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Around a Profitless Circle

CHEATING, we have said, is only the external evidence of a faulty educational system which puts its emphasis upon grades, rather than upon scholarly work. Grades, under the present system, are sought for their own sake, instead of as a recognition for the scholarship they are supposed to represent. Education at the University of Oregon and at most other universities in the country is a competition for empty honors.

Closely allied with the grade system, and in practice similar in emptiness of value, are quizzes. There is more to be said in favor of quizzes than there is to be said for grades, but where quizzes are employed merely to bolster the grade system they are a harm, rather than a good.

IN GENERAL, there are three types of quizzes.

Those which try to make the student formulate what he has learned. Quizzes of this sort are usually of the "general" type, which call for a complex intellectual exercise. In answering such an examination the student derives valuable training in making his own synthesis of the lecture and reading material of the course.

Those, usually of the objective sort, which endeavor to elicit through a rapid-fire quizzing of the facts and perhaps the bare conclusions that the student has derived from the course. Such quizzes can be quite stimulating.

Finally, there are those in which the student is examined on his ability to "parrot back" the facts, attitudes, and conclusions presented by the professor in his lectures. There are far too many quizzes of this type.

AS DR. SMITH said in the article he contributed to the Emerald yesterday, certain advantages may be claimed for quizzes. Where they serve to guide a student through his studies and where they stimulate an alertness on the part of the student to pick out the essential details of the course, they may have a great deal of value.

But there is no value in quizzes where they seek merely to scale the relative ability of students. The mere fact that one person shows ability superior to that of another is

Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

SPRING WEATHER reminds me always of those dear days when the family used to go on camping trips of a summertime. We'd pile everything but the kitchen stove and the cellar door on, in, and around the family crate and away we'd go.

By the time everything was plastered over and throughout the car there was no room for my sisters and me. But that didn't stop us. We piled in, in high glee, and everything was ducky for a couple of hours.

Then somebody would get testy and I'd come back with aw shud up and we'd be off. Often my dad would stop the car at the side of the road, turn around and either glare at me or shake his fist at us in a way which would scare the living daylight out of me. I was the only one he could see because if he turned around the other way he couldn't see anybody and it was my sisters would scrunch way down in the opposite corner and there I'd be.

THE best fun was when we'd get to our destination or stop for the night. My dad would get out and take great big deep

breaths and say mmmm smell that air and this is the life and stuff. Then if I didn't feel like taking big deep breaths and revving he'd get sore and pretty soon we'd be at it again. Well we'd take all the stuff off the car and I'd have to go out and gather wood or drive tent stakes or get water or build a fire. But anything I did I never could do right (I was very young, of course) and my dad would lose faith in me and would say I wasn't worth the powder and lead it would take to blow me to hades.

Finally we'd get everything fixed and we'd eat supper. Then we'd sit around in the darkness with the campfire burning and the night noises all around us and the mosquitoes making us oblivious to anything but their torture. Then we'd go to bed.

This always presented another problem because by this time I was thinking what a big boy am I and I would insist on having a bed all by myself. I couldn't sleep with my father, just this once, to conserve space. Oh no, I had to have a bed all alone or else there'd be an awful howl and there'd frequently was. So I'd get to sleep on the army cot where I'd freeze practically stiff and would crawl in with my dad before morning.

PACKING up the next morning was a riot too. It never had the glamour and excitement of the original loading because we were

on the way now and it was just work. So we'd have a few more beefs and usually would get under way with the children all sulking in their corners and my folks so mad at us they could ring our dear little necks. Ah me. You don't see those camping trips any more. Too many tourist camps and fold upstate trip. Why I can remember once we were going to get started at six in the morning. But we didn't. We started at six in the evening the same day. Went clear into San Francisco, a distance of thirty-five miles. Oh, we had all kinds of fun.

Tune'er Out...

By JACK TOWNSEND

TONIGHT'S BEST BETS: 7:00 p.m.—KGW—First Nighter. 7:30 p.m.—KGW—Varsity Show. 9:00 p.m.—KGW—Carefree Carnival. 9:00 p.m.—KOLN—Vic McLaglen. To lead off tonight's shindigs we have that tough mug of the screen, Victor McLaglen on the Hollywood Hotel program. He will preview his latest picture, "Sea Devils," sounds good.—KOLN—9:00. (Please turn to page four)

not important. It isn't the purpose of education to catalogue students.

Nor is there any value in quizzes that seek only to determine how well a student can "parrot" the views of the professor. There is nothing stimulating in this.

And, in general, it may be said that quizzes on the whole tend to be of the worthless sort. The points against them tend to overbalance the points in their favor. Such a state of affairs is needless, for the advantages of quizzes may be obtained in other ways.

GUIDANCE and stimulation in genuine scholarship, which is the best thing that may be derived from quizzes, may be gotten by other means—by class discussions, by symposiums at which students present papers, or by having students do original, creative work on term projects.

The close connection between grades and quizzes comes in their both being primarily apparatus for the operation of a competitive system of schooling—we hesitate to say "system of education," for we have too high an opinion of education to malign it so.

Education, if it is to be worth its salt, must concentrate on the development of the individual—not on pitting one individual against another in a competition for grades.

QUIZZES, although it may be conceded that they have value if properly given, are essentially intended as instruments for the derivation of grades—and grades are the motive for competition that leads to cheating. It is a profitless circle around which students are driven. It is the rare person who manages to put his feet on the straight path that leads to education's genuine goals.

Worthless quizzes which have no value to the student should be done away with. What is called for is evaluation of such parts of our educational machinery and a dismantlement of those parts that cannot demonstrate their positive good. Quizzes, for the most part, fall in this category.

Grades surely should be abolished, for they contribute nothing and are productive of the greatest harm in their distraction of education from its purpose.

Campus Comment

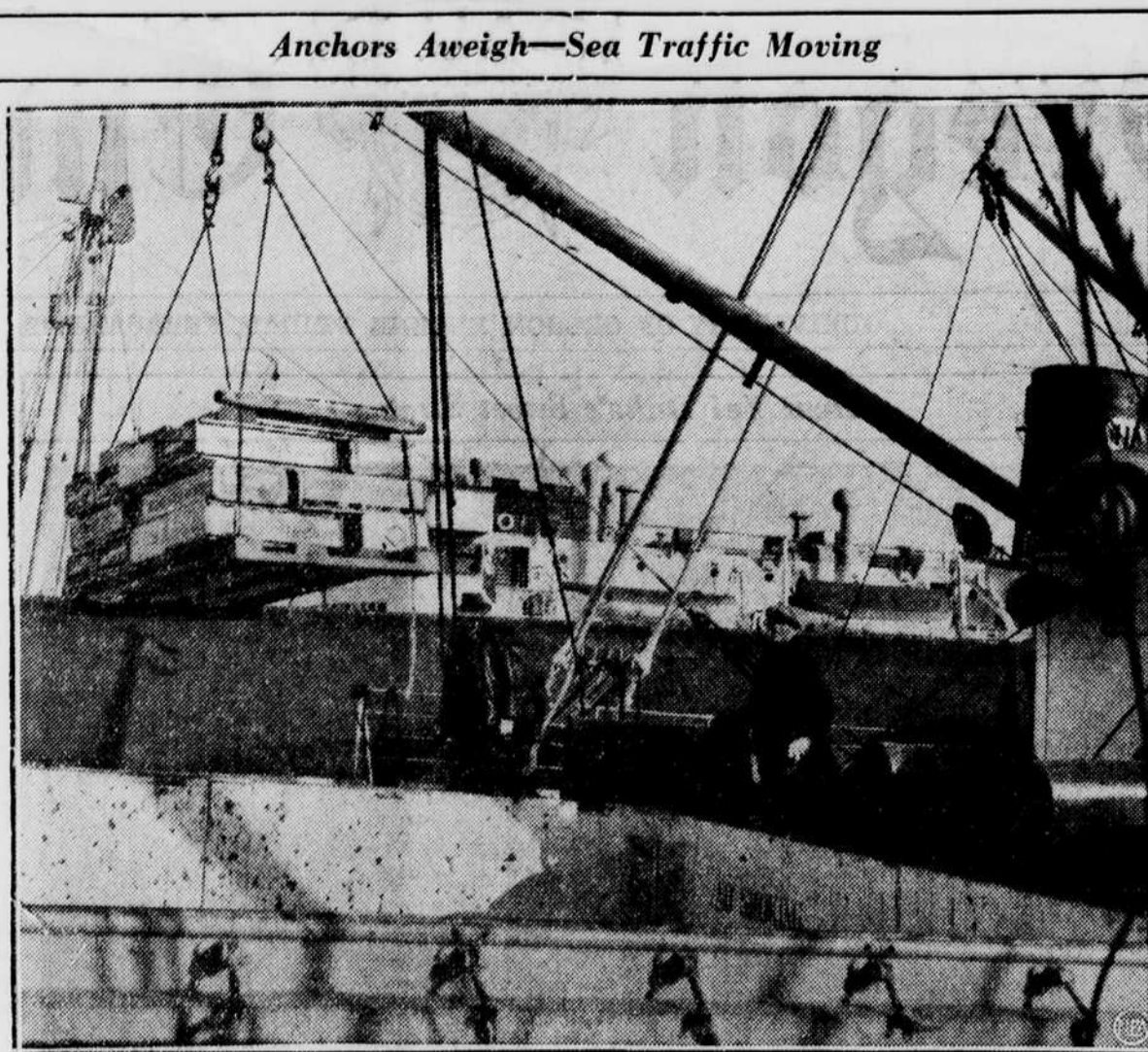
(The views aired in this column are not necessarily expressive of Emerald policy. Communications should be kept within a limit of 250 words. Courteous restraint should be observed in reference to personalities. No unsigned letters will be accepted.)

MIX-UP IN LOGIC To the Editor: In yesterday's Hop's Skips and Jumps column, I am sorry to read that the alliterative naming of Oregon social affairs irritates once-genial critic O. Hopkins.

Mr. Hop's has become over-critical of late. His criticism of last night indicates a lack of background and of reasoning. Hopkins' first complaint is on grounds that the names lack originality. Mr. Hopkins then goes on to say that thinking of such names must be an awful waste of time. These are obviously irreconcilable arguments. The names are traditional, they are used from year to year, so no one has to waste time in thought—a thing which Mr. Hopkins apparently would shun.

Had Mr. Orvie sampled the advantages of our University at an early period in his nomadic career, he would perhaps know that these names are as much trademarks, traditions, as Grape Nuts and Ivory soap.

If like looks a little blue, Mr. Hopkins, why not change your morning brand of grape fruit. How'd you appen to miss Senior Slink as a suggested name for the Senior Ball? Uh-huh, thinking again, Hoppie. I chose you, Hopkins. a friend, S. M.



A familiar sight in Pacific coast harbors these days is that of ships moving again. With the end of the strike last week, after nearly 100 days of inactivity, cargo began pouring into holds and lines were cast off as boats of all descriptions swung out of bustling harbors to distribute needed cargo.

BLACK MENACE

By H. RIDEM RAGGED EPISODE THREE "The Black Menace"

Seven o'clock on the evening following the arrest of Tom Masters found Chief Bargeman pacing the floor of his office and threatening to kill the next person to enter. A half dozen chairs along one side of the wall were occupied, Tom on one of them. At broken intervals, a radio in the next room squawked police reports.

The chief muttered to himself as he strode up and down. "Suspects, cranks, advisors . . . beginning to look like a dentist's office . . . plot against the government . . . red scare . . . Japanese invasion . . . homicidal maniac . . ." He whipped around. "Tom Masters, are you or are you not a homicidal maniac?" "I—I don't believe so," Tom stammered. Bargeman turned to Dr. Crisslund. "What have you to say to that, Crisslund?" "If you'd let me attach him to my lie-detector—" "Bah! Masters, do any of these mugs look like your black mystery man?" "Yes. No. I refuse to answer." Smiling at his cleverness, Bargeman turned again to Tom Masters. "Masters, you work late at the Emerald sometimes, don't you?" "Yes."

"You have access to the chemistry laboratory on the third floor?" "The door is kept locked." "No alibis. It that where you got the chloroform to use on Brophy?" "Overcome with the surprise of the question, Tom hesitated for just a second. Honey Lorraine, who up to this time had been silent, squealed. "Tom, tell him . . . you didn't!" "He admits it . . . Let's hang him!" Toomas chirped. Tom did not answer, but his words were lost in a sudden roar which came from the radio in the adjoining office. Bargeman had moved to turn it off, when it suddenly stopped. A bestial, cackling laugh shuddered in the room, tapered off into a whisper. Then a sinister, drawingl voice: "Brophy has paid in blood. No less shall you, Din Toomas! On Thursday, February 18, you will not be alive to see the rising sun!" Cackling laughter came louder and louder, ended in a crashing crescendo, then silence. Seconds passed without anyone daring to open his mouth or move from his position.

Steffani finally broke the stillness with a giggle. "Isn't he grand? I could love a man like that," she sighed. There is a time elapse of one second between this and the next installment of "Black Menace" in Tuesday's Emerald. (IT IS UNLIKELY THAT TOM MASTERS WILL BE HELD FOR THE MURDER OF BROPHY. WILL HE TRACK THE BLACK MENACE TO HIS LAIR? WILL DIN TOOMAS MEET BROPHY'S FATE?)

IGUASSO'S QUACKS. TODAY'S gripe joins Wednesday's Emerald editorial in tossing ideas of "how I'd run the place" to administrators of the new PE plant. More light and not placing of artistic statues is our demand, though. Every afternoon 25 of this school's amateur athletes get left in the dark in the mighty fine new gym. Comes 5:30 and lights are dimmed in the playing courts, where donut volleyball games are in progress. Games must be played according to schedule and by the time they're finished comes 6:00 and out go nearly all the lights, whether midway in shower or dressing. Result is it takes twice as long to finish whatever you are doing, and so everybody has to wait still longer until chow time or such. Admitted extra lights cost extra money. Also admitted everybody ought to be out by six. Solution: Rearrangement of either schedule or scoring so games are hurried up. Reason for writing criticism: Two tries at dark dressing. No go.

SADNESS struck the campus yesterday with news of death of Graduate John Gribble in plane crash. Recalled was grit, persistence, and effort with which he trained and worked in order to get into aviation. Gribble was a music and education major but he wanted to fly. He was a perfect man physically, except for some visual deficiency. Doctors told him continual focusing tests would remove this deficiency. Night after night he would take time to train and correct his eyes. Finally after a year spent teaching he was admitted to the army air corps training school at Randolph field. Now disaster has ended a potentially brilliant career.

DUCK TRACKS . . . Went hunting sparkling eyes at Wednesday night's dime crawl, but mercenary glints made all sparkles only hypocritical stares. Demands for dimes brought dreary disillusionment. . . . First poetry to the editor, and now a letter to Ignesso comes from the flu-struck infirmaries. With an eye to the keynote they report that Pi Phi Mary Jane Wormser's note to sickboy Russ Iseli increased pulse count from 60 to 90 or more. Best record heard in some time is a celluloid now on the Side's blare-box. Name is "I Adore You" and it's by Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm orchestra. Plenty high do Leader Fields and his boys rate in the east. He has same number of votes in the poll. The "Dream" picture had the greatest collection of stars of any of the year's productions if I remember correctly. "San Francisco ranked tenth out of almost ninety pictures receiving votes. Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy were in this one. Tracy seems to have made a pretty good comeback.

It is hard to say exactly just what a poll of this kind proves. As far as entertainment goes, it is fairly well-balanced. An indication that the players in the productions have a marked effect on the popularity is that fact that William Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, to name a few appeared in more than one of the above films. CURTAIN.

WHAT'S EATING YOU, FROSH? CRAMMING'S GOT ME DOWN BIG BOY. YOU GOTTA LEARN HOW TO STUDY GET YOUR PIPE, RELAX WITH A LOAD OF EDGEWORTH JR. SAY, THAT'S ONE SMOOTH SMOKE! YOU BET! THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED THE COLLEGE MAN'S SMOKE! MILD DOWN TO THE HEEL

EDGEWORTH Junior TOBACCO for pipe or cigarettes. 15¢ A TIN. "Cellophane" wrapped. WRAPPER AND 10¢ GET THIS \$1.00 POUCH

McDonald's OPENS SATURDAY - 4 DAYS! ALL IN GORGEOUS COLOR! FEMININE FURY UNLEASHED! God's COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN with GEORGE BRENT BEVERLY BRET Barton MacLane Roscoe Ates Warner-First National Picture

Jean Elizabeth Luckel, ex '36, was married to John G. Donnell in Portland, January 3. The couple will live in Los Angeles.