

The Bystander

The Great Contagion!
Student Revolution!
Whence—Oxforditis?
A Toast—!

By C. N. E.

Now that events are crowding rapidly upon us, it is a matter of life and death that all definitions be properly defined—as the Walrus would say to the Carpenter. Wake up—we are calling you "Oxforditis."

Student Union drive is a big drive, but it is only part of the Oxforditis drive. The agitation for individually increased interest in sports is only part of the Oxforditis agitation. Those who "kick" about the over-organization are bitten by the bug. It's contagious!

Even "the shady place by the old Mill Race" works in very nicely with the "Disciples of More Time."

Colleges and universities have a way of intensifying certain aspects of the spirit of the nation in which they are situated. American bustle, intensified 25 per cent, is riding Oregon's 10 per cent to a hard fall. They are the goats. What does the "glory, envy of others, etc." mean to them, who have no time to even think of aught but work?

The 90 per cent have—canoeing, teas, dansants and 186 credits for graduation. In other words, they have the leisure but not the intellectual stimulus.

The 10 per cent have the intellectual stimulus, but not the leisure. "Activities" still pursue them!

This Oxforditis—this real University spirit, has held its strongest trenches in the senior class, among the undergraduates. The juniors are "getting the idea." But how about the underclassmen? Two years from now, when they are S-e-n-i-o-r-s, will Oregon hold a recognized place in the leading ranks of this student revolution which is sweeping the nation?

For there is a student revolution in progress—and a faculty one, too. This movement is carrying all before it in the United States and Canada. Undergraduates are tired; tired of only credit hours, of committees and pins. Four years of undergraduate rush—pins and committee experience, and what does the cold, cruel world care when you graduate? Sure, you may be the office boy, and spend your organizing ability in arranging the brooms and dust-pans in the cleaning-closet. Of course, activities are of some vital good—I am exaggerating the case against them—but you get the point?

This is the University of Oregon's chance to a great achievement and reputation. Pray she sees it—then work! For then the title an "Oregon" man will be all-sufficient to distinguish her graduates—anywhere!

How many knows that the goal of many of the Oregon faculty has been for years—conceived long before the present sweeping, popular movement—to create a University of Oregon diploma ranking with those of Yale, Harvard, Princeton in the eastern United States, and Oxford and Cambridge in England? Hence—Oxforditis!

Here's to:
Individualistic interest in sports—teams subsequent!

Even more use of the rent, Sheldon and "special interest" shelves! (The latter two shelves are just back of the circulation desk, and are free—try them. The librarians won't bite you!)

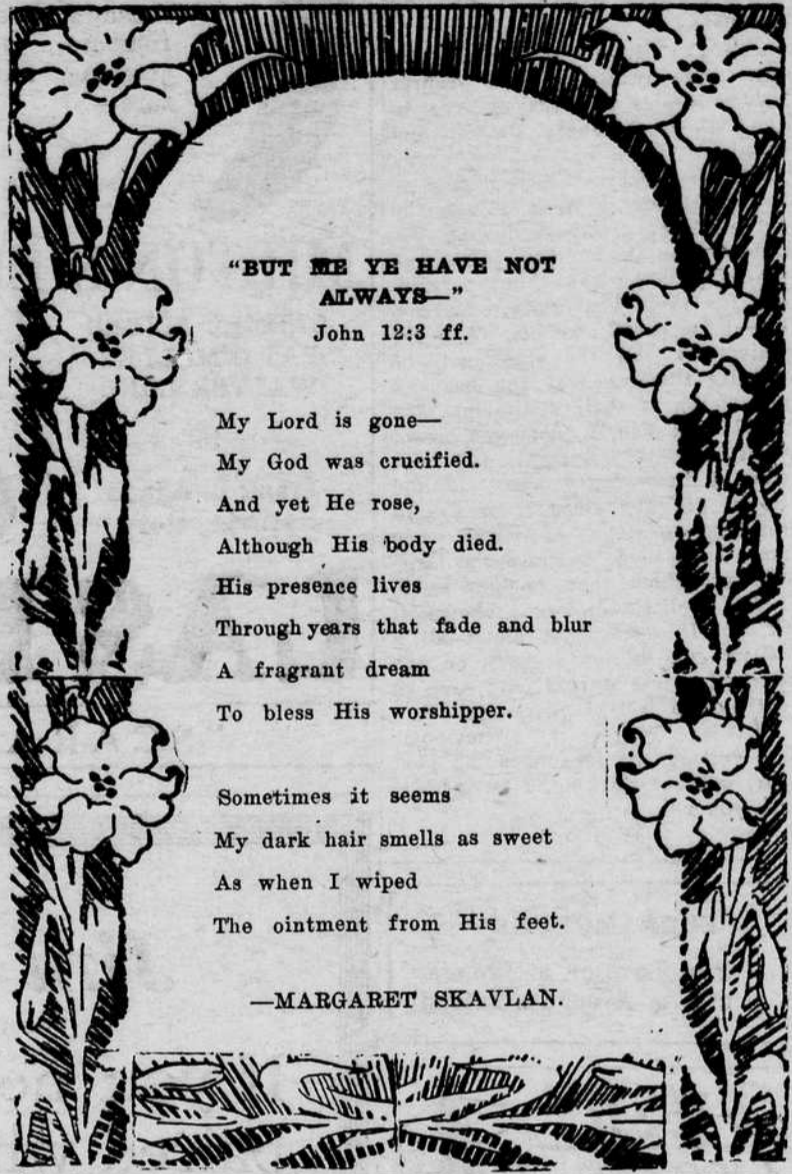
Even more honest dissatisfaction with the present system of credit. The faculty will probably be eager to change the system as soon as you petition them!

Skid the useless committees and "honor fraternities."

A toast. Drink, then! "To Greater Oregon!"

PRUDENCE AND GUY TALBOT VISITING THEIR AUNT

Prudence and Guy W. Talbot Jr., of Portland, are guests of their aunt, Miss Gertrude Talbot, of Hendricks hall, for a few days. Both are enjoying a vacation from school work.



"BUT HE YE HAVE NOT ALWAYS—"
John 12:3 ff.

My Lord is gone—
My God was crucified.
And yet He rose,
Although His body died.
His presence lives
Through years that fade and blur
A fragrant dream
To bless His worshipper.

Sometimes it seems
My dark hair smells as sweet
As when I wiped
The ointment from His feet.

—MARGARET SKAVLAN.

Snow Slides— Gales; a Battle With Elements

By Margaret Skavlan

Mountain sickness, blinding snow, an 80-mile gale, and all the hazards of ice-fields and snow slides were not enough to deter adventurous youth determined upon doing the impossible—climbing the Middle Sister in the month of March. Seven University students—Lewis Martin, Guy Ferry, Ronald Sellers, Bob Green, Harvey Robertson, Marvin Cragun, and Alton Gabriel—spent in this way four days of the spring vacation.

They left Eugene in cars on March 20, and although they were warned by an old guide at McKenzie Bridge that the ice fields were impassable at that time of year, stretching for thousands of feet, the men determined to risk it. Leaving the cars at Alder Springs, they hiked eight miles and camped for the night at Frog Camp. Next day in four feet of loose snow and without snowshoes they took turns breaking trail, and made 10 miles in eight hours.

A lean-to of fir boughs with a fire in the middle furnished a shelter for the first night on the timber line. The men dug four feet in the snow leading out from the lean-to, and after laying four six inches of fir boughs in these improvised bunkies they could sleep snugly with only three blankets.

Leaving their 50-pound packs in the lean-to, the men left early the next morning on the 4000-foot climb to the peak. Their one concern was to make it and return before dark, or they were lost. With 60 feet of rope, an ax, a trench shovel, and light (very light) refreshments of chocolate bars, raisins and hardtack, they set out.

All extra socks had been burned the first night while left to dry on sticks in front of the fire, an extra glove had suffered the same fate at the timber line, so the men were none too warm. Soon a blizzard set in, and it was impossible to see ten feet ahead. An eighty-mile gale was blowing, and the tendency was to follow the storm instead of the compass which they believed to be wrong. Nevertheless they followed the compass.

At some 120 foot cliffs which looked impossible to scale, Robertson and Gabriel turned back to the timber line camp. Martin and Ferry, who led the party, took the rope and climbed the face of the cliffs, being surprised to meet their other comrades at the top, who had found their way around one other side.

"Hurray for hell!" It was Martin who first discovered that the summit had been reached about 2 p. m. Tired but exultant, they looked behind them and could see below them a shadowy outline of the mountain. They knew they were no longer climbing when they walked, but distance had been so deceiving that 100 yards from the top it had seemed almost as far away as from the timber line.

They dared not spend much time looking for the Mazama box in which they wished to put their names, so the names and date, March 22, were written by Cragun, who wore the heaviest gloves, and buried in a tobacco can.

At 3:30 they struck their old trail which was nearer the timber line and had not been entirely obliterated.

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He Thinks---and He Gives Us Food for Thought

By D. L. W.

"I think."
And one who thinks stimulates others to thought.

So is Alexander Meiklejohn, who paused a few, too short hours on the Oregon campus, and was hustled away again to Portland, where he is to spend some weeks sowing the germs of ideas, even as he has sown here.

The seed struck fertile soil, and one can feel already the vast bulk of Complacence heave and shake its dull head, not understanding, but feeling that another has come and is demanding its share—its share in the University community—its share in the faculty and students.

Meiklejohn let down the bars to this newcomer—Sensitivity—introduced him, and encouraged acquaintanceship.

As he rose and stepped forward, before the earnest group assembled in Alumni hall, Thursday evening, a current of surprise flowed about the circle.

"Why, I didn't imagine that was he," exclaimed one, under his breath, to a neighbor.

He appeared small, insignificant, in the shadow of the soft lights. His first remarks were halting, almost catchy, feeling out the ground, test-

ing, judging. His remarks, naive, brought chuckles from the hearers.

Then he said, "I shall begin." Like one crossing a bit of bog, careful lest he mire, but had now crossed safely. He knew where he was. He knew what he wanted to say.

His ideal—to appreciate what is to be appreciated—to be sensitive. "That's life at the very top, I think." The inflections were perfect complements to the thought and word. Were one not a native to the tongue, he would have been stirred by the music, the feeling, that was there. A master priest of his creed.

He preaches, "Think." He practices, "Think." His apostles, "Think." That is education to Meiklejohn, the development of these endowments. That is what he attempted, and largely accomplished at Amherst college, of which he was president from 1912 until a little less than a year ago, when a storm of opposition from alumni and trustees broke about him.

R. L. Duffus, reviewing "Prophets Unaware," by Lucien Price, an account of Amherst affairs and ideals, says, "Mr. Price's attention was called to this educational experiment in 1913 when he met on a Nantasket steamer in Boston harbor an Am-

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Quarter Men Show Speed

Results of Saturday's Track Competition Satisfy Bill Hayward

Time Is Kept Secret

Several Runners Not in Suits Because of Minor Injuries

"Well, I find our chances look better since I find out there are some sprint men and half milers coming out for track, but we are still weak on second and third place men in many of the events," was Coach Hayward's comment after the track meet at Hayward field yesterday. This was a full fledged meet with officials and everything.

The demon race of the day was the quarter mile event. Both Bissley and Rosebraugh are two year men and both are showing better form than at any previous season. Rosebraugh drew the inside lane and held a slight lead for three quarters of the way, then Bissley forged even with him and they battled neck and neck until a short distance from the finish Bissley managed to gain enough to enable the judges to declare him the official winner. According to Coach Hayward, the time was perfectly satisfactory for this early in the season; but not for publication.

More Speed Developed

M. Lucas, Tuck and Snyder developed enough speed in the 100 to make Bill express his satisfaction with the time. In the 880 Gerke, Mauney and McCune battled through the race. Gerke who won, was about eighth at the end of the first lap, but managed to pull away from the crowd soon enough to win after a hard sprint. He won the race last week in the same spectacular way. Flying finishes may be that boy's specialty.

Perhaps the collection of fair co-eds in the grandstand is responsible for some of the best times being made yet this season. If these few inspire the men sufficiently to enable them to run the best races they have yet this year, the multitude which will undoubtedly be here for the Olympic try-outs should mean much toward returning Oregon a winning team.

Some Unable to Work

Tetz and McColl were not in suits today; being still incapacitated by numerous ailments. Leland Walker, a promising two-miler, has been forced to do his track work from the sidelines by order of the doctor. If Oregon could once escape the clutches of the jinx and get all her material into operation at once—well, she won't be last in the conference race this year, anyhow.

Summary of the races: Low hurdles—Kelsey, Rodda and Clark. High hurdles—Kelsey, Cleaver and Hunt. 220—Holt, M. Lucas and Cash. Two-mile—Keating and Jones. One-mile—Barnes and Conley. 440—Risley, Rosebraugh and Wilbur. 100, final heat—M. Lucas, Tuck and Snyder. 880—Gerke, Mauney and McCune.

Summary of field events: Broad jump—Rosenburg, Gray and Snyder.

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Heilig Will Give Special Music

A specially prepared concert for the opening of the Heilig's new Robert Morton orchestral organ Monday night has been arranged by Albert Lachele, who will preside at the console. The program has been planned to please an audience that appreciates the finer class of music as well as those who enjoy the late popular selections. The concert will be fifteen minutes in length and will be played immediately after the feature picture at 8:50. The program is as follows:

- (1) Overture "Poet and Peasant" (Suppe).
- (2) "Medley of Old Standby" (Albert Lachele).
- (3) "March Militaire" (Franz Schubert).
- (4) "Collection of Popular Hits."
- (5) "Mighty Oregon."

Hayward Gives \$500 to Union

More Unity Is Needed Says Trainer

One pledge begets another. Bill Hayward today announces to the Student Union campaign committee that it has his signature for \$500. "Bill" is Number Two on the official roll of Student Union. His pledge was made yesterday, after thoughtful consideration on the part of the trainer of just how far he had better go in subscribing his support to the project.

It need not be stated that Hayward favors the plan. "Bill" is a citizen of older years who has watched time apply its brush to the campus and the University. In his heart have been coveted beatific recollections of days when Old Oregon was young.

"Bill's" 21 years here have taught him things. He finds students drifting apart. And he sees the spirit which was life at Oregon in days gone by altered. And he thinks that Student Union will serve to restore a morale, a state of mind, which was of inestimable value when it stood out on the Oregon campus.

"The power of Oregon spirit is Unity," said "Bill," when he made known his desire to back the Student Union. "Increased numbers make necessary a more minute division of individual interests," was the idea "Bill" expressed in describing the disappearance of that "something" which is so vital to a unified student body. "We need a Student Union to bring Oregon students together."

"Here," said the veteran, as he handed the committee his \$500 pledge. "This will build a few bricks for Student Union."

Women to Have Leap-Year Hop

The women on the campus are urged not to forget the leap year dance, given by the Women's league, Friday evening, May 2, at the Woman's building. The admission is 85 cents—to be paid by the co-eds. The music is to be furnished by Jack Myer's Mid-nite Sons.

Tickets are to be sold at the various women's houses next Tuesday evening at dinner, by Lucinda Dell, Margaret Jamison, Delores Pearson and Alberta Carson. The committee hopes that the girls will get their dates and their tickets as early as possible.

The proceeds of the dance go to the social treasury of the organization, to help pay for its share of the expenses incurred in sending Mary Bartholomew to the Student Volunteer convention last fall.

Varsity Wins Battle of Bats

Teams Show Need of Hard Workouts

Let it suffice to say that both the varsity and freshman baseball squads got a good workout in their practice game yesterday afternoon. It was useless to try to score the hectic contest, as the hits and errors followed so closely after one another that they formed a regular barrage. To-werrd the last it became a regular merry-go-round for the varsity who batted completely around two or three times. Cook and King rapped the ball for four bases, and cleaned the bases driving in a couple of men before them in each instance.

However, in spite of the hitting fest, the fact was demonstrated that several of the varsity players have not got back the old batting eye, for in some instances they fanned ingloriously. The defensive work was also very ragged. The work of the infield showed plainly that they are not ready for conference competition yet. The weather and lack of an adequate playing field has handicapped Coach Reinhart and his men, and, as a result, they are somewhat behind the other members of the conference in the progress of their training. Reinhart faces no mean task in whipping an aggregation together capable of taking the long end of the score from Whitman next Wednesday.

Both the varsity and the frosh used three hurlers or more during the course of the entertainment yesterday afternoon. The varsity battery was composed of Sausser, Brooks and Bliss. The freshmen hurlers were D. Adolph, Kiminki, Watt, and Orr. A varsity catcher, did the receiving for the yearlings.

Both teams are in need of some hard scrimmage to put them in shape and get them to working together. Some other sessions like the one yesterday should aid materially in shaping up the aggregations ready for outside competition. Reports from the other conference teams indicate that they have strong nines in prospect, and so that means that Oregon will face a strenuous season on the diamond this year. However, if the pitching staff comes through at all, Oregon should have some of the contests stowed away on the right side of the book.

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The Murphy Clan's Inning A Name's Strange Fortune

By Norma Wilson

Lucky is the man who's name is Murphy! Proud should he be to bear that title. For an unusual, wonderful award awaits those who were so fortunate as to be born into the great family of Murphys. And, among us here on the campus, is a Murphy who is about to take advantage of his singular opportunity.

Errol Murphy, a senior in economics, has made his way through the University by working 12 long hours every night at one of the Eugene garages. And, all at once, out of the working man's dark sky, there comes to him a chance to continue his studies at Harvard, where he will take up law on a scholarship of \$100 a month.

How does it happen? And where does the name of Murphy come in?

(Continued on page two.)

Georgia Benson Describes Trip

Arizona Country Has Many Attractions

A desert picnic, a visit to Harold Bell Wright's home, a trip across the border into Mexico and dinner in the famous Sonora, and "Cave in the Mountain," are just a few of the very interesting and unusual things which Georgia Benson, president of Women's league, did on her recent trip as representative to the Western Conference of Associated Women Students at Tucson, Arizona.

"When I arrived there, it was sprinkling," said Miss Benson, "and when the girls apologized, I told them that I felt right at home." The Arizona campus is very dry looking, with practically no grass and very unlike our own Oregon campus. All the girls seemed to have bobbed hair. There are 1,100 students, of which only 400 are women. The men were certainly nice to all the representatives of the conference, and put themselves out to entertain us.

"One of the loveliest scenes that I witnessed," she said, "was a pageant called the 'Magic Fountain.' It was performed outside by a large fountain, with a cactus garden behind it, and the blue and purple mountains in the distance.

"Another interesting experience was a visit to Harold Bell Wright's Pueblo home, about seven miles out from Tucson. Mr. Wright was not at home, but Mrs. Wright was there, and was lovely to us.

"Then we went on a trip across the Mexican border to Nogales, Mexico," continued Miss Benson.

Russian Spirit Shown in Play

'He Who Gets Slapped' Symbolic Comedy

The symbolism of the Russian of today in Leonid Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped," to be produced by the University Company at Guild hall Thursday and Friday, is a direct and interesting one. Every character of the play can be taken as symbolic of a certain class in modern Russia.

The feverish groping after civilization and order that has convulsed Russia since the war is well represented by the jostling circus, with its conflicts of people utterly strange to each other, yet living together; and withal, with little comprehension of what they are struggling about.

"He Who Gets Slapped" is the best of Russia; the aristocracy of the ancient regime who descends into the maelstrom of today's Russia willing to be the lowest; earnestly trying to enter into the life of the people, to understand them, and to guide them. "He" brings with him all the culture, all the achievement of the mankind which was formerly only the privilege of his own class. How it is understood and appreciated is better told by the play.

There is Papa Briquet, the hesitant manager of the circus, typifying the upper bourgeoisie; temporarily ruling, trying in a timid way to solve the immense problems that face Russia today.

Zinida, lion tamer, passionate, fiery, abnormal, symbolizes in her wildness, the Red element. She is restless, she tries continually to attach herself to someone, something. She has a passion for a great red lion; an artistic touch. She portrays well the restlessness of that element today.

Count Mancini is the degenerate parasitical type of impoverished nobleman that preys on that unhappy country today. Villainy has become his sole trade, exploitation of the ignorant people below him.

Consuelo and Bezano, the juveniles, are typical of the fresh, unspoiled youth; ignorant but good, and the hope of the nation. One after another of these different elements, these different people try to gain over the youth; and their measure of success and failure makes up the main body of the plot. There is Baron Regnard, rich, dissipated, suitor of Consuelo; a very personification of evil. Count Mancini, using all his influence to affect this union of Consuelo and the Baron; Zinida making passionate love to the shrinking Bezano. What "He" does in the general melee, his concern for the Youth, and his part in the tragedy form a gripping climax.

An interesting figure is the Gentleman, personification of "He's" past; weak, ineffectual, shrinking from the contacts of this bourgeois' world.

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