

Basic Research

## Welcome Dads

You can't, we are told by the Dads' Day committee, top a Pop. We quite agree. We offer Dads our heartiest welcome to the campus.

We hope that you find time, Dad, between lunches and tours and athletic events, to ask some questions and do a little thinking about a few of the more serious matters which affect the University and its students.

For instance:

- Drop in at the science building, Dad, even though your son may be majoring in music, and look over the science display. It would be well to keep in mind while you're looking at the several exhibits that the University of Oregon is the only institution in the state system which does basic research in science. Other schools teach only applied science. It is the scientists and teachers in pure science—the original thinkers—who can win back American scientific supremacy.

- Along those lines, Dad, give some thought to Oregon State College's proposal that it become a degree-granting school in liberal arts. You may be a graduate of OSC, yourself, but look through the displays in Oregon's liberal arts departments and decide for yourself if such duplication (Portland State also offers intensive liberal arts instruction) is necessary.

- You might also wander down to Ore-

gon's famous Millrace. You'll notice that it shows no sign of improvement, despite the money-raising campaign that has been going on among students for over a year. If you're also an Oregon alumnus, Dad, you'll have to admit that the disrepair of the Millrace is partially your fault. Students raised \$12,000 last year, which was to have been matched by alumni donations to the Oregon Development Fund. The city of Eugene has promised to match our \$24,000—when and if the alumni fill their quota.

- Something else to think about, Dad, is the limited enrollment program which goes into effect next year. It will accomplish two purposes. Least important will be its effect on the size of the enrollment. Few incoming freshmen will be kept out of the University by a failure to maintain a 'C' average in high school or their inability to pass the entrance test required if they don't have that average.

But it will provide an incentive in high school to those who intend to go on to college—meaning a better prepared freshman class and thus a higher quality student body. Limited enrollment will make this school a better institution for your children. We're glad to have you on campus, Dad. We hope you have a good time while you're here. And we hope that when you leave Sunday you'll have a better appreciation of what the University is and what it is trying to do.



"DID ANY OF YOU HAPPEN TO FIND THAT BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL THAT WAS MISPLACED YESTERDAY?"

Charles Mitchelmore

## Brass Inveigle AF Cadet Into Top-secret Mission

The glare from my study lamp blinded me for an instant as I came back into the room from the corner ice cream dispensary, my sundae still in hand. One of them was leaning casually against the wall, accenting Joe Morello's rimshots with his slide rule on the radiator as my latest Brubeck sounded from the phonograph atop the corner bookcase.



The other half was perched on the shaky typing table. My term paper notes, spread with such good intention an hour before, were shoved against the wall.

"Hey, get off the table; it'll collapse... sir?" I started, then stumbled as the lamp glare cleared, and I spotted the birds on his shoulders.

"Relax, son," said the radiator drummer, leaning over to wipe the ice cream off my jacket with his handkerchief. "This is just a friendly visit."

"That's right," said the table sitter, reaching up to reject the Brubeck. "We'd just like to chat with you about a few things."

"But, Colonel, sir," I stammered, "the dirty uniform in the closet really belongs to my roommate, and as for mine, well, we just had drill today and..."

"No, it's not that at all, son," said the drummer, who suddenly had a star on each collar. He went to the closet and looked at the sleeve of the blue gabardine coat. It did need cleaning.

"It's about the Canaveral caper," he continued. "We don't like this Jupiter stuff, see? And we figured you could help us out."

"But, sir," I blurted, "that A in physical science was really a mistake; it should have been a C, and I..."

"And you got a B in your last quarter of math—high school algebra," said the colonel settling back down on the typing table. "We know all about that."

"What we want is somebody who doesn't know that stuff, somebody who can perform just the simple operation we need performed. We don't want a flop like that Vanguard. Understand, Mister?"

graduates who live in houses, dorms and co-ops. Why their lack of enthusiasm? Here we have no answers, except some one's suggestion that today's college students represent the tag-end of the so-called "beat" generation—a generation of youths apparently lacking enthusiasm about anything, let alone the school which they attend. This we doubt—youthful enthusiasm still belongs to us, but we're puzzled as to which new outlets it is now directed.

Second, we must ask, "Is the decline of school spirit a good thing? No, from at least two standpoints, we are sure that it is not healthy.

Returning to the province of athletic spirit, few would deny that enthusiastic support from a student body should be at the top of any list of requisites for a successful athletic program: proselyting, attendance and team performance are all benefitted.

"School Spirit," in the all-inclusive use of the term can have its deepest value, we think, in presenting to those students who profess such a spirit, a meaning to their education in addition to the purely academic. Pride, loyalty, maybe even a dash of chauvinism are components of the "school spirit" of today's "old grad." While we smile at his antics at Homecoming, we might ask ourselves, "Is it possible that he got more and is getting more out of the University than I am and will?"

We are very much interested in this winter's rally squad, because they are the first in some time to be visibly concerned with these problems. We commend Dan Arensmeier and his crew for looking more deeply into "school spirit" than usual. We hope they do not lose sight of the more general meaning of this term. From a purely technical view, their performances have been generally good. As the most obvious office of "spirit", they must realize that gyrating at Mac Court is only one part of their difficult job.

## Footnotes

The campus activity mill must have inspired a history professor, who recently observed that a lecture was merely "an orderly interlude in student life."

## Whither Spirit?

"The time has come", the Walrus said, "to speak of many things: of rally squads, esprit de corps, of cheering and yell kings."

We preface thus some comments on the subject of rally squads and allied arts with full assurance that many others have preceded us, with views as remarkable for their variety as for their general ineffectiveness. Literally everyone has put thoughts into words and words into letters (sometimes the first step is omitted) about school spirit, lack of same, and similar problems. And so we must too.

First, an observation on that intangible entity: school spirit. We suggest (this is not a single opinion) that the lack of demonstrative enthusiasm at Oregon is not so much due to a regrettable apathy as it is the result of a widespread trend away from the "sophomorphism" that must have prevailed in time long past, in the "good old days" of school spirit. In other words, it has often been observed that today's college students are much less concerned with their alma mater than they were, say, during the 1920's—perhaps this is the general trend of things, rather than a particular situation at Oregon and other so-called "apathetic" institutions.

Bear in mind that we are not speaking only of athletic spirit. We mean the whole complex concept of "What one feels about one's school."

Two questions immediately arise: why is "school spirit" thus on the wane, and is this trend a healthy thing?

Not being sociologists, we can only surmise as to possible causes. On the Oregon campus, at least, statistics tell a great deal: About twenty-three percent of the student body is married. There has been a significant increase in graduate and foreign student enrollment. Veterans have constituted another very large segment of Oregon's enrollment. Each of the four classes have urgent interests besides those which pertain only to the Oregon campus, and thus are not likely to maintain what can be loosely termed "esprit de corps", pride of alma mater, or "school spirit."

But we are left with the rest of the student body, those "unattached" under-

"It's pronounced Mitch'l----"  
"Quiet!" hissed the general, leaning forward from the radiator. "Security, you know." He patted me reassuringly on the shoulder. "Let's just call you, uh, let's see... yeah, 'Andrix', 'Bo Andrix'."  
I gulped quickly. "Sir, I mean, uh, a joke's a joke, and I read the funny papers too, and... but, sir, I wouldn't fit in one of those things anyway, and there are a lot of seniors in The Program who are smaller and know more about that sort of business—physics majors who're gonna make it a career if they like the five-year tour and..."  
"Nope, we want you," snapped the colonel, and he set the Brubeck album cover he had been studying back on the desk. "By the way," he whispered, leaning forward again, "are there any advanced Army cadets in the house?"  
"Just one," I said, "and don't worry about him; he wouldn't say anything if he could figure it out. He lives on the other floor anyway."  
"Unh uh," frowned the gen-  
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