

**Interview:****New Student Director Likes School, Oregon**

By JIM YARBRAUGH

When he was asked, "What do you think of Oregon?" his answer, "Why do you think I came here?", shows the kind of man that is Donald M. DuShane, the University's new director of student affairs.

Another man might have said, "It's wonderful. I think it's a great state." But not Mr. DuShane. His being here is evidence that he likes it. He is the kind of man who would not go where he did not like to go merely because he was offered a good job.

Mr. DuShane's picture shows what he looks like. His beliefs and his actions show what kind of an man he is. He says, with a sincerity that convinces, that he believes a university should exist for the students benefit, not for the benefit of any other group. His approach as a director of student affair has always aimed to encourage students to shoulder responsibility and gain maturity.

His past success in dealing with students is shown by the high esteem in which he is held by the students of Lawrence college, Wisconsin where he directed student affairs for the past twelve years. Besides the usual parting banquets and gifts, Mr. DuShane was honored by the dedication to him of the 1947-48 Lawrence college yearbook.

Even more an indication of his prestige and popularity are the visits Lawrence graduates continue to pay him. Since his arrival here in June, he had had four groups of former Lawrence college people look him up.

Mr. DuShane is easy to talk to. He makes friends quickly and easily. He greets visitors with a smile and a handshake across his neat desk. A visitor feels welcome. It's easy to see why former students still want to know about the man they call "Duck"—the man for whom one student drew a desk-sized duck cartoon.

That nickname is one reason Mr. DuShane feels he was well prepared to come to Oregon. He was a duck before he got here. Even his shiny new Studebaker fits. It's green. But the friendly, cooperative attitude of the students he met during his March visit to the campus did much to convince him to leave Lawrence.

Mr. DuShane's spare time this summer was spent pulling weeds and cutting grass around his home in Eugene and—as associate director for men, Virgil S. Fogdall, says—admiring his new Studebaker.

Of Oregon's weather, DuShane says his March visit was a good introduction. He came without a raincoat and didn't get wet. He admits that might have been because he seemed to get places between showers. But he doesn't believe it's too wet here.

Asked about his special interests, DuShane says, "If it can be called a hobby, mine is reading." He is a student of political science and finds the current political scene a fascinating one.

He didn't say whether pipe collecting is a hobby, but, as he re-lit the one he clenched between his teeth, he mentioned that he has more than ninety. Yet he thinks everybody smokes enough, himself included.

Once Mr. DuShane was a reporter. He worked two years on a newspaper and then quit to go into business. He says he still likes journalism but would rather be an owner-publisher. After his business experience, he went to Columbia university for graduate work. He was there four years before going to Lawrence.

Both he and his wife were born and educated in Indiana—he hesitated to call it "west." Now they are looking forward to a successful career here, and Mr. DuShane, the "Duck," says, "I want to make college life more enjoyable and more productive for the students. The University exists for their benefit."

**The New Crop**

The thousands of young men and women preparing to enter American colleges and universities this fall need only scan the headlines of any daily newspaper to realize that they are beginning their higher education in certainly the most critical period in world history. The peoples of the earth seem hovering on the brink of a third world war. Everywhere pessimists are throwing up their arms in despair. Civilization is doomed!

Never before, probably, have members of a freshman class had more reason to cross over the threshold of college life with a greater sense of hopelessness and dejection. The new draft law will be to them striking evidence of the gravity of the world situation. Many of the young men of the class will know that they must sooner or later don uniforms because true peace did not come with the signing of the peace treaties following World War II.

Yet, amid the gloom the boys with the wise money are betting that this class of 1952 will be notable for its cheerful optimism. The reason? History, they point out, has shown that as older generations have faltered, youth has always come forward with new and bright hope. The greater the sense of defeat among the former, the greater the optimism of the latter. The collective degree of defeat among today's older generations could hardly be greater.

If these young men and women fulfill the predictions of the railbirds it can be expected that a large portion of them will select schools offering liberal, well-rounded educations. For many years there has been a trend by students toward schools offering greater and greater concentration in specialized fields. This specialization has added greatly to the material wealth of the world. (Its latest creation—the atom bomb.) But material wealth can be of little value unless means of controlling and distributing it are devised. The great thinkers of the day are almost unanimous in their belief that the real hope for peace in the coming years will rest with the college students who are today getting their educations at institutions where liberal arts courses receive the greatest emphasis.

To young men and women of college age who still believe there is some hope for human salvation and the kind of a world for which men have always longed, the University of Oregon—center of liberal arts studies for the Oregon State System of Higher Education—extends a welcoming hand this fall.

**A Walk with Many Men**

The day you sally forth clothed in cap, gown and dignity to toss good-luck pennies into the lap of the Pioneer Mother, you'll probably be a different person than you are today. Oh, your hair will be the same color; (unless a thread or two has turned gray,) but you'll think differently than now about lots of things. And you are what you think.

These big changes won't always sprout from what you learn in class, for you can go through course after course with one ear marked Entrance and the other marked Exit. The changes depend on what you do with your extra hours. And what you do with these hours depends, in turn, largely on the person with whom you spend them.

The people you can meet in a university the size of Oregon are as varied as the bottles on the shelves of a large delicatessen store. Go to the Side some morning about ten to eavesdrop, and you'll know what we mean.

Girls will be talking about boys, and vice versa, "old dogs" will be discussing the old days, and a few students might even be talking about we-don't-know-what in another language.

In the dark back booth of the back room several campusites will be clustered arguing out Nietzsche, or world federation or Grecian pottery. You join them; you're bored at first, but impressed by their seeming great knowledge. Bring your coffee and sit with them again, and you begin to view them differently. They seem so smart, but they complain at how little they know. Even though they be mole-like in word and appearance, several of them, you discover, are the campus' more active citizens. And you begin to wish you knew something about world federation.

That's good. You begin to read, ask questions, to listen with interest. Soon you are at that growing state where you can talk world federation or the philosophy of Nietzsche and still brood about how little you know.

You'll begin to hunger for new ideas; you won't be afraid talk with social butterflies, scholastic moles, people who don't share your ideas, and students from foreign countries.

But whether your opinions on golf, philosophy, or Chinese food change or grow stronger in the original pattern you won't give the credit for your versatility to yourself. For you have walked four years with many men.—B. H.

**OREGON DAILY EMERALD**

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**Books:****Here's a Good One For Summer Reading**

By TERRY REVENAUGH

"ZOTZ!" Walter Karig. 268 pages Rinehart and Co. \$2.75.

Are YOU in the know? About the atom bomb, secret weapons and related problems? Ability to discuss these questions is the criterion of good citizenship, good scholarship and good standing with the Powers on campus, in classroom or anywhere.

"ZOTZ!" is a compact, fast-moving handbook on secret weapons, spies, White House conferences, and the musty corridors of military departments where the fate of the world is decided. It is a crafty, malicious, satirical comment on American political and bureaucratic life. It's fun to read, too.

Professor John Jones, of St. Jude's Theological Seminary, is suddenly possessed of the power to take human life by simply pointing his finger and saying "ZOTZ!" This places him in the same position as the United States with the atomic bomb. Professor Jones, a conscientious citizen, decides to use his power for the good of his country and of the world. Jones is a Man, too. He takes direct action by trying to see only the President. Unfortunately for Jones, even though he's listed in *Who's Who*, it isn't possible to just drop in on the President.

Thus begins Jones' two-year trek through departments of the FBI, the Democratic National Committee, the departments of State, Army, Navy and Air Force, and secretaries of the White House. There's even a beautiful librarian at St. Jude's, suspected of voodooism and espionage, who adds to Jones' troubles.

"ZOTZ!" is told by Captain Walter Karig, Navy Public Relations, who should know if anybody does. He tried to get Jones in with the top brass. He tried to warn them.

"ZOTZ!" is loaded with good phrases handy to toss around in atom-bomb discussions. Such as "Quisling of the universe." Or, in the words of Professor Jones, "I am not content to leave judgement to posterity. There will be no posterity unless this generation acquires judgement for itself."

The conclusion to "ZOTZ!" will leave you breathless even apprehensive, for Professor Jones disappears. See that scholarly old gentleman walking across campus? Don't dismiss him as just another professor. Yesterday I saw him watching a squirrel. The old man raised his hand, pointed his finger and... Well, it could happen here.

**Summer Sidelights . . .**

Last year's Emerald editor, Bob Frazier has departed from the Oregon campus eight years after his first wait in the registration line. He is now wire editor on the Eugene Register-Guard.

Sallie Timmens and Larry Lau, Emerald gossip columnist and man-about-town columnist, respectively, will be married on September 4. The ceremony will NOT take place in the Shack."

Rex and Barbara Gunn of Saturday Evening Post fame are presently guests of producer Leland Hayward in California. They are negotiating to sell the movie rights to their story on the life of the married veteran on the University of Oregon campus.

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