

# Oregon Emerald

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## Our Need, Their Gain

A COUPLE OF WEEKS ago we took a spring from the topic of cheating as it exists upon this and other campuses and landed over our head in the involved currents of education purposes and how they are to be achieved. We finally came gasping and blubbering to the surface with the notion that education, if it is to be worth its salt, must be concentrated on the development of the individual—not upon pitting one student against another in the senseless sort of competition that gives rise to cheating.

This "individualization" of education, we declared, is to be gained, first, by arousing the intellectual curiosity of the individual student; and, secondly, by instructors' giving attention to the specific needs of the student. The process, as we see it, is one of give-and-take—not, however, with the student always on the "take" side and the professors always giving. Such formalization of education must be broken down. The professor must be on the "take" side part of the time, receiving from students their individual problems, and prescribing accordingly.

EXCEPT IN A RARE few instances, the University today fails to give this sort of educational opportunity, with the result that on the campus an organization is now being formed to supply "individualization" by private initiative—a "coaching school" staffed with upper-classmen and graduate students as tutors. They will give students individual instruction and arrange seminars over various subjects, but at a price which some students may find rather steep. Thus, the failure of the University to answer this vital need means money in the pockets of these enterprising tutors who will.

One hates to throw cold water over a scheme as yet untried on this campus, especially since it has a very successful record in eastern schools, but it is doubtful whether such a tutoring system will fill Oregon's need of individualized instruction with any degree of completeness. Chances are, the chief appeal of the service will be to floundering students faced with the bugaboo of exams. Thus it may become a kind of set-up for last-minute super-cramming on the part of sub-marginal scholars, instead of providing for the progressive development of the individual, as the ideal educational plant would do.

THE DIFFERENCE between individualized instruction fostered by the University and approximately the same sort of thing supplied by paid tutors is one of student motivation. Under the ideal university set-up, the motivation of the student would be a personal desire for intellectual development, inspired and guided by attentive instructors. Under the private tutorial system, prevented by the expense from taking extensive recourse to it, the student would likely be motivated by an eleventh-hour fear of flunking.

But more power to the private tutors, if they provide, in any degree, the guidance and inspiration which the University fails to provide at present.

## 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.)

### SHADES OF CRIMSON

To the Editor: Yes, I saw red! And it wasn't on a corner fire-plug, I saw screaming scarlets,

## THE 4th Estate

Scared in the coke-addled minds of the authors of "The Fourth Estate" are just three words—"Names Make News." With this as its lexicon, the Fourth Estate will appear twice-weekly, will pull no punches for less than a quarter.

Fourth Estate will ape Time style because its authors wish to remain anonymous—and Time hides all things. Themselves masked, Fourth Estators first reveal clever author of now defunct "Emerald," published for time in Emerald. Quackster was Clair Johnson, well-known senior, excellent writer. Airing his inhibitions, repressions, Old Oregon Editor

Johnson daily exhumed "sparkling eyes." Fourth Estators will reveal no sparkling eyes, will attempt to background all black ones.

Clever quip of week, flips from mobile lips of Kenny Kirtley. Remark came apparently without effort—after Kirtley had seen pix of G. T. Smith, Helen Roberts, bundling in "Pursuit of Happiness." Sparked Kenny: "Well, if I had to bundle, it's a cinch I wouldn't bundle with Del Bjork's girl."

Fourth Estate's kind word of the day: To Ruth Ketchum, copper-topped A O Pi. suggestion that Sophomore Ketchum smile more often, display excellent teeth, interesting grin.

Definite word that long-awaited spring is upon campus came last night when Russ Iseli, freshman SAE spaded up newly-acquired Greek jewelry, planted same on 18-year-old Mary Jane Wormser, fresh Pi Phi. . . SAE brethren, following old Violet

## Miscellany

### FOUR YEARS OF HITLER

"All I ask is four years," said Adolph Hitler in January, 1933. "Then judge us and give us your verdict." He added later in an interview: ". . . And if at the end of those four years conditions are not better than they are today, the people may kill me, crucify me, l-e-a-r me to pieces!" The four years are over now. A survey of the German situation reveals some startling cultural, military and economic facts.

"Rearmament and the Four Year plan have placed a severe strain on German finances," according to the Foreign Policy association bulletin (2-12-37). Germany has repudiated every part of the Treaty of Versailles; her armaments budget mounts higher and higher, twenty billion marks having been spent for war materials in the last four years, according to The New York Times (1-31-37). The Nazi drive toward war already has been concretely evidenced in Spain where thousands of German soldiers fight side by side with Moors, Spanish Fascists and Italians in the Rebel army. Nor has Hitler masked his desire for the territory of Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Ukraine.

Culturally Nazi Germany is now almost a vacuum. With her leading intellectuals in exile—men as prominent as Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann—with books burning and a ban on literary and theatrical criticism, and German "culture" under the aegis of Herr Goebbels, a man whose literary efforts were mercilessly howled down by the critics in the pre-Hitler era, Germany has subjected the seven arts to the art of war.

"The German people are having to draw in their belts. Prices are rising and wages falling correspondingly" (N.Y. World-Telegram, 1-30-37). Cannons, which unfortunately cannot be digested, have taken the place of grain and fats. There is an acute grain shortage in Germany of 1,000,000 tons of wheat and 1,000,000 tons of rye. The fat scarcity is so alarming that a plan was proposed to scrape and utilize "drainage greases." With trade unions illegal, the German workers have had to accept wage decreases, voluntary donations and special assessments until the average weekly wage is now approximately \$11. Discontent has spread to such an extent that a penalty for "grumblers" is threatened.

The fear of Hitler policies has caused another feverish armament race in Europe. No amount of calling for and praising "peace" can dispel, in Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, Hitler's determination to regain the lost colonies and to "expand" in Central and Eastern Europe.

Four years of the Swastika have meant four years of degradation and economic insecurity for Germany's 600,000 Jews. The anti-Jewish campaign, less violent and spectacular now than at the beginning of Hitler's rule, has been none the less ruthless and unbroken. German Jews are no longer considered citizens of the State. They cannot own land, vote or hold public office. They are subject to attacks, both verbal and physical, by loyal Nazis.

The mentality of the Nazi State, comments Westbrook Pegler, "is comparable to that of a little boy who pulls the wings off flies and tortures birds and frogs." Certainly the attempt of the Nazi chieftains to substitute paganism and the worship of Thor and Wotan for Christianity has not helped to dispel the suspicion of the democratic peoples of the world toward the things which German Nazism holds dear. — American League Against War and Fascism.

### Pacific, Europe

(Continued from page one)

month after Hitler became chancellor. Classes ordinarily meeting on Friday will meet on the following Thursday at 11 o'clock. Mr. Brown's talk will be followed tomorrow morning by a forum in Alumni hall at 11

# BLACK MENACE

By H. RIDEM RAGGED  
 EPISODE EIGHT

(What Has Gone Before: Din Toomas, threatened with death by the black menace, unknown killer running amuck on the campus, is in a booth at the College Side with Honey Lorraine, close friend of Tom Masters, Emerald reporter. The black menace, from a vantage point on the balcony, has succeeded in planting a small poisonous creature on Toomas' neck.)

"Escape"

Honey Lorraine was stricken with sudden terror as she saw Din Toomas shudder once, then slump down lifelessly in his seat, his eyes glassy and still transfixed on the spidery creature which his foot had smashed on the floor.

Only one other in the room knew that anything out of the ordinary was happening; the mingled babble of conversation and tittering laughter did not stop until he, Tom Masters, pointed to the monarchical black figure on the balcony.

"Guard the doors! Don't let him get away," he shouted as he darted from his booth toward the staircase.

Pandemonium broke loose; while women screamed and men gasped, all scrambled into the aisles in a mad rush toward the door.

It was but a second later that Tom reached the balcony, only to find the hooded one had vanished. There could be only one avenue of escape, he thought, and then screams from outside told him he was right—the front windows.

It was more than a fifteen foot drop to the sidewalk, but it was not enough to keep Tom from diving into in pursuit of the mysterious killer whose capture had now become an obsession with him.

Crowds gathered on the sidewalk and hustling across the street toward Bayler's indicated the fugitive's path of retreat.

"He can't possibly get away," Tom assured himself, but when he arrived, panting at the rear of Bayler's, no trace of the killer was to be found. A throng of curious excited people had gathered at the spot where it was agreed he had last been seen. Theories no end Tom heard from the wide-eyed on-lookers.

"He climbed in the co-op window, I'll bet. Wouldn't be surprised if it was this Cuddelly guy, after all."

"What happened?"

"Maybe he's hiding in Bayler's kitchen. Suppose it could be old Bayler himself?"

"What happened?"

"Just an Emerald publicity stunt. I saw 'em rehearsing it yesterday."

"Somebody lost something?"

"It was like this—I saw the whole thing—"

"What happened?"

After an hour of snooping about outside the co-op house, Tom was forced to admit failure and joined Honey Lorraine in Bayler's where she had been waiting for him.

"I wish you'd forget about this black menace, Tom," she pleaded when he had settled down in a booth with her. "It's dangerous."

Tom smiled, looked around furtively, then leaned over the table toward Honey. "Just between you and me, Honey, I've got a plan that I think will end the black menace forever. (applause from readers). It's just a hunch—got it from a remark that was made out there while the trail was still hot—and if it works, we'll—"

Tom stopped as a nattily dressed young man stepped up to the table. "I heard you talking about the menace," he said. "I'm only a freshman here and don't know many of the people on the campus, but I think I know who this black menace is."

"You do?" Tom breathed.

"Yes sir. I've been thinking it over ever since that general from the University war department was killed," the informer continued. "It's so simple, I'm surprised somebody hasn't discovered it before." He paused.

"Yes, yes, I'm listening. Who is the black menace?"

"Well, there's a paper here on the campus called the—the oh, what is the name of that thing?—well, anyway, I've often thought that what it needed to live in it was a few murders—Well, that's SCREWY SAYINGS: "So tight he wouldn't pay four-bits to see the twelve apostles in a six-day bicycle race."

(WHAT IS TOM MASTERS' PLAN TO END THE BLACK MENACE FOREVER? GRANTED IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING. DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALLMENT IN TUESDAY'S EMERALD.)

Discontent Behind Fascism

Rather bitter in his attitude towards fascism in Italy and Ger-

many, the speaker characterized the fascist trend and usurpation of government as "A mass movement on a discontented youth which had no future. Neither of the movements were revolutionary. A completely ruthless outfit in small countries installed a highly centralized form of government." He said the result is the existence today of a static condition which will disappear later with violence.

Much of the other questioning centered on the Orient, from where Mr. Brown has just returned after a four month's trip gathering material for the North American Newspaper Alliance.

Asked what the attitude on Communism was in China, he said it was his belief that Communism as the word is interpreted here is not in the immediate future of China.

"An agrarian revolution, with some of the earmarks of Communism is a possibility, though," he added.

China Disinterested

"China cannot be united and put up a defense until a larger proportion of the people have a stake in the land," Brown continued. "They don't care who they are ruled by now. Their horizon extends only as far as where the next bowl of rice is coming from."

Later he mentioned that the students are being responsible for doing away with a part of this narrow, "bowl of rice" horizon. These students are sent out to harangue the people and promote anti-Japanese feeling, but they see how bad off the country is and are trying to remedy conditions by promoting education for all.

In turn, they have been greeted by a responsive demand for education that is leaving them flabbergasted, Brown said. Chinese who two years ago couldn't be bribed to attend classes now fight to get in school in an almost incredible manner, he concluded.

## Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

THERE'S a lot to be said for eating and food. I've always been suspicious of those individuals who claim they don't like to eat, just do it out of habit. Such a person will often turn out to be a cut-throat and a thug, you'll find.

On the other hand the good solid jam-it-in eater is nine times out of ten our jovial lad, the good egg, often a connoisseur. He begins the day with a huge breakfast, consumes a more than ample lunch, sits down to a sumptuous repast in the evening. He then is able to retire and sleep the sleep of an honest gourmand.

Of course there are ways and ways of eating. Some go about it in a manner to simply satisfy their physical craving. Others make it a work of art.

NOW my dad is one of our more meticulous eaters of the hatch. He always stands around for a few minutes after the meal is served (and don't think he doesn't hear about it) in order to catch the aroma of the steaming dishes. If it's summertime and there ain't no aroma he stands around and gets the cool look about the lettuce and listens to the clink of ice in the lemonade pitcher. During these periods of aesthetic enjoyment his thoughts are often disturbed by sounds of my being upbraided (seldom justifiably) by my small sister.

At length he gets down to the serious business of the meal, however, and it's little short of a ritual with him. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, that my dad does not eat and enjoy. He lays claim to a violent hatred of jello, but we always scream him down when he mentions it. Matter of fact he spend a good part of his time in research work, seeking out strange foods in the faint hope that there will be something he will dislike but will force himself to learn to eat. Next to me, that's his top pride. On second thought, I come after the eat's.

I'm sure L. P. should have been a great planner, a ruler of destinies, a justice. No crumb is too small to be overlooked in his systematic attack on a meal. Every bite, every morsel is delicately dissected from its main body, combined with a bit of bread or a touch of applesauce, carefully inserted into the oral cavity. He then lays down utensils and surveys the family board in extreme satisfaction, chewing the current bite thoughtfully.

And there's a lesson to be learned there. While often I jump up and run out while my dad still lingers over the soup, the right idea is on his side. No hurrying and bustling about for him when there's eating to be done. A time for thought, meditation, communion with one's self and one's family is the dinner hour to him. It's a time when the world should stand still, when strife must cease, when the river of life should be at its most serene.

Salutations, Parent!

## Action Is Necessary

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peace over a long period in Brown's opinion. "The alliance would be perhaps as dangerous as it seems to be helpful," he said. "It would act as a 'scare' to war for a time, but would later result in opposition forces uniting against Anglo-Saxon domination."

Discontent Behind Fascism

Rather bitter in his attitude towards fascism in Italy and Ger-

No man works at Taylor's

ryman and Tuttle, Mentor Gill has been threatening to oust one of them in favor of Ike Wintermute, junior reserve.

For Oregon, Laddie Gale is probably the outstanding possibility of crashing a regular position. Gale played a beautiful game against Oregon State last Saturday and has been showing the same form in practices.

Oregon Reserves Ready

Ken Purdy, Bill Courtney, and Ray Jewell of Oregon's "big nine" all stand ready for action. Purdy, Oregon State's jinx man, is a certainty to see action. Jewell drove into the limelight against Gonzaga Monday night with an outstanding performance.

'Gravy' Appoint

(Continued from page one)

governments was discussed with Margilee Morse, senior class president, the only class representative appearing at the joint meeting.

No Action on Classes

No action was taken by the executive committee to adjust the divergence between the two groups, and members of the committee maintained that the classes themselves should decide whether to perpetuate or sever ASUO administration of class activities.

The executive committee passed a qualifying resolution to the athletic award clause in the new by-

laws which had restricted the awarding of blankets to those athletes who had received a University degree and had won an emblem for three years in one sport.

Believing that "all persons who have not received a University degree but who have won a letter in a major sport prior to this date, and have fulfilled or will fulfill other requirements are eligible to receive a blanket," the committee resolved to amend the award clause.

No hair in the Soup at Taylor's

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MILITARY  
 Ball  
 IGLOO  
 MARCH 6

## McDonald

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 WILLIAM POWELL  
 Robt. MONTGOMERY

"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"

AND

GEORGE BANCROFT in "DOCTOR'S DIARY"

Oregon and

(Continued from page one)

gon a tentative combination consists of Dave Silver and Johnny Lewis, forwards; Slim Wintermute, center; and Bobby Anet and Wally Johansen, guards.

State Lineup Listed

Gill will probably start Hub Tuttle and Art Merryman at forwards, Earl Conkling at center, and Elmer Kolberg and Mal Harris at the guard posts.

Due to a lack of scoring on the part of his two ace forwards, Mer-

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