

Palouse Precaution



Reputation at Stake

The oft-disputed Duck Preview weekend is now, for practical purposes, a thing of the past. The state high school-college relations committee has voted to suspend the event for 1958, but there is little chance that it will be reinstated later—at least not in its present form.

Frankly, we're happy to see Duck Preview dropped. It was a burden to all students during busy spring term and, more important, it was of doubtful value to the University.

The reasons the event was dropped are simple. There were too many high school students to handle (even with the \$5 registration fee) and high school officials feared that too much emphasis was placed on the social side of college.

The first argument is indisputable. Facilities are simply not available to house the increasing numbers of high school students every year. The second reason, however, will likely cause some consternation, especially among those who helped organize past senior weekends.

It's easy to say that high school officials do not understand the situation, that it's very hard to show a high school student the all-important academic side of college.

The Emerald believes that the emphasis placed on showing Oregon to high school students was ill-advised. The high school

student who really wishes to get something out of college does not look for the school with the most activities and social advantages. Most colleges are just not that different in social advantages.

The Emerald has interviewed high school principals on the subject of why more high school students do not come to Oregon. The unanimous opinion was that high school students themselves feel that Oregon is—that damning indictment—a "Country Club."

We at Oregon know that Oregon is no better and no worse compared with other NW schools as far as a "play school" is concerned. But by emphasizing the social side of college, we were rekindling the dying embers of the Oregon's unfortunate fame as a Country Club—at least in the minds of impressionable high school students.

Now a different situation faces us. High school students will be trickling onto campus throughout the year instead of all coming at once. We have a chance to show them informally Oregon's real merit as a first-rate academic institution.

So let's not muffle our opportunity. The stature of a University is in large measure determined by the quality of its student body. We have the chance to improve ours, so let's take it.

Wynn Dahlgren

Concentration, Reflection Make Exceptional Students

(Wynn Dahlgren, a graduate student in political science, has been a frequent contributor to this page through the Letters to the Editor column. His views, more often than not, have differed from those of the editors—and this, we feel, should make his weekly column all the more stimulating. Dahlgren was the 1957 winner of the \$1000 prize in the Robinson essay contest. —Ed.)

Have you ever wondered about the factor that separates the exceptional student from the mediocre one?

Have you ever been curious to know why some members of the student body are able to get top grades with a minimum amount of time spent with the books?

Perhaps the answer lies in an understanding of the "secret of genius."

Carlyle has said that "the secret of genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains." With a dutiful bow in Carlyle's direction, there would seem to be more to this definition than one might see at first glance. Since a direct request to its author for fuller amplification isn't possible, perhaps a little reflection is called for.

Reflection, by the way, is a highly underrated virtue in our complex society. If you ever have the occasion to talk with the president of a large corporation or a university, you will notice that you have to find your way past one or two secretaries before you reach his sound-proofed office.

This arrangement protects him from the usual annoyances of his job, and gives him the atmosphere and opportunity to reflect on his decisions, rather than to have to give them in the off-the-cuff manner of most small-businessmen.

It has been said that the only authentic genius of our time was Albert Einstein; that, 20 centuries from now, out of all the names accorded prominence today, only his will be remembered.

As a young man living in Berlin, Einstein maintained two apartments—one on the ground floor for his wife and her banging kitchen kettles. The other apartment, to which he had the only key, contained his blackboard, telescope, books and papers. One wonders about the present-day development of

atomic energy if he had spent his youth in an Amazon Village apartment.

With Einstein, the corporation or university president, and the superior student, obviously, much more is involved than just a time and place for reflection. They have found, to a greater or lesser degree, knowingly or unknowingly, the following important part of the secret of genius.

The following is a description of an average student's study pattern for a two hour visit to the library. The first fifteen minutes are spent in inner rebellion at being there in the first place, and if he can't find a friend to talk with, he idly looks at the seven-day books or the magazines. Finally seated at a table across from two brunettes, a blonde and a redhead, he opens his text only to find he left his assignment sheet at home.

Ten minutes later, he opens the book to the proper page and begins to read. He reads for 27 seconds before he engages himself in a debate about the advisability of taking the blonde for a coffee date at the Side at 9:45—to beat the rush. Resolving this problem affirmatively, he rereads the same paragraph in 42 seconds.

Then the thought suddenly occurs that he really ought to go home and change his shirt. Shortly thereafter he ponders the question of the U. of O.'s pass defense against Stanford.

For two hours, his mind has wandered from blondes to pass defense. Rather than controlling his mind, he has let it control him. Instead of snatching it back each time it wandered, and trying to hold it in a steel grip, focused at his assignment, he let it meander wherever it chose to go.

Involved in all this, of course, is a sense of time passing by. Imagine what we would be willing to pay for it if the next hour were not given to us freely. But we have this most valuable thing in the world thrust upon us—for free—to use or throw away.

Psychologists state that we usually work at about 10 per cent of our capacity. The secret of genius then is involved with working at 30 or 50 or 90 per cent of our capacity.

This requires a reflective attitude. (Continued on page 3)

Preliminary

The Revolutionary War had its Bunker Hill. The Constitution has its Preamble, the World Series has its league pennant races.

And the 1958 Rose Bowl may have as its preliminary this Saturday's Oregon-Washington State clash at Pullman.

Call it the Little Rose Bowl if you like—tomorrow's Duck-Cougar battle has "crucial" written all over it, and promises to go a long way towards deciding who represents the Pacific Coast at Pasadena on New Year's Day. Here's the picture: Oregon and WSC are deadlocked (with ineligible OSC) for the PCC lead, with 2-0 records apiece.

But until tomorrow at least, the Cougars are holding trump cards: they've passed their way to victories over California and Stanford, the other PCC teams eligible for Rose Bowl action this season. The Webfoots have collected big wins from Idaho and UCLA, but the Washington Staters will be their first Bowl-candidate foes. (And victims, we predict.)

You'd have to look long and hard to find two teams more ideally suited for each other. Everybody knows about Oregon's defense, one of the nation's stingiest; and Jim Sutherland's pass-mad Cougars lead the Coast in aerial offensives. Something about an irresistible force meeting an immovable object might be appropriate here,

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except that the Webfoots have a mighty big offense, too.

It's entirely possible that Sutherland has developed in two seasons at WSC the Coast's best passing threat since the Don Heinrich-Norm Van Brocklin era. Junior Bobby Newman ranks third in the nation; his reserve, Bunny Aldrich, stand fourth among PCC passers; and the two main WSC ends, Don Ellingsen and Jack Fanning (a pair of 160-pounders) are first and fourth in their department.

All of which spells some trouble for the Ducks of Len Casanova, who left for the Palouse Country yesterday via train. Just enough trouble to make us wish we had tickets to Pullman, to see the onrushing Webfoots do away with their biggest Rose Bowl rival. See you at the listening party, and how about a win-or-lose reception when the train pulls in Sunday?

But Not the Ivy

And now, inspired by Charter Day sunshine and some sort of fall feverishness (we've noted it in professors and activities alike), we see the Physical Plant boys cleaning the gutters of Friendly Hall.

Go ahead, if you will, and rid the troughs of clogging leaves if it will allow better runoff, of our monsoon rains. Even shine the downspouts of our new brick and glass creations. But please don't slip and cut some of that ivy from Friendly's walls.

We'd sooner you painted the fireplugs orange and black, poisoned the squirrels (with apologies to our junior senator) or moved the University seal back to Villard. But please don't touch that Villard ivy. It belongs. And besides, we're afraid the building will fall down.

Footnotes

First, a pheasant tries to fly into Carson Hall. Then, another of these supposedly people-shy birds strolls into a Eugene furniture store. Can we draw the conclusion that our feathered friends, resenting the trespassing on their property of Sputniks and such like mechanical marvels, are trying to fight back? Heaven help us if the insects try to get into the act.