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Saturday, June 11, 1910.

Some Things That Are Worth While and Others That Are Not

When all the conflicting philosophies concerning the meaning of life have been satisfactorily settled, when the curians and brahmins have compromised their differences and agreed upon the fundamental spring of human action, when charitable Christian shall rest in peace with justice loving Jew, and our own motives shall be exhibited to us without hypocrisy, color, or pretence, two forces, we believe, will be found to be behind them all: The desire for esteem; self esteem for some, and for some the esteem of others.

Every man must decide for himself which of these gods he wishes to follow, and no two will agree probably on the basis for self esteem. As to the esteem of others, let us see how it may be acquired.

In history there are two classes of men; one was admired, the other loved. The one was the hero, the other the man. We still admire Caesar, the hero, but we love Brutus, the man. The world turns in terror from the genius Napoleon, with his path of blood and ruin, to the man Lincoln.

It is time for college men to think a little more carefully about the meaning of these men's lives. We are in a little world of our own, and our chief object after learning, perhaps, should be to make friends, to win the esteem of our fellow students. We should recognize that in this the only thing that counts is our worthiness and the effort we put forward. The office of the politician, the place won by the hero has only two possible uses. One is as a means of winning esteem, and the other is as a symbol that this esteem has been won. An office held for any other purpose is useless. No office brings popularity, or if it does it is only the proverbial popularity of rats for a sinking ship.

Therefore, students, remember this: An office is not worth striving for as an honor. If you have the honor, the office will come without striving. If an office does not come with the esteem of your fellow men, it will go into profitless hands, and you will get something far better. The spontaneous applause which greeted a student when he went forward before the meeting last Tuesday afternoon was a symbol of popularity more unmistakable than all the offices in the student body. Offices may be won by intrigue; applause like that, never. If that student takes our advice, he will value that applause above any other honors he can receive while a student at this or any other university.

To all who stay over for the few days of Commencement this year is promised a time of real pleasure. Examinations are all off, the mind is free from the thought of harassing quizzes and grim professors. The reaction from

the year is a fine sense of rest and contentment, so that when the two culminating days of Commencement come, Tuesday and Wednesday, everyone feels in a joyous and hilarious (perfectly conventional) mood, to enter with spirit and zest into the various occasions which is of hearty good fellowship and friendship with all who claim the University as their alma mater.

A FEW WORDS ON THE FAMOUS OREGON SPIRIT

DUDLEY CLARKE, 1910, PHILOSOPHIZES ON A TIMELY TOPIC

The Shame of the College

There comes a time in the life of every college man when he wants to say exactly what he thinks,—that time is usually just before he graduates, for he feels that he can talk with assurance of the conditions of college life. I have been asked a number of times during the last few weeks to give my opinions on various things connected with college life, and this I have done freely. To stop any misapprehension, I would say this at the start,—I am not aiming my remarks at any particular bunch, clique or set; if any take offense, it is because the shoe fits, and those that it pinches the most will holler the loudest, so keep your eyes open for squalls.

What does a man come to college for? Everyone will say at a moment's notice that it is to get an education. Well, what does an education consist of? It consists of what a man absorbs from his books and (yes that's where the rub comes in) what he absorbs from his associates. Let's get right at the heart of the matter and find out what a man gets from his associates. Does a man mix with the ones that are most congenial to him? Does he mix with the ones whose assistance will help him in after life?

Does he? Yes, if those men happen to be in the same house with him; yes, if his bunch happens to be friendly with the other crowd. I'll venture there are not ten seniors in college who can honestly say that they know all the men in their class that they care to meet or who, in fact, know more about their own classmates than to call them by their first name when it comes near election time. What kind of a college is this anyway? Is it a state university where, it is supposed, men will broaden out and do the best for the state, or is it a select crowd of social parasites? To tell the truth after being four years in attendance, I am as much at sea over that matter as a freshman,—and by the way while I am on the matter let me express my opinion about politics and politicians.

When I came here they told me that the best man was bound to win, and that it was "Oregon Spirit" (a title of some antiquated feeling I believe from the way things are now run) that would see that all personal and private grievances were laid aside, and the best man would be bound to win. As I think of the matter at the present moment it makes me laugh. The best man win—why yes—he'll win if he happens to belong to a clique that has a little influence or if he happens to be that kind of an individual who would sell his chance for a little worn out tinsel. Does the best man win; does he? Do you take into consideration whether he deserves the place, has he honestly done enough to entitle him to it? Not by a whole lot. You vote for the man whose house may help yours in the next election or who has never offended your tender feelings (that to the call of honor are as thick as a bull's hide).

I said at the outset of this little communication that I didn't want to be personal but if there is a man in the Var-

look back over the events of not a year ago, but a week, and say that what I say that calls himself a man, who can have said is false, he's a candidate for the Roosevelt Nature Faking Club and he knows it. As for the college politicians, and by the way you know them as well as I do, they are, to say the least the most contemptible and nauseating beasts that ever infested the campus. Such persons, whose only aim in college is to get the name of their men in the fraternity magazine, and to see that the crowd has the most offices, however incapable, as nine times out of ten results from them to be, are the ones that will babble most about "Oregon spirit," and occupy half an hour of your time trying to find out where you stand on a matter that is none of their business; that beast has occupied in times past some little place on the campus, and to those who remain when I am gone I would say this: Though the faculty has cut out hazing, it is not in any sense of the word hazing to give the water cure to a pest. Even the trees are sprayed to rid them of a parasite.

Since I have gone this far, I might as well go the limit, and say a few things more before I "cut it," and those few things are these: You ask an Oregon man of the old guard what the one thing that Oregon was most noted for was, and he will say "Oregon spirit." To those men "Oregon spirit" meant everything for the Varsity, and nothing that interferes with it is to be taken into consideration. That the men who held the offices and captained the teams were the men who earned them honestly and by consistent and untiring effort for the Varsity. What is the "Oregon spirit," that you prate about today (and know nothing of)? I'll tell you what it is. It's self, pure and simple, nothing more or less than self. There are a few things that you can blind a man's eyes to for a little while, but when it gets so that bunches are working to the detriment of the college, then it is high time that some one did what the most successful of them don't do—come out in the open and open the eyes of the grads and undergrads to the condition that exists.

Oregon spirit of the past is a myth and grows more and more worthless every year. The word bunch or men is heard on the campus five times to the word Varsity once.

Student Body offices, captains of teams, and what not, are the prey of petty jealousies and scraps. If you have read this far you will know what I meant when I headed this "The Shame of the Varsity."

If you're a man and the little tin god of Self and Bunch hasn't eaten its way into that part of your anatomy where it is supposed your conscience lies, then you know what to do. If you're not, then the words of the prophet paraphrased, "The Lord have mercy on the Varsity."

DUDLEY R. CLARKE

Tom Kelly has hearkened to the never to be resisted call of the diamond, and left last night for Chehalis, where he will take charge of the Chehalis team in the state league.

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