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The Week of Weeks

Sunday. The first day of the most momentous week in the student history of the University of Oregon. Easter Sunday. In ecclesiastical circles, the first day of a transformed world. The analogy is obvious, for, within the narrow confines of one week, the Oregon undergraduates will effect a service to the University which will result in manifold transformations of student life.

At the beginning of the fourth day of this week, and in the three days following, will go forth the men and women who have been chosen to carry through the initial step in the biggest movement that has ever been planned for Oregon advancement. They have gladly assumed their task, for although it is not a pleasant duty to solicit pledges, that fact is subordinated in their minds to the greater vision of doing an immeasurable service to their University. They have been engulfed by the spirit of the thing—just as the student body will be engulfed when President Campbell presents the idea at the Wednesday assembly.

Wherever the Student Union plan is thoroughly understood it is embraced with avidity. The most important work of the solicitors is that of explanation. Comprehension of the Student Union vision is inevitably followed by staunch support.

This week marks the turning point in student life. For the first time in the history of the University the students are to be given the opportunity to present tangible evidence of their gratitude for what is given them in their years on the campus. It is more than that. It is the positive guarantee from the present undergraduates to the generations of students who are yet to come that their collegiate life shall have the same richness of associations, the same opportunities of acquaintanceship, the same degree of Oregon spirit.

Juniors and seniors observe that "the campus is changing." As numbers rapidly increase there is perforce sacrificed a bit of the great unity, the geniality, the friendliness which has always characterized the Oregon student body. It has already, in the opinion of many, weakened the distinctive Oregon "hello" spirit. The greatest service of all which will be effected by a Student Union is the safeguarding of those traditions which would otherwise fall before the onslaught of numbers.

Can the student body fail to assume the responsibility which is theirs, that future students shall have the same opportunities to benefit by their University associations? No, they have accepted the privilege of building the Student Union. It shall be done.

Miss Benson Tells of Arizona Country

(Continued from page one)

"We traveled in the big field buses that the archaeological and geological students take their field trips in. When we were out on the desert, we ran out of water, and you can't imagine the peculiar sensation we had when we found ourselves stranded out in that dry place. We had to stop passing motorists to get water for our radiators.

"There were 17 deans of women and 34 official delegates, with about 60 girls in all," stated Miss Benson. "The conference is to be at Oregon next year and the girls all said they would be very glad to come, and bring their goloshes and umbrellas."

Snow Slides, Gales Give Thrill in Climb

(Continued from page one)

At 4:30 they were back with Robertson and Gabriel, who were ready to either start a search party or report to the coroner.

Martin and Green and Robertson froze their feet, Ferry one hand and went snow-blind, but the men declare that the worst thing of all was the anti-climax of carrying water a mile and a half for their car radiators when they got back. Green had climbed Hood, as had Ferry and Martin, Martin had climbed Pike's Peak as well, and Sellers had scaled Mt. Washington with the Mazamas, but all said it was child's play compared to the middle of the Three Sisters in the winter tie.

FABLES of the FUTURE

By Rosalia Keber

(Late on a warm spring afternoon. The low, broad steps which stretch for nearly a hundred feet along the front of the Student Union building at the University of Oregon. It is the year 1935. Groups of students pass by on their way from the Library to the University's 18-hole golf course on south Alder street. Many of them turn off the broad walk and enter the Student Union by one of the four doors which open off the low steps. At the farther end of the steps is a group of four men. They are holding animated conversation regarding the possible outcome of the vote taken from 2 to 4 that afternoon among the fourth year students to decide whether or not the senior class should finance the plan to have Phillips do mural paintings in the north corridor of the University Auditorium. The group is waiting for the afternoon edition of the Oregon Daily Emerald, which will contain the news about the outcome of the election.)

JIMMY: (One of those freshmen who feels that, given a fair chance, he will, without a doubt, be student body president before he graduates.) I call it a darned shame to think that they are asking the fellows and girls to mortgage their furniture for the sake of putting some pictures up on the wall. Gee, at the rate I am going now, I will have enough debts piled up by the time I am a senior to keep me plugging for 20 years, and if anybody comes along and asks me to pledge anything, no matter what for, I'll not hesitate to give them my views on the subject.

ROLAND: (The man of '37, who wears a slightly bored expression and who is more interested in the antics of a bunch of girls at the other end of the steps and in the new stroke that one of them is demonstrating with a hockey stick than in the trend of the conversation.) Aw, what do you care? Nobody's touching your checkbook.

JACK: (The senior. He is a tall, rangy chap, who has been becoming more and more amused at the incensed ramblings of the yearling.) I say, youngster, you don't know your Oregon history if you say that we'll be starting a precedent by pledging ourselves to give a certain amount to the University. Don't you know that by this time the idea of each student owing a debt to the University is firmly a part of the Oregon Spirit? You know you simply can't stay down here for four years and not feel that you have gotten a lot more out of it all than you put into it and you are only glad enough to do a little bit to build up the University whose degree you carry. There—that ought to hold you a while.

JIMMY: Yeh. Maybe. But what did you mean when you said that this wouldn't start a precedent?

JACK: Ignoramus. What do you think you are sitting on?

JIMMY: Hard stone steps, of course. Don't get funny.

JACK: Student Union steps. The significance of my question is that I want you to get on what kind of steps you are sitting. Do you know that if it were not for the precedent made back in the early twenties, you wouldn't have these steps on which to park yourself?

ROLAND: (With a knowing look.) And you wouldn't have that little corner near the fireplace in the north lounge room that you and that little fuzzy-haired Eta Phi hold down.

JIMMY: And you, smarty, wouldn't have the bowling alley to help you carry on that reckless flirtation with the athletic Delta.

JACK: Drop it. As I was saying, frosh, student support of the University undertakings was started way back in the early twenties. You don't mean to tell me that no one ever told you about the beginnings of the Student Union building? That no one has ever told you about a student body president in 1921 named Lyle something, who first, with the aid of Graduate Manager Benefiel, conceived the idea of a place for permanent offices for the student body officials? About the big campaign they put over in 1924, when the small little student body—there were less than 2,500—got together and exerted themselves to almost the breaking point to raise enough in pledges to make possible the erection of this very same building?

JIMMY: (Abashed and slightly awed.) Aw, really. Did those students do that? Why, you know there are a lot of business men in our town that graduated along in '24, '25 and '26, and they seemed to be fairly prosperous all along. Paying their pledges did not seem to affect them at all. Why, you know, I never thought about those men doing anything to help me out.

JACK: I've heard my uncle talk about that campaign. He was in the class of '24. He says that absolutely that campaign was the beginning of "Greater Oregon." When the old alums saw what the students were doing they perked up and got behind what they called the Gift Campaign and put it across big.

FRANK: Glory—those must have

been exciting times to be in the University. I'll wager you could feel it growing.

JACK: Uncle Bob says that '23 and '24 were critical years. The University was growing and none of the buildings were nearly large enough nor completely equipped. It was a crisis in more than insufficient accommodations, he says. The student body was growing very rapidly and it had not developed the proper mechanism to accompany its new growth. And then there was a kind of a new movement that they called Oxforditis for lack of a better name. A lot of the students were dissatisfied with the high schoolish training which was all they were getting and they were looking around to see what the Universities in foreign countries were doing for the young generation. Everybody felt that a change was coming but they didn't know what it would be.

RONALD: What do you mean? JACK: Sounds funny, I know, but in those days, Uncle Bob says, there was an organized student body, of course, but the only students that really took an interest in A. S. U. O. affairs were those in fraternities or halls. Nobody else had a chance. The half of the student body that lived in boarding houses and out in town might just as well have been in Jericho as far as their part in student government was concerned.

RONALD: Why didn't they organize? There were nearly as many students living out, you say, and yet they took no part in student body government. Why not?

JACK: For a very good reason. For several reasons. In the first place, they had nothing to bring them together. Some few of them belonged to honor organizations, but they were only a small circle. The greater part never became acquainted with more than a handful of fellow boarders. The biggest difficulty was that there was no place on the campus where the students really met on a common basis. Of course, you won't get this at all. Why, do you know, in those days, there was almost bitter interfraternity strife; there was often a strained feeling between fraternity and non-fraternity people.

JIMMY: Gosh, how queer. But then I suppose we would go back to that same clannishness if some monster should wipe the Student Union building out of existence. Come to think about it, it is right here where I've met every fellow that I care anything about. You can't get anywhere in classes in the permanent friendship line. Say—it's about time for the Emerald to show up.

FRANK: Jack, all this lingo you have been telling us about the campus of '24 has surely set me thinking. You know, those Greek letter people and all the rest of them may have been cliquish, but you know that many of them would have given a lot to get acquainted with some of the other fellows and girls, and yet they probably couldn't because there wasn't any place where they really could meet on an equal basis.

JIMMY: (Scratching his head) Gosh, try to picture this campus without the Student Union building. No lounge rooms, no smoking rooms, no big cafeteria, where you can get real food without busting the family bank, no committee rooms, no little theater, no reading rooms, no student body offices, no bowling alleys—no place for all of us to get together—don't think I'd like it much.

JACK: Because some of the farsighted men around the campus in the twenties recognized the narrowness of the college social life of the time and because they had the initiative and the brains to make the rest of the campus see it too, we people are reaping the benefits in the thirties.

(Students begin to come out of the Union reading Emeralds. The

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