

The Freshman and Education

You came to the campus Sunday—many of you for the first time. You saw the red brick buildings which were formerly only pictures in a guidebook. You met your roommate, your counselor, heard a last bit of parental advice, and that was your start at the University of Oregon. You have four years before you. A lot can be accomplished in four years.

You came primarily for an education, an education which would give you the technical training necessary to earn a living. Oregon can give you that. There are 455 teachers and administrators ready to impart their knowledge to you; eight libraries with 557,768 books are at your disposal; you may obtain 23 different degrees in 11 fields of study.

But education is more than a degree, more than a well-written term paper, more than reading books. To be educated is to have an open mind, the ability to deal analytically and objectively with a problem, sympathy for another's viewpoint—the willingness to admit personal limitations. An education is not memorization, it's thinking. It's not passive, it's active. No one buys an education.

We hope you came to Oregon looking for that idealistic-sounding word: truth. The intelligent individual is not sure what truth is; he can only search and hope he finds it and thus remove dogma, superstition and prejudice.

Education is not an isolated thing restricted to the classroom. It works in the bull session and the coffeetime. It works in your relations with people. At Oregon you'll meet people from the other side of the world and persons that you didn't know lived in your home town. Human relationships are important; you can widen your scope of understanding of your fellows while at Oregon.

It's not all serious. There're dances, desserts, picnics, football games and contests. You won't see straw-hatted men in red and black blazers strumming ukeleles on 13th, but there'll be fun. Maybe you'll want to get into activities. There are over 80 clubs and societies on the campus. Oregon has its own student-operated radio station, theaters, a symphony orchestra, band, singing groups and sports. There are five student publications.

You're on your own here. The University can supply the tools; you have to do the work. You may never have known such independence. It's important that you channel it in the right direction.

No one compelled you to come to college. No one is going to force you to stay. You came to get an education. And you can get it—if you want to.

This Is YOUR Week--Use It Well!

Freshmen, this is perhaps the most confusing week you will spend at Oregon. There is one blessing so far—it hasn't rained. (Cross your fingers.)

But most of you are being shuttled around to meetings and tests and assemblies so fast you may get the impression you are caught in some kind of revolving door. Well, don't let the high pressure get you down. Relax and enjoy it, because college isn't always like this.

Right now, however, you are getting a quick cram course about the University of Oregon as a whole, and in the meantime the powers that be are storing away considerable knowledge about each one of you.

Keep your ears and eyes open—you won't regret it. Resist the impulse to skip some of the events that are planned for you. They all come under the heading of a two-bit word—orientation. All it means is that we want you to know your way around at Oregon as soon as possible. Isn't that what you want, too?

Also, get to know your classmates as quickly as possible. None of them will bite, and a lot of them will turn out to be friends to take the places of those you left back home.

If and when you survive this week without ulcers or a nervous breakdown, the worst is over until you start having tests. At least for the boys. The girls, or rather women (you've been promoted) will swing right into rush week.—B.G.



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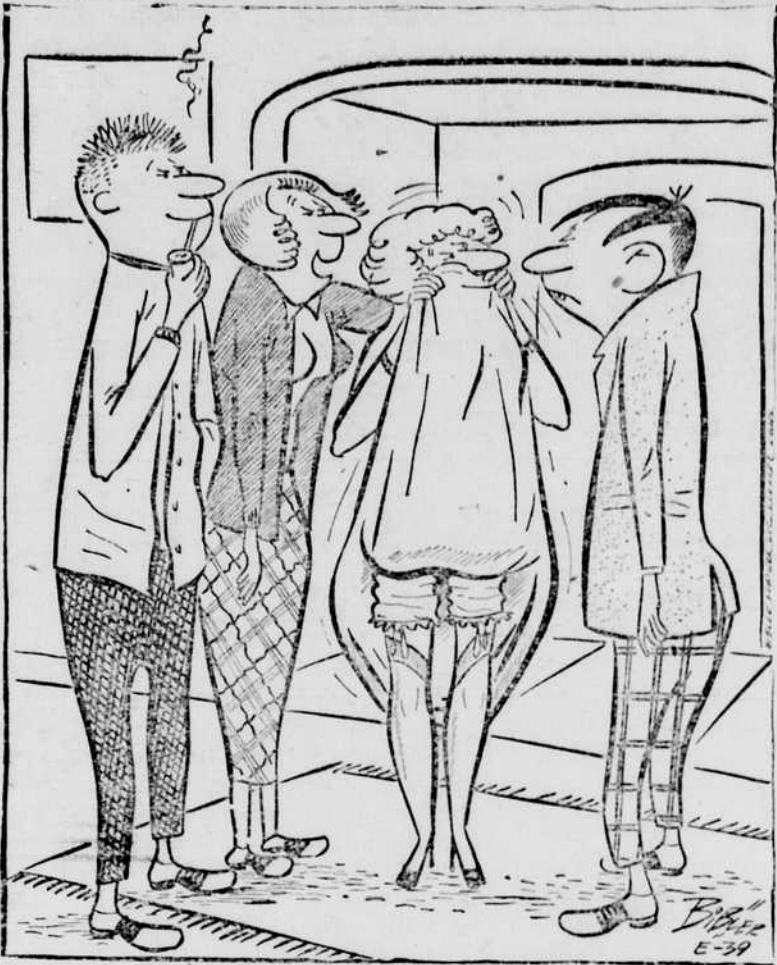
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Oregon's Freshman Week?



"Oh, she has a pretty mouth all right, Worthal—it's just that most freshman girls are a little bashful on blind dates."

'The Delicate Prey': Paul Bowles

Tales dwell on hidden passions which reader will find familiar

By Michael Lundy

Because we have observed, largely from personal experience, that the average Joe or Jane College is always short on cash, this column will be primarily devoted to the newer twenty-five cent reprints. And, because three years at Oregon have not convinced us entirely that no one is interested in anything but Mickey Spillane, we will try to review books that attempt new approaches and viewpoints in writing, which might even include the Mike Hammer sagas.

Signet books has published, and the Co-op should have on hand, a collection of seventeen unusual and fascinating short stories titled *The Delicate Prey* by a young writer named Paul Bowles.

Bowles has spent most of his life knocking around odd corners of the world. His stories lead a trail from the jungles of Columbia to the grottoes of Morocco, delving into the minds of whites, natives, and whites who have gone native. These tales deal with cruelty, horror, perversion and hidden passions in strange places and stranger people. Yet they have significance as something besides shockers, in that the people are real and true; that is to say, the reader will find something of himself in each character.

The title story "The Delicate Prey," and "A Distant Episode" are both stories of unbelievable cruelty in Arabia, told with such matter-of-factness that the horror is not felt until afterwards, when thinking them over.

One story of lesbians, staged in South America, is so subtly told that it seems to have no point at all. Only after reflection does the obvious explanation emerge. We won't tell the title—see if you can ferret it out.

All of the stories have this in common; they should be read one at a time, then read over a couple of days later. Only then do the subtleties of thought and motive separate from the initial impact of immediate action.

Bowles has borrowed touches of his action and symbolism from Conrad, and his misdirection through direct narration from Hemingway. He covers wider

fields than either of them, however, in subject and character. His is the New Directions school of *avante garde* writing without the pretentiousness and esoterics. An acclaimed composer and music critic in his New York habitat, Bowles is now living and writing in the Casbah of Tangier. He has written two successful novels, *The Sheltering Sky* and *Let It Come Down*.

One of the finest stories, "Fourth Day Out From Santa Cruz," tells of a sensitive young man's initiation into life. Confronted by the other crew members' inacceptance of him on his first cruise, he performs an act of cruelty entirely alien to his nature, thus winning the crew's respect.

"Pastor Dove at Tacate" is an account of the conflict between primitive and civilized superstition within a missionary in the jungles of South America. When the pastor finds himself submerging into native habits and ways of thought, he gives up his struggle and runs away, demonstrating his inability to cope with the latent desires and superstitions within himself.

Worthal's Back!

LMOC Starts Third Year at Oregon

You probably saw Worthal at the top of the page. He's "The Little Man on Campus" created by Dick Bibler and has appeared in over 100 college and university newspapers throughout the United States.

Worthal started out at Kansas university. As the winner of a drawing contest, Bibler became the cartoonist for the *Daily Kansas* and then proceeded to create Worthal.

The campus sad sack is a composite of characters, according to Bibler. Fourteen faces were drawn, then the most stupid-looking features of each were combined into one picture. The result: Worthal.

This is Worthal's third year at Oregon, together with his Bibler friends, Prof Snarf and Elsie Mae. We think he's pretty funny and hope you think the same.

Notes to the Editor From Germany

(Ed. Note: Dr. Walter Schwarzlose came to Oregon last fall together with seven other German editors who studied at the University under a state department program. Schwarzlose was a frequent contributor to the Emerald's edit page. We print below an interview of Schwarzlose by himself reporting on his impressions of Oregon and the U. S.)

I am looking again at New York's sky scrapers as I did in September, 1951. Last year it meant arrival, this year it means departure.

Since I contributed something to the Oregon Daily Emerald I can make myself a reporter of this paper and interview myself.

Question: "Did you enjoy your studies at the University of Oregon?"

Answer: "I really did. It was the first time I had the chance to study at an American university and it was a most valuable experience."

Question: "Which other parts of the country have you visited and which is your favorite place?"

Answer: "I was in Spokane, San Francisco, Los Angeles, El Paso, Houston, New Orleans, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Washington, D.C., New York. Honestly, I do prefer the West."

Question: "Is there anything which stimulated in particular your interests while studying in Eugene?"

Answer: "Yes. Comparative journalism and comparative literature. I think it is time to get more conscious about our close relations and to see our differences under the aspect of constructive causes for common achievements."

Question: "What do you think of our American co-eds?"

Answer: "They are wonderful."

Question: "What about student's activities?"

Answer: "I think they contribute a remarkable part to the healthy American students' spirit."

Question: "I know you are in a hurry. Any final general comment?"

Answer: "I like to thank faculty members and students for their hospitality and companionship, for their interest in anything and their contribution to broaden my mental horizon. When I am thinking of the year at the University of Oregon the following statement by Goethe always comes to my mind.

"The world seems so empty when one thinks only in terms of mountains, rivers and cities. But to know of someone somewhere who lives in spiritual accord and in perfect harmony with us, that is what makes this world a veritable paradise."

Dr. Walter Schwarzlose

