

# Oregon Emerald

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## QUERY

IN the bare, grizzly court room of an eastern Oregon town, a man, woman and two boys sat darkly considering the dragging passage of time. The youngest lad was 11 years, his older brother 14. The little boy nervously, almost frantically gnawed at his dirty fingernails, and the older child was morose and still. His face was shadowed by a cowering mass of blond hair that was far too long. The little boy was apparently as yet a young animal, irresponsible, lackadaisical, without benefit of reason.

But the face of the older child was a mask of grief and conflict. He knew, not clearly, but he knew what was the matter.

The mother was sniffing, now and then mopping her eyes with a knot of handkerchief. The father—frowzy, unshaven, sat stupidly staring at the ceiling. Presently the judge, a rotund, paunchy man, entered the room and took his place before the long, low desk. The two children eyed him dumbly, the mother blew her nose, and the father scratched the back of his neck.

The judge asked the boys to come forward, and after scrutinizing the small faces, asked the older brother why they had robbed that store. With the aid of the chief of police, the boy told the judge that he didn't know why, and licked his lips. The younger brother nodded—not gay, not sad. He just nodded.

This was the third offense for these children, and it was serious. The judge beckoned to the father, and the man climbed off the back of his neck and shuffled toward the desk.

No, he couldn't do anything with those two kids. He had three others and he couldn't do much with them either. He didn't know what was the matter; he had given them lots of good thrashings too. His wife couldn't do much either. He didn't know why.

Perhaps squalor and dirt and misery was the answer. Or perhaps the fine edges of reason had been nicked by a rampant society.

It is true that there will always be gradations of individuals. There will always be a large variety of capacities, wills, and temperaments.

But does that justify the needless arraignment of children on the starting line of what promises to be a race with the devil and the law?

Some people are repulsed by the wickedness of the conception. Others accept it as inevitable. Still others think about it.

## VIVA MORSE!

DEAN Wayne L. Morse and the faculty of the University of Oregon law school are to be congratulated upon the splendid honor afforded them by the Order of the Coif in granting the law school the thirtieth chapter of that old and distinguished honorary of the legal profession. It is a truly great tribute to the efforts of that body of young men toward lifting the Oregon law school to a position of national prominence.

Dean Morse is a young man. And he has veered from the dogmatic, the decadent pedagogical methods employed by many schools of higher education. He has long been a student of the complex lego-social problems present in modern society. He has guarded against methods leading to what he terms "legalistic inbreeding." Rather, Dean Morse would educate law students "to an understanding of irreconcilable differences between the law as it now is and the findings of the social sciences." In short, he has attempted to correlate the lawyer's theories and those of the social sciences.

There are those who are inclined to speculate as to why men, the caliber of Dean Morse are wont to remain in a small school in a relatively undeveloped state when "rich" fields exist elsewhere.

But Dean Morse is the kind of a man who lives to create, develop, and advance institutions and thought. And he is happy in his own right. Incidentally, perhaps he likes too, good "hosses," and miles of fragrant open country. Who knows?

## SOUR NOTES ON THE SAAR

WITH Nazi propaganda in the form of racial fidelity and storm troopers saturating the Saar Basin, and with the cancellation of debt payments by the French government, in favor of fortification of the Franco-German boundary, the approaching Saar plebiscite threatens to become the "short circuit" in the already taxed dynamo of world affairs.

The Saar is a region about the size of the average American county. It is 26 miles square, and is inhabited by 825,000 people—the large majority of whom are of German descent.

In this region, which separates Germany and France, are to be found vast coal and iron industries, and about it there rages a storm of controversy between France and Germany. The height of this storm will be reached on January 13. And at this time the world will look upon the scene of the drama with grave concern.

The Saarlander's plebiscite is set for January 13. A plebiscite, of course is an expression by the whole people on a given matter of public interest.

The procedure sounds simple enough. But it is

causing diplomats and laymen of both France and Germany to mutter odd, incoherent sounds. And it is causing governments throughout the world to stroke their chin whiskers and contemplate once more their machines of destruction.

By the Treaty of Versailles, the mines of the Saar, then German possessions, were given to France in payment for damages done French villages during the world war. And France has used the Saar industries these past fifteen years to advantage, a very distinct advantage. But the Treaty also stipulated that after 15 years the people be given permission to indicate their wishes with respect to government.

As the day for the plebiscite approaches, France advances a host of reasons why the Saar should retain its status quo. But Nazis, not content with such academic methodology spew propaganda, advocating the Saarlander's acceptance of Germany as the "Vaterland."

To keep the Saar from Germany, if not for France, the French government has announced concessions which would make a continuation of League control more attractive. A greater degree of self-government was declared possible in a memorandum presented before the League Council by the late Louis Barthou in September.

Although barred by law, Nazi storm troopers are said to be pouring into the region, threatening and pleading with the population to vote for Germany. They are spending hundreds of thousands of marks in an attempt to make Saarlanders conscious of historical, racial and economic ties between the Saar and the fatherland.

Realizing the importance that the election may assume, the Council of the League has made every effort to insure a fair vote. However, remembering the methods of the Nazis in securing "votes of confidence" in the past, one may doubt the effect of the regulations of the committee on the plebiscite.

Count Jean de Sussanet, French soldier and observer of international affairs, sees the possibility of war as remote "unless" the Germans attempt a "putsch." And there were rumors with some basis of authenticity, brought before the League in October, that the Nazis are planning to march into Saarbrücken immediately after the vote is taken on January 13, and before the council can announce the result.

It is hoped throughout the world that for the sake of international peace, the title "Saar Ballot" will not be re-written as "Saar Bullet."

## NOW IN NOVEMBER

LATE November on the campus. The leaves, most of them, lie on the ground, a brown scattered carpet. The strong winds have freed the trees of their burden of dead branches and the last, lonely clouds are searching the sky for the summer that is forgotten. There is an openness, a clarity about everything. The bare vines make strange spider-web patterns on the exposed sides of the buildings, and along the street the rattle of the dry seed-pods in the naked trees can barely be heard for the voices of students passing in twos and threes in and out of the buildings.

Arms heavy with textbooks, talk in the air of Thanksgiving, football, term papers nearing the deadline, "can Europe hold the peace," just three weeks more—so much to do, so little done, papers overdue, vacation at Christmas, "they expect so much work this term," what of the Saarlanders—should they stay German?, so much to do, just three weeks more—

A slight wind tugs at the sodden leaves, but there are only a scattered few left to dance about at night; and disturb the hoot-owl in his nest high on Villard's roof. It was a long dancing autumn for the leaves but they are gone now. We have come away from our fall-fright, the long autumn when we fled in terror as the winds blew and the leaves whirled in a frenzy. The winds have died down, the leaves are sodden and brown and quiet, and it is a steady, sure wind that blows the haze from the blue-grey hills beyond the river. We have now to meet the winter, but the panic of leaves has passed and we can build slowly and strongly toward a surer spring.

"Now in November we see our year as a whole."

## THE PASSING SHOW

"COLLEGE students in this country must concentrate just as much on the professor as the subject. Education becomes partly a question of personalities, previous reputation, and resignation," writes Richard A. Lester, of the department of economics, Princeton university.

This, Mr. Lester believes, is because of the fact that students remain for four years in the same college with the same group of professors doing the professing and the examining, more and more emphasis put upon knowing the professor instead of upon knowing the subject in all of its phases rather than just those in which the professor himself is especially interested.

Samuel P. Capen, chancellor of the University of Buffalo, stated recently that our colleges and universities are more autonomous and self-contained than such educational institutions anywhere else in the world with the result that American educational history of the past three decades is filled with "the conflicts, the wasteful duplications, the indefensible compromises, and the narrow provincialisms which are as familiar as they are unnecessary."

Mr. Lester points out that the Yale School of Law and the Harvard School of Business Administration are attempting to meet that challenge and to initiate a much-needed reform in intercollegiate relationships. A four year course in law and business, one year at Harvard and three at Yale, was announced and hailed as "a new departure," the "first course of its kind in the country," and a "novel experiment in American education."

Transfer students can well appreciate and understand the narrowness and lack of exchange that exists between American colleges today. Educators stress the broadening influence of spending several years in a foreign university, but little is said of dividing one's college career among several local universities. The students who do manage to spend a year or so at different universities usually do so "upon request."

As Mr. Lester suggests that one is supposed to select his college as he does his wife, for life. "The prospective freshman is supposed to fall in love with but one alma mater and to remain true to her the

## CONJURERS' CONVENTION

By ROBE



## EDUCATION IN INDIA

By MOHAN V. RAJ

IT will be a surprise to those who look upon India as a land of mystics, and fakirs, all leading a backward and slothful life, to realize that India once was a great country even as Greece and Italy were, and to realize that India still has vast dormant potentialities.

One authority describes ancient Hindu India in the following manner: "Ere yet the Pyramids looked down upon the valley of the Nile,—when Greece and Italy, those cradles of European civilization, nursed only the tenants of a wilderness,—India was the seat of wealth and grandeur. A busy population had covered the land with the marks of its industry; rich crops of the most coveted productions of nature annually rewarded the toil of husbandmen; skillful artisans converted the rude produce of the soil into fabrics of unrivaled delicacy and beauty; and architects and sculptors joined in constructing works, the solidity of which has not, in some instances, been overcome by the evolution of thousands of years. . . . The ancient state of India must have been one of extraordinary magnificence."

### Rule of Moslems

Under its old Hindu regime, India was universally educated as well as literate. While the Moslems ruled, however, India retrogressed and was only partially literate. Although there was a decline in literacy and education under this rule, India compared favorably in these lines with Europe in the medieval ages. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, India had as much education and literacy as Europe.

Today, under the adverse conditions of British rule, India is unable to obtain universal literacy, which is necessary in this modern age for economic efficiency. This can only be secured through scientific knowledge, which in turn can come only through literacy and formal instruction. It is not because the Indians lack sufficient

character and intelligence to obtain these. It is rather because of unfortunate economic conditions.

### Little Money for School

The Indian government, under British authority, allots less than two per cent of its revenue for the combined departments of education, sanitation, public health, agriculture, irrigation, industrial development, and scientific research, while 48 per cent of its revenue goes to maintain army and police. These facts can be verified from British Blue Books for the year 1919-1920. In other years, practically the same thing is repeated with very little variation, if any. In addition to maintaining a huge military machine, Indian revenue is drawn upon to pay approximately 150,000,000 as costs of transportation, as pensions for retired British officers who are no longer resident in India, and as upkeep of India offices in London. It is because of all these maintenance expenses for British needs that India is only able to apportion less than two per cent for this and allied purposes.

In contrast to this state of affairs are figures announced recently by the Department of Commerce in Washington, D. C. One statement was to the effect that in cities of more than 30,000, the funds allotted for school expenditures were 37 per cent of the total city revenue. Of this, the American people rightly feel proud, considering it a good civic investment.

### Education Not Compulsory

After all of Britain's 150 years in India, education there is neither universal, compulsory, free nor wholesome. What little education is imparted is not modern, nor suited to modern economic conditions. Vocational training of every kind is neglected. No provision is made for technical education which India needs the most. Under these circumstances only 8 per cent of the boys of India and 5 per cent of the girls receive any form of instruction. Yet—as has

been mentioned—the standing army and police force are amply equipped and well provided for and much revenue goes to maintain British retired officers in the ease and comfort that such an official position demands.

### Low Wages of Indians

In proportion to the earning capacity and salary of the Indians, the cost of education is practically prohibitive—small though it seems. Consider an average Hindu family, the head of which if he is better educated and occupies a government position, may earn about \$30.00 a month. Now, if this family is composed of three sons and two daughters—just an average-sized family—let us decide how they will be sent to high school. If there is no high school in their village, as is the case most frequently, they will have to go to school in another town. That entails the following monthly expense for each boy: Fee, about \$2.00; books, about \$1.00; hotel charges, about \$6.00; and railway fare, about \$1.00. These are low average estimates. They, however, place the cost of educating one boy at about \$10.00 a month, and the education of three boys at about \$30.00. This is prohibitive. The man's income is probably greater at \$30.00 than many of his countrymen earn, and yet he cannot educate his sons on it because he has still himself, his wife, and two daughters to support. For this reason innumerable boys in thousands and thousands of homes coming from even educated families are denied the privileges of an education.

### Depletion of Revenue

In the elementary schools, which are pitifully few, the average cost of educating an Indian pupil is estimated at \$3.00 a year, of which the government contributes \$1.50. The courses under this rate are not adequate or satisfactory, nor do they reach more than a few of the many Indian children. In contrast to these expenditures European

children in the elementary schools maintained separately in India, are educated at a cost of \$60.00 a year, of which the government contributes \$40.00. These courses are far from satisfactory and inclusive than the Indian ones. Still, the fact remains that the funds expended on all education in India, certainly come from the pockets of the tax-paying Indians. Yet the children of these very Indians are denied in their own country equal distribution and equal opportunity. Here is a case of "Rob Peter to pay Paul."

### Courses Not Adequate

In spite of depletion of India's revenue by England's gnawing off great chunks to support the army and the police, and a resultant inability to take care of educational needs, India through the untiring efforts of the Indian National Congress for the last 75 years, has now a higher percentage of literacy than Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, many of the Russian states, and some of the South American republics.

What could India not accomplish for the education of her people if, instead of a fraction of two per cent, she could devote to her schools the 37 per cent which has given the United States such high educational efficiency?

## BOOKS

OVER the NBC comes this list of twenty books, all published in the twentieth century, that Harry Hansen, the radio reviewer feels that "every cultivated person should read":

Youth—Joseph Conrad.  
Crock of Gold—James Stephens.  
Remembrance of Things Past—Marcel Proust.  
Call of the Wild—Jack London.  
Sea and the Jungle—H. M. Tomlinson.  
Abraham Lincoln—Carl Sandburg.  
Along This Way—James Weldon Johnston.  
Of Human Bondage—W. Somerset Maugham.  
Forsyte Saga—John Galsworthy.  
Sons and Lovers—D. H. Lawrence.  
Education of Henry Adams—H. Adams.  
Autobiography of an Idea—J. H. Sullivan.  
The Good Earth—Pearl Buck.  
The Magic Mountain—Thomas Mann.  
Maria Chapdelaine—Louis Hemmion.  
My Antonia—Willa Cather.  
Casuals of the Sea—William McFee.  
Case of Sergeant Grischa—Arnold Zweig.  
Outline of History—H. G. Wells.  
Modern American and Modern British Poetry—Louis Untermeyer.

## COMMENT AND DISCOURSE

By Stivers Vernon

Inasmuch as this is the first and probably the last stand of this column, the temptation is great to make it a series of profound meditations on current subjects. The large difficulty with that idea is that our stock of profundity is a bit low this morning. Anyway, we have observed that there is nothing quite as ludicrous as a college student trying to be profound—particularly one who is sentenced to write a column, whether or no. Its like an executioner cracking funny jokes to the condemned. Anyway, dear public, you are hooked. We shall write this here column or blow a fuse in the attempt.

Of interest to us are the current yarns appearing all over the front pages which have to do with the discovery of the bodies on one of the Galapagos Islands. We seem to be perennially interested in anything that takes place in those exotic islands much frequented by overgrown lizards and dead-beats from the outside world who can't make a living anywhere else. All those glowing reports of the "tropical paradise" and "equatorial Garden of Eden" sandwiched in between divers prognostications regarding the identity of the bodies, arouses in us a slight suspicion that the islands have fallen into the hands of southern California real estate promoters and are on the verge of subdivision. Or maybe its just the suspicious nature with which we are endowed. Anyway, we have a friend who "went Galapagos" as a photographer with a white-collar expedition. He reported that the islands were "a helluva place where critters crawl over you while you sleep and you mortgage your soul for a drink of water."

Even so, these press reports will no doubt arouse in many a breast a yen to run down some Sunday afternoon and poke around a bit. We admit to such a feeling. We always did want to see one of those eight foot lizards which deflate like a toy balloon after they are dead.

Too bad somebody can't cook up some such gorgeous yarn about our McKenzie country right here at home and drag in a little business.

Which reminds us of the CCC's latest contribution to the pleasant vale of the McKenzie. At Perry Thompson's instigation, a very complete winter sports layout is being constructed just above Lost Creek. Needless to say, these facilities will be most welcome to those of the student body who enjoy winter sports. After seeing the short at the Mac the other night in which the glories of old Dartmouth's winter sports program were propounded, we wonder why Oregon students do not take a greater interest in these activities. With the new facilities completed, it looks as though skiing and kindred sports would become a natural for the student week-end.

Wonder how long Sammy Wilderman will contain himself and refrain from shooting the works at "Herr Hoocy" Long. Haven't heard of any public reply to the telegram that Sammy sent the Kingfish or at least, none that lives up to the reputation Mr. Long has built for himself as a rip-snorting, fire-eating catamount. Maybe he is casting about for a suitably libelous reply. Together with ten million other souls, we would be greatly delighted if somebody would goad the Kingfish on the subject of his Louisiana Staters till he breaks out in a rash. That graduate mania—  
(Please turn to page 4)

### EDDIE CANTOR—

has been appointed an honorary member of the Cleveland Sight Saving Club. In his speech accepting the part Mr. Cantor said sight saving should be a national activity—for we start our national anthem "Oh Say Can You See."

The Sight Saver's pledge binds you to use adequate lighting and to secure adequate eye care service. Please resolve to sign that pledge today.

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