that he regrets; courses for which he now feels a strong need and interest, and courses which have so far paid off no bounty and show no promise of doing so.

Numerous devices have been set up to try to offset this common complaint. Faculty advisers and course catalogues, as well as older students whose advice is sought try to decrease the proportion of "dud" courses.

But faculty advisers and catalogues fail to a large extent in the matter of working out a satisfactory curriculum. Advisers have to run through the schedules of scores of students, few of whom they know intimately, in a single day. Moreover, they frequently display a startling ignorance of courses outside their departments. Catalogues give a rough idea of the content of a course, but are of little aid in indicating the ability of the professor and the more subtle phases of applicability.

Fall term, when the student is deciding the whole year's policy, is congested with activities. About 24 hours elapse between the receipt of registration material and the filing of it. During winter and spring terms, the whole process of registration is often accomplished within an hour or two, in-

cluding conference with adviser. This element of hurry is ruinous to careful selection of courses. To be sure, students have more time than they usually take, but it is necessary to register early to get desired professors and hours before they are all gone.

An extra day each term between the taking out of registration material and the opening of the wickets, it would seem, would not do irreparable harm to the term's class schedule. It would allow faculty advisers to make good use of their positions, give students a chance to compare notes and talk over the selection of courses, and pay itself back with interest in a better balanced, more efficient college training.

Votes of Straw

ANOTHER of those straw votes which make up regular bids for circulation by the Literary Digest has been set in motion to test the popularity of the New Deal. A cross-section of the nation's sentiment will be sought from the returns from 15,000,000 ballots in what the Digest chooses to call "a national vote of confidence—or its opposite."

Two questions are asked by the referendum: "Do you approve on the whole the acts and policies of Roosevelt's first year?" and "For whom did you vote in 1932?" The person favored by receipt of a ballot merely inscribes two crosses, writes the name of his state and drops the card in the mail box. Ballots are secret and simplicity of the utmost is a primary objective.

Assuming that the poll will provide as accurate a cross-section of the nation's citizenry as did those in previous years on prohibition and presidencies, grave doubts may yet be raised as to the significance of this latest project. The trouble, strangely enough, lies with the form of the ballot itself.

Brevity has stolen its punch and refused the ballot a chance to express his real opinions. On a question so manifold and so vital as one year's entire activity of a national administration, the voter's answer must be one of approval or of rejection—without qualification of any kind. Few thinking men are willing to make such an answer, and many of them will without doubt tear up their ballots in disgust, leaving a greater burden of opinion to those inclined to make snap judgments and to follow popular leaders.

And what will the results be worth? Practically nothing, for already is known the weight of sentiment in favor of the Roosevelt policies. If the poll indicates nation-wide approval—and that is practically certain—then the administration would seem requested to continue its previous policies, or to embark blithely on new ones.

If an unlikely disapproval is the popular mandate, then, as in British votes of confidence, the administration may consider its policies condemned. Being without practical means for wholesale resignation, Roosevelt's staff might then return its powers to congress or extend tentative feelers to right and to left. But toward which? The Digest poll gives no clue.

This latest test of the New Deal, though unofficial, is a forceful reminder of an election held last November in Germany. An overwhelming majority of Germans in that election approved of the Nazi program, and they voted on ballots that called for one answer: Do you approve. Yes or No? The Digest poll, however, cannot be taken seriously, for it defeats its own purpose by the meaningless question it asks, and for its "take it or leave it" tactics invites heartiest of disapproval.

On Other Campuses

A New Deal in Grades

THE Oregon Daily Emerald announces a "new deal" in grades, a system proposed by the dean of the School of Journalism where comments instead of grades are placed on the students' papers—a practice which has been carried out for years by many professors at the University of Kansas.

By doing away with grades on papers the Oregon dean believes that the student will be prompted to study the corrections on the returned paper more carefully, which will be an incentive to improvement. With the old method there is a tendency to toss a paper aside as soon as the grade has been learned.

The plan does have many advantages. Comments are more personal than grades, and provide a direct guide to improvement for the student. The method also saves the less fortunate individual embarrassment when prying eyes observe his record. The Daily Emerald suggests that the old system of grading is inclined to give rise in the class room to a small social elite among the best students, which carries with it too much prestige.

The method used by many of the instructors on the Hill of Kansas is that of placing critical and constructive comments within and often on the back of papers. These are usually very carefully read to ascertain the opinion of the instructor, and also to gain a general idea of the rating of the work. If desired, grades may usually be learned upon request.

The passing of the old system does away with the easy method of learning the grade at a glance and discarding the work, and the new method calls for more careful examination. The former is a hangover from grade school; the latter has proved unusually successful, and is more befitting the attitude of a college student.—Daily Kansan.

The Trouble Maker

By STANLEY ROBE



Satisfaction Found in Exhibit

Lance W. Hart, assistant professor of drawing and painting, is now exhibiting a collection of his pictures in the McMoran and Washburne gallery. It will be on display, free to the public, for two weeks. There are 75 pictures, including oils, water colors, monotypes, drawings, and varied types of each. Below is an interpretation of the exhibit, written by Robert D. Horn, assistant professor of English.

By ROBERT D. HORN

SATISFACTION. Satisfaction of the hunger for color and for frank, accurate portrayal of the definite contribution of the one-man show by which Lance Hart quietly announces to his many friends, "After all, I am a painter." Perhaps he has been reluctant to confess his classical purity of taste in an age blatant with shaggy romanticism. Discreet, unassuming design, subordination of the ego to artistic integrity, fidelity to the character of the subject, such things are most loudly praised after the possessor of them is no longer about to trouble us with a sense of our own want of such well-mannered pose. Rarely does an exhibit of work give one such a fresh sense of the studio. Mr. Hart has

for the moment stepped out of the room to let the pictures make their own statement. We are undisturbed by any admission that we must like this patch of tree-shadowed gray wall or that olive-green arrangement of dice and quinces. And yet, these canvasses are so clearly records of personal experience that one senses that, not only are they not for sale; they are only to be had by adoption, if at all.

THE exhibit is composed of overlapping groups. The portraits include not only the noncommittal Swedish girls, but two equally reticent "Swedish red barns. Landscapes embrace and universalize Aberdeen, Gray's Harbor, and the environs of Stockholm; but penetrate the unfinished arrangement in Red and Green and the rapidly sketched pleasantries which include an interpretation of the Millrace. And everywhere secrets of formal design are displayed, in still-life patterns of flowers, in mask-like faces, and in the portraits and landscapes again. It is this continuity of trained yet unacademic design that gives unity to a strikingly varied group of pictures. This and the steady rejection of pose or eccentricity define a style that takes equal satisfaction in rich

depth of tone in a mahogany tabletop and in the high notes of red, blue, and green in a rain-brightened street in Aberdeen. Sober, warm varnish and electric, vibrant pigments take their places in a harmonized world of reception.

For showing so many qualities that compel praise, Mr. Hart lays himself open to a market peril. The rest of us who only look at paintings are going to be tempted to ask things that we should only wait for. There is movement, for example. Mastery of design too easily stirs in us a discontent with the static unless it admits the possibility of changing forms. The poised world too easily becomes soundless and remote. Hence the growing prestige of the bustle, the detail, and naturalism of Peter Breughel. Will Mr. Hart please interpret the massed types of Oregon campus life in Breughel's idiom? Then there is the passion most of us feel for the perfection of linear perspective since we have glutted ourselves on the dropical elephantiasis of Picasso. From Giotto to "Christopher Bean" painters have been responsible for making angles and rectangles interesting. Mr. Hart has made a beginning here in wharf shanties and an almost complete little cardboard town. Will he please record

Pleasant Hill for us? In mural, too, he has an enviable record. But must he always formalize his figures into symbolism? Will he not be so kind as to be a Mantegna or Signorelli for us, and portray the complexities of an age that is at once atom-smashing and streamlined? Or will he oblige us by releasing his deft talent for mimicry and give us some satirical projections, since Rivera and Laning and Stewart have done so? Is it any more rude to ask such favors than to demand encores from the Underwood String quartet? The sixty-five paintings in this delightful exhibit convince one that it is not. It is only uncomplimentary to ask of an artist what he is incapable of giving. Mr. Hart's varied powers make us discontented with certain areas of yet unpainted canvas.

MOST tempting are the group of small oils, mainly landscapes to the right of the gallery entrance. The true riches of the exhibit seem to lie here, as two larger oils show, they already are receiving larger expression. Drifting smoke over a level river town; devitalized tree branches shadowed on the studio wall; living greens cutting across each other in a park recess, Riddersholm Church in Stockholm, red on gray; macabre apple-trees in Sam Benn's orchard; western sunset cut by a burnt pine;—all these carry assurance of future painting of distinct importance.

Highest claim to notice rests in the Sunday Afternoon where snow-blanketed gables are dulled to a mellow repose by winter twilight. Here there is full assurance of imaginative depth, of atmosphere. In this work, in the grave strength of the portrait above, and in the unfinished portrait, Red and Green, are combined a sense of created

(Continued on Page Three)

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.

To the Editor:

I wish to elucidate a trivial discrepancy in connection with the canoe race last Saturday afternoon. It is singularly inconsequential and not one to be taken seriously for it only means that a world record has not been established by the Oregon braves and their lady companions who so sweetly endured the mile and one-quarter haunt down the mill-race.

In explaining this incongruity which seems to have bewildered both contestants and spectators I will go back two years and excavate the facts of the canoe race that occurred in 1932. The time-keepers of that event purchased their stop-watches at the five and ten, supplemented those tiny toys with a barrage of cast-off Big Eens, broken sun dials, electric clocks without electricity, and fifteen or twenty obsolete time-candles which blew out in the wind.

Even with that array of modern equipment, to say nothing of the

integrity of the time-keepers, the final decision of the judges appeared to have been spiked with intoxication, idiocy, flat feet, and suicide. Suffice to say that big Bill Anderson, who finished his heat 200 yards ahead of his nearest opponent, lost the race to a contestant in the same heat who came looping in to the tape 300 yards behind him.

In 1933 it is rumored that one of the time-keepers of the canoe race died of softening of the brain while on duty, and that the other five or six perished for no reason at all. Consequently the timing was left in the hands of a seven-year-old, half-witted imbecile who was not only blind but also deaf, dumb, and in the last stages of sleeping sickness. That event was correctly judged and the honors were conveyed to the rightful victors.

But last Saturday a new system of timing was inaugurated. Twenty-five residents of an insane asylum in California were borrowed to act as judges. To arrive at a decision they conceived the following plan:

1. Those contestants who rode in a green canoe, or who carried a green canoe, or who didn't ride in a green canoe were to receive three points, and their time was to be one hour and 22 minutes.
2. Those who didn't ride in apple-canes—11 points; time—14 minutes.
3. Spectators—27 points; time—5 minutes.
4. School teachers from Roseburg who play grip-tag with opponent's canoe—14 points; time—3 hours and 9 minutes.
5. Any one else—34 points; time—you guess.
6. Judges—57,984 points; time—any time.

Those contestants who, at some time of the race, had the greatest number of points combined with the shortest time were to be chosen winners.

At the close of the race the judges perceived that they had emerged triumphant, but in true modesty they relinquished their rightful claim, solved a problem in algebra by means of wet gunny sacks, philology, and paralysis, jotted down three days, nine hours, and called on a freshman to pick the winner.

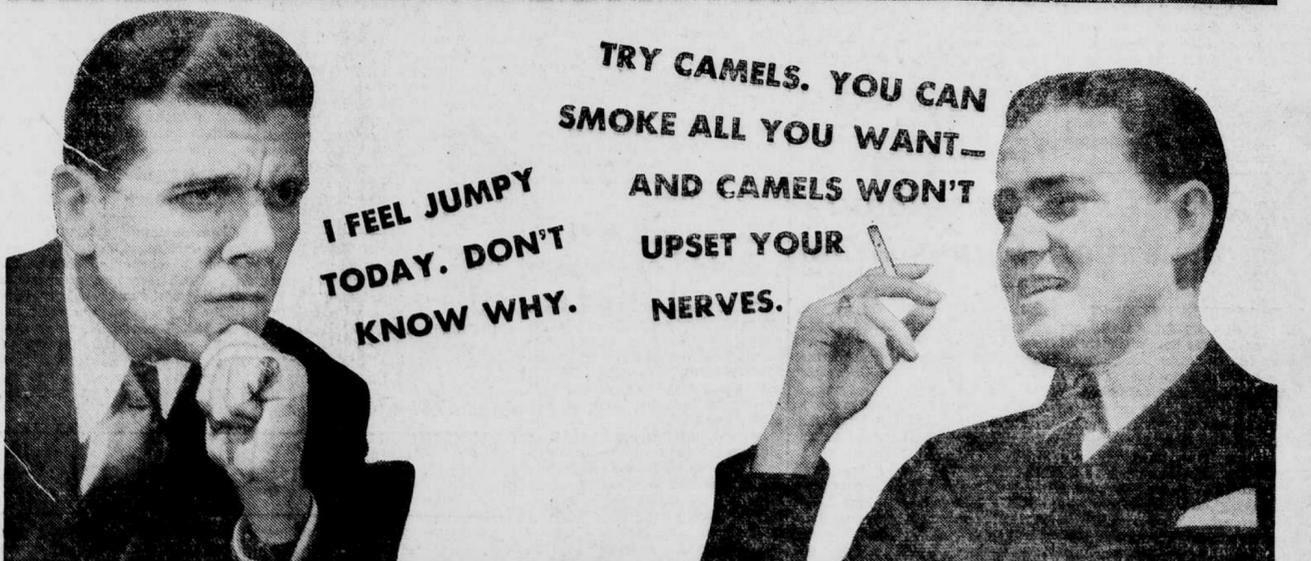
Therefore, dear reader, do not be surprised when I tell you that the victors of the race completed the mile and one-quarter in less than six minutes, a pace that not even the finest paddlers in the university, or in Oregon, or in the United States could emulate if they practiced all their lives.

P. M. A.

Library Has Volumes On Vases in Museums

A set of four volumes, "Catalogue of Vases in the British Museums," has been received by the old libe and will be ready for general circulation at a later date. The books have been recommended by several literary groups for the study of Greek religion and cultural development as depicted on the vases of early civilization. The books are picture studies of the vases, accompanied by textual material describing the craftsmanship of the objects and giving an understanding of the vase industry.

HIS NERVES EASILY UPSET!



CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

YOU CAN SMOKE THEM STEADILY... BECAUSE THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE!

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

WE have heard that there will be no big-shots at the Anti-Military Ball, but we are glad to say that it is only a report. The rumor that Colonel Barker will be a patron is also false, or so we assume. Small-caliber minds will accept it as true, however. They're always gunning for somebody.

Sherwood Burr, campus dance maestro, is practically desper-

ate most of the time. His prize bull-fiddle player, Platt Davis, has an unpleasant habit of falling in love with a new girl every week, and this takes his mind off his work to such an extent that he can hardly concentrate enough to spin his "dog house" around in his usual debonair manner. Burr is worried all the time for fear that he will absent-mindedly let go of his instrument and crush him (Burr) under its weight. This weighs on Burr so much that it affects his playing, and thus affects the whole band. Right now, the only solution seems to be to get Platt married, but, unfortunately, he won't make up his mind.

Click "Scoop" Burrow was

nearly killed the other night. He rushed into the Emerald office, shouting "Have you heard about the Prom Queen, have you heard about the Prom Queen?" "No," queries a stooge, "what about the Junior Weekend Queen?" "She's got Canoe Fete," chortles Burrow, "she's got Canoe Fete!" Only the poor aim of the assembled members saved him from an instant death.

OGDEN GNASHES
"Champagne has a gnat that is cheery,
But your eyes will lose their sparkle, dearie!"

"Hey—this is half foam!"