Flunking Out?

The problem with an editorial like this—it won't be read by those to whom it's written, namely the freshmen who will flunk out next term or next spring.

The number of freshmen who flunk out their first year in college is dishearteningly great. These are freshmen with the brainpower to contribute much to our society, but who will never get a chance.

You're out of the cradle now, frosh; this isn't grade 13 in high school, this is college where you're supposed to think for yourself as an adult.

Obstacles are presenting themselves that only you can solve—and you're going to bloody your nose on a few of them. It's your reaction to defeat and disappointment that will mark you as boy or man.

Some of you will blame your professors for being too hard or unfair. All professors aren't saints, but what about those students who got the A's and B's in the last test. You had the same opportunity. And you can always learn it in the library, if the prof won't give it to you in class.

The biggest crying towel presently in use is: "too many activities—Homecoming, house dance, firesides, football games." Sure it's a grind. Ever think of saying "No!" to something? You'll never get through life or college if you don't start using this two letter word. If you're pressed, put the books first. Tell the fraternity upperclassmen you've got to study; let 'em get someone else to decorate the float. It takes guts to say no!

And stop being a sheep. If your dorm friends want to shoot the bull or take in a show, tell 'em to count you out. Anytime a guy takes in a show on a week night or goofs off before a test, you can darn well bet he's going to want company. It eases his conscience when he's traveling in a herd.

Or maybe you're the type of guy that's learned the chant of the just-passing upperclassman: "Boy! I got a C and I didn't know a thing!... Just sit next to an A student... I never study... Take geography, it's a sure B... Anyone for a show?"

Buddy, if you can't see through these guys, you might as well forget it. If you can't see past the end of your nose and figure out what you want out of college, you might as well leave for the Army now instead of next term.

Consider the future—when you've got a wife and kids and you're trying to explain to a potential employer just why you should be hired on the basis of a C-minus college record... or why you're qualified despite the fact that you flunked out your first term in college.

Initiative, self-drive, is a quality you'd better pick up, and fast. Figure these problems out for yourself and then follow the conclusion. Or if you're really fouled up, go see your adviser—that's what he's for—or better yet, if a class is giving you trouble go up and see the professor. You'd be surprised how helpful he'll be if you show a little interest and willingness to learn.

Initiative includes making yourself study. That library is more than the parade of co-eds. Get off in a corner, turn your back and make your study time count.

Remember: knowledge is understanding. If you try to get along by simply memorizing the stuff by heart, you'll be in trouble. You might pass the test, but you aren't getting what college has to offer. To learn is to understand—get meaning not memorization. Then you'll enjoy what you learn, retain it and carry it into your adult lift with you.

If there's one course that freshmen moan and groan about it's freshman comp. And if there's one course that's going to do the average frosh more good than the rest put together, it's freshman comp.

From the start of college to the finish, you're going to be expressing yourself—term papers, book reports, blue book exams and a myriad of other papers. If you can't get your points across in writing, you can't hack college. Put some real effort into that comp course—it will probably be your only training ground.

A lot of freshmen, most freshmen, are hampered by the fact that they don't know what to major in. You came to college because it was the thing to do. You'd like to find a major, but in the meantime you're sort of taking it easy. Just remember, Buster, you start building your foundation as a freshman.

If you get up to your junior year and finally pick a major, you may look back and find a blank—no grades, no study habits, no background knowledge. The chance of making a success out of the second two years after that kind of start is slim.

If freshmen could only realize how important the first term, first year, in college is. Start strong and hard and you build study habits, self-confidence, a good GPA and the right attitude. You get the feel of college and you let professors know you're here for a purpose.

One last point—the success of a term's work depends on a strong finish. There are few class grades that can't be pushed up or down a peg depending on the amount and method of study put in during the last two weeks of school. This term can still be saved, if you spurt at the finish.—(D.L.)

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The Big Moment

—The Looking-Glass—

'Brigadoon' on Screen Lacks Charm, Appeal

By Len Calvert
Emerald Columnist

Caution: If you have seen a stage version of "Brigadoon," we do not recommend seeing the screen version currently showing at a downtown theater.

The movie version of the Scotch musical lacks the charm and lightness of the Alan Lerner and Frederick Loewe stage show. It also lacks five of the songs which made the stage show so memorable.

One has to give M-G-M credit, however, for at least transferring the plot intact from stage to screen. One must criticize, however, the omission of such songs as "Come to Me, Bend to Me" and "There, But for You, Go I."

The movie "Brigadoon" is big, elaborate and colorful, but it never quite gets off its feet, despite all the dancers in the cast. Perhaps this is a cause of its slowness; it is more a dance movie than a musical.

One thing which we found regretable was the almost complete elimination of the role of Meg Brockie. It was her role that added so much to the stage show.

In Cinema-Scope and Ansco color, "Brigadoon's" costumes, dances and sets are all worthy of praise. Also noteworthy is the chase scene when Harry Beaton threatens to leave the village and thus break the enchantment which surrounds it.

The most effective part of the movie is the distinct contrast between the unspoiled beauty of "Brigadoon" and the rush and pettiness of modern civilization in New York. The contrast practically strikes you in the face, it is so great.

The dancing of Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse is excellent, as to be expected. However, when Miss Charisse is trying to look like she's in love, she looks more like a dying calf.

A parting shot should be aimed at the make-up department. The make-up on the women is far too heavy. The eye shadow is so heavy, that they look like they haven't slept for weeks.

However, if you haven't seen the stage show, you might enjoy the movie.

(A note should be added here also about the pot-pourri of music to be found in the total program playing at the local theater. Besides the songs from "Brigadoon," the audience is treated to an appetizer of Strauss Waltzes played by the M-G-M symphony orchestra and a main course of songs by Tennessee Ernie and other western stars in another short.)

Oregon Professor Publishes Book

Herbert E. Bowman, assistant professor of slavic languages, is the author of a book just published by the Harvard university press. Entitled "Vissarion Belinski (1811-1846): A Study in the Origins of Social Criticism in Russia," the book is the first complete study of Belinski.

Belinski has been called the father of the Russian intelligentsia, and thus a founder of the revolutionary movement.

The book is one of a series in comparative literature being prepared by Harvard. Bowman prepared the book for the press while he was a research fellow at the Russian Center of Harvard.

College Capers.. From Coast to Coast

By Lucia Knepper
Emerald Columnist

A PAIR OF obvious ice cream fanciers at WSC decided to have an ice cream eating contest. They started out with one pint of chocolate at a local ice cream parlor. Three pints and an hour later the two decided to call it a draw. After all, they didn't want to ruin their dinner! All in all they gorged themselves with three quarts of ice cream and have decided to challenge all comers to future contests to elect a champion chocolate ice cream eater of WSC.

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LOST AND FOUND is doing a great business at the HUB at University of Washington. They receive the usual number of cameras, binoculars, cases, padlocks, slide rules, pipes, thermos bottles and tennis balls. But, recently they acquired a partial set of false upper dentures!

* * *

A STUDENT of the masculine species, reports the WSC Daily Evergreen, showed up for classes last week with one broken arm, therefore unable to take notes. In one of his courses, one of the fairer sex offered her aid by taking his notes for him. He was evidently all prepared for such gallantry for he hauled out a piece of carbon paper and handed it to her. She took same, placed it in her notebook and took notes for the unfortunate male as she did her own. Might keep this idea in mind when next you break your arm, patting yourself on the back!

* * *

THE SAE's at North Dakota are an enterprising bunch. The latest discovery was "study pills destined to revolutionize the American educational system." The brothers manufactured the wonder drug and sold it at 75 cents a pill. Needless to say, the grade-point raising medicine containing "truth serums, caffein and boiled down crib notes" swelled the pockets of the businesslike SAE's. But then came expose, and ruin . . . an inscription on the "study pill" was noticed to plainly read "REXAL" better known by pharmacists as —aspirins.

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COEDS AT KANSAS STATE have gone on a pipe smoking craze!

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SAN JOSE has a novel idea for livening up the usual dreary exchanges between houses on their campus. One of these exchanges was held recently with the theme of "old clothes and funny faces." Pledges of both groups were introduced and members of each pledge class were required to give a brief life history.

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A BEAUTY CONTEST to find the boy with the most beautiful legs on campus was started at the University of California. The prize awarded to the winner . . . one pair of Bermuda shorts.

* * *

A FRATERNITY at WSC sponsored a watermelon eating contest for all sorority pledges. Winners from each sorority chewed for the world championship title. Trophies were presented to the winner and runner-up, blue ribbons awarded to the other finalists.

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WAKE-UP seems to be a problem for all students on this campus. At UCLA fraternities they have solved this problem . . . one bright morning at 5:30, all pledges simultaneously leaned on car horns and blasted the neighbors out of bed.

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