

# Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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## Blessings of Competition

THE "cheat" in class rooms of the University—attention need hardly be called to him, for his kind is known to almost everyone with eyes to see. During quizzes he sits with his open book at his feet, or guardedly fumbles at his carefully prepared "pony," or furtively gazes at his neighbor's paper. And, although the word "cheat" carries an uncompromising connotation in ordinary usage, it has no such derogatory edge in its campus application. In fact the "cheat" is often one of the University's best-known attendants and his classroom dishonesty is thought to be pardonable, if the smiles that answer his boasting after class are any indication.

Dr. Frank Winthrop Parr, professor of secondary education at Oregon State college, writes in the January issue of Character in Every-day Life that cheating in college classrooms is more widespread than is commonly believed. This is written, we judge, in a tone of academic surprise. We must say that students, for their part, were not at all surprised at Dr. Parr's revelations as to the extent of cheating. As a matter of fact, the technique used in slickering this or that prof is as frequent topic of undergraduate conversation. Cheating is more or less of an accepted institution.

STUDENTS will bear Dr. Parr out not only in his belief in the wide prevalence of classroom cheating, but they will concede the correctness of his explanation: dishonesty in classwork is due to the competitiveness featured in our present system of higher education.

Student cheaters defend themselves on the ground that they must cheat because other students in the class cheat. For, since grades are scaled from a point measured by the best performance in the class, the cheating of one student enables him to come closer to that standard of best performance, with the result that honest students are forced down the scale unless they cheat in self-defense. It looks like a sort of "passing the buck," but this defense of cheating nevertheless does throw a great deal of light on the root of the matter; it supports Dr. Parr in blaming the competitiveness of the system.

Cheating, no matter how flagrant it is, is not in itself a basic problem. It is only the striking, but superficial evidence of the deep-lying trouble with education. Even if cheat-

ing could be prevented through the severe policing of classrooms or through the establishment of an effective honor system, the fundamental fault in our educational structure which gives rise to such fraudulent scholarship would not be removed.

THAT fault lies in the fact that education at Oregon, just as in most other institutions of higher learning in America, is conducted on an artificial plane of competition. The fact that education must, if it is to be effective, aim at the development of the individual is lost sight of. Instead, students are treated as though they were in some sort of prize contest, competing for grade points. Students become mere numbers fighting for a place on a scale of falsehood; they pursue education, not for its own sake and for the sake of the advantages it affords both the individual and society, but for the sake of artificial honors. And in this contest, just as in love and war, all seems fair.

If we would put our educational system into the business of educating, instead of conducting a kind of glorified grade market, cheating would be eliminated.

There is a great deal more to be said on this matter, and in the next few days we propose to say it.

## Campus Comment

(The views aired in this column are not necessarily expressive of Emerald policy. Communications should be kept within a limit of 250 words. Courteous restraint should be observed in reference to personalities. No unsigned letters will be accepted.)

To the Editor: The ANTI-BLANK, BLANK, BLANK, BLANK ASSOCIATION has been formed to help unmarried students to counteract the aforesaid unmentionable ASSOCIATION. It is entirely composed of students disgusted and wearied of constant mention and reference to the (Don't Say It) ASSOCIATION, in the daily press and more especially in the campus weep sheet.

The platform which has been adopted by this new organization is as follows:

1. To pray, deplore, decree and decry for one (1) or two (2) issues of the campus daily which will omit any and all mention or reference to the BLANK, BLANK, BLANK, BLANK, BLANK ASSOCIATION.

2. To promote a movement which will give to the Daily Campus Paper, an Editor and Staff, who will strive to issue a newspaper without self-aggrandizement.

3. To arrange for the establishment of a Bacteriology Laboratory to test the mouths of unmarried students, in order that all kisses hereafter will be sterile, and that no one will be by circumstance, forced to join the BLANK, BLANK, BLANK, BLANK, BLANK ASSOCIATION.

Dick Watson Andy Hurney  
E. Jacobs James Parkine  
Gene Wade Lloyd Hoffman  
R. Boud Jerry Donnell  
John Hallman Cecil Curl  
Robert Teepe Stan Davis  
Charles Miller Bob Olbeckson  
George Campbell Ken Battleson  
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Jack R. McCullough John Sungar  
Al Smith Russel Guiss  
Garland Ganger Hank Nilsen  
Woodrow Robertson

(Ed. Note: Although it is contrary to Emerald policy to print long lists of signatures whose authors are, in our opinion, primarily after the publicity which will attend the appearance of their names, in the case of the Anti-Blankety Blank association we bend. Our relaxation from our habitual policy of excluding publicity is due to the compliment which the group pays us in calling attention to our "self-aggrandizement." That primarily is our purpose, which we hope to achieve through the credit rebounding from the publication of a good paper.)

## Cheating Devices

(Continued from page one)

dent will fold a long ribbon of paper containing his notes into accordion-like pleats which may be opened to whatever notes are required.

The magician's disappearing card trick has given birth to the idea of securing the sheaf of notes to a rubber band running up the cheater's sleeve. Upon fear of discovery the student may release the notes and they will slip like a weasel up his sleeve.

Many a student has furnished an adequate crutch for his "lame brain," as one student put it, by writing his formulae, verb tenses, or outlines on his cuffs, fingernails, on the skin of the palm of his hand, or even on the back of the note book he lays on the floor.

Of course most everybody knows of the many fitty exam writers that are ever studying through the corner of their eyes the contents of the papers of their nearby colleagues.

Sometimes it is suggested to the bright boy in the "house" that he cooperates in pulling his weaker brothers up the hill. Consequently it is he who signals to his friends what to put down for number eight or nine.

Some students cheat with a

guilty conscience, some do so without the slightest scruples. Some think it is a game of matching wits with the hawk-eyed professor.

One student told of the time when he was so uncertain of his course that he made a pony, his first and only one, on a number of cards on which he outlined his material. He felt very badly about the whole affair but he just had to have the best grade he could get. He was under such an emotional strain because of his intentions to cheat, that the cards stood out so vividly in his mind that he had no need to refer to them.

Then there is the girl who read her answers out of her book which lay on the floor while the instructor was writing the questions on the board. But, how indignant she was when the teacher gave her a "D".

"Most Cheaters Dumb"  
"One of my observations is that most students are dumb in their methods of cheating," declared Dr. Moore. "The evidence is registered in the inability of the dumb ones to give an intelligent presentation of the material in their own words."

Dr. Smith also had an incident to relate. "I had at one time in a class, four fellows sitting in a row.

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Three of them copied from the fellow on the left. They all made the same mistakes he did and many more. The mistakes increased as they went to the right."

The attitude of some of these students can be illustrated by another student of Dr. Smith who was perfectly frank about his cheating and quite hardboiled. The student said he knew how business was being conducted, how his dad ran his business, and how it was conducted in the legislature, and he intended to do the same.

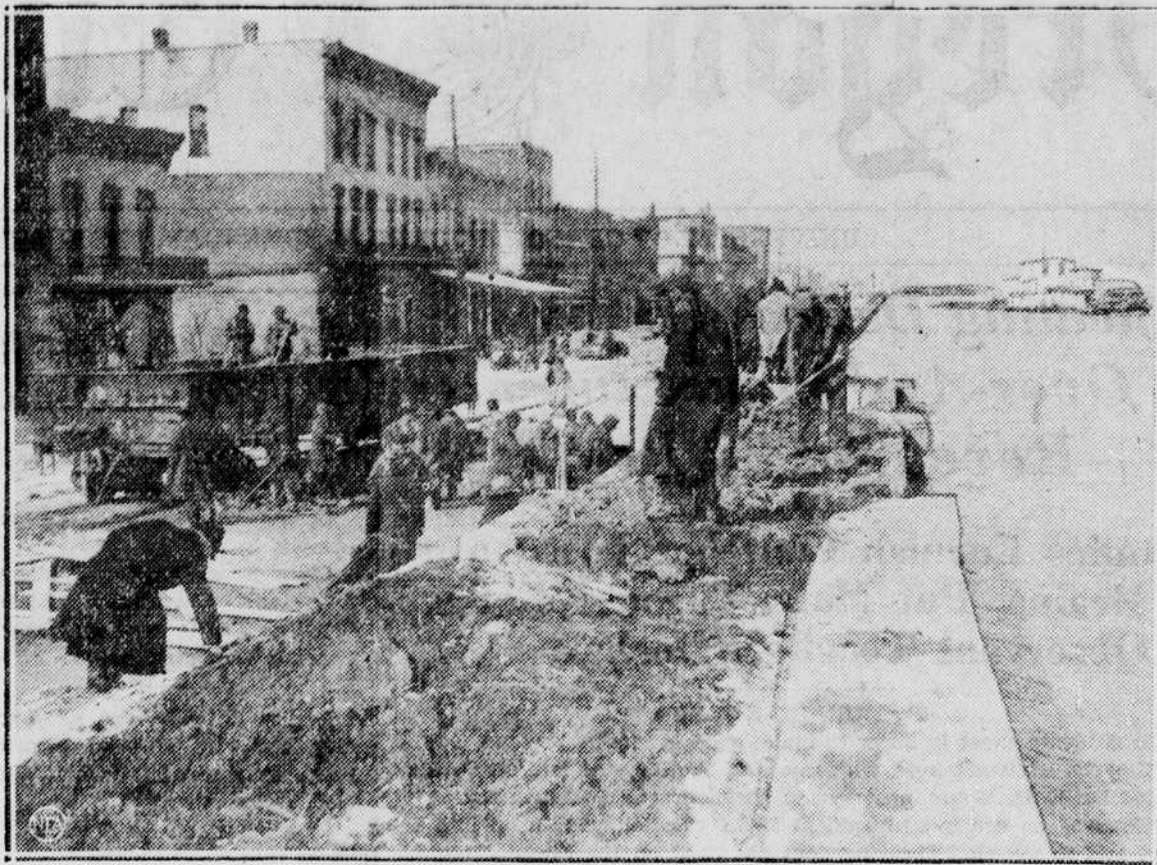
Dr. Smith said to the fellow, "You can't use those methods here. I'll break you if you do." The fellow flunked out of school.

## Oregon Emerald

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## Cairo Workers Hold Rampaging Ohio



The flood of the Ohio river which threatened a 60-foot seawall behind which the town of Cairo, Illinois, nestles, was held off by 2,000 men working day and night under the direction of the army engineers during the recent floods. All women and children had been evacuated from the town as a safety measure. The workers above are bolstering crumbling spots in the levee and adding earth and sandbags. Although Cairo was not inundated, the loss of life along the Ohio and Mississippi river was in the hundreds and an estimated million were left homeless.

## BLACK MENACE

By H. RIDEM RAGGED  
EPISODE TWO  
"The Hangman's Shadow"

Flickering light first brought to Tom Masters a vision of three lopsided faces hovering in midair above him. Then voices—jabbering senselessly.

Tom raised himself up on his elbows. Blood rushed to a sensitive spot on the back of his head. He crept his fingers up over his hair; it was wet and sticky. A million tiny needles were driving into his brain.

With the faces gradually taking more definitely human shapes, the gibberish talk from above began to slacken speed and have meaning.

"He's coming around all right." It was a big man with glasses. Tom could not be sure but he thought it was his biology professor, Dr. Sokem. The voice that answered was readily recognizable as that of one Dr. Crisslund, psychology instructor and criminologist.

"My thought penetration did the trick. Wait'll I get this fiend tied down to my lie-detector. We'll make him confess whether he's guilty or not."

"Did you say thought penetration, Mr. Crisslund, sir?" Sokem put in. "I see nothing other than a purely biological reaction in the boy's coming to."

"Once a biologist—" Crisslund started.

Tom groaned and the jaws of the third face began to move up and down. Words, excited words, came out. "Careful there, boys, he may be dangerous. Let me handle him—I know the proper tactics to subdue killers."

With effort Tom focussed his aching eyes on the last speaker. Sure enough, it was Jock, the campus night watchman, clock and all. The face of the clock was a blur but from the gray sky outside Tom learned that it was early morning.

"Jeeps, my eight o'clock," he muttered.

"What did he say? What was that he said?" This time it was Crisslund who was excited. He continued, "I warn you, young man, anything you say may be used against you."

"Let me handle him," Jock said again. Sokem smiled.

"The chief of police is on his way, gentlemen. Perhaps it would be best that we let matters alone until he arrives."

"I'd sure like to get my lie-detector hooked up to him," Crisslund wailed.

The door opened. Tom heard huge feet clomping across the floor toward him.

"He's been putting up quite a fight, chief, but I quieted him down," Jock addressed the newcomer.

"Let's hook him up to my lie detector," Crisslund pleaded. "I've got the whole thing figured out for you, Mr. Bargeman. Now we only have to break him down and get a confession. I . . ."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Not so fast here. This is a case for brains. I will handle this. What happened?" Bargeman asked. Three voices spoke as one.

"He attacked me. I was making my usual rounds and I heard a cry . . ." Jock.

"Somebody hit him on the head . . ." Sokem.

"He's a homicidal maniac. My lie-detector, now, will . . ."

## IGUSSO'S QUACKS



DIGNIFIED senior countenances broke into smiles of anticipation last night when somber Margiee Morse related prospects of no senior exams spring term.

Such ruling, says Iguesso II, would fit in well with current Emerald campaign against cheating.

Dear Iguesso: Noting your daily "bright-eyes" feature, I would like to point out statements made by optometrists concerning the phenomena. Eye specialists maintain that the brighter the eye, the more near-sighted the person is.

Sincerely, Your Reader. Nuts to a ranting reader who would deprive a poor columnist of his daily attempts to gain good will of leading campus coeds.

Comes more comment, and this time it's a nomination to surpass all nominations. Mentioned was a lad for the clean-cut collegian class who has ONE of the features of the pretty gals with sparkling eyes class.

Said collegian was Bill Cummings, who Saturday sported one sparkling eye doing double duty, while other eye was a decided dull black.

Expanded Cummings to a questioner, "I zigged when I should have zagged."

DUCK TRACKS . . . Most-envied man on Oregon's campus is Sergeant Harvey Blythe. Feminine rifle team has match scheduled in Seattle with U. of W. and the Sarge is going to take the eight girls. . . . The old, abandoned Chi Psi house will yet be the ruin of Thetas three. Yesterday observed were a Theta trio inside the wreck with a man with a black patch over his eye. The BLACK MENACE isn't the only column with a mystery. . . .

Today's feminine nominations for outstanding representations of manhood, etc., included Tom Tongue, Bill Hall among the oldsters, Johnny Haman, Wally Johansen among the undergrads. . . . Sparkling eyes observed lately belong to Alpha Phi's Betty Coon, Kappa's June Brown. . . . Quack, thirty, quack.

dramas. You can expect the usual goofiness that goes to make all of her plays a success (at least she says they're successes. —KOIN—8:30.

Gosh here we are nearly through the column and nothing interesting yet, let's see what the press corps has sent us.

Ole Maestro, Ben Bernie (what, again) remarked on his program the other night that he would gladly trade California's orange blossoms for a suit of red flannels. Today he received a pair from an eastern fan, size 66. Bernie wears size 40. There will be no orange blossoms for the sender, as Bernie is burned about the size.

Whoa, stop, halt, take a rest 'til tomorrow.

There's a good program on in the Bay Region this evening, if you can bring in KSFO on that one-lunger of yours. Entitled, Calling All Cars, and sponsored by an oil company, it gives some of the stirring moments encountered by the police forces of the Pacific coast. Incidentally the fugitive in tonight's crime classic went to the same junior college we did and to make matters worse was in one of our classes, but don't hold that against us, please.—KSFO—9:00.

Gracie Allen and George Burns will be with us again this evening and according to advance reports Gracie has arranged another one of her demented

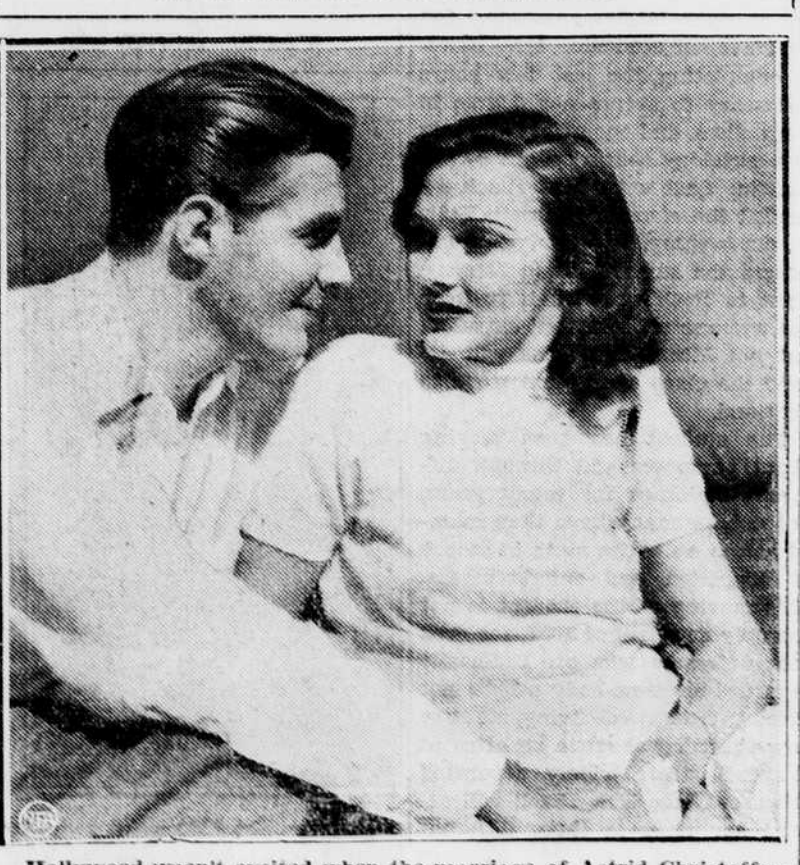
COOK FOR A FRAT  
(Continued from page one)

coed jump out the second floor window of her sorority house. She had just had a fight with her boy friend who lived in a fraternity across the street. After he had gone home and was standing on the porch, she rushed to the window of her room, pulled back the curtains, screamed, "I'll jump out of this window if you don't." He still defied her. In one leap the pretty coed was sprawling on the lawn below, writhing in pain with a broken arm.

"Another time," she narrated, "I had just come to work in the morning and the boy who built the fire in the fireplace rushed into the kitchen telling of a man student who was asleep on the davenport in the front room. The house-mother ran into the front room and screamed to the girls upstairs as she saw the still form of the young man.

"Of course the girls came clamoring down to hasten the intruder's departure. But he was senseless. A quick call to the police station brought officers. Finally the man was roused from his drunken slumber and afterwards had to leave school.

## Real Names Fool Hollywood



Hollywood wasn't excited when the marriage of Astrid Christoffersen and Douglas Blackley was announced in Tijuana, Mexico, but those proved to be the true names of Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent, both thin players.

DR. BOSSING ILL  
Dr. Nelson L. Bossing, professor of education, is ill at his home with the flu. He was stricken last week and probably will not return to his office until the latter part of this week.  
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Pd. adv.

## Campus Comments

Edgar C. Moore, Theta Chi, movie critic of the Emerald, boasts of having a Gamma Phi pin in his room. We don't know whether to believe him or not. . . . Eric Merrell's layaway plan gives you opportunity to buy your spring clothes now and have them laid away until you need them. . . . Did you know that Bernadine Bowman's, Hendricks hall, nose is only one and a half inches long. Journalism must be the wrong calling for her. She hasn't much nose for news, but you know the old saying: "No nose is good nose."

Springtime is cord time. . . . Prospective juniors get yours early. Eric Merrell has just received a new shipment of Campus Cords. . . . Bob Henderson, University theater star, was not disturbed in the least the other morning in econ class when Victor P. Morris came over and delivered a personal lecture to his sleeping ears. . . . Keep the spring sun out of your eyes with one of Eric Merrell's new spring hats, three and a half and up. . . . If a stray blue overcoat belt is found wandering around the campus, it probably belongs to Chuck Skinner, DU, who lost one last Saturday evening commuting between the Side and the Tri-Delt house. Incidentally he offers a reward.

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