

Offhand Observations

The Route of the Parade is Plain, Straight, and Simple

by Bill Rogers

There's nothing smoother than a Frenchman. If you don't believe it, consider an International News Service story which appeared in the Oregonian the other day.

It concerns one Henri-Jean Duteil, a Parisian, who is now making money hand over fist by praising American women. Henri-Jean has written a book, "La Grande Parade Americaine," in which he flatters the female American public to the point of intoxication.

"The average American woman," states Henri-Jean, "is a lovable creature—simple, gracious, grateful and like a straight road without dangerous curves or detours."

Arise, girls, and smite down this French upstart who asserts you have no curves. Although it might be hard to prove, considering the amount of clothing the nippy weather has forced you to don, Henri-Jean's statement is still crass in its implications. It is known for a fact that at least three women's houses on this campus possess curves, or did until they were

given away to a freshman on a quest.

And what about the equally vicious statement that American women are simple? Does not Henri-Jean realize that there are in America women who attend colleges and universities for purposes other than killing time or catching a husband? Also, doesn't Henri-Jean realize that it takes a lot of brains and skill to catch a husband if that does happen to be the motive for attending college? Why not write this foreigner a letter and let him know how grateful you are for picturing you as he has?

Here is a parting shot at the dead issue of deferred living—will the co-op living organizations be closed to freshmen to give them the benefit of the larger social contacts of the dormitories? And here's one to harrass Harris—the Order of the "O" club seems to favor making skiing a letter sport. Incidentally, Leo, the ski-boys made an unsponsored trip to Hoodoo bowl Sunday.

If any of you dads have made the mistake of reading this far down, here's a request. Take a good look

at the multi-million dollar building program going on around the campus. All your money isn't spent for beer, you know. There are women, too. And if you find that your offspring has neglected to fix you up with some sort of sleeping accommodations, why that's where your super-duper king size mid-century Dad's day edition of the Emerald comes in handy. Just find a good sturdy bench somewhere and spread the Emerald over yourself. You may discover other uses for it also.

Say, pop, if you haven't been around here lately, you might be a little out of touch with things, so before signing off, here are some simple rules that should keep you out of difficulty:

1. Hide your jug.
2. Hide your watch.
3. Hide your money.
4. Don't sign anything, and avoid all discussion of campus politics.

The Long, Tough Haul

The students pulled through.

The students represented by the Inter-Fraternity Council, the Inter-Dormitory Council, or represented on the ASUO student committee to discuss deferred living—and that includes everybody.

The problem was to make deferred living work. The immediate situation was a conflict between those who wanted deferred rushing and pledging and those who wanted immediate rushing and pledging.

It was a case of dormitory representatives being unanimously in favor of the first, and fraternity, sorority representatives favoring the latter.

Things could have been deadlocked there, with each group determinedly houlding out for complete acceptance of its plan. The administration then would have had to eventually step in with a smug "these-kids-can't-ever-solve-anything-themselves" attitude, and shove something down the students throats. (It might be something good, but it will still be shoved down our throats).

But the ASUO committee, the IFC, and the IDC would not let this happen. They argued, discussed, cajoled, wheedled with one another; they tried to understand one another. Yet neither group could be swayed.

The ASUO committee was the "mediation board." The place where all sides could discuss intelligently the situation. Where they could hear various plans; where they could work out various solutions; where they could decide on a course of action that seemed to them advisable.

It was from this board that the compromise recommendation came. It was a notable achievement in the student government process that a committee set up by the ASUO President could make a recommendation that was acceptable to student groups when that recommendation concerned a problem of such magnitude as deferred living.

The compromise is not the complete and final answer to the problem. But it will give the students a chance to see the plan at work; to see the effect on dormitories and fraternities and sororities under both non-pledge and pledge conditions.

Coupling and Believing Two Old Sayings May Help Stop Cheating

By James Weaver

Do you have an established class room credit?

Credit, meaning the loaning of answers during a test and the receiving of answers believed to be correct in return. This system, commonly used, has its faults, as is born out in the average GPA of the school.

It is assumed that cheating is a social custom—a case of "if you don't let me copy, you're a no good short-out."

It is strictly a lazy man's way of attacking education. The real problem is—

how important are grades, anyway?

If you are striving for a high grade point, you can't cheat; it's too risky. If you are hard-pressed for that important two point, you aren't much competition.

What are some of the systems to avoid cheating that can be used?

The honor system?

Talk to the prof; he doesn't want it; not applicable.

The proctor system?

This has been recently recommended. I have seen it at work. The only direct result it would produce is eye strain. It merely con-

Ritin' at Random

Another Film From Italy

'To Live in Peace'

by Jo Gilbert



To repeat myself, it seems too bad that Hollywood, with all its technical skill, can't approach the moving drama that "To Live in Peace" is. Two of us were trying to think if we could remember anything done in the United States that approached such quality as the Italian film showed. We came up with two—"The Time of Our Lives," an adoption of the Saroyan play, and Ben Hetch's "Spectre of the Rose."

"To live in Peace" is the story of an Italian farmer in a small village and how the war affects this peaceful group. The war is personified by a German soldier in the village who posts the High Command's edicts, a political secretary who turns out to be rather human, and two American soldiers. The parts were excellently cast and the acting something that our home grown products could use more of.

One of the best parts is the binge that the American Negro and German soldier go on. The German had come to visit the farmer, who had hidden the American in the wine cellar—a mistake. In the front room the German

becomes tipsy and in the wine cellar the American does too, finally breaking into the front room. A moment of tension, with the farmer and his family firmly expecting the firing squad while the American and German stare at each other, culminates in the two soldiers embracing each other. The wild night for the two ends by the American escaping back to his lines while the German passes out.

One thing however seemed to lower the basic drama to me. One was the handling of the love interest between the farmer's niece and the American officer, portrayed by Gar Moore. Tigna, the farmer, played excellently by Aldo Fabrizzi tells the trite story of the girl's mother who married an outsider who left her and as a result the mother died. The officer takes heed of that and at the the close drives away in his jeep (the Americans now having started their offensive and taken the village) with the stereotyped expression found so popular in U. S. movies. Moore, in this, steps completely out of the character so he excellently portrayed in the earlier part of the picture.

stitutes a challenge to students, and makes them work harder to perfect the art of illicit test taking.

The one place I have seen professorial genius work in the giving of examinations was in a physics course. A tough course in the first place, he handed out four different color tests, and made sure that copying could not take place. One fellow became so distraught, he went into an epileptic fit and fell to the floor. This unnerved the class, and they all flunked. No, this was not the way.

Then what can students do? Cheating is a sign of

immaturity. The fault lies with the student, yet it is a product of the educational system as it stands today.

Cheating can be stopped. **The transition must come in the students' thinking.** The thought "I go into a test with the same knowledge I go out of it, so why not cheat?" must be changed, for this way of thinking affects the student long before the test. This can be done by substituting aptitude tests, or, applied tests of the essay type, in which the student shows how he may use what he has learned. This is a challenge to the ingen-

uity of the student. I think Oregon is way ahead of the field in this development.

Every so often, at every school, out in the open come such things as cribs (on matchbooks, palms, behind your belt buckle, etc.), and the general "laxity" of the students as a whole concerning test-taking. Mud slinging won't help, and proctors aren't the answer either. What will help is the understanding by the students of the situation.

The old adage, "honesty is the best policy" coupled with, "if at first you don't succeed" will get you anything, including a PhD.