

*After One Year***Impressions: Informality, Continual Rush, and Wealth***Views of a Foreign Student*

(This is the second in a series of articles by foreign students, giving their opinions of their one year's stay at the University. Living organizations which wish to be host next year to a foreign student may apply this week to J. D. Kline, foreign student adviser.)

By **KNUD ANDERSON**
Foreign Student from Denmark
Living at Phi Kappa Psi

I have been in this country now a little less than half a year, and I think that I have got a pretty good picture of America and the Americans. My first impressions were very favorable, and it is funny to see how many of them still hold good.

The American informality has been mentioned over and over again; but you simply cannot tell about your impressions of America without including it. Already on my trip by bus across the country it struck me how easy it is to get to talk with the other passengers. I made many interesting acquaintances in the course of the five days I was on my way, and I was amazed and very happy to see that people were really deeply interested in the state of affairs in Europe. The simple and natural kindness with which I was met by everybody made me feel like an old acquaintance instead of a complete stranger who had just come to the United States.

The last of my acquaintances on the bus was an elderly lady from Portland. She told me about the

Portland football game and invited me to come and stay in her house when it was played. I was convinced that by that time she would have forgotten everything about it; but a few days before the game she called me up, and I spent a very nice weekend in her home. Since then I have met with the same hospitality in many other American homes, and I am convinced that this hospitality is a true characteristic of the American nation as a whole. This thought struck me the first time when I came to my fraternity. As probably everybody else, I was a little bit afraid of my first meeting with my future housemates; but the kind and genuine way in which they welcomed me took away any feeling of embarrassment, and already after a few hours I felt completely at home.

In Europe we have two ways of addressing people, only if you know each other very well you say YOU to each other. I never realized how foolish this is till I came over here. Many of the people I know here I know better than people I have known for years at home, and I am sure that the reason is the foolish distinction we make in addressing people.

Another thing which impresses any foreigner is the continual rush everybody is in over here. I think it can be said that the way people drive their cars in Europe and over here is symbolic of their way of living. Whereas in Europe a person will shift to second

gear to go over a hill the American will pass a mountain in overdrive. At the beginning it is fascinating; but after some time the European wants to slow down for a while to catch his breath.

The material wealth of this country is so amazing that one simply cannot believe it at the beginning. In my country we think that we are fairly well off, because we always compare our situation with that of other European countries; but now that I can compare with America I can see that we are rather poor.

Last, but not least, I am greatly impressed by the broadmindedness of the American people as far as their previous enemies are concerned. It is something unique that so early after the war so much is done for students from the occupied countries. I am happy to have been given the opportunity to get acquainted with these students and to see a confirmation of the theory that there is no reason whatever why the different nations should not be able to get along with each other. I am sure that the great work that is done especially by America for exchange of students from all countries means a lot more for international understanding than many fiery speeches.

It is rather limited what a foreign student can do to show his appreciation; but it is my hope that some day in the future I shall be able to do for an American student what America has done for me.

McCarthy, Regents, Worms *Sophomore Wisdom*

People have said it pretty frequently: you students take no interest at all in national, international, or even state events. We wonder if it isn't true.

What makes us wonder was an event that took place on the campus yesterday afternoon and evening. The Russian Arts Club sponsored a Russian language movie called "Russian Spring," and nobody raised any objections.

Haven't any students, faculty members or administrative workers heard of Senator Joseph McCarthy or the California Board of Regents? Why have they not raised their voices?

With controversies about loyalty oaths, charges of being Communists, and the elimination of liberal commentators from radio programs ringing in our ears, we think it strange that no one has seen fit to take issue with the showing of the recent Russian film. Such a subversive device—out and out infiltration of foreign ideas—seems obvious enough.

Possibly we are looking at it the wrong way. Maybe students are well aware of McCarthy and the regents.

But maybe they think their ideas belong to the worms. We hope so.—A.G.

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At this point we'd like to make it clear that the Man of Distinction who mysteriously appeared with blank face in yesterday's Emerald, and Mr. Mystick, the Mystery Man, who was announced today as Ken Metzler (first known man to ever petition for the annual Phi Theta goody sale), are two different people.

*Crotchety Old Vet***Through the Looking Glass: Blood, Sweat, and Tears***by Steve Loy*

Before too many weeks pass, myself and a lot of other undergraduates will leave these hallowed halls and begin to fight the current in the "Cold cruel world." We will begin to forget the unpleasant experiences we had at Oregon and tend only to remember the good times, the characters and friends we made here. I've been trying to put my finger on some of the things and people I would like to remember in 30 years.

We'll all remember the Pioneer Father and Mother, the sundial that stands in the shade most of the time and which nobody can read. The magnolia tree on the walk to

Deady and Villard. And the amphitheater in Deady—just like the movies of Vienna.

The corny gag about the building, "Do they teach math here?" "Yes, in Deady."

And I don't think I'll forget President Newburn... even though I've seldom seen him. And Jim Aiken. And the rally on the day we heard we weren't going to the Rose Bowl. Brad Ecklund, all choked up like a big kid, and the rest of us trying to swallow the dry lump in our throats—that was part disappointment and more sympathy for the guys up there on the platform.

Snowbell coming in second

in the Junior Weekend contest. And the thought that maybe she should have been in the court.

And the characters. Everyone will remember a different set of characters. Mine centers around the journalism school. That appendage to another worn-out building where they make bad smells. And the shack, where they make good newspapers with kids looking for activity points.

Back to the characters. Larry Lau and "Beaver" Wright. You kids won't know either of them, but you've heard of them. Even now, these two have taken on

a glow of time that leaves them vague and a little fantastic.

Professor Price and the Milwaukee Journal. Frank Evans on the linotype by the door at the University press.

There are others—Benny Holcomb with his derby on a string, Dr. Wright and his stories about Bismark, Fred Young, "Chief" Dick McLaughlin, Ward Christensen and Rush at the "Rush," Gus and Keith in Fennell's, Johnny Alpine at the "Side," Hersh and Rod at Taylor's, Charley Elliott—add your own.

Then there's the fog drifting through the graveyard on a winter morning; the Rot-

Core boys, spic and span on the way to drill and sloppy and half-dressed coming home. The sprinklers on the Quad; the pledges playing hooky from the library and thinking they're getting away with something; and the Pi Phi sun-worshippers in the spring.

Then for me there will always be the memory of friends, and even acquaintances asking, "When you gonna write something more for the Emerald?"

Wait and see. In 30 years, we'll all say, "Sure, best time I ever had."

Placing Responsibility Where it Belongs*by Bob Funk*

Lately we have been having trouble with that unhappy group of things known as Responsibilities. All we have had lately are Responsibilities, and all our Responsibilities are nothing but laughs.

This would not be so bad if we were the up-bright-and-e a r l y-conscientiously-e a t i n g-breakfast-type person. But we aren't, and it doesn't look as if we are going to be. Not in the next ten years, anyway. Irresponsible as we are, we find it horribly perplexing to wake up in the morning to find four or five Responsibilities parked on the edge of the bed. It's getting so we can't go out on dark nights without having some forgotten Responsibility jumping out of a dark alley.

This week we've been keeping a list of all our Responsibilities, just so we can sort of get the jump on them. Our list, although as yet incomplete, is as follows:

1. Get up and brush teeth.
2. Write letter home for money.

3. Take Spanish mid-term.
4. Eat lunch.
5. Etc.

After writing these down, we usually forget them. It's easier that way, and there's nothing quite so amusing as the expression on the face of a forgotten Responsibility.

And are we cracking up? You know it!

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We have been practicing for this all-campus sing, and are not having too much luck other than strengthening our lungs. Recently one of the powers-that-be changed us from a first base to a second tenor, something that was very easy for the power but rather difficult for us.

Our tenor is flat and rather whisky, and the people who are and always were second tenors keep sticking dustrags and ashtrays in our mouth. We've got the part down cold,

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