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UA37/44 Assimilation

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ASSIMILATION

As the college has grown fast, I have often marveled at the way the new people, in general, have been assimilated, even though it must have been a new experience for several of them. Others, however, do not seem to have been assimilated or even to want to become a part of the general purpose of the college. This very week two of our most loyal teachers—Turner Elrod and Herbert Shadowen—have spoken to me about the small group of belly-achers who assemble at the Faculty House and cuss everything and everybody out as a sort of daily exercise. Turner was our own boy, of course, and knew how to fit in; Herb, though not one of ours, grew up in Kentucky and had all of his education, till ready for his Ph. D., in Kentucky. It would be hard to find any two more loyal ones of any age or origin than these two. What they mentioned, neither one knowing that the other had spoken on the same subject, was that a small group of teachers show that they feel superior to this dump or joint or hole in the ground called Western and would like—except for the salary—to go elsewhere at once. Several gripe about having no time for research and waste more time daily on griping than a good-sized research project would demand.

As we have grown, in older times, it was possible, though never wholly so, to get people adjusted to this college and its problems. Some of the older teachers, even those who were often glorified by returning alumni, never felt the least bit of interest in our college as a whole or in any of its purposes and programs. One old-timer refused to attend faculty meeting for years on end; another one joined him in refusing to take any part in any commencement; several others refused to offer their services for off-the-campus affairs of any kind. Relatively speaking, our uninterested ones now may be no more numerous than they once were in proportion to our population, but they seem to be a little louder.