

COLLEGE SPIRIT

What is **college spirit**? Is it yells, flung hysterically from a "well-oiled" throat, hats smashed in a moment of exultation, or players cursed when they tackle our men? Is it constant and soul-stirring speeches by the yell-leaders, inspiring music from the band, or is it even victory?

Is it five gallons of "hell-raising" done on a Corps Trip?

We are sure that **college spirit**, in most institutions today, exists in one or more of the forms we've asked about above and for that reason, it appears, in nearly all instances, not as a fine and shining love for Alma Mater (sentimentally immortalized in so many meaningless college songs), but as a sottish and bedraggled excuse for personal over-indulgence.

College spirit has become part of a chain of magic phrases, invented to conjure up in the childish student mind a wonderful deity whose commands are: "Speed, liquor, and women." Too close for decency, linked to **college spirit**, there are the phrases: **let's celebrate, tell me her phone number, and hand me ya bottle, kid.**

There should be a **college spirit**, all right an honest-to-goodness respect for one's school, and a desire to make that school better! What we are driving at is that, in the majority of cases, this kind of spirit doesn't exist.

If an unquenchable thirst, regulated to support the athletic teams to the bitter end, is the **only** form of school patriotism available on a campus, then the institution in question is, indeed, in a sorry state.

Athletics are fine for a college. The color, pageantry, and suspense involved are, in themselves, justification for the money and time expended. Also, the appearance of an athletic team on any field is a great advertisement for a college.

But—it would be lamentable if this were the only type of college advertising. The success of a football team is not an academic barometer. If Jones, a graduating high school student who intends to major in mathematics at college, decides to enter Blank College, he doesn't (if he is the desirable student—the only type who should be in college) base his selection on the number of touchdowns that Blank made the preceeding fall, but on the reputation of Blank's mathematical department. Elementary? Sure but it is apparent that a football team receives far more publicity than a mathematics department.

The end of college athletics should be mere diversion. Rigorous physical training for the players, and an outlet of mental enthusiasm for the student body as a whole. If it becomes the object of major interest, overshadowing the academic, then it is a detriment, and a severe one at that. And furthermore, if it becomes an excuse for "celebrations" then, advertisement or no advertisement, it should be abolished.

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So, along with your study of the coach's methods, the team's capabilities, and the conference outlook, mix in a little information about the academic side of your college. Do you know whether the library is a good one or not? Does the school of engineering compare favorably with those of other schools? Are your fellow students cultured in manner, or are they coarse and crude? Is the overhanging spirit on the campus healthy or unhealthy, from the intellectual point of view.

Let your "celebrations" be conducted on simpler and more sensible lines—do your drinking in a coffee shop where you can discuss your football team with a clear head. Otherwise, you probably will thwart your own purpose, because football, the reason for your "celebration," is likely to be forgotten as the tide of stimulation begins to rise. And thus, your whole week-end is really wasted!