

The Swingiest



"GEE, ERVIN, WHY DIDN'T WE THINK TO BRING A HAMMOCK?"

## A Different Text

This week a new book, one of many, will go on shelves and into display cases of bookstores throughout the nation. However, this book will be of special interest to members of the University family, for it has been written by our own Earl Pomeroy, professor of history.

Most people, think of books by university professors, groan as they think only of endless textbooks — some interesting, some dull. But this book is different.

It's a lively book, interesting and enjoyable to read, written for the layman. "In Search of the Golden West" is its title, and the book concerns tourists who have traveled west just to see the country and to have a good time.

Pomeroy, who has taught at the University since 1949, has been on leave during the year on a Guggenheim fellowship doing research on a book which will be completed next year on the history of the Pacific coast. He has previously had two books published.

To a reader with only a sketchy historical background, the book is informative as well as entertaining. And we'll wager that even Pomeroy's colleagues in the history department will enjoy it.

Briefly, the book tells how tourists have been important to the west, and how they have helped to mold and change it to fit their expectations and needs. Their reasons for traveling west haven't always been as clearly defined as those of the forty-niner, the trapper or the missionary, but they have been an important part of the West.

Few vacationers traveled west by stage-

coach, but with the completion of the trans-continental railroads, many tourists headed toward the Pacific. Pomeroy's book covers this exodus from the first Pullman Palace cars during the 1870's through the present day when many areas geared exclusively to the tourist trade.

The book was prompted by Pomeroy's interest in the tourist angle of American history, for he feels that the "reactions of tourists tell many things that are significant about America."

Pictures of travelers during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries add a great deal to the book.

Pomeroy says that he gathered the material through class lectures and tourist information. If the lively text of his book is indicative of his lectures, Pomeroy's classes next year should be filled.

## Fitting Climax

Sunday's stirring Sousa encore by the mammoth Philadelphia Orchestra was a fitting climax to what we can gladly report was a successful season from the college side of the Eugene University and Civic Music Association.

Eugene Ormandy's entourage drew a large audience into McArthur Court. Although mostly Eugene citizens, a goodly number of University students (with mothers in tow) managed to attend.

With the continued appearance of such attractions as Mantovani, the DePaur Chorus and the Philadelphia Orchestra, we'll have further opportunities to get that "well-rounded" college education we've all heard so much about.

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## Dave Cass

### 'Pangloss Story' Is Typical Picture Of Unfortunate Examination Situation

A topic that receives a good deal of well-deserved negative comment, particularly as the end of the term approaches, is the subject of examinations. The theory, practice and value of testing has become the enigma of the modern university, the paradox of progressive education, the Gordian knot of education departments.



The unfortunate nature of most criticism is that it is aimed at the annoyance of having to do what little studying most students do, rather than questioning whether a system built around tests effective promotes education as it should.

It would certainly be proper to ask whether any test can be devised that necessitates a thorough knowledge of a subject as well as provides an incentive to do more than is minimally required. But rather than delve into this field, which would require some rather perturbing assumptions about professors and students, I would like to dwell on a subject of more relevance on this campus. What are the unhealthy effects that an education system built around testing produces in study habits and attitudes?

Tests have become a necessary evil amidst a jolly life of alcohol consumption and "sexual drive satisfaction, both obscured faintly by a thin veil of crepe paper. Because of this, a multitude of devices have been de-

vised to circumvent these unpleasant interruptions to an otherwise happy existence. Here is one field where ingenuity and incentive have proliferated.

Happy is the Greek organization that is the proud possessor of an up-to-date test file. Given the proper conditions, a few minutes spent with this valuable tool insures at least a passing grade in any course. Passing is all the University requires, therefore it must be plenty good. The test file is most helpful in courses that require a deep understanding of the distinction between right and wrong—right and wrong generally being relative to the particular curriculum or instructor and not the real world.

A test file is really a gold mine if the professor in question has acquired tenure, a dislike for class preparation and the firm belief that all students are imbeciles anyway.

I'm reminded of a story about a certain professor in the psychology department. The only notation on his card in the test file was the somewhat mysterious inscription, Eleanor R. It seems that this particular man, Pangloss T. (for trauma) Idego had a rather unusual attachment for a test monkey named, appropriately Eleanor R. (Pangloss was unusual in several other ways. For instance, he had a very attractive, bushy tail. Some even were as bold to say that his middle initial stood for this luxuriant growth. It didn't, except in the sense that he may have had a tail trauma.)

Students discovered that by

including a glowing description of Eleanor R. in their tests they were assured of a passing grade. Matters got so out of hand that students would merely write this name and turn in their tests. The grade came to depend upon the aesthetic beauty of the script.

Eventually, Pangloss became completely unbalanced, was appointed head of the primate labs at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, and found much time to dabble with his other pet hobby, devising multiple choice tests in which every answer was completely irrelevant.

But, I have digressed too far afield. Cheating would be a fertile field for comment, but the caliber of students that use this device to get around tests is of such a nature that this practice hasn't been developed to a very successful point.

The same applies to the micky mouse system of scheduling. This means taking courses that either have ridiculously simple tests or none at all. An example of the latter would be choral union, where the only test is whether or not you have vocal chords, except in certain cases where nasal intonation and intestinal echoing have sufficed.

In the final analysis it is hard to decide whether to condone or condemn such practices. What else could happen in a system that emphasizes form and not content? Until the system itself is subjected to deep going reappraisal and change, the best we can hope for is sophisticated by-passing of education.

## Letters to the Editor

### Emerald Editor:

I would like to protest the publication of any more film "reviews" similar to the one written by Mr. J. Lengel of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (Friday, May 17). Mr. Lengel seems to think the film is another "pleasant" bit of trivia with an "agreeable plot," a "suspense-packed climax," and sex. Now, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is far from a great film, but it does deal with a rather impor-

tant even in world history in which many courageous Americans, such as the hero, took part. The Spanish Civil War was not fought, as Mr. Lengel mistakenly believes, between the loyalists and the Republicans. These terms refer to one and the same group, those loyal to the Republican government of Spain, who fought against Franco's fascists. Gary Cooper does not play a "soldier of fortune in the employ of the Republic" but an American college instructor who volunteered to fight for Democracy (and was not paid for it) at a time when anti-fascism was not encouraged by the United States.

Today, when the United States is again supporting Dictator Franco, it has become somewhat unfashionable to speak well of the pre-mature anti-fascists who fought for Spain in the late 30's, but it is quite possible that the course of the Second World War would have been different if the West had not been so intent on appeasing Hitler and Mussolini by withholding support from the government of Spain. In other words, the film dealt with a much more serious topic than the nonsense written by Mr. Lengel indicates, and The Emerald would do well to make an attempt to raise the level of its film reviews above that of the high schools.

Michael Munk  
Graduate in  
Political Science

### Emerald Editor:

On behalf of Associated Women Students I would like to thank all the University women who contributed so generously towards the AWS Penny-a-minute night. Over \$180 was collected for the scholarship fund.

Nancy Castle  
AWS Treasurer

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## The 'Old Hand' Looks at Spring

(Note: As do most ex-Emerald columnists, Scott McArthur, sometime author of "Blue Monday" in 1955-56 has returned briefly to the scene of earlier campus crimes. Struck by spring term, Junior Week and all that, Columnist McArthur took Royal in hand and waxed philosophic. What happened follows.—Ed.)

Oregon's academic wheel creaks closer to the end of the 1956-57 school year. And as that fateful day looms nearer, sure signs of approaching summer are at hand.

Gay young swains move the scenes of their amorous operations from parked autos in the alley to parked autos by the river.

The Pioneer Mother's moss-green face blanches at the thought of the end-of-the-year onslaughts on her person and dignity.

The beer companies call for extra drivers to transport increased supplies of amber brew to hard-pressed merchants in the University neighborhood.

Occasional non-appreciative neighbors grit their teeth as ancient and honored songs dealing with Beer, Paddy Murphy and Hairy-Chested Men are brought out of fraternal mothballs and yodeled once more down quiet, green-carpeted Willamette Valley.

But, alas, also lurking behind the ivy-choked walls of the great buildings at the Seat of Learning are other men. Men with books, thick glasses, crafty smiles—men with blue books and tests prepared.

So, as the time for tests looms ever closer, we chant the well-known chorus of Springtime on the Campus:

Let's flick it in and go drink beer.