

Family Special

It'll be Family Day at Hayward Field this Saturday, and Mom, Dad and the brood will see Oregon's up-and-running Ducks at home for the first time this year. They'll also see the Spartans of San Jose who bring a so-so record but a promising offense up to throw against the Webfoots.

To be more specific, Oregon fans who have wives, and/or husbands, and/or children, will have to pay only \$3.00 to admit the whole household. Picnic lunches are not recommended, and thermos bottles are out, but there should be plenty of family-style excitement to keep everybody happily occupied, from Mother, who will admire the lush unused Hayward turf, to six-year-old Floyd, who wants his mid-get-sized football autographed by Cas, Jim, Jack, Harry, Ron, Charlie and the rest of his UO heroes.

And for Dad, those pulchritudinous Oregon cheerleaders will be very much in evidence.

Then there's the game itself to consider. At first glance, San Jose ought to provide Oregon with the breather it needs before the Rose Bowl fight really gets torrid. Their one-two record includes sound lickings at the hands of Stanford and Arizona State, but there's more to the Spartans than meets the initial glance.

For their first contact with Oregon since 1954, the Southern will be under the direc-

tion of Bob Tichenal, a knowledgeable fellow who has instituted a split-T system in his first year at San Jose. Though he can boast of no backfield stable comparable to Casanova's, Tichenal will call on one of the Coast's better passers, Bob McKean, for the brunt of his offense.

McKean currently has a .517 passing average, and for targets he can call on two pairs of average-to-good ends for receiving chores.

There's a good chance that neither outfit will be at peak strength by Saturday afternoon at 1:30: flu continues to hound the Ducks, and injuries have been San Jose's bugaboo since the season began.

Absence of current flu victims Ron Stover, Dave Fish and Don Laudenslager could really hurt the Ducks this weekend, but the same applies for the Spartans, who may have to do battle without McKean's best understudy, Mike Jones, and three much-needed linemen, all bothered by injuries.

One Spartan worth watching is a very fast lad named Ray Norton, who has recorded times of :9.4 and :20.3 in the two short dashes. He also plays football.

So if you're a family man, here's your big chance for an afternoon of budget-priced entertainment; if you're interested in a display of high-gear offensive football, so much the better.

home to roost after his boys took their 5-0 shellacking in the final game of the classic. The Old Fox tried every trick in the book, but he just couldn't push a run across the plate.

But it was a great Series; one of the best we've ever cut classes to see. It was fascinating clear down to the bases-loaded-in-the-ninth-inning situation that Brave pitcher Lew Burdette got out of so nicely Thursday. And it ended with the satisfaction of seeing the underdog come out on top, for once.

You can't ask for much more.

First View

Nearly 800 high school students will arrive on campus for the Oregon Scholastic Press conference today, and for many of them it will be their first view of university life.

To you high school students: we're proud of our school, and we hope you enjoy your stay here. The best in programs, help sessions and entertainment has been assembled for you, and we feel that this conference will help you in your high school journalism.

However, in addition to your conference, we hope you get a glimpse of our life here on the campus. You won't get a balanced view of classes, studying, and social life, we grant, but maybe you can absorb a little of the atmosphere that goes with today's college education.

Footnotes

We've noticed an anthropomorphic tendency on the part of the national news services in stories about the Russian satellite. "Sputnik" is such a lovable name that it's almost impossible to describe its meanderings without giving it some human characteristics. One recent story described "Sputnik" as "speaking to earthbound scientists with a new radio voice." We'll be looking for some heart-rending obituaries when the poor little fellow finally meets his demise.

The 'Curve System' of Grading



"SHE'S IN ONE OF MY CLASSES—RATHER DISTRACTING ISN'T SHE?"

Ike Takes 'So What?' Attitude Toward Launching of Satellite

By ED CREAGH
AP News Analyst

WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower's attitude toward the Soviet satellite could be summed up in two words: So what?

Many people—scientists, military men and the rest of us—have reacted somewhat differently. Some are alarmed, others are embarrassed that the Russians got there first, most are fascinated at the very least.

But not the President. He has asked himself: What did the Russians really accomplish?

And he gave his answer at a news conference yesterday: "Apparently, from what they say, they have put one small ball in the air."

Eisenhower showed less concern about this than he has been seen to show over the progress of one small ball from the fairway to the green.

No sarcasm is intended. The President was plainly aware of the worldwide uproar over the miniature moon. He came prepared with a long statement on the subject—something he rarely does.

But the essence of his words was: What's everybody so excited about? We could have done it ourselves if we had wanted to. And what does it really amount to after all?

Others may say—and are saying—that the Russians have scored an historic triumph. There is all manner of speculation about what happens next: Do the Russians zoom ahead in missile development? Do they beat us to the moon? One British rocket expert, Arthur C. Clarke, goes so far as to say the United States became a second-class power when the Russians shot their small ball into space.

Eisenhower has a word for this sort of talk: hysteria.

He said he realized all along that the Russians would get "a great psychological advantage in world politics" if they were first with the satellite. But he said this country was concerned with orderly scientific research, not with propaganda, and "there didn't seem to be a reason for just trying to grow hysterical" about beating the Russians.

Nobody spoke up in favor of hysteria. Hardly anybody ever does. Nobody asked, either, why this country wasn't concerned with "psychological advantage," when it spends millions each year trying to convince the rest

of the world that Americans are smarter and nicer than Russians.

Is the President satisfied with U. S. progress in missile development? He said he naturally wishes we were farther along, but is "not dissatisfied" with what's been done to date.

Is the country now going to put more money and effort into missile development? Eisenhower said the scientists have been given all the support they asked for and "that is all I can do." His new secretary of defense, Neil H. McElroy, said a little later that serious consideration is being given to a missile speedup. McElroy said no action has been taken yet.

Whether the President is being wisely calm or foolishly complacent is a question that only history can answer, not that plenty of people won't try to guess the answer in the meantime.

Some will argue that to discuss the satellite as "one small ball in the air" is like calling the first controlled fusion reaction a little brush fire.

Others will contend that the President isn't being taken in by any Soviet publicity stunt even if some of his critics are. And, as the President suggests, that it's better to proceed with an orderly military-scientific research program than to go beeping off into space.

Anybody who happens to get hit by a guided missile in the course of this great debate may be excused for going a little hysterical.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published four times in September and five days a week during the school year, except during examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per year, \$2 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of The Emerald and do not pretend to represent the opinion of the ASUO or the University.

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Part of the Spirit

At first, it's almost fun. There are new faces to dance with, a new date possibility every ten minutes and lots of healthy exercise. After the first hour, however, the thing begins to pall. You no longer care who you're dancing with, you don't want a date with any of your partners, and the healthy exercise is turning into hard work.

About now, your mind begins to search for a way out of the torment. If you're a girl, you start to wander towards the stairs, thinking to hide in a closet or under a bed upstairs; if you're a man, you drift over to the edge of the mob as it starts its trek to another house.

In either case, you're immediately apprehended by someone who's either caught the spirit of the thing or has a little rank. You're given a brief pep-talk and shoved back into the middle of things. Now you're struck with it, and as the evening wears on you begin to wish you'd studied Yoga—a bed of nails would be heaven compared with this.

But it's all part of that spirit peculiar to college students. The spirit that makes us do things that, on the outside world, would be considered stark madness.

We call it "Bunion Derby."

Coup de Grace

The city of New York has received the coup de grace. First, the giants announced that they were suing for divorce after many years of happy marriage; then the Dodgers, sort of a poor relation, but still part of the family, decided to head west, too.

Thursday the final blow came. The Yankees, pride of the greatest city in the world and champions of the world for so many years that even the Wall Street fans had lost track, dropped the World Series to an upstart baseball team from—of all places—that "bush league" town of Milwaukee, Wis.

Ol' Case's offhand remarks about the relative "bushiness" of the two cities came