

Oregon Emerald

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Grades for Grades' Sake

A PERSON can't cheat in classwork and really get an education; the only person he cheats in the long run is himself. For, even though his dishonesty does get him a good grade, it doesn't add anything to his cultural stature and social worth, the goods toward the attainment of which genuine education should be directed.

But cheating in itself, as we said yesterday, is no basic problem. Rather it is only a single evidence of the fundamental fault in our educational structure. That fault lies in the fact that higher learning at the University of Oregon, as in the great majority of American universities, is conducted on an artificial plane of competition.

Education has become a contest for bogus honors—grades. Grades, where they represent a recognition of bonafide scholarly achievement, may be of some worth. But where they are sought merely for their own sake they are an empty honor, indeed. And it is only too true that in a striking number of instances they are pursued purely for themselves.

IT ISN'T simply the chase of a vacant individual pleasure—like in a game of solitaire—that gives students their concern with GPA. The strong pressure of campus society furnishes the great motive for that wispy pursuit.

The student dislikes the sense of social inferiority that comes from seeing his name in the lower part of the grade list. He wants to have something apparently tangible to show his parents; that the money they are expending on his education is not wasted. He has to make certain grades to keep his NYA job, or to make himself eligible for initiation into his fraternity. He is driven by his fraternity brothers to make more or less high grades so that his house may appear well up in the GPA standings published each term. Or, perhaps—and there are any number of such cases—he merely seeks a grade average sufficiently high to keep himself from flunking out of school and giving up the esteemed social pleasure of campus life.

BRIEFLY there is a major concern on this campus and others with getting grades as such, not in getting them as a reward for scholarly merit. This is not to say that students in the upper grade brackets are not deserving of their position, for there is always a slim minority of students whose scholarship is so obviously meritorious that couldn't keep off the honor roll if they tried. But under

the present system, where grades are got by any hook or crook, it is hard for the honor student to take full pride in his accomplishment. Grades don't mean much; in fact, some of the best scholars on this campus have never seen their names on the honor roll—and, what's more, they don't care, for they're here after an education, not superficial honors.

Grades are not indicative of scholarly achievement, and a system of schooling motivated by the quest for grades cannot be said to accomplish the ideal of educational purpose.

The Traditional Editorial

ENVIOUS Webfoots with too little to quack about have been peeking through the fence once again and apparently feel that campus life is richer at the home of the tradition-minded Beavers. For talk of an enforced tradition revival has been heard on the campus the past several days.

It has become almost an annual custom for someone to bring to light the apparent dearth of enriching tradition at Oregon. This plea has generally been opposed from two sides. Because of physical brutality and improper handling of "violators" involved, the University administration has been forced to squelch the movement condemning it, as a form of hazing; and the Emerald has editorially reminded students that college life may be peachy but that it should also be a responsible and mature life.

There's a tradition which says traditions should be associated with vine-clad walls and the air of true reverence which comes only to something old and worthy. There is nothing so dead as a useless and outmoded tradition. Like all the factors in the social heritage of the individual, they come into existence for some definite and useful purpose. Their purpose served, traditions die as naturally as they spring up. New traditions arise to meet the needs of changing times.

NO RULING, which has to be maintained by force, can exist as a true tradition. "Campus laws" would be a better term for such paddle-enforced and arbitrary manifestos.

There has in the past been a tendency to allow personality to intrude into administration of penalties upon violators of so-called traditions. Even were it possible to administer punishment through an impartial and capable board, such action could not be condoned. It is not constructive and can bring no lasting good—a tradition not self-sustaining is undeserving of drastic social support.

The cry for more public paddlings usually comes from those who feel students "get nothing out of college life unless they feel the paddle now and then." Such a defense of pleas for enforcement indicate that there is no worthy social motivation and little of the real spirit which perpetuates true campus customs in those who ask for these revivals.

WHILE Oregon State has been reviving the lid-and-bible methods to instill spirit into her freshmen—and incidentally making them appear ludicrous—there has been increased interest in assemblies and social life on the Oregon campus.

Oregon spirit doesn't need reviving. It hasn't been lost. To believe the fears of the "old grads," there has been no drop in interest in campus life. The willingness to let dead traditions lie in their graves indicates rather that Oregon men and women are acquiring a broader viewpoint and have a more intelligent conception of the true value of collegiate life. Perhaps the only really good tradition of the lustier and more brutal type is the dead one. Instead of sighing when the alums tell how they "hit the millrace" twice one icy January, we should murmur "Thank gosh—an education."

Tom Mooney Carries Fight On



When, after 13 months of deliberation the California state supreme court, advised against the release of Tom Mooney, convicted of preparedness day bombings of 1916, Mooney, left, above, wasn't discouraged. He is shown above with George T. Davis of his counsel, going over the transcript of the court records preparatory to drawing up a bill of exceptions. Should this move fail, Mooney will appeal to the United States supreme court.

Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

MAYBE you heard this one when you were but a youngster and played the phonograph (it's just a filler but a bloke has got to do something).

Say Pete, there's four men floatin' down th' river on a marble slab (On a marble slab? Aw go on.) Yeh, the first man is blind and he can't see. The second man has no arms on. The third man he has no legs on, and the fourth man he has no clothes on.

Now the man that was blind he seen a duck. The man who didn't have any arms on picked up a gun and shot the duck. The man who didn't have any legs on ran after the duck, brought it back and handed it to the man who didn't have any clothes on, and he put it in his pocket. (Wowow!) Now what is that?

That's a doggone lie—that never did happen.

WELL, Pete, I hear you nearly became a big shot. Yes, I came pretty near goin' into the dairy business las' week. My brother and I went down to the auction and bought a beautiful cow for \$40. Brought 'he cow home, put it in the barn. Next morning I went out in the barn to get the milk. There was Bill milking the cow.

I says "Bill, I want a half of that milk." He says, "oh no you don't get any milk from this cow." I says "Why." He says, "Cause I own this half of the cow, you own the front of the cow."

Now I gotta buy all the hay and barley and the oats to feed my half of the cow. I gotta carry ten-fifteen pails of water a day to water my half the cow. Las' week my half the cow hooked Bill. (Hooked Bill!) Yeh-hum. Now Bill's gonna sue me for damages. (Whewhewhew!)

I got even with Bill though. (How'd you get even with him?) I killed my half the cow and his half died.

Great guffaws of laughter as the crowd roared.

THE Krazy Kopy Krawl, the Journalism Jam, the Lettermen's Limp, the Russian Rendezvous—pretty examples of originality, wit, brightness—perfect connotation. Just the type of thing that makes the student stop and ask questions—he wants to know what this brilliant bit of advertising can refer to. He is drawn to it as tho to a magnet. The Heart Hop. I marvel that it isn't the Senior Stomp or the Senior Snake-race.

Is this a university or a misplaced school of secondary education where students have nothing to do but sit around and think up alliterative nomenclature for their campus entertainments? If one or two of these alleged committees would think a little about improving the character of university dances of expecting appreciation to appear by magic through some of the most childish advertising I have ever had the pleasure of feasting these old orbs on, maybe even they—the committee—could afford to hold up their collective head after one of the affairs.

The Journalism Jam! Make mine chocolate.

No man works at TAYLOR'S. adv.

Tune 'er Out...

By JACK TOWNSEND

Today is Thursday, Thursday on the radio presents the same things week after week, so therefore we shall only give you a few tips and ramble on into the realm of the radio world.

At 7:00 p. m. we have Bing Crosby with Edward Everett Horton as his guest on KGW. . . . The Portland Symphony at 8:15 p. m. over KGW. . . . Dr. Kate, weekly serial, (which is only fair in our estimation) over KEX at 8:00 p. m. . . . Major Bowes at 6:00 on KOIN. . . . and the jumbo benefit show for the flood relief on KOIN, KGW, and KEX at 9:30 p. m. Stage, screen and radio stars will fill the bill (listen in).

The pioneer news dramatization, the "March of Time," is nearing the end of its sixth year on the CBS network, and in that period has presented 409 broadcasts, of which 270 have been nightly shows, the rest weeklies.

This represents 67½ hours on the air in the nightly series and 69½ hours on a weekly basis which, on our fingers, works out to a total of 137 hours. If Time had marched in all of its broadcasts at one time, running 24 hours a day, the show would have lasted five days and 17 hours.

A Hot One;

Fred Allen's pockets are always full of paper. Half of the stuff consists of notes for gags or sketches that he makes while walking through Central park or riding in taxicabs. The remainder is usually a batch of requests for money. Following last week's broadcast of Town Hall he pulled out an unopened letter. He glanced at it and said, "Huh, I can tell by the feel that this guy wants to engage me in one-way financial traffic." (Oh well, don't laugh then.)

From the powers that be, we get word that this column may be cut down to three days a week, we

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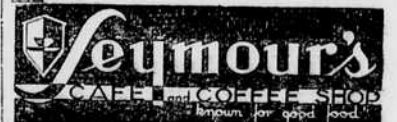
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hope you, but lets hear your opinion on it and what you think of the column. Just leave a note on the journalism building bulletin board, addressed to us. We Aim To Please.

WOMEN ARE CRAZY! about receiving a box of candy on VALENTINE DAY

Whether it's sweetheart, mother or sister, they'll get a big thrill and think a lot more of you for sending it. Seymour's Cafe are exclusive agents in Eugene for the famous Portland Van Duyn Candy, the only candy with guaranteed freshness. We pack for mailing free.



"The Voice of Experience" . . . the man with the million dollar throat insists on a light smoke



"My voice is my career. It has inspired more than five million people to confide in me their personal problems. During 25 years, first on the lecture platform and then on the air, I have never missed a single engagement because of my throat. I am a steady smoker, and because my throat and voice are vital to my career I insist upon a light smoke. In Luckies I find a light smoke plus the enjoyment of fine tobacco . . . and that's why Lucky Strikes have been my choice for 14 years."

"The Voice of Experience."

FRIEND AND COUNSELOR TO MILLIONS OF RADIO LISTENERS



THE FINEST TOBACCOS— "THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

"The Voice of Experience" verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke "It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

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Senior Class

(Continued from page one) chairman of the ball. It was also reported that 400 invitations to special guests had been mailed.

Temporary Officers Chosen

Fred Smith was appointed sergeant-at-arms, and Elaine Conish temporary class secretary. Questions brought up concerning the election of fill-in senior class officers, as there is now no vice-president and Betty Coon is ineligible as secretary, were delegated to Kenneth Philips for investigation. He will hand in his report to Miss Morse at an early date.

Hollis and Barnett

(Continued from page one) cans, who have supported Roosevelt, to strengthen the forces who will oppose "putting the nine old men on the shelf." To the ranks of the rapidly swelling pro-supreme court group was welcomed a new member in Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, who has supported the New Deal in the past, but will now "fight the bill to the limit of my capacity."

AAW Initiates

(Continued from page one) ical satisfaction, because there are certain biological urges native to human nature, although they may vary widely in the individual.

Common intellectual and cultural interests are considered the second test for a happy marriage, Dr. Ballard said. When one of the couple is further advanced in mental development and ability, marriage would invite danger to its success.

Temperament is the third test which should be applied to the individuals contemplating marriage, Dr. Ballard said.

The fourth test is the degree of social and financial compatibility of individuals. If the social background is similar, there is more to favor permanent and happy marriage, he said, otherwise risk is increased.

The last test which was given is moral and religious. There should be a reasonably close standard of morals, if unhappiness is not to result, the speaker said.

Cheating Encourag

(Continued from page one) ceived grades, but they were not published. At Chicago and at Stanford I never knew exactly what I did receive in the way of grades, but I did get more than one good "bawling out" from my professors when I wasn't "hitting the ball."

If we must have grades, prefer just three: honors, pass, and fail, the earned (or unearned) grade to be made known privately to the student or to his parents.

Furthermore I do not like the system of credits. Of what value are any number of credits in French, let us say, if you can't read or speak the language? You might have 500 credits in college and still be an uneducated person. I believe in letting the student take the courses he wants—except in highly technical professional fields—study as much, or little as he chooses, withdraw when he wants to, but before awarding him a diploma give him a comprehensive examination—both written and oral.

(Editor's Note: Professor Smith's article on the honor system will be continued in tomorrow's Emerald.)