

... with the mill race, has become to many
... significant part of college life. It was estab-
... Frances Marshall and Miss Mary Kieffer.
... management of John McGilley.

—Photography by Wynd

20¢

JUNE ISSUE

Number of Round Trips Increased

Between Eugene and Portland the number of daily round trips by motor stage has been increased to eight, with a like increase along waypoints.

This announcement is an expression of the growing popularity of motor stage travel. As the number of users of the motor stage continues to increase even more frequent service will be given. For example, between Portland and Salem there are sixteen to twenty round trips daily.

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Rates also apply from Portland
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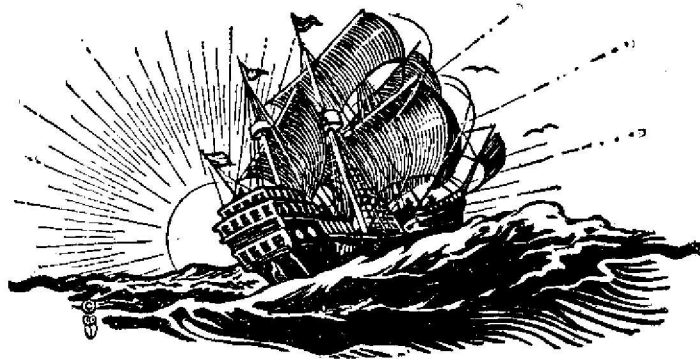
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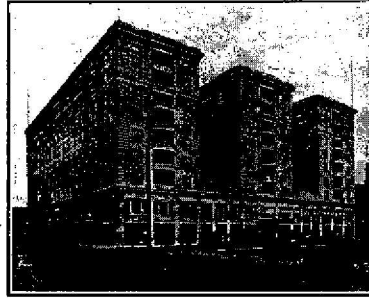
Eugene is the gateway for the new railroad to Klamath Falls, connecting the Willamette Valley with Eastern Oregon. A new highway is to be constructed alongside this railroad. In ten years the Greater Oregon will be a reality. New resources of timber will be opened and there's the advantage of keeping in personal contact with one's Alma Mater.

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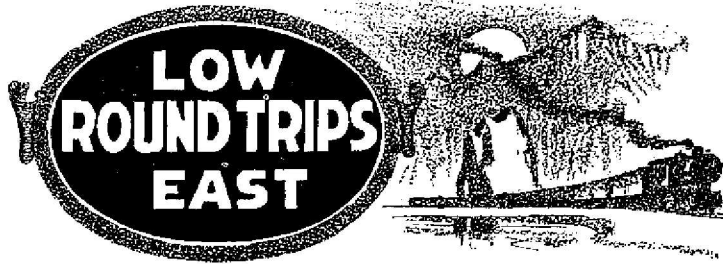
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MEMBER OF ALUMNI
MAGAZINES ASSOCIATED

Volume VI

Contents for June, 1924

Number 9

Page		Page
	Editorial	7
	The Doe Who Thrilled Eugene—By Herbert Thompson, ex-'96	10
	Under the Gargoyles (Ninth Dean Paper)	12
	The Middle Ages at Oregon—By Dr. Earl Abbott, '06	13
	Memories of an Earlier Oregon—By May Dorris Bronaugh, '93; Agnes McCornack Geary, '80; Clara Cogswell Ingham, '87; and Agnes Green Veazie, '90	17
	A Letter to the Class of '99	19
	Luella Clay Carson. An Appreciation—By Ber- tha Slater Smith, '99	21
	Alaska as a Place for People Who Like Pioneer- ing	22
	Mary Spiller Scholarship Fund Growing	22
	Harry Cash Discusses Teaching in the Philip- pines	23
	European Turmoil and European Students—A Letter from Roy Veatch, '22	24
	Oregon Poetry	26
	Campus News	27
	News of the Classes	30
	Lemon Extract	36

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In the circle at the left is one of the electric locomotives that will replace the steam engines.

10 locomotives will take the place of 25



Electric locomotives draw long trains 650 miles over the Rocky Mountains on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Eventually most of the railroads in America will be electrified—engineers estimate that this will save more than a hundred million tons of coal a year.

The General Electric Company is electrifying the Mexican Railway between Orizaba and Esperanza. On the first section—with many curves and heavy grades—10 *electric* locomotives will take the place of 25 *steam* locomotives.

Economies resulting from electrification will repay the cost of the improvement within five or six years.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



A GENTLEMAN OF PARTS

WE are in our accustomed end-of-the-year mood: very moral.

We find ourself asking everybody to contemplate the good and beautiful, the significant and enduring. Perhaps it is the imminent departure of the seniors and of a number of the younger faculty people who have made the year interesting that sets us moralizing.

We feel like pointing out how noble the student body has been in the gift campaign; what an unusual Emerald Art Rudd and his assistants have provided; how well the campus has behaved and how much it has done scholastically.

But especially we feel solemn about how well Karl Onthank has been simulating a composite picture. For about three months, he has been himself, he has been Dean Dymont, and he has been President Campbell. Mr. Onthank is really very young and unmarried having but graduated in '13. Nevertheless he has had to make many decisions in the last three months that would have marked a much older man as being astute and discerning. We wonder what his wife and children think of his performance. But probably he has so little time left for them that they think in aggrieved terms. His windows in Johnson Hall are lighted at least six nights a week, it does seem.

OUR ENGLISHMAN

IT beguiles our fancy immeasurably, the thought of the American banker in London who has established a fellowship in any American middlewest university open to unmarried men, graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. The fellowship provides £250 and tuition.

At the outset we wonder if any English graduate of Oxford or Cambridge will apply for the fellowship. We wonder if he would not so lose caste by doing it that it would take many times £250 to assuage his feelings.

But if, just fancy, he should come! Not being an instructor, he would probably not find his observations about the superiority of the English University over the American one sitting palatably and indefinitely with the American student. And who would there be for him to make observations with anyhow.

In English universities, we are creditably and frequently informed, there are not registered tradesmen's sons. One doesn't know tradesmen's sons. Even the American who may have had some taste of self-support in his own college, finds, when he arrives at Oxford, that if he is taken up a bit (all

in good time, and not *too* soon) it is the upperclass family that he is taken into. And, assuredly, it is not his old penchant for washing windows or cleaning laboratories that causes him to be taken up, either.

The middlewest is as self-supporting and naive about self-support, we believe, as is the far west. Middlewest girls may go to college merely to escape the living-burial of life in a small middlewest town, but the men, we think, are not commonly heirs to large estates and ennui. And so we fancy that our young English fellow will have a funny time of it.



IDEAS AND FOOD

OCCASIONALLY the old days have to yield the palm to the new, but when a fraternity man declares that it is a departed day when members of other groups feel free to drop in and contemplate the fireplace or stay for a meal without a special invitation, why then we take sudden alarm.

Oregon doesn't visit any more, people say. If that is wholly true it is sad. But there may be a ray of hope in the gloom. It must be remembered that there was a time when the fireplace and the supper table were the best and in fact the only places at which to visit. Few students had cars, with which to make life livable; there were no eating or lounging places near the University except the Oregonia—and now there are five or six; students were usually solid enough in their groupings that they found their intimate friends in their own houses, and this made the exchange of even informal courtesies with other groups a greater event.

But fancy, now, how long a line you would have if you set end to end, in the fashion of the geographical readers, all the little confidential booths in Eugene where you can get a coke and release an idea. Fancy what a solid block of

garrulity you would have if you grouped all the rooming houses where people take refuge from their fraternal ties and *express* their individuality. Consider the vibrations that would be set up if all the free discussion clubs met in a single room on a single night and shot each other with ripe ideas.

As the campus grows, as inevitably it must, one visits with those he happens to come in contact with; but something in his own tastes or preferences governs that happening.

To see the old days go undoubtedly has its ache. Life is forever full of the good and the new, but the good at any given moment never looks very new, and the new never seems wholly good.



THE PERILS OF REVERSE

ACTIVITIES in college have done as much for colleges, we believe, as have the courses offered. We believe the American college, suddenly stripped of its activities, would become dull, ineffective, badly run and flavorless. We believe that even its pedants would be horrified by the type of student they would presently be giving dizzy grades to.

Colleges do not need to be stripped of activities to get student life cured of futility. Students are very nearly running many of our best institutions—as managers of these would quickly find out if the work was tossed back upon them. Students do not, one and all, require to be freed from activities.

What would happen in any community if anything that provided more exhilarating life for many of its members were suddenly, or even gradually, removed? Well, some of its members might take on more work, but most of them would find themselves with idle hands. And there is an alleged association between idle hands and the devil.

On this campus it has been declared that the work is concentrated among too few; that they are too busy and others have too little to do. But a greater evil is the too even distribution of activity among the classes. Freshmen must be kept busy; so must sophomores; juniors have the habit, and seniors hate to drop out of a life that they are sure needs them.

But the truth is that if juniors and seniors would gradually withdraw from those activities in which they have done faithful service but which no longer interest them chiefly, they would confer a blessing on others and individuality on themselves.

THE UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL HISTORY

THE appearance of this year's *Oregana* upholds fairly well the theory that it takes more than an educated heart to produce that volume. Apparently it also calls for a firm mandible and the ability to get along without much sleep. It is tacit that the editor knows a good deal about the technique of publishing.

The *Oregana* purports to be the unofficial history of the University's out-of-classroom life. While the *Emerald* is the

campus's best photograph, the *Oregana* has a chance to be an artist's study. No *Oregana* editor, though she must worry about type and engravings and whether house pictures are in, is or should be willing to think of herself as the assembler of a catalog.

The best *Oreganas*, in the eyes of the student body, will continue to be produced by those editors who know publishing, who can be stern without alienating their staff, and who can organize a job so as to outlive it. Still the most distinguished book will be produced by the editor who has the truest perception of what Oregon essentially is.

It seems a wise tendency that is electing seniors for *Oregana* editors. The editor thus has the advantage of longer observation of the campus, and she can have the confidence of work on a previous volume. The *Oregana* is not a task to plunge into armed with courage only.

A LAST LOOK 'ROUND

IF one had been editor of *OLD OREGON* for 28 years, he would probably be able to retire without calling attention to the fact. But having been editor but three years (two of them consecutive) we have yet to develop the fine flower of philosophy that blossoms in perfect silence.

Frankly, we have carried in our breast, warm and handy, several bombs these last two years, longing to throw them and get the relief of a loud noise. All editors do this, though; and most of the bombs have finally been discarded to the wastebasket, discarded and virtually forgotten.

In the middle of the night we have written many a letter to the alumni association recommending that *OLD OREGON* be discontinued. We have said solemnly in these letters that it was cruel and unethical to ask an alumni magazine to support itself to any extent from advertising; and that without more office help and more certain and more comprehending aid from those to whom we are responsible one was a nut to continue an uphill job. These letters still wait mailing.

However, during the last two years we have learned several things that we do not believe anyone else at Oregon knows as we know them. They are after this fashion, and worth setting down perhaps:

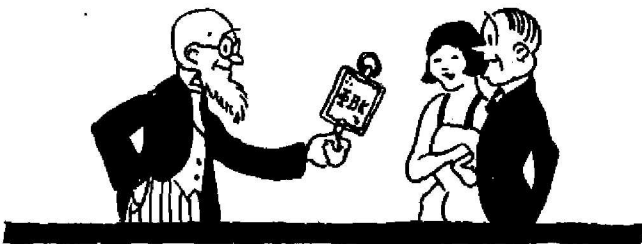
1. That you make an alumnus, if you ever make one, while he is still on the campus.
2. That the University consists inseparably at all times of three parts: its alumni, its student body, and the student it is reaching toward.
3. That if an alumni magazine is not a recognized and supported and representative enterprise of the University, it has no cause to exist. If it must discover its own support and recognition, it must become readable to its advertisers and those purchasers in whom its advertisers are interested: the student body. This makes it necessary to rule out some material the University would like to see put before its alumni and to admit some that the University no doubt regards as mediocre if not really trifling.
4. That no alumni publication will make headway or gain distinction so long as immediate returns for money and effort spent are expected; that *OLD OREGON* in particular, in matters of circulation, advertising, and general interest, must be permitted its own type of long-time investment.
5. That to derive your authority from one source and to owe your responsibility to another is to attach to your person a good sized hornet's nest.

These are our discoveries. Besides we have several beliefs:

That there is probably not a more loyal nor more appreciative body of alumni than Oregon claims; that no one is more greatly deserving of worshipful respect and affection than the president, and that to work under such a man is to be fortunate; that the Oregon ideal is still sound and Oregon democracy more democratic than it ever was.

In passing we should like to praise our mailing assistant, Cleo Base; our department editors, Rosalia Keber, Margaret Skavlan, Webster Jones, Joy Gross, and Eugene Short; and our advertising manager, John Dye, and his assistant, Pauline Bondurant. Dye has done a heroic piece of work in the face of discouragement, indifference, and the natural distrust of persons seeking to lift and spread anything from an old groove.

We should like to remind our readers, in farewell, that if our successor gives them a different OLD OREGON from ours, it probably will be just as good a one. It is conceivable that it may be considerably better.



WHEN IS AN HONOR SIGNAL

IT is Phi Beta Kappa's own business whom it elects to membership. Yet the outside world does not refrain, because of that delicate consideration, from expressing its views about the choice. We do not find ourselves above such expression, gratuitous as it may be.

We should like to suggest, though it may seem neither kind nor tactful to do so, that at Oregon Phi Beta Kappa tends to recognize not too few but too many.

What does Phi Beta Kappa consider in its elections?

It considers scholarship. It arrives at scholarship, we are aware, by consulting grades in the registrar's office. It gets a student's numerical average; it considers whether he has been *liberal* in his choice of subjects; no doubt it considers his character.

But we do not believe it has been able to investigate seniors' lives far enough to discover whether they are given to individual thinking or given only to a beautiful and industrious mediocrity.

Grades are grades. The idea that they are not of themselves distinguishing does not come, however, from persons who had thought themselves neglected in the recent spring elections. The idea comes rather from persons who are proud that Oregon has attained Phi Beta Kappa and who desire that it be maintained as a high and signal honor.

Not only unkind and tactless, it is probably also dangerous to look too closely at the gift that has been presented one's friend. Perhaps the offense is somewhat mitigated in the giver's eyes by the suggestion that the giver was too generous instead of not generous enough.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN OUR NEEDS?

should know more about.

2. An alumnus in England, Spain, Russia, Australia, Africa, South America. We have had no such letter all year.

3. An alumnus who has found some unexpected use for his Oregon training.

4. An alumnus who has found Oregon memory sweeter than he expected to find it.

Our anonymous communications have been reduced from some four last year to some two this year, and one of the latter we print in this issue because of the interesting nature of the statements made in it. However, we carefully evade all responsibility for it, as the reader will perceive in our six-point note. We have not been able to decide whether anonymous letters are a sign of malicious readers, stupid editors, an unreadable publication, or absentminded correspondents. And the reduction of the supply by fifty per cent throws us into even greater tremors of uncertainty. It is the amplification of mystery.

WILL HE BE JUNING?

WE wonder what the alumnus will think when he learns that the old inelegant term "pigger" under which he took out his lady friends for four years has been indicted and thrown out of the college vocabulary. In its stead reigns a new word, "Juner."

At Junior week-end Emerald copy-readers discovered that the old word was really so without synonyms that it was forever in use. Moreover, they objected to it. Some other word, they felt, would please as well, and, when it became established, it might even please better.

A contest was announced, and for several weeks the Emerald made commendable efforts to get suggestions, offering a money prize for the best. The result was "Juner."

While the new word may connote certain delicacy and beauty not inherent in "pigger," we question whether the stalwart athlete, dragging his woman to a hot beef sandwich on a black and dismal night some next November, will refer to himself as being out juning.

So great a weekly news-magazine as Time dares refer to its own misstatements as being "ignorantly" made. How great a relief there must be in publicly admitting ignorance and being able to get away with it. We have always joked about mistakes in OLD OREGON—but with a sense of there being broken eggs farther down in the basket.

Mr. Houser; Mr. Short

Our cover this month was designed by Ivan Houser, who is also responsible for the design OLD OREGON is making more and more use of, the two fir trees against a setting sun. Our editorial page drawings last month and this are the work of Eugene F. ("Bunk") Short, who conducts our humor section.

The Doc who Thrilled Eugene

By HERBERT THOMPSON

WHENEVER scenes of old Eugene begin to play on the screen of memory, there is sure to cut in, sooner or later, the impressive figure of Doc Tucker. There were perhaps other more important men in town; but, like a well-known sarsaparilla of the period (a course of sarsaparilla was as inevitably a part of spring as the blooming of flowers), Doc Tucker was "peculiar" to himself. His distinction was personal. He was tall and majestic, with a crop of black hair that formed ringlets above his white collar, huge flossy mustaches curled at the tips, and heavy, classically modeled features. His dress was marked by a certain sophisticated elegance. He affected the Prince Albert and a big, black Stetson. His jewelry was rich and ornate. I particularly recall the charm that dangled from his weighty gold watch chain—a polished molar inlaid with gold, which fascinated me during my moments of anguish in his plush-upholstered operating chair.

The Doc, during his first phase, led a simple life, quite idyllic in its way. There were no automobiles to hasten his leisurely and dignified passage of Willamette street, no phones to break into his night's rest, no movies to dull his pleasure in the shows presented from time to time by amateurs or touring professionals in Rhinehart's Opera House.

Very little occurred to vary the routine of the Eugene day. This routine could be well viewed from the window of his white plastered office by the complacent Doc, while the helpless patient in the chair, with suffering eyes and a lone, defective tooth visible through the sheet rubber, employed the short respite in gratefully wiping a driling chin. Then the Doc would return with a gentle smile, wipe the drill with a dank towel, and start the foot pedal, or begin to ram gold leaf with a miniature sledghammer.

Ordinarily, there was not much to see through the window except a somewhat distorted view, due to the irregularities of the glass, of a gravelled street lined with one and two-story brick buildings, the older plain and squarish with great iron shutters and deep windows, and the newer with ornamental sanded-zinc fronts, above which towered the three stories of the Hoffman House. The routine events were the meeting of the morning and afternoon trains, when the gaily painted buses of the Hoffman House and Baker House would carry one load of urbane, immaculate, citified drummers to the Depot and return with another load of the same. Mr. McClanahan's big truck and the leather-upholstered cab from Bangs' Stable, contributed their share to this metropolitan activity.

Happy in his young and pretty wife and attractive little daughter, his snug little home with its beds of sweet posies against the picket fence, the life of Doc Tucker might have read like a pastoral romance (it began on a farm) but for an event that left him a changed man.

Spring was fast passing in that crucial year and the Glorious Fourth lay in prospect, when the close companionship between Doc Tucker and Prof Hepburn, teacher of piano, violin, cornet and voice, began to be noted and commented upon.

To revert to the Fourth, Eugene had planned a new high mark in celebrations for the Valley. The town council dipped into its funds. Merchants passed the hat to the same end. Hose teams trained for the prize races in the back streets during the long twilights. The militia drilled in the public school yard. And the band practiced nightly in the opera house, bringing its harmonies to sudden and horrible discords when Prof Hepburn waved an angry hand for a repetition.

In those days, which were prior to chambers of commerce, a town's reputation was measured by its band. The Eugene band was what might be called a good, plain band, composed of lusty and willing blowers. Its battery of cornets, which could be heard two miles on any still evening, was ably supported by altos and oomph horns, including one of the five-gallon variety. A piccolo and a couple of clarinets furnished the frills, and the usual bass and snare drums the punctuation.

The secret was noised about that an order for band uni-

forms had been placed in Chicago. And the neighbors said that Doc Tucker had been seen of mornings in his back yard practicing whirls and flourishes with a broomstick—unseemly capers for a man of dignity.

Now the Fourth in the late eighties was a glorious Fourth in the full sense, a Fourth that sounded like a battle line and smelt like the hereafter that awaited Bob Ingersoll. It was a day of pageant and thrills, a day that reached into the depths of the backwoods, a day when the eagle screamed and Freedom unfurled her banner. The air of the Fourth was so charged with patriotism that a foreigner present would have been tempted to kill himself in envy.

The official program always began with a sunrise salute of twenty-one guns; and a thundering noise a good charge of black powder makes between two anvils, especially with Skinner's Butte as a sounding board. And while the anvils boomed, small boys set off their first bunches of firecrackers and their fathers banged blank cartridges in their family fowling pieces.

The particular Fourth which was to mark a chapter in the artistic development of Doc Tucker opened hot and dusty, ideal weather for a celebration. An investigator on the bald top of the Butte might have traced the lanes leading into town by their streaks of dust. Through the hooded bridge over the calm, deep Willamette, up the green bowered road along the Mill Race, and from the spreading wheat fields reaching off toward Yaller Dog and Junction, came steady streams of farm wagons, hay wagons, spring wagons, coaches, carriages, buggies, buckboards, carts and saddle horses. The town commons and unfenced lots would soon be turned into camping grounds.

Meantime, householders in shirtsleeves played the garden hose upon the dust pockets in the rutted streets and, mindful of firecrackers, prudently wet down the crops of dead grass and dog fennel at the edges of the board walks.

The great event of the morning, in one sense the supreme event of the day, was the parade, which symbolized the power and majesty of State. There was something thrilling in the preliminaries—the unaccustomed crowd in the streets, and the paraders passing self-importantly to their several points of rendezvous. Militiamen in square-cut blue uniforms, with shallow forage caps set at a jaunty angle, firemen in double-breasted red flannel shirts and great lacquered helmets, hose team boys in racing costume with long black stockings and black sateen knee-breeches, little girls of mincing gait, clad in white with gilt paper crowns, who were to impersonate the thirty-eight states and ten territories on the Liberty Car (a miracle of carpentry and flowery decoration set upon Mr. McClanahan's truck), G. A. R. Veterans in blue suits and brass buttons, and the bandsmen, all gave our downtown a color, movement, picturesqueness and carnival spirit rivaled only by Circus Day.

The band formed in the Court House Square. How changed the square from the ugly plot about which horses trampled at the hitching poles when the farmers came to town, so ugly a plot that the stores turned their backs upon it. Now, like Main Street, the Square was transmuted into a thing of gaiety and beauty with colored bunting, evergreens and the stars and stripes. Enterprising youths were crying their wares from green lumber stands set against the store backs—ice cold strawberry lemno, popcorn balls, coffee and sandwiches, ice cream, taffy slung and drawn from a steel hook and freshly clipped with shears, and flags and firecrackers. A bunting-swathed speakers' platform stood gauntly in the Court House yard, faced by benches of raw lumber on which people sat gingerly after a preliminary look for pitch and splinters.

As the time approached for the parade, the crowd began to arrange itself expectantly along the edge of the Main Street sidewalks, a crowd peculiar to an individual and unstandardized age. There were young bucks from the country in striped seersucker coats and skin-tight trousers flaring

over the tops of congress shoes, rustic beauties whose white gowns were sashed with pink and baby blue, stout farm matrons in black bombazine, farmers who cultivated everything except their whiskers, harassed women with mewling babes and whining children hanging to their skirts, bumpkin lovers nibbling sentimentally from the same popcorn ball, small boys with taffy-smearred faces, amused onlookers who had been in cities, and mixed through it all, the snapping, fizzing and popping of firecrackers, the pungent smell of firecracker smoke and strong perfumery, and the odors of toil from those who had ridden long and hard.

Then, above the popping of crackers and the hum of talk passed the word of "Here she comes," followed by a distant blare from the band.

The parade led the events of the day, the band led the parade, and Doc Tucker led the band—the band that Prof Hepburn had drilled, the band that sent clear to Chicago for uniforms.

Doc Tucker was drum major, and more. He was the personification of worldly glory. He epitomized a great moment in history. In any case, he left the younger and more unsophisticated folk with hanging jaws and blinking eyes. And why not, for his like had never been seen in Eugene, not even excepting the minstrel shows and the circus. For red of reds and blue of blues, for braid, frogging, fringe and for magnificence of epaulet, his uniform outdid itself. And the busbee! It was huge, black and shaggy, with a triangle of red cloth hanging jauntily over one side and a black leather strap looped under the lower lip. The strain imposed by the busbee on the Doc's physical endurance was indicated in his hectic color. But the tailor, with merciful forethought, had placed in the rear of the coat, above the tails, a hook from which was suspended a small, ornate forage cap, which might replace the busbee on off-duty periods. This cap was to the busbee as a half-pint to a bushel, and by its smallness fixed the greater attention on the great hairy, black headpiece with the red flap. To see the Doc, prancing majestically to the music and topped with the busbee brandishing his gold-balled baton with the skill of a master, was a thing for which Eugene was unprepared. The parade, it was he!

On advanced the Doc, eyes to the fore, but not unaware of his triumph, while feelings of something like envy passed down the line of paraders. The populace had eyes only for the Doc. The other principals took a minor place. In vain the Grand Marshall, with tri-colored sash and flowing rosette, galloped up and down the street on Bangs' best saddle horse. The irritated Fire Chief in great black-lacquered and red-shielded helmet bawled his loudest through his shining speaking trumpet to the red-shirted, black-helmeted men drawing the garlanded handpump fire engine and the long, low, rakish hook and ladder wagon with its dangling rows of leather buckets. The militia Captain seemed peeved as he hep-hepped his company and shouted fierce and harsh military commands. Even the Goddess of Liberty looked neglected as she sat majestically among the proudly self-conscious, gilt-crowned little States on her float.

The Doc, in fact, had the day to himself. During the solemn literary exercises at the Court House, where an imported orator evoked the shades of our Conscript Fathers, in the exciting horse races in the afternoon, when the rival teams sped down the street from Professor Bailey's house to attach the hose at the fire plug by Peter's Store, stop watches marking the time from the pistol shot to the first squirt, and for that matter, even when the Plug Uglies put on their comical travesty of the morning's parade with an imitation Doc Tucker at the head of a ragtag band, the real Doc Tucker had the glory all to himself. At night, he was the social light when the crowd polkaed, waltzed and quadrilled on the open air platform beneath the Court House maples. Only the fireworks at the Butte's edge offered effective rivalry.

So passed the Glorious Fourth.

To have expected the Doc to have remained unmoved by his triumph would have been to ask him not to be human. As the days and weeks and months wore on, he seemed to march to the strains of invisible bands as he went to and from his office. And he carried his black Stetson like a busbee.

Vacation passed. College opened. Memories of the

Fourth were growing dim when the *Guard* and *Register* astounded our good people by announcing that Doc Tucker and Prof Hepburn had brought jointly into the world the grand opera of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

At that time, Eugene still lived in the pioneer tradition of neighborliness. An amateur play, because of its human side, made a stronger appeal than a professional play. But a local work, the joint effort of local author and local composer (Prof Hepburn was a legitimate Eugenite by virtue of renouncing allegiance to Franz Josef) was almost too much. So the development of the opera was followed step by step, as reports were brought back from rehearsals by members of the cast. The chorus of happy negroes was large and required considerable drilling, yet certain points of characterization remained in the dark up to the final dress rehearsals, so that they came upon us on the opening night with the full force of novelty.



Here is the football team of 1902. The man in the middle, at the back, is Marion Dolph, coach, who came to Oregon from Williams College, and who expected, it is said, that his squad would be as wild as Indians. The type of coaching he gave them did not meet everybody's ideas of the proper thing, and Fred Zeigler, the man at the extreme right, came back after graduation to help the team through a pretty successful season. Zeigler is now practicing medicine in Portland. The other men standing are (reading left to right): Elmer Wright, manager; Henry McKinney (now a regiment); F. G. Thayer, now practicing medicine in Ashland; Seth Kerron, practicing medicine in Eugene; Ray Goodrich (deceased). Below them, seated, are: David Graham, who is in the shoe business in Eugene; Porter Frizzel; Jordan, who is in the insurance business in Portland; Homer Watt's; Chandler; Clyde Payne, who was later president of the Ashland normal school. In the front row are: Joe Templeton, now an attorney in Seattle; William Murphy, now teaching in the high school of commerce in Portland; and Virgil Earl, now athletic director at the University.

Rhinehart's Opera House seldom had a chance to justify its name. Its owner, the local theatrical trust, had two halls in his wooden corner building, facing different streets. One of the halls he used as a grocery. This arrangement was later changed, but whether because the grocery made a better opera house or the opera house a better grocery was never revealed.

The hall in which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to be sung was oblong, plain plastered, with bleachers in the back for gallery, and plain strong chairs which could be skidded out for dances and bazars. A large oil lamp was suspended from the ceiling near the stage, oil footlights were placed behind verticle tin reflectors, and the drop curtain, a masterpiece of the sign painter's art, served as a complete commercial directory of the town.

In that primitive and neighborly age, the premiere of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* made a stir impossible today, when public taste is so jaded by movies

(Continued on Page 21)

Under the Gargoyles Being a series of articles on the deans of the University.

A SUGAR and water man may be pleased with a sugar and water account of himself. A man who is not sugar and water—but the converse may not follow, though it ought to.

A University school that breaks no hearts, shatters no naively conceived ideals and influences no destinies can usually be dispatched without much ado. But one whose atmosphere is a degree harsh, whose machinery far from being hidden is rolled out especially for the public to look at and be impressed by,—such a school can not be draped with an innocuous adjective or two and forgotten.

And so Dean E. C. Robbins and his school of business administration cannot be analyzed statistically and returned to the shelf.

In the campus mind Dean Robbins is his school. And the campus mind is an astute one, whose predictions come true. When it says Dean Robbins dominates the school of business administration it has perceived the truth.

Let us consider him: a short, ruddy man with frosty eyes, whose willingness to tell people they are dolts or crooks has actually increased his stature a good six inches. His mouth buttons down at the sides like a cleaning establishment laying pleats. Then he impales the object with his cynical eye. And whatever was supposed to stick, it will soon be seen, has stuck.

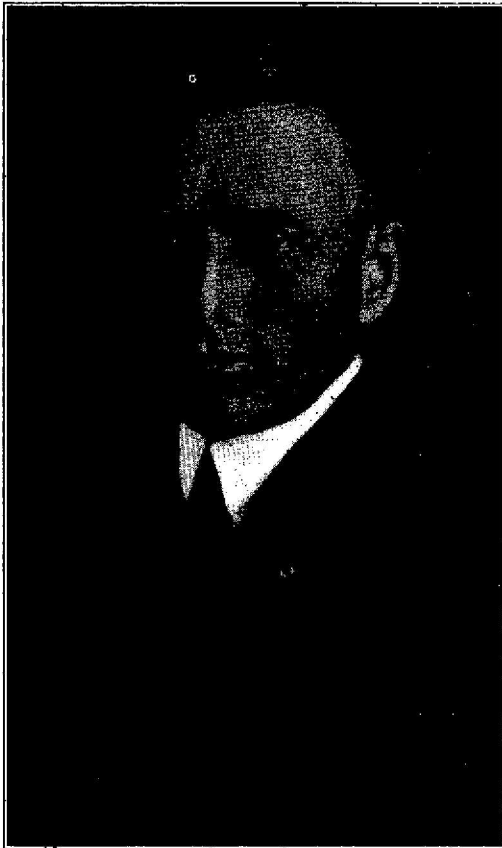


Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene
Dr. E. C. Robbins, dean of the school of business administration.

Select your principle. Name it. Ride it. Don't get off under any circumstances. There is the dean's theory. Rules were not made to be broken; and exceptions are not made at all. Heaven will be a waiting room where nobody asks for special consideration.

All this should not imply a hard man, hard in all causes.

There are thousands of things it is not worth while to be hard about. But when it comes to saving something or someone, there his full will gets play.

To the end that no student who might make good in business administration is lost to that cause, Dean Robbins sits up nights and abandons fishing trips. It was for this that he last year brought in his mentor system. Under it, any underclassman who is doing badly is trailed by an upperclassman, a member of the honor societies, who makes the youngster's acquaintance and attempts to find out what ails him.

Mentoring or being mentored will not sound like a spring picnic to the major in art or the freelancer in journalism. But it is alleged that the babies in business administration are learning by degrees to cry for it—and that the fraternity houses write in to say plainly that mentoring is not one of the flies in their ointment.

That the quarterly sweepings shall contain no half-dough business ad major who is a potential commercial secretary at some crossroads, each freshman entering that red-brick doorway is presently cataloged, diagnosed, diagrammed and x-rayed within an inch of his life. Having passed down that queer-odored and faintly menacing corridor, up the sharp, metal-edged steps and past the trellised jail where business ad reserve books are doled out suspiciously, the freshman finds himself in a plain, desky room, giving up his past and confessing to his present. As to the future—plenty of time for that, young man, plenty of time for that *after* your fourth quarter. Then we will inform you whether you are going to abide with us.

But meantime an individual folder is established, containing all the student knows about himself, and some he hopes; what organizations he is associated with, what self-support engages his hours; what athletics. From time to time additional facts are committed to this folder, so that if he suddenly slumps in his work or otherwise attracts attention, with but a simple (efficient) twist of the wrist the reason, or at least some of the contributing cause, can be got at.

If he has detractors, they probably call the dean hard-boiled. Buttoned-down lips, effect of cynical optics, low tone chopped into squares of speech. No one believes that in college days Dean Robbins was a founder of the Terpsichorean society.

The truth is that the dean is firm. He stands up so straight to avoid anything like compromise that the balancing rock that looks down onto Yosemite, millions of feet below, would be a poor place for him to be photographed. But then he'd never be found on that rock, and photography is probably as distasteful to him as publicity. And that is quite detestable.

Those permitted by the dean to call themselves his friends are aware of their classification. He likes people or he doesn't. And if he disapproves of them, he hides the fact in no featherbed. Just as he keeps pictures off of his walls, so he keeps people out of his affairs—until he likes them. And when he does, what delicate nuances of favor can creep into that astounding, square-chopped, right-and-righteous voice.

Speaking of being right, the dean is *always* right. It is as important to be right as it is to be clean, punctual, altruistic and logical. But finding himself wrong, he will ring the news from the housetops if that seems appropriate. No one can stand corrected more righteously than he.

Churches are important—for someone else to attend. And they are to be supported too. He used to have a Sunday School class, it is understood, but whatever he did with it remains mystery.

He believes in communities, and through his work around the state, many an Oregon community has come to think of itself as a cooperating unit, with individuality, and not without harmony.

A prettily barbed quip in an Emerald colyum once rhymed business administration with filling station. And it is a filling station, many people believe. One reason for that is the conviction of its head that it is better to retain even those who might well have been taken to the edge and pushed over than it is to *lose any student to himself*. Moreover, he who does badly his first year may do better his next; and a high standard of scholarship, rigorously maintained, will ultimately cure many an ill.

There has been a high mortality, the campus slyly in-

timates, in the business administration faculty. But it is to be remembered that good men are often lost in this field because of the relatively higher number of offers they receive from business and outside life. Secondly, it is difficult to find a man who correlates business theory and practical experience and who wishes to teach what he knows. Lastly, the dean's school is his school, the most important thing in the world. Why retain anybody who doesn't think so and who, accordingly, will certainly get in front of the wheels.

His theory of administration is conference. He conferences his faculty to death, so anybody else would think: at lunch once a week; at long, important evening meetings, five or six times a year. He conferences with the mentors, with the honor societies; and at large luncheons at his own expense he talks over the troubles of the school.

His students are to be managers, trained before they leave. Accordingly, business administration is so organized, through economics, law, liberal arts and technical business procedure, that a student not only gets basic principles but begins employing them.

There is a Mrs. Robbins and four young Robbinses, two sons and two daughters, the least one very little. Life with this family goes along with simplicity, if bringing up four can ever be held a simple task. Social life of the kind that means complexity but not companionship does not engage them.

Father, indeed, is too busy contemplating his 450 major students, his ten faculty men, his five teaching fellows and his eternal conventions at the school of business administration of the state this-or-that to be seen at home much; and, thus, to be allowed to stay in the bathroom and watch the adored in the entrancing occupation of shaving is a great treat: something that the visitor is asked if he would not like to be let in on too.

Dean Robbins was born in Iowa; attended the state university for both his B.A. and his M.A. degrees. He then spent two years at Columbia, attaining his doctorate. The following year he was on the faculty at Mount Holyoke, teaching economics and sociology. (Mrs. Robbins was not a Mount Holyoke girl.) In 1916 he came to Oregon, remaining two years. Then he went to Minnesota, anticipating the pleasure of being associated there with an intimate friend of other days. The friend was instantly commandeered for special government war service however, and Dr. Robbins himself remained only a year. He was then absorbed into Red Cross work, as educational director of the great Central division. He remained in this connection a year. In 1919 he and Mrs. Robbins felt the Oregon pull too strongly to resist it longer. In the spring, after their return, the resignation of Dean Morton of the school of commerce left a vacancy in which Dr. Robbins was intensely interested. That autumn the new school of business administration began work under his direction.

The Middle Ages at Oregon

By EARL R. ABBETT, '06

EDITOR'S NOTE—As he explains in the following article, Earl Abnett saw Oregon over a period of ten years. It happens that this ten years has been very little related in the pages of OLD OREGON, and we felt fortunate in getting Dr. Abnett, who is really a very busy dentist in Portland, to take the time to consult his old records for us. The reader will find an Oregon midway between Herbert Thompson's classic day and George Davis's delightful era of outgoing buggy-rides and incoming taxis.

THE ancient history of the Varsity has been pretty well sketched for OLD OREGON readers by the able Thompson, the eminent Laurie, and the inimitable Dunn, in the series of reminiscent articles, which we have all enjoyed so much.

The modern history is being well cared for, but there is an interesting, though thus far neglected period, corresponding roughly to the years the writer spent at Oregon, which we may call the Middle Ages.

The first college recollections of the writer of this sketch begin with the old Preparatory Department, maintained at the University in the late '90's, and serving as a high school for the young folks of Eugene, as well as those from many other parts of the State. Entering the Varsity in 1896, as a "sub freshman," with the class of 1903, the writer left college at the end of his three years in the preparatory course, returning in 1902, to become a member of the class of 1906. This gives him a purview of ten years of life at Oregon.

In 1896 there were five buildings on the campus—Deady, Villard, the men's dormitory (now Friendly Hall), the old gymnasium (destroyed by fire not long ago), and the president's house, used mainly for recitation rooms and to house the library.

The Old Preparatory Department

Dr. Chapman was President, and Professors Johnson, Straub, Hawthorne, Condon, McElroy and Narragen, together with a few instructors and assistants, were the mentors of the preparatory students. Our recitation rooms were furnished with painted wooden benches, and heated with huge stoves, kept roaring with fires of oak wood.

All who were privileged to sit in the classes of the "sub freshmen" will remember Professor McElroy, with his house slippers, skull-cap, and long hickory pointer, with a large rubber tip on its end, which would occasionally fly off in the sweep of a vigorous gesture, perhaps to hit some innocent sleeping victim; Professors Condon and Hawthorne, who wore long capes in lieu of the modern day overcoat, and carried baskets with them each morning; Professor Johnson, with his black Prince Albert suit, boots underneath his trouser legs, and skull-cap. His cap, like most others, was black on the outside, but had a red lining. Coming in rather hurriedly one morning to begin the recitation in Caesar,

he kept his eyes on the book in front of him, and adjusted his cap without looking at it, as he drew it out of his breast pocket—wrong side out!

Over in the south end of the dormitory could be heard the click of typewriters, for here was the Business Department, presided over by Professor Narragen.

Many Changes

In those days many changes took place about the campus. The library, first located in Deady, was moved in turn to the president's house, and then to the north end of the dormitory. Upon the abolishment of the Business Department, the Music Department moved into the south end of the dormitory.

About this time a football field, with a highboard fence and bleachers, was established across Thirteenth street from the old campus. The field retained its natural slope toward Thirteenth street, and the lower part was often covered with a foot of water, making play in that part of the field rather sloppy at times. The first running track was down in the southwest corner of the old campus, but with the later grading of old Kincaid Field, a regular four-lap track was built around it. The first covered grandstand came in 1903, as a gift from the alumni.

Concrete and stone walks began to replace the old wooden sidewalks about the campus. Then came the building of the power plant, recently transformed into an Art building, supplying steam heat to the buildings, and doing away with the old wood stoves. McClure Hall also made its appearance about this time, as did the first tennis courts on the campus.

The Eugene Divinity School, now the Eugene Bible University, came into existence about 1896, and most of its students were also members of the class of 1903 at the University.

The now famous street car line of the '90's, was, probably for lack of financial returns, abandoned. Most of us, however, were accustomed to walking, so that was not regarded as a great deprivation.

Exams Then and Now

Again referring to the old gymnasium, "sub freshman" exams were sometimes held in this building, where arm chairs could be spaced about the large room, far enough apart to prevent open collusion between students. The elaborate and ingenious "cribs" of today, were unknown then. Anyone suspected of possessing an "interlinear" of Caesar, was almost regarded as a scholastic pariah. Occasionally, however, then as now, someone would come to an examination desperately in need of help. On one such occasion, Professor McElroy, conducting an examination in English Grammar, spied a student sitting on an open textbook. The sun was shining on his particular part of the room,

and the Professor, with one of his characteristic sly twinkles at those of us sitting back of our erring brother, suggested to him that he had better move his chair out of the sunlight. The more the boy protested that it did not bother him, the more the Professor insisted that he move, until finally, he had to get up, dislodge his book to view, and move.

With the beginning of the development and expansion of the high school system of the state, the Preparatory Department at the University was discontinued.

Years of Innovations

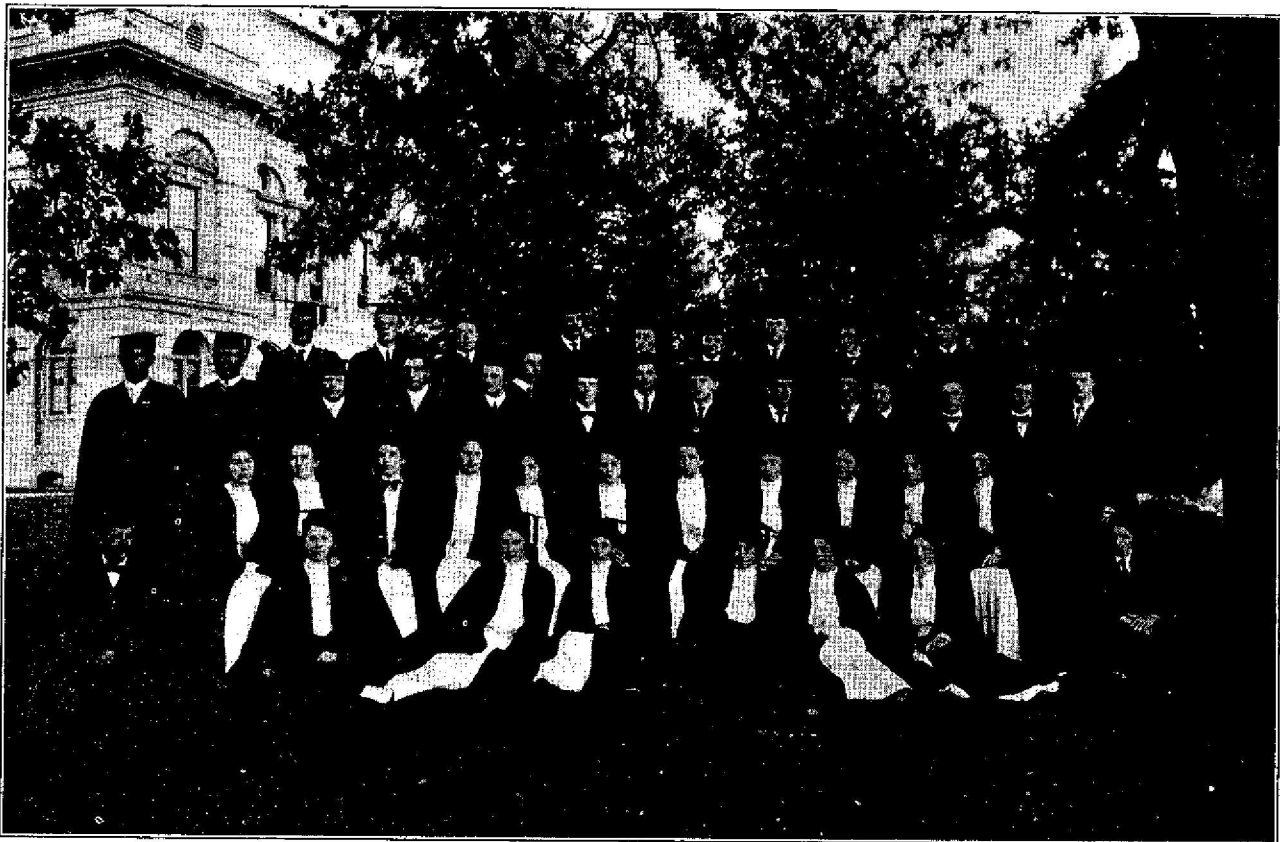
The years from 1900 to 1906 were essentially years of innovations. Doubtless the most notable of these were the coming of President Campbell to the University, and the establishment of contact with the high schools of the state, chiefly through the annual visitations of the Glee and Mandolin clubs. It was absolutely something new for most of the smaller cities of the state to have a bunch of real college boys from their own State University, or any other place, for that matter, come into their midst, fraternize with the high school students, give them a fine glimpse of college life, and go away leaving many a boy and

Upon his advent to Oregon, he immediately got behind track and field construction and training in such a way that he soon had Varsity athletics on a basis never known before.

College Publications Come

New things, as well as folks, which came to Oregon during these years, were the college publications—The Oregon Weekly, now the daily Emerald; The Oregon Monthly, a meek literary pamphlet, now supplanted by OLD OREGON; and class year books. The class of 1902, I believe, introduced the Junior Annual, originally known as The Webfoot, and a very modest book beside the Oregonians of today. The class of 1903 attempted a little more pretentious book, with the result that Condon Bean and Dr. Ralph Fenton, of its publication staff, found themselves with an untold number of copies on their hands, after every possible purchaser had been canvassed.

The first college song, "Oh Oregon," came from the pen of Professor Glen, with music composed by Dr. Frank Strong, then President, just prior to the coming of President Campbell. This song, written only for male voices, became an exclusive Glee club offering. To fill a more popular demand, the words of "The



Members of the class of 1907, which under the Modified Dix plan of commencement reunions would, normally, be getting together in vast (and noisy) convalescence this June. However, lest the operations of the gift campaign be interfered with, the reunions—excepting for '99 and '14—were not urged this year. And Dutch Young and Mrs. R. S. Bryson can testify that it is no evening's frolic to put on a class reunion. Permanent secretary for 1907 is Mary Rothrock Culbertson of Hood River, the third woman from the left in the back row. The picture was lent by Buck Kelly, also of Hood River, who is very precious with it.

girl thinking of "college," as never before. It may be a little difficult for those now at Oregon to realize just how much these glee club tours meant to the upstate communities, when there was no Extension Department work, no faculty members visiting and speaking all over the state, and only a few hundred students at the Varsity, to tie it to the state at large.

As for President Campbell's coming to Oregon, it was the greatest thing that has ever happened in her history. The President and the class of 1906 have always felt that they have an unusually strong bond between them, for they both made their appearance on the campus, as Oregon freshmen, the same year.

Bill Hayward was another of the innovations of this period.

"Toast" were written to the music of a popular march of the day, "The Sultan's Dream." These then, are the grandparents of Oregon song.

The elevation of faculty members to the rank of Deans of Departments was another new thing for Oregon, as was the acquisition of a registrar, and later a steward.

Came also fraternities and sororities. Sigma Nu was first, in 1900, living in a modest residence on Eleventh street, opposite Professor Straub's old home. Kappa Sigma followed as second, occupying the old rooming house on the banks of the millrace, across from Villard, now known as the Anchorage.

Junior Day, with its flag-raising rush, brought with it to the campus a hitherto unknown crystallizing of class spirit. Preparations to fly the Junior flag were laid with the greatest secrecy, and preparations to foil this proceeding were made with equal thoroughness by the Seniors. The class of 1903 hoisted a huge dry-goods box halfway up the flagstaff, where two of their braves spent the night with their beloved flag, so as to fly it unmolested with the break of Junior Day. Only the fire-hose served to dislodge them. Other classes sent delegations to the roof of Villard for this event, the night before, where they would lie until morning, barricading the trapdoor through the roof. On one occasion this stronghold was stormed with a huge battering ram, after the manner of the ancients, with more or less damage to the physical properties involved.

Many contemporary readers will recall a Wednesday morning Assembly in Villard, followed by a Junior flag rush, terminating in a fierce, hand to hand struggle on the campus just east of Villard. I can see yet the distraught faculty members running about on the east portico, wringing their hands, and asking students standing near if they could not do something to stop it! As soon as a man was subdued, he was bound with rope or haywire and tossed to one side to writhe in his captivity. Such was the beginning of class spirit.

Subsequently, one of the constructive innovations of this period was the abolition of this flag rushing on Junior Day, and the substituting of a new order of Junior Day celebration. The class of 1907 was the first to observe the new order, under the direction, of course, of the Seniors of 1906. Instead of two days' hostilities over flying a class flag, this worthy class, assisted by all the student body, built several stretches of concrete walk, laid a water main to the athletic field, tore down the old brick astronomical observatory on Skinner's Butte, built some bleachers, cleaned up the campus in general, and thus established a precedent, which was followed for many years.

An effective organization of the student body also served to unite all classes into a more coherent group than they had ever been before.

Caps and Gowns Appear

Freshman caps, Senior caps and gowns, and dress suits all made their appearance about the same time. With the first classes to appear in cap and gown, there was no little difference of opinion as to whether they should, or should not wear them. As an expression of such dissenting opinion in the class of 1903, Kenneth Miller, "Bill" Carroll, and "Doc" Norris appeared on the campus in hooded bathrobes, on the day scheduled for the first appearance of their class in cap and gown at Assembly.

In the realm of Eugene, the dress suit was just creeping into recognition, for you must remember we are not so very far away from pioneer days, even now. When the Glee club first prepared

to invade outlying sections of the state, the problem of dress suits was a serious one. Only a few were possessed by members, and so slight was the chance of suits being procured by the others, that the services of a resourceful local tailor were enlisted, and the requisite number of clawhammer coats and vests was manufactured from a sort of black flannel goods. By a slight adjustment of the figure these suits were supposed to fit any size singer who found it necessary to wear one. Many of these outfits did service for a number of years.

Sports

For sports, we had to look to the millrace, with its fleet of heavy, flat-bottomed row boats; to an occasional picnic "over on the McKenzie"; or a hike to Spencer's Butte. At one time, McClanahan's, the leading boathouse, had a huge boat, carrying about twenty people, and equipped with a stern-wheel, like the river steamboats, but propelled by two members of the party, working levers. This boat had a steering-wheel in the prow, 'n'everything. With the classic-featured Harvey Densmore at the wheel, the body of the boat filled with giggling femininity, lunch baskets, and the drones, and two galley slaves churning the peaceful water into a froth with the paddle wheel, I am sure Cleopatra and her barge had nothing on us.

A few years later McClanahan's built and featured "The Arrow," a very large boat, but propelled by two sets of oars instead of a paddle wheel, and, horrible diet! round-bottomed. We had never known anything but flat-bottomed boats, and this new departure in marine architecture was the occasion of more than one young person getting her feet wet, when stepping into the boat.

The first college canoe, I think made its appearance about 1905, being owned by a student who roomed close to the race on Aider street. It is remembered that one young lady, accustomed, as we all were, to the stability of the old style craft, stepped gingerly on the gunwales of this pioneer canoe, and received a terrible drenching. One by one the old boats disappeared, as the canoe came into popularity.

Tennis came about 1900, with the first courts graded by volunteer labor. Golf followed a few years later, but had a very slight vogue among Varsity students for several years after the establishment of the Eugene course.

Dr. Gilbert a Former Bicyclist

Alumni of this period will remember what, I think, was one of the first automobiles in Eugene, a small touring car owned by F. L. Chambers. When townspeople or college folks went anywhere in numbers, however, the old hotel buses and tallyhos from Bangs' Livery Stable were called into service. Can you not see those old yellow buses, ornamented with Rococo panels and snatches of Swiss scenery painted on their sides? Many a jolly crowd rode in one of these ancient vehicles to Hayden's Bridge



Veterans of '98, shepherded by R. S. Bryson, manager, the gentleman dressed in a large tie at the left. Standing are Smith, Angell, Biding, Wilson, Jakway and Coach Simpson. Sitting (or kneeling) are Young, Starr, Templeton, Bishop and Zeigler. The hero with crossed legs is McClanahan.

or Seavey's Ferry on the McKenzie, for a day's picnicking. Bicycles were quite popular, both with faculty members and students alike. The writer recalls an excursion into the country, undertaken by Dr. James Henry Gilbert and himself, with the farm home of Miss Estella V. Armitage, 1903, as our destination. Arriving safely, a picnic dinner and boating occupied our day, but in the course of the boating, Dr. Gilbert and I had our craft overturned. Our bicycle ride of several miles back to Eugene, in the cool evening seabreeze, with dripping clothes, was one to be remembered.

Dancing

Dancing was just beginning to attain recognition as an indoor college sport. Unofficially, in fact, almost surreptitiously, dancing had been indulged in by some of the older students for some time. Frank's Hall on Ninth street was their favorite rendezvous. One of the first "functions," in the recollection of the writer, where dancing (!) was on the bill, was a "class party," held in the old Gymnasium by one of the preparatory classes. To furnish music for the evening, a squad of "the boys" carried the old square piano from the stage of Villard Hall to the Gym, where some talented young thing played "Over the Waves" for the dancers. Bizarre indeed were those who could venture the intricacies of that waltz. Occasionally a party at the dormitory would feature a little dancing in the crowded social hall.

With the beginning of the 1900 decade, the Armory, then an upstairs hall over a furniture warehouse on West Seventh street, became the Mecca of class parties. Those who could dance did the dancing, leaving the non-dancers and wallflowers to entertain the patrons and patronesses. A sort of dancing school was conducted at the Armory on Saturday afternoons, and several formerly indifferent youths were known to sneak up there for their lessons. Some of the alleged dancers of the day were surely in need of the instruction.

Sometimes in the fall a few of the more daring spirits, feeling the need of excitement, would stage a night raid on the grape vineyards along the road to Springfield. Some of these expeditions were as rich in excitement as in spoils, when the owners appeared with shotguns.

Social Activities

The dearth of social activities has been duly stressed by the commentators on the '90's. With the 1900 decade, the dull monotony of the Friday evening literary society meetings began to disappear, what with the advent of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s, the new vogue of class parties, even featured by the freshmen, the sprinkling in of an occasional public debate or recital of the School of Music in Villard Hall, public rhetorical, oratorical contests, and the weekly rehearsals of the Oratorio Society, under the direction of Professor Glen. These rehearsals were held variously in "Frank's Hall," on Ninth street, the old Methodist church, or the old Central school, and were the occasion of the pleasant coming together of college folks with the choice people of Eugene.

Another semi-social activity was the meeting of the Classical club, organized with the distinctive name, Societas Quirinalis, under the tutelage of Professors Dunn and Straub. This club took in all classical students who wished to belong. Its meetings were generally held in homes, which served to mitigate somewhat the stern purposes of the group, namely the reading at sight of works like Caesar's Civil War, or the Last Six Books of the Aeneid.

Some of the leading churches of Eugene made it a rule to extend their hospitality and that of the town to the students, through the medium of a "reception to the students," usually staged when autumn leaves and cornstalks were plentiful for decoration, and pumpkin pies and cider were to be had for refreshment.

Characteristic of the Period

Living conditions at the University in our days were vastly different from today. The only dormitory was for men, but those who could not find room there, or who were unable to pay the price, would either "batch" or board with some private family, who had the fortitude to undertake such a task. McClanahan's was one of the favorites among these private boarding houses. Many of us have recollections of crude furniture, fashioned from boxes and stray boards, coal oil lamps for our study tables, and always the clinging odor of amateur cooking about our apartments.

Life at the dormitory was far from tame, with its program of practical jokes, initiation of greenhorns, bathtub parties, and

various expressions of rivalry between the "north end" and the "south end." Somewhat like ancient Gaul, the dormitory was divided into two parts, the one inhabited by the more studious element, and the other, by those to whom goodfellowship meant equally as much as scholarship.

The women, having no dormitory or sorority houses, either had to board in private families, or "keep house." Unlike the quarters of the men who "batched," the rooms occupied by the college girls who "kept house," were tastefully arranged, even though often at very slight cost, and were very hospitable places for the men to spend an evening "studying."

There were no student eating houses or common hangouts, although an occasional "class banquet" or some such celebration would take place in one of the downtown restaurants. Once in a while it would be the good luck of some "batcher" to have Sunday dinner at the old Hoffman House, and many were the lonesome students who were invited into the hospitable and delightful homes of the Eugene people for a meal or a pleasant evening.

Social formalities, as they exist today, were just coming into their beginnings. Dress suits, as I have said, were very rare, and most of our social functions of the day were of necessity, entirely informal in character.

Beards were the thing with faculty members. I found it interesting to recall that, numbered among the "barbati," were Professors Condon, Hawthorne, Howe, Sheldon, Rice, Schmidt, Friedel, McKinley, Boynton, Stafford, and even Professor Dunn at one time, with a coal black Van Dyke. Physical Director Burden should also be included in this roster, with his bravely curled black moustache, as well as Professor Glen, whose lovely side whiskers of softest brown so well became his ruddy face.

The Growth of Twenty Years

The student at Oregon today can scarcely visualize the smallness of the institution fifteen or twenty years back. Why, we had a hard time to find singers enough in our entire student body to make up a glee club of sixteen voices. We usually had to take any and all comers, almost irrespective of vocal qualifications. The miracle of turning out creditable singing organizations with the scant material was annually wrought by Professor Glen, one of the most wonderful men Oregon ever had, but now, unfortunately, lost to our sister institution, U of W.

Imagine the editorial staff of the college paper consisting of three or four students, about two of whom did all the work. The editor in chief usually made his headquarters on Saturday in Yoran's Printing Office, where he sweat and toiled all day long, trying to keep the typesetters supplied with longhanded copy.

Graduating classes ranged from fifteen to thirty in number, and, when the class of 1906 came up for graduation with a roll of forty-one members, well, that was a record breaker. 1907 came along with another "largest class in the history of Oregon"—fifty-two.

So began the passing of the Middle Ages at Oregon. Attendance, activities, organizations, social complexities and amenities have so multiplied today that it is difficult for the graduate of twenty years ago to recognize the institution of his day, or for the student of today to picture the Oregon of twenty years ago. But there is a growing spirit of camaraderie and solidarity among Oregon folks, binding us all into one glorious body, and making brothers of us all as never before. Oregon alumni are just beginning to realize what Oregon means to them.



The arts building, on the northeastern corner of the campus, where once stood the first gymnasium. The arts building will be headquarters for the class of '99 at commencement.

Memories of an Earlier Oregon

EDITOR'S NOTE—It was in January that a very interesting gathering of Oregon alumnae was held at the Benson hotel in Portland, but the papers read at this unique program were reminiscent of the very earliest days of the University—and June has always seemed to be the time for reminiscence. Accordingly the report of the occasion has been saved for this issue of OLD OREGON.

Bertha Slater Smith, '99, was chairman, and we believe Anna Roberts Stephenson, '96, to have arranged the program. It consisted of musical numbers and of "recollections" of the first faculty members of the University. Additionally, there were the following, copies of which we have not been able to get: Professor Collier, by Miss Melissa E. Hill, '94; Professor McClure, by Mrs. Mary Carrie, ex-'00, and letters from Professor Straub and Professor Hawthorne.

John Wesley Johnson

By MAY DORRIS BRONAUGH, '93

THE first President of the University of Oregon was John Wesley Johnson.

My father and President Johnson were warm personal friends, good democrats together, and, as I was born and grew up in Eugene, it seems that I have always known him and his family.

It was largely through their friendship that I decided to take Latin, the subject which President Johnson taught. It was a sorry day that I made this decision, for it cost me many a morning's sleep to make his eight o'clock class, many a restless night in fear of hearing him say to me the following morning at recitation, "Sit down and look it up," and withal many a misgiving that such a word as "amo," with so many variations and refinements of meaning, had ever been devised to trouble the brain of a young girl.

However, the surprising thing to me now is that, though I knew him so well, yet I really knew him so little. Did any one in the class room ever hear him speak of his own personal history? I never did—and yet his was a life well worthy to live in story and to be perpetuated in bronze.

At fourteen years of age, in the year 1852, breaking away from that part of Missouri now known as Kansas City, where, in 1836, he was born and where his grandfather, John Johnson, had settled in 1825 (coming from North Carolina), the future leader of education in Oregon, with his father, Charles Johnson, and his family, drove an ox team westward and ever westward. Somewhere along the trail in unmarked graves sleep his mother and sister, they having died enroute.

The family settled at Corvallis, where Charles Johnson, his father, took up a homestead. Such advantages as the district school offered, he got, and it was early seen that his thirst for knowledge was well nigh insatiable. Having borrowed a sufficient amount of money to finance himself, he determined to seek a college education and, going by horseback to the nearest seaport, Astoria, he took passage for Panama. There, he took steerage for New York, arriving just six months from the date of his leaving Oregon.

He applied for entrance at Yale, being just twenty-four years of age. He was insufficiently advanced to meet the requirements of entrance but the faculty could not refuse him after so arduous a journey, and he was admitted. At the end of four years, in 1862, "Oregon, as he was nicknamed, graduated near the top of his class.

Six months of travel and he found himself in Oregon again, dedicating his life to the work of teaching. He was warmly welcomed. He was first made President of McMinnville College in 1865, where he married Helen Adams. He was then made Principal of Central School in Portland, that being in 1868. Soon he was elected Principal of the first high school in Portland and, in 1872, was invited to organize the University of Oregon and be its first President. He accepted this high office, and, for seventeen years, was its active President and professor of Latin,—then five years of less active duties, making in all a period of twenty-two years of service, with what results let the great institution whose foundations he so securely laid attest.

In the year 1898, at the age of sixty-four, at Eugene, President Johnson died, sincerely mourned by the entire state.

He left surviving him four sons and two daughters. Three of his sons are Harvard men and one a Rhodes; two are Baptist ministers and two teachers.

Would it not be a most fitting thing to commemorate the life of this pioneer Oregon educator by a lifesize bronze placed upon the University Campus?

Thomas Condon

By AGNES McCORNACK GEARY, '80

TO students in the University of Oregon, Professor Thomas Condon always held an enchanter's wand. Coming as we did from high schools and small educational centers, we knew a little of the knowledge found in books and learned from observation. But Professor Condon led us out into a new world. Every object in nature had its meaning, its history, easy to read and understand when interpreted by an earnest explorer in the realm of science. No conventional garden plot held him. He could say:

"My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake edge,
Then plunge to depths profound;
Self-sown my stately garden grows;
The wind, and wind blown seed,
Cold April rain and colder snows
My hedges plant and feed."

He saw not simply the grandeur of mountain ranges, the sloping beauty of the valleys, the winding rivers and the rugged canyons, but read in them the history of world formation. He caught a vision of long distant ages when the valleys were great lakes, like his Willamette Sound, and the mountain peaks, islands, as in his book: "Two Islands and what came of them."

This vision of the early formation of the Pacific slope came with discoveries made after long years of toil, traveling on foot and horseback, working with pick and shovel in almost inaccessible fossil beds. It is difficult to understand how anyone under such trying conditions could have gathered together such a wonderful and valuable collection of fossils and minerals as the Condon cabinet now in the possession of the University of Oregon. Students were indeed filled with awe and wonder when shown the rare specimens of ancient life by the ever interested and inspiring teacher.

When we first viewed the wonderful fossils, parts of prehistoric monsters, the foot of the little horse, etc., we felt like Alice in Wonderland when she dropped down, down into the center of the earth and saw such curious creatures. To me Professor Condon seemed the happiest when, with magnifying glass in hand, he smilingly described a dainty wild flower—"country cousin" to some well known garden beauty—or described a strange shell still retaining the faint murmur of ancient seas.

I also remember his kindly patience with any earnest student even though he or she might be a bit dull or slow. Many a timid collector was encouraged and made happy with fossils, shells and minerals from the professor's cabinet, but woe betide the student who would trifle with a subject so dear to the teacher's heart.

Professor Condon was a pioneer—our hearts always thrill at the thought of our pioneers, the empire builders of the world. He was a pioneer in a more difficult field even than that of empire building, where strong men stood shoulder to shoulder in a mutual well understood cause.

Professor Condon in his research in geology entered a new field in a new country where he stood comparatively alone. What is now an open book was, in his generation, a mystery, and a somewhat dark mystery. It was difficult for religious people, and it was a religious age, to see God's revelation in a simple shell buried in the sands of an ancient beach or frail fern leaving its impress in the strata of the rocks.

However, he was able, as we know, to overcome great difficulties, advance the science that he loved, and write his name in a book of loving remembrance in many hearts. His students will remember him whenever and wherever they study the great world of nature and, like him, discover:

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Mary Spiller

By CLARA COGSWELL INGHAM, '87

YOUNG though I was, she seemed to me to fairly radiate strength of character. Her face always expressed determination, not so much because she willed it so as because the very grain of her personality stamped it there.

Other characteristics which I still recall with admiration were her erect carriage of body and her serene mental poise. It is true that she had a reputation for severity and sternness, due to her demand for absolute thoroughness in the work of her pupils.

But at least one of them knew how kind at heart she really was and how quick to sense mental distress of others. Once when I had been called to the blackboard during a recitation and my work was completed for the inspection of the class, one small word was noticed to have been misspelled and, of course, I was laughed at, greatly to my hurt and discomfort.

Mary Spiller saw it all and understood it all. Later she came to me and put her arm caressingly across my shoulders.

"Come closer," she said, "I want to whisper to you. I can't spell any better than you can. That's why I always have some one else go to the board. Don't let that keep you from getting ahead." It was true, although told in the strictest confidence, which then was rigidly observed, she never did go to the board before her classes.

Under similar circumstances some teachers would have ordered double doses of the spelling-book in place of this heart-healing little confession; but nothing at that time could have so consoled me. Here was my ideal admitting to a weakness of her own, for my sake! How I loved her for it!

Nowadays bobbed hair is fashionable; when I was in Mary Spiller's class in English at the University, "shingled" hair was the rage. My hair was very heavy and long, and my father had forbidden me to follow the fashion and have it cut. But in an evil hour I took it into my wilful head to disobey him and went to a barber for the shingling, and was shorn of what St. Paul calls the glory of a woman.

But my disobedience was swiftly punished. When I went to the mirror to note the effect of the new style I nearly fainted. The barber, either possessed of some evil spirit, or in a fit of absentmindedness, had not only *shingled* but had *sheared* my head, which resembled nothing so much as a large brown chestnut bur.

Well, anyone remembering the genius for poking fun that resides in any youthful studentbody at college, may form some idea of the misery that awaited me. My classmates would take occasion to go by my seat just to pass a hand over my cropped poll and make some remark about it, at which I cringed. Life was a burden; and one morning when it seemed to me that my cup of misery overflowed, Mary Spiller came to the rescue. All this little by-play had not escaped her notice, but she realized that it was not a matter that she could handle with discipline, and so she came to me—not stroking my head as my tormentors did—but slid a friendly and understanding arm about my shoulders, saying, "Don't mind them. I don't believe one of them has such a handsomely shaped head as yours."

The world would be the richer for more Mary Spillers. With the real teacherly gift which made all her work an inspiration to thoroughness, she combined the quick eye for unhappy situations and the warmheartedness for soothing and bracing the wounded spirit.

We do well to cherish her memory.

Mark Bailey

By AGNES GREEN VEAZIE, '90

IN thinking over my relations with Professor Bailey, it seems to me that they were unusually varied and in some respects unique. I first knew him when I was a child of nine or ten—not more—for then Professor and Mrs. Bailey were guests at our home at Olympia. There were other visits later. I suppose there is still in our family, made on one of these occasions, a red merino sofa-cushion beautifully braided in white by Mrs. Bailey, whose fingers were never idle. I am glad to pay this passing tribute to Mrs. Bailey's kindness of heart and indefatigable energy.

Not only did I become acquainted with Professor Bailey before I went to Oregon, but he was the reason for my going there. Had it not been for him I should never have met my husband. I might have married some Seattle boy, and my family, which the chairman has just been good enough to say is a nice one, would have been hopelessly different. So though he did not perform the marriage ceremony for me as he did for Mrs. Bronaugh, you will see that he was quite involved in my domestic affairs.

At Eugene I became a boarder in Professor Bailey's household and a student in his classes. Later I was myself a guest in his home. I was his fellow church member. Still later, after he had retired from the University of Oregon and was living in

Seattle, I had for a short time the honor of being associated with him as teacher in a private academy managed by a Mr. Forbush, where Professor Bailey gave a few courses. Last of all, I think I may claim a place among those who were blessed with his personal friendship.

In appearance Professor Bailey was tall—fully six feet three, I should say—and large boned, though spare. His hair and short beard were sandy, his eyes blue and deepset, his teeth long, showing plainly when he spoke or smiled. Ever since I can remember him, he had a studious stoop of the shoulders.

His room was in Villard hall, and between it and the corridor extended a smaller room fitted with magazine racks and used for reading. There we dug out material for debates from such magazines as the *Fortnightly*, *Contemporary Review*, *Popular Science Monthly*, and the like. You remember!

I took astronomy and mathematics with Professor Bailey. How well I recall one feature of his teaching! Our author, Loomis of Yale, would say, "Hence it may easily be seen," or "Thus it clearly follows," and Professor Bailey would remark, "Next time you may bring in a demonstration of the missing link." Those were the days when second-hand books, well-pedigreed and with flyleaves *not* blank, were worth more than gold!

The lesson over, Professor Bailey, his head thrown back, his eyes fixed on remote space, would lecture on the heavenly magnitudes and the immensities of the Milky Way. If we failed to follow all of his mathematical intricacies—as some of us did—I am sure we were engaged in spirit as we marveled at the grandeur of the universe.

And then suddenly he would return to earth, and leaning so as to command a view of the reading room, would remark, "I'll excuse the talking in there."

Professor Bailey took a deep personal interest in his students. It was my fortune to remain in Eugene over one Christmas vacation. I was living in his home and he volunteered to give me extra work. I was not displeased—rather flattered perhaps at being thought worth the attention. He set me to calculating eclipses. When I presented my figures, which differed somewhat from his own, he only said, "Very likely yours are right." It was not sarcasm nor affectation—Professor Bailey was the most modest of men; but of course I knew I was wrong. I had only, as I remember it, worked to six decimal places, while he may have carried on to sixty.

I have always suspected Professor Bailey calculated eclipses for recreation—he never took any other that I know of. He never went duck-hunting—not he—nor did he engage in the very laudable occupation of fossil digging, though he was deeply interested in geology.

His only exercise was his daily walk to and from school, tin lunch pail of bread and milk in hand—that and mowing the yard with great swinging scythe-strokes during the growing season. He disbelieved in athletics, an amiable weakness in those days, and once told us that during his own college career he had lived on rice and milk because this did not require physical activity for its assimilation.

Professor Bailey had a strong appreciation of humor, although I recall no witticisms of his own. He was, however, fond of telling about the occasion when he made some remarks at the dedication of a court-house—I believe that was it—at McMinnville. After he had resumed his seat, a temperance orator and song leader commonly known as "Foghorn Watts" rose to announce, "We will now sing, 'Hark from the tombs a doleful sound.'"

Professor Bailey was fond of music, especially sacred music, and was something of a singer himself. But the dominant note in his character was the religious one. I am sure all who knew him will agree to this. He taught a young people's Bible class, and was always present at the mid-week prayer meeting. I can still hear him singing there, in his big booming bass voice:

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die:
After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity."

Dear Professor Bailey, great in body and mind and heart, yet with the simplicity and sincerity of a child! I hope to meet him again when I pass beyond the sunset! I think I shall find him, his occupation unchanged, still chanting the glories of the universe and the majesty of its Creator.



Members of the class of '99, which will hold its 25-year reunion at commencement. Arrangements are under the direction of Mrs. R. S. Bryson of Eugene, vice-president of the alumni association. Headquarters during the reunion will be at the arts building on the campus, where Maude Kerns can be found. The program of events for the class was printed in detail in the May OLD OREGON. Back row, left to right: Lawrence Reed, Dorothea Dale, Dr. James Carrio, Maude Kerns, John Barber, Mary Marsh Day, George Gilbert, Lizzie Griffin Bryson, Blaine H. Haven. Second row: Lawson Bradley, Grace Murray Evans, Anna Grimes Calef, Roscoe Bryson, Dr. Charles Templeton. Third row: Zola Grimes Sorensen, Marie Thomson Paslay, Charles Galloway, Bertha Slater Smith, Luia Renshaw Inubar, Clara Pengra Olsson.

A Letter to the Class of 1899

TO THE CLASS OF 1899, GREETINGS:

You have invited to the campus a gracious guest. I wish to felicitate you, to congratulate you on the happy inspiration that prompted your action.

On her return to the campus, Professor Carson will find changes in the University, and the older members of the Faculty, her colleagues in the years gone by, are anxious that she shall discover, amidst all the changes, the indubitable evidence that her years of loving service were not given in vain; that the ideals she sought so valiantly to implant actually were implanted and are in fact among the things most cherished by the University of today.

You well remember how staunchly Professor Carson stood for high scholarship. Recently two honors, long desired but long denied, have been granted the University—the almost simultaneous establishment of chapters of Phi Beta Kappa and of Sigma Xi. These honors were granted by the national bodies in

recognition of advancing scholarship and productivity in research; and we, of the older regime, trust your guest will find in them a partial fulfillment of her dreams.

Professor Carson was the soul of sincerity; she shrank as from a contamination, whenever in the presence of insincerity. We hope she will discover that this characteristic has been handed down to the present day. We believe there is not much of insincerity or sham about the University; things are pretty much what they seem; and no one tries to make them seem any different except by trying to make them different. The cards are all on the table, face up. For this state of affairs, Professor Carson must admit some degree of responsibility.

Your guest was always proud of Oregon, proud of the University of Oregon, proud of the people of Oregon. It never occurred to her that either the State of Oregon, or its institutions, or its people, called for any apologies; and she never made any. On the contrary, she was ever ready to defend them to the

utmost, and took pride in doing so. Let us hope that during her stay here she may find no cause to lessen that pride.

Professor Carson was a constant champion and exemplar of high ideals of character, and strove unceasingly to implant such ideals in the University. On this score we feel assured that

good fortune came back unscarred; and the equally valiant women of Oregon, who unerringly sensed the right, and who gave, without stint and without limit, of their time, their strength, their energy, their wits, and their hearts' best impulses to help and to save, who gave until there was nothing



Dr. Luella Clay Carson, who will be an honor guest at Commencement.

she will find no cause for disappointment in the University of the present. The crucial test came in the spring of 1917. The valiant sons of Oregon who sleep on the fields of France or in their native land, and the equally valiant sons who came back shattered and maimed, and the equally valiant sons who by

more to give—these are a sufficient guarantee; they stood the acid test. Will you kindly ask your guest whether she feels that these young men and women have justified her pride in Oregon, and whether they have not in some measure repaid the price in Oregon, and whether they have not in some measure repaid the

price of her devotion to lofty ideals? We feel that way about it, and our confidence in the rising generation has received a new birth. Individually they are not all quite perfect, perhaps, but their deficiencies seem to have been rather over-emphasized; and to strike a fair balance a little emphasis on the other side appears to be in place. We should be glad to know to what extent our former colleague shares this view, after her visit to the University.

There is one thing more which I should like to mention, yet I hardly know how. It is something about which men speak with halting tongue, something which they never try to define yet instantly recognize, something which they adore and are ready to die for—a heaven-sent diadem, the crown of glorious womanhood. Will you not, during her stay here, take your guest into the unsuspecting presence of some of the many splendid young women on the campus at the present time? That will be enough. She will see for herself that the glorious crown which she sought to give the women of her day has been handed down to these newer women; and in spite of vanity, nay even of folly, they are wearing that crown today, untarnished and unsullied. This I am sure, if a mere man be any judge, will give more pleasure to the former Dean of Women than anything else you could possibly do.

Permit me once again to offer felicitations on the happy event, and to sign myself simply

A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY

Luella Clay Carson

An Appreciation

By BERTHA SLATER SMITH, '99

MY college career properly began in a memorable interview in grim old Villard, in which I rendered an account of my educational assets to the head of the English department, and was duly registered in Freshman English, the busts of Shakespeare and Lincoln calmly attending, and the "thesis-box" ominously present. Four years later, after Commencement, it was not "all over" until, having sought Professor Carson in her study, and having vainly attempted to express the gratitude welling up in my heart, I departed ruefully with her loving benediction.

My experience was not unique. Because of her commanding personality, Luella Clay Carson could not fail to be a potential factor in the life of every student who attended her classes. In her very presence one sensed responsibility, purpose, poise. In her beautiful speech there was the precision of a truth lover; and glimpsing through her outward reserve and dignity a manner like fire in an opal, was a wonderful tenderness and warmth of soul. With a will to work she planned all her undertakings to the minutest detail and executed them with absolute finality. Her patriotism and her enthusiasm for the state of Oregon are proverbial.

Outside her class-room Professor Carson gave much time and thought to committees and councils dealing with the welfare of the institution in which she had a consuming interest.

As dean of women she exerted her influence strongly for a womanhood of high idealism.

Upon her return to the campus this Commencement as the honor guest of the class of '99, Dr. Carson will come unto her own. She will find precious, living memories, and a sincere affection grown deeper and richer for the intervening years. She will find a greater university; greater in prestige and promise, for the high impulse she gave to its earlier life; greater and better, for the years of her devoted service. Old Oregon will rise up and salute her.

History of the Commencement Fern and Flower Procession

THE FERN AND FLOWER procession had its inception in the mind of Dr. Luella Clay Carson, then dean of women and professor of English and rhetoric at the University of Oregon.

In 1894 she organized the girls of the junior class into a secret society known as the F. F. F.'s. At this time the campus was bare of flowers and ferns. The F. F. F.'s (Fern and Flower Fanatics) began their work planting a large bed of native maiden hair fern by the east entrance of Villard hall and beneath the window of its founder.

It was not until 1900 that the Fern and Flower procession became a reality. Two junior girls, Mary Straub Stafford and Susie Banuard Holt, were chosen leaders and filled this position for several years after their graduation. It was a small group of graduates in those days who laid their garlands on the north steps of Villard.

From year to year the procession has developed until now hundreds of alumnae, ex-students and undergraduates tread at twilight along the familiar paths of college days with song and music and place their flowers and ferns.

The Doc Who Thrilled Eugene

(Continued from Page 11)

Accordingly, the Opera House on this historic occasion swarmed early with expectant townspeople, who buzzed and visited until the fateful moment arrived when Prof Hepburn, radiating business, appeared from the stage door and, seating himself at the piano, struck A for Mr. Watt, who fiddled out of shop hours. Next were brought into tune the cornetists, oompahist and clarinetist. A foreign and distinguishing looking man, the Prof—tall, blond, blue-eyed, with long Nordic face and cropped Alpine skull, dressed in clawhammer suit of blue with gilt buttons, a survival of orchestra days in Vienna. The Prof placed a pouncing left hand above the keys and raised a warning right forefinger in the air. Fiddle bow, mouth pieces and drum sticks went into position. Down came the finger, and the orchestra burst into the opening potpourri, following which the drop pole began to roll up interesting commercial information and disclose a chorus of happy, calico-clad cotton pickers, whose faces shone like Bixby's stove polish.

The opera proceeded famously, with a liberal interspersing of dialogue, solos, duos, quartets and choruses adapted from tunes of slavery days. From the very start, when introduced to the charming St. Clair family, the audience conceived a high opinion of Doc Tucker's unsuspected literary talent, as well as of Prof Hepburn's harmonies. Little Eva (little Miss Tucker) held her pious homilies with Unc Torm, telling of visions of Pearly Gates and of going to spirits bright. Unc Torm got that way, too. Miss Ophelia expressed her Puritan contempt for shiftlessness. The legal gentleman, Mr. Marks, with his comic umbrella, vied with the mischievous Topsy for the laughs. Eliza (Mrs. Doc Tucker) struck a dramatic note. So far, so good. But there was one character that caused the audience to sit up breathless, held by a spell, as the pale blue flame of genius spread its lurid glare over the stage. The Doc had come into action as Simon Legree.

Our amiable dentist with the soft drawing voice was absorbed by the artist. We saw only the human fiend, who sneered at the religious faith of Unc Torm, who cracked his blacksnake over the poor fellow's unresisting back, who appraised the beautiful and sensitive Eliza as one might a barnyard cow. And what language!

"I'll have none o' yer bawling, praying, singing niggers around my place."

"What, you lazy beast! Short again, eh? Stand aside—you'll catch it pretty soon!" (Swish of the whip).

"Ye blasted beast, tell me ye don't think it right to do what I tell ye!" (Crack!)

"How I hate the Methodist hymns! Here, you nigger!" (Slash, crack!)

"None o' your shines, gal! You's got to keep a pleasant face when I speak to ye, d'ye hear?"

"Shut your old black gash and get along with ye!"

The audience shuddered and clenched its fists, not a little indignant that the Union Army had not made a clean job of the South when it had the chance. Republicans who had been flirting with mugwumpery resolved to vote straight hereafter. Deep satisfaction spread through the hall as Legree approached his drunken, ghost-haunted end.

Even Eliza's escape over the ice to the savage baying of stage hands in the wings failed to divert our thoughts from the terrible Legree. And when the curtain, at the finish, revealed Little Eva seated on a cotton-batting cloud in a blue Heaven, and Unc Torm, removed from earthly affliction, kneeling below in an attitude of prayer, we were still brooding over that mean, cruel cuss, Legree.

The sheer fiendishness of Legree made the flesh creep. A character forged in the white heat of indignation lived

again for us in Doc Tucker, whose inborn Republicanism spared nothing. It was not the mild and merciful Doc Tucker who protected us from aching molars that we saw, but a human monster with sixteen rattles and a button!

For four nights, running, Rhinehart's was packed to the bleachers with enthusiasts. Patient, pathetic Unc Torm, Little Eva of celestial ambitions, the long suffering Eliza, the impish Topsy and Lawyer Marks, with his comic umbrella, became in increasing degree mere foils for the superb artist of Legree.

Thus the day came when the Doc found himself back in his office in the old humdrum life. But his interest in the departures and arrivals in the Baker House and Hoffman House buses and Bangs' leather upholstered cab had gone. His entire outlook on life was changed. At times, his patients, gagged with sheet rubber and clenching the arms of the plush operating chair, tears of anguish gushing from their eyes, became suddenly aware that it was not the kindly, sympathetic Doc Tucker into whose hands they had fallen, but the blacksnake-wielding Simon Legree.

After some weeks of dull and begrudged attention to duty, Doc Tucker dropped all pretense of interest in his profession. The stage beckoned, implored, lured, wheedled, coaxed and gave him no rest. Then the news dumbfounded the town that he had sold his home, furniture and all, and had joined Prof Hepburn in an *Uncle Tom's Cabin Opera*

Company, his charming wife to continue as Eliza and winsome daughter as Little Eva.

The opera company was formed and placed on tour, but its promising career was cut short by a couple of fellows somewhere in the East, who obtained an injunction from the court on the ground of an alleged infringement on a work for which they claimed the copyright.

The opera company stopped. But Doc Tucker, with his happy little family, went on.

However, a hiatus now occurs in my history. But I conceive of the Doc doing heavies in the drama, plotting deviltries, hissing under a thick black mustache, tapping his riding boots impatiently with his crop as he watches the guileless hero stepping into his net, sending the heroine into the snow with her babe in a shawl, and, in general, preying upon innocence and bullying virtue. "What! You refuse to sign those papers? Then take that—and that!"

A year or so later, following this hiatus, we again heard of the Doc. In fact, he passed through Eugene on a lyceum as "The Tucker Family." Program: Part 1—Home songs and plantation melodies by the Tucker Family; part 2—Scenes from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Legree browbeating Eliza, Legree soliloquizing over a prostrate hypothetical Unc Torm, the death of Little Eva—all good, clean stuff.

And, today, we may rest assured that if the stage had lived up to the domestic and private ideals of Doc Tucker, Hollywood could now vie morally with Zion City.

Alaska as a Place for People Who Like Pioneering

EDITOR'S NOTE--We asked Mrs. Allen what it was like in Alaska if you had a university education and wanted to do something with it. Here is her very interesting reply.

Wiseman, Alaska, April 8, 1924

TO THE EDITOR OF OLD OREGON:

Four years in a rather isolated part of Alaska have made my information somewhat vague, but I shall answer your question the best I can.

Just this winter a party of government men went through our section on the way to the newly discovered oil fields in the Arctic. A government road man, talking to a group of mining men here a month ago, said that after their report the government might decide to build a railroad to the oil fields connecting with the natural waterways and the already completed government railroad between Nenana and Seward. In that case there would be many opportunities for civil engineers and mining experts.

There are opportunities in this district on the Koyukuk river, and many other places, for men who wish to prospect for gold. The reindeer industry is in its infancy and might appeal to some. The tourist travel in Alaska in summer is large and increasing yearly. Young men might like to become guides in the summer months. Towns like Fairbanks, Anchorage and Juneau offer business opportunities for those suited for the work. Farming is a successful industry in the Tanana Valley and Matanuska district. The land office employs several young men yearly to do their work all over Alaska. Young men are in demand for principals of the larger schools and for other teach-

ing positions at good salaries.

As to teaching for girls, I will answer from my own experience. In February, 1914, I left a position in one of the good sized high schools of Oregon to go to Fairbanks at double the salary I was receiving. In the year and a half that I taught there I was able to save some money for the first time.

In 1919 I resumed teaching at Wiseman, Alaska, in a small school composed of half-breeds and eskimos. The work was attractive to me on account of the eagerness of the pupils to acquire knowledge. The salary is \$200 per month; 9 months school.

There are several towns with good high schools and in the wilds many smaller schools of the Wiseman type. Those wishing to teach in the larger towns or in the smaller schools for white children or half-breeds should write to L. D. Henderson, Commissioner of Education at Juneau.

Those who would prefer to teach Indians or eskimos should write to the Bureau of Education for the Schools of Alaska, at Seattle. Love of nature and of reading should be part of the "equipment" of a teacher in the smaller schools. A knowledge of simple cooking is almost essential, as boarding places are rare.

There are people for whom coming to Alaska is equivalent to finding themselves—people who are naturally pioneers and prefer the free and democratic life of a pioneer country. I happen to be one of those people and can answer both your questions broadly, thus: for young men and women with a liking for the pioneer life, Alaska has many opportunities.

Sincerely yours,

VANDA RUTH COFFEE ALLEN

Mary Spiller Scholarship Fund Growing

ONE THOUSAND dollars of the \$5,000 desired as a permanent foundation for the Mary Spiller scholarship has been received since last year, without any special drive to raise funds for this pet project of the Oregon Alumnae Association. This hopeful report comes from the president, Marguerite Rohse Clarke, '13.

Under a plan, new since last June, the association is determined to raise a sum whose interest will maintain the yearly scholarship instead of each year raising a new sum. Gifts of all kinds are received, but the association especially urges that

members should pay their yearly dues of \$1 for the next ten years in advance. This would complete the fund. Quite ample gifts have been received already, and this sum will be loaned (but not given) until it reaches the desired size. The Home Science club of Eugene contributed \$300 last year and \$50 this year. Four or five of the older members have always given more than their nominal dues.

The alumnae association will have its annual breakfast at the Anchorage at 9 on Saturday morning, June 14. Reservations can be made through Mrs. Clarke, by mail or by phoning 934-J.

Harry Cash Discusses Teaching in the Philippines

Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

TO OLD OREGON:

KNOWING how common it is to advise folks not to choose whatever line of work the adviser is engaged in, and realizing how very different is the appeal of things and conditions to each individual, I hesitate to give my ideas of the advantages and disadvantages of the teaching service over here.

However, since the editor feels that I may have something of interest to say on the subject, I will set down my impressions and then wash my hands of any responsibility should any student be persuaded to come over.

I suppose most people come to these out-of-way places through a spirit of adventure, a desire to see the east, or dissatisfaction with conditions at home. From discussing the subject with people over here, I feel some very minor incident has been responsible for many who are here. I know that it was so in my case.

It has been customary, for many years, either to have some man in the States choose those who are to be sent over or to send some one back for that purpose. This year Vice-Governor Gilmore has been in the States for that purpose and has, I imagine, completed his appointments. However, since the service here is under the Bureau of Insular Affairs, information regarding the possibility of appointment can best be secured by writing directly to the Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington, D. C. Formerly a civil service examination was necessary but that was discontinued some time ago and I think the plan now is to fill out the application sent and to receive appointment either by a personal interview with the representative or through correspondence.

Living Generally Cheaper

I do not know the entrance salary given at present but it is not high. As a rule one can live more cheaply over here than at home, although there are some stations in which living expenses are very great.

When one receives an appointment it is for two years. Transportation is furnished and then ten per cent a month is taken from the salary to cover this. At the end of two years of satisfactory service this is refunded. A three per cent deduction is also made for a pension fund, which is also refunded when one resigns unless he stays the twenty years necessary to realize on the pension.

At present, all new teachers coming over are assigned to high schools as teachers of English. This includes first year composition in which a great deal of written work is given, first year literature, second, third and fourth year composition and literature combined. Practically all teachers are required to teach six forty-minute periods a day, have conferences and usually have charge of some student activity. There are some exceptions to this since some are assigned to the Normal courses.

Upon arrival, the teacher is sent to some provincial high school or to one of the three high schools, commercial school or normal school in Manila. Some of these stations are several days by boats from Manila, others in the island of Luzon where one travels by rail. The average person soon becomes accustomed to the inconveniences of travel although it is very different from travel at home.

Aside from the interest one has in local surroundings and con-

ditions, life in the provinces is very quiet. There are only a very few stations in which one finds any Americans except the very few in the Bureau. Few high schools have more than a half dozen Americans who together with the division superintendent make up the American community. One forms very pleasant friendships with the Filipinos and the scattered Spanish families. One does not, as a rule, see much of their home life. In most places one must look for and furnish his own house, find a cook and house boy. To the newcomer, this is sometimes quite a problem but while one does without many of the things considered very necessary at home, once established, he lives very comfortably.

In most places, there are tennis, pleasant places for excursions and picnics and, in most of the provinces, good swimming. However whatever one has in the way of recreation he must start himself. I may have been fortunate in my stations, but I have always heartily enjoyed the associations formed here.

The school year begins in June. There is a two weeks vacation at Christmas time and school closes in March at the beginning of the hot season. Then one has two months vacation. Many teachers spend this in the mountains of Baguio north of Manila where the climate is cool enough to give the desired change and where the Bureau has a camp where one has the opportunity to meet many Americans and have a very enjoyable vacation. Some make trips to China, Java and the Southern islands, but travel is expensive and it takes about all one makes to do these things.

World Tour Made by Many

Many who stay only two years go home by the way of Europe, thus making a world tour which they perhaps never would have had the opportunity otherwise to enjoy.

There are about forty positions as high school principals and division superintendents, mostly held by Americans. The principalships give one experience which he doesn't have in the States, while the superintendency is a diversified and interesting executive position. Each province has a division superintendent who is directly responsible to the director of education and has entire charge of school affairs in his province. He has under him from two to three hundred to a thousand or more teachers and from a hundred to several hundred schools. In some provinces he must travel a great deal by water, horse and on foot. In others, he can make all of his schools by car.

After having been here three years, one is allowed six months leave with transportation back. In no case, however, do they furnish transportation to the States.

It is a common saying that if one stays more than two years, he always drifts back. This seems to happen quite consistently. After that length of time, the spirit of the East seems to have become a part of one.

If you are looking for an opportunity to make a great deal of money, win fame or a great reputation, don't come. But, if the out-of-way places appeal to you, if you are not squeamish about living with ants, lizards, rats and cockroaches, if you can get along without your fresh milk, your soda fountains, the morning paper and the latest news reel, if the heat doesn't bother you during the day and you enjoy cool tropical nights with a real tropical moon, if you have a taste for tropical fruits and enjoy your own company, come along *but don't blame me if you don't like it!*

HARRY L. CASH

COMMUNICATION

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following communication reached OLD OREGON unsigned and in an envelope bearing no marks of identification other than a Los Angeles postmark. OLD OREGON questions the accuracy of the statements in it, believing that the Literary Digest and not an Oregon publication was the first to photograph a typewritten page and then print from the photographic plate. However, whether right or wrong, we should be glad to have more information about "Green Cap" and its no doubt joyful existence.

WHAT was taken in somewhat jocular light on the campus during the fall of 1912, but which in later years proved to be the beginning of a new type of journalism, was the "Green Cap," a periodical whose inauguration was attempted by several members of the class of 1916 during their Freshman year. It was the first periodical in journalistic history to ever

be published on a mimeograph, so far as is known. During the time of the World War, when the Literary Digest was short of its linotypists who had gone on a strike, the typewritten page was resorted to, to keep this popular weekly in circulation. Credit was given them for this new stride in journalistic effort, and those who instituted this change were lauded for this ingenious piece of work. But the "Green Cap" was the forerunner of them all and the credit for this innovation goes to three Oregon men who were members of the class of 1916 in its Freshman year, Robert Prosser, the president of the class, Martel I. Mickey and Mandell Weiss. The first issue of the "Green Cap" was mimeographed in the office of Walter B. Dillard, '07, who was at one time the county superintendent of schools for Lane county, and later worked with L. R. Alderman, '05, in Salem when the latter was Superintendent of public instruction, for the state of Oregon.

European Turmoil and European Students

EDITOR'S NOTE—Roy Veatch, '22, is teaching in the American University at Beirut, Syria. Last summer he did considerable traveling in Europe in connection with international student conferences. His account, published below, throws interesting light not only on the attitude of the European university student toward world affairs, but it indicates something of the physical distress many of them are undergoing for want of food and clothing. We have been permitted to use this account through the kindness of Mrs. Charlotte Donnelly, but mother at the Oregon Y. M. C. A. Veatch was president of the Y. M. during his senior year.

THIS will have to be a sort of an aeroplane view of a long, full experience. For instance, third class on the Lamartine on a record three-day trip up through the Mediterranean in the middle of June, with the good food, Syrian emigrants to America, and the little Chinese deckboy who wrote on my typewriter; two hectic days in Constantinople chasing my passport which the Turks had taken to visé, with many lovely interviews with oily-mouthed officials, there having seen an order from Angora



Pictures gathered up by Roy Veatch during his summer on the European continent. 1.—Clothing arriving at the Berlin office of the E. S. R. A great day, for many German students are still wearing their army uniforms. This shipment of clothes, threadbare as they are and misshapen, is something to wait months for, to call for every day for weeks. 2.—The inscription over this "chemical laboratory" of German students, is more than a hundred years old. This makes living quarters for two students, and they are invited once a day to eat with a small shopkeeper. So they don't need anything else, except a little bread in the mornings. They are really fortunate. One of them has just received a present from his parents in Posen, a bottle of boiled potatoes which they were saving for..... 3.—There is no glass in the window in this German student's room. Two live in this little hole. Once they were robbed while asleep, even their clothes being taken. Other students scraped together enough to outfit them again, including a cheap violin for the one who was artistic.

to get on the good side of all Americans; the final discovery of the document in the hands of an American tourist party agent, an official having dished out all of the American passports he could find when he had called for his bunch; and then desperate efforts to get a free Roumanian visé with an unhappy ending, being charged \$10 just for transit, "because England and France had taken money from you, so why shouldn't we;" then a night on a little ship on the Black Sea, spent in a lifeboat after it started to rain, another night in the backyard of a Y secretary's home in Bucarest because the hotels were full, either of human beings or other beings; then a wonderful hot bath the next day and another hectic night in the aisle of a train bound for Budapest; then lovely Vienna for a day or two and a train full of delegates from many countries down to southwestern Austria, and Portschach.

Portschach, the Seat of the Conference

Portschach was lovely, peaceful, inspiring, challenging, breath-taking, spell-binding. It was unsurpassed in natural charm, set on its wooded peninsula extending out into the lovely Worther See; unsurpassed in magnitude for such a conference, nine hundred delegates from 48 different countries, commanding all of the cottages and the two large hotels of this summer resort, and necessitating the building of a great wooden auditorium for the meetings; unsurpassed in practical and inspirational leadership, with all of the great names of the world of boy's work.

After Portschach, a wonderful trip straight across Austria to the north, to Salzburg, the most beautiful town I have yet seen. It is situated on both sides of a beautiful winding river, with old bridges connecting the two, and the older side snuggles under the protecting shadow of a mighty fortress on a cliff high above, "Hohe-Salzburg," whose old halls and banquet rooms and prison cells were most interesting. Then back to Vienna and down the Danube to Budapest.

The Danube is always wonderful and it was especially so on this journey. Towards evening Con Hoffman, the beloved general secretary of European Student Relief, came aboard and livened up the party with a preliminary meeting, and a little farther along we were serenaded by a Hungarian students' glee club, and then we met at the landing in Budapest by a great crowd of students and their great chorus of 50 or 60 voices, singing the most entrancing airs and weird harmonies—the lights of the bridges of the Danube and of the beautiful buildings along the shore, and the massive forms of the castles high above us on the Buda side and the spires of the famous Parliament building on the Pest side, with this minor harmony of Magyar strains, all combined to create an impression of Old-World romantic beauty and fascination that could hardly be duplicated.

At the University of Budapest

The next day the Parad conference opened with a magnificent assembly in the beautiful hall of the University of Budapest, with high officials of the State and University present—fine speeches and fine manners and spirit assured us all of welcome to Hungary. Con Hoffman, Miss Ruth Rouse, executive secretary of the World's Student Christian Association, and a Hungarian student, assured us, and especially our visitors at this first meeting, of the high ideals and purpose of European Student Relief and particularly the conference we were setting out on.

The hundred and twenty of us, from some thirty-two different nations, then went out into the wooded country to the northwest of Budapest, to Parad, for the most thrilling experience I think any of us had ever had. There we were, in the midst of one of the countries still most bitter over the results of the war and the so-called Peace Treaty, and most fearful of her neighbors, as they had been of her: Germans, French, Russians, Jews, Greeks, Turks, and so on, with all the possibilities of a hundred explosions.

The first few days were terribly trying, with a demand by the German delegates that the political problems that were back of their terrible suffering must be discussed, a couple of wordy clashes between the Poles and Ukrainians, and the presence of two or three extra, unappointed, Czech delegates, who had come along to see that their rights were protected in this hostile country.

I am convinced that two or three things saved the day. One was our playing together and good fellowship in songs and stunts, which I had some responsibility in starting, and the other far more important thing, that a good number of leaders gathered each morning for prayer together. The conference was not a religious conference, but whatever of business and study we did, the lasting things that the conference achieved were certainly religious values and were brought about by religious values. By the end of the conference we were all one family, a practical proof that the World's Student Christian Federation watch-word "Under Heaven One Family," is not merely idealistic. In the last banquet before we parted, tendered by a press club in Budapest, one of the Czech delegates said, "We hesitated to come down into Hungary at this time, for we knew we were hated here and we thought our lives might be in danger, and we could see no good that could come out of it. Oh, but we're glad we came, for we have found that Hungarian students are fine, lovable fellows and girls, the kind we want to know always; they have treated us with such fine hospitality and kindness in spite of the strained political relations between our countries."

But there is just one other thing more that I must relate before I leave Parad. The leader of the German delegation, young Dr. Tillmans, had used some terrible terms in his condemnation of France the first evening, and the two French delegates, a young man and young woman, had completely broken down with grief over it. In spite of conferences between the two delegations and all of the efforts of the chairman, we were not sure how greatly relationships and feelings had changed be-

tween them. But on the last evening, when some wonderful things were said on behalf of many countries, the French leader, M. Moreh, said, "I am glad I came to Parad so that I might know some of the people that live on the other side of the iron walls, and I am very thankful that I have had this opportunity to learn that they are fine upright men and women whom I can love."

I went to Germany immediately after this conference and worked for European Student Relief in Berlin for seven weeks. I saw at first hand the terrific conditions that Dr. Tillmans had come from. He is the treasurer of the Studentenhilfe or Student Self-Help organization for Germany, a mighty well-organized movement to meet their needs. When he came back from Parad he had probably the most trying time any man has ever had. His remarks and spirit at Parad had not been understood (how could they, for the rest were not there) so he was called on the carpet by his whole organization in a long session in Berlin. But he was brave and stuck it through without giving a bit of ground, and he won the confidence and unanimous support of the representatives of all the student local organizations gathered there.

So the spirit of Parad is spreading.

The German Student Struggle

I had worth-while experiences in Berlin, though I wouldn't say they were pleasant ones. One certainly becomes ashamed of his selfishness there if he has a bit of shame in his make-up. To see these students struggling along, in their pre-war clothes, hatless, coats buttoned up tight to conceal the lack of shirt and underclothes, emaciated and tuberculous from a four or five years' diet of starch, and eating now nothing but one dish a meal, and only one or two meals a day. No, I can't very well over-draw it. And one can hardly find where they sleep—you begin to think they don't sleep at all. But I did run across some garrets and cellars, and even caves out in the suburbs. But the F. S. R. has been able to help some, and get them into some sort of dormitories and help them to get something like a nourishing diet, and send the worst ones off for a holiday or treatment in a sanatorium; a hundred or so went to Denmark as the guests of those wonderfully kind people. This certainly helps them while they are there, but then it seems so terrible to have to come back to their hopeless situation at home. And it's not only themselves that they worry about, where they are going to get their next meal, but it's also their loved ones, if they have any.

I heard of instance upon instance where some dear old couple or some maiden ladies or a little shopkeeper or members of former aristocratic families had sat in their houses, small or large, but always bare of everything that could be sold, and starved to death, ashamed of their condition and not letting a person know. These people are proud and cultured.

They will not beg—you seldom saw a beggar on the street when I went there, but before I left some of them were being forced out onto the sidewalks, the weaker women into prostitution, which is probably worse in Berlin and other parts of Germany today than any place else in the world, pitiful women, hating the thing they were doing and probably not doing it for self but for some dying child or aged mother at home; and then the stronger characters, girls and middle class women, trying so hard to get a pittance by selling newspapers, or matches, or little bunches of violets. I can't talk about it any longer, it hurts too much.

The Conference at Freiburg

After a tour through Germany with the second American Student Friendship Pilgrimage, a little time in the Black Forest, especially at that beautiful mediaeval, and modern, town of Freiburg-im-Breisgau, and two or three days in the Alps in Switzerland and four days in Geneva with Ray Rieh, I went to my third conference in Heinrichsbad, near Herisau in eastern Switzerland. This was the third discussion conference of the World's Student Christian Federation. Some forty of us, from all of the countries of Europe, one from the U. S. A. (ahem), and several from Canada, spent six days in the finest of fellowship. The outstanding thing in this discussion was the unwillingness of the German Student Christian movement to enter this campaign, feeling, as they did, that there was so much to be done in trying to save the individual that time couldn't be taken for social problems. They were a fine group of people, these Germans, but very conservative and unwilling to follow the trend of things in the modern world, particularly in their own country, which probably explains the impotence of their organization in Germany and that of most of the German churches; the great Youth movements have no connection with the Student Christian movement, though many of them are Christian themselves, and the great mass of the German people have no connection with the German church but rather laugh at it or scorn it as being an

empty shell. Christian socialism in Germany, on the other hand, is growing rapidly in vision and in strength; and it and the Christian Youth movements are likely to develop into some of the greatest forces for good that have ever been in the world.

Preparations for War in the Southeast

The outstanding thing in my trip back through Hungary and Roumania was the growing preparation for war, the old show and glitter of the promenading officers, the prevalence of troops everywhere, bothering everyone, and, on the other hand, the awful poverty and dirt and squalor of the peasants. Militarism, unequal distribution of wealth, lack of education, misery and unhappiness go together.

A week in Constantinople was very enjoyable, especially the part of it spent with the lovely people in the Y. M. and Y. W. work, and Robert College and the Constantinople Girls' College, and the city itself is very interesting, but all of the pleasant things are over-shadowed by the atmosphere of fear, impending disaster. Most of the Armenian and Greeks have already left, and more are leaving in great numbers as the Turk comes back. I was told that the Constantinople Turk does not want that and that he would not threaten or endanger the safety of the foreigner, though he might make their stay uncomfortable. However, the great menace is the arrival of numbers of the rough Anatolian Turks, from way back in the interior. Just before I got there one of these ruffians had stopped a Greek girl on the great Galata bridge and kissed her—she had appealed to a policeman and when he remonstrated with the Turk, the latter became incensed and turned around and shot the girl and then defied the crowd to do anything about it; the Turkish policeman appealed to the crowd for sympathy for his position, saying, "You can't reason with a man like that."

On the other hand, in all the Turkish trouble, the secret diplomacy and conflicting desires of the Western nations for oil and other concessions have been not the least repulsive and peace-menacing feature. A week in Greece, with three full moonlight nights on the Acropolis, amidst the glories of what was. The flames of passion and hatred aroused by Italy's action in Corfu were still alive, the country was crowded with refugees in the most wretched condition, beset with disease, and dreading the privations winter would bring, with the Near East Relief struggling valiantly to meet the situation, at least for the children. Then a couple of days in Cairo, again, with the pleasures of the wonderful National Museum and the Pyramids and Sphinx. Then Palestine more or less in turmoil—the Arabs very much dissatisfied and threatening open revolt, evidences of more or less political corruption and so on. And then, back to my Syria, with a summer of rather poorly veiled conflict, with the French attempting to put fear into the banditry of the mountains by public hangings in Beirut; almost open warfare on the northern border, adjoining Turkey, chiefly due to banditry, with possibly both sides responsible.

If there's one thing I want to say with all my heart and might, growing out of what I have seen this summer, or do see every hour of the day any place over here, it is a condemnation of war and a warning as strong as I can make it of what the spirit making for war is. I cannot say strongly enough that War is Hell, Hell on Earth and that everything that makes for it is the tool of the devil. Hatred, fear, lack of sympathy, false accusation, propaganda of a thousand different sorts are all sending the world to destruction.

Jones and Woodward Win in Campus Elections

RANDALL JONES of Eugene was elected president of the R. A. S. U. O. in the recent student body elections. Jones has had a long record of class and executive committee work. He is a member of Phi Delta Phi, honorary law fraternity, of Friars, and of Sigma Chi.

Ruth Akers of Wasco won the secretaryship by a slight majority over her opponent, Mary Jane Hathaway. Miss Akers is president of the girls' glee club, a member of Mortar Board, Mu Phi Epsilon, and of Alpha Phi.

Donald Woodward of Portland ran a lone race for editor of the 1924-25 Emerald. This is the first time in history that this office was uncontested. Woodward was managing editor of the Emerald during the past year. He is a member of Friars, Sigma Delta Chi, and Phi Sigma Pi.

Augusta DeWitt of Portland was elected editor of the 1925 Oregonian, with a majority of 97 votes over Frances Simpson, the other aspirant for the position. Miss DeWitt was a member of the staff of this year's book and has been very prominent in athletics.

OREGON POETRY

EDITED BY MARGARET SKAVLAN, '25

A POEM of grasp and power belying the charming and delicate script in which it was written when it came to our hand is "Pensioners," by Harriet Duncan Munnick, ex-'17.

Pensioners

All temporal, we yet have seen
Beauty that is not ours by right,
And shamefully we know have been
Unwitting poachers in the sight
Of the gods, except they do not wax
Careful of heavily molded clay.
Would such far piercing glory tax
Our weak souls mercilessly, were they
Not all at fault, which should be blind?
The lone keen line of the sea, gray sand
In homeless dunes, the long low wind
In prairie grass—all contraband
For us, who long for more than dust,
And longing, may not often see;
Suffer subjection, since we must
Have erred in some way grievously.

Sweet as the mignonette, of which she sings in the third stanza, and as feminine as Cinderella's slipper is Merle Oliver's "Moon Mist."

Moon Mist

The haze I see is not all dusky moonlight,
Blue-gold and splashed with soft, black shadow-forms,
A half-vague dream, translucent, stealthy-stealing,
Wraps all the night in soft, sense-smoth'ring arms.

And through the folds of its thin, breeze-stirred garment
I catch a glimpse of other nights like this,
When some hoop-skirted, dainty, perfumed maiden
Sat here, heart pounding from her lover's kiss.

And all there was of joy and peace and rapture
Infused itself into the quiet wind,
And hearts were gold with love and dreams of living,
And all of sorrow greyed and softly dimmed.

The mignonette instilled the air with fragrance,
The swaying hollyhocks bent in the breeze,
And all that night was drowsy-sweet with moonlight
And black with waving, swaying cypress trees.

So all that night, like this, the moon did travel
Its sleepy, sliding path across the sky.
—So every night like this, a thousand gardens
View ghosts of other nights, soft-slipping by.

At once vigorous and subtle is the following. The colors are made with such few brush strokes, and yet count so tremendously.

Sunset on the Ocean

Day, submissive, lays her golden head
Against the breast of Night.
Her jealous lover draws her close,
And droops his own dark locks among the light.
He covers her pink mouth with fervent kisses,
And when her joyful blush renews their troth divine
The age-old gods of Love and Beauty
Pledge them with a bowl of purple wine.

Irene Stewart, '22

Katherine Watson, who this year edited the literary section of the *Oregana*, has given us something distinctly new in "Irises."

Irises

And sometimes in your gray-blue eyes
I see a baby blink and stare.
But not a little Japan darling
With black doll eyes and painted hair. . . .

Why not?

Nor little pagan baby
With coffee-colored legs and arms!
And panther eyes!—No European
Anemic child can have such charms.

But you: You'd feel a copper baby
With sin-soft eyes and velvet feet
To be the naked incarnation
Of my soul you've struggled not to meet.

A small perfection we clip from the *Oregon Daily Emerald*.

Water Color

Like a green fountain
In a green sea,
On a rolling lawn
Stands the willow tree.

—Patricia Novlan Byrne

An anonymous man who shouldn't have made himself quite such a mystery has given us three poems and three moods.

Cycle

Dawn

Day dawning,
Pink air bathes the east,
Higher clouds stain redly,
Then a scimitar of fire,
Carves the tops of fir trees neatly.
It is day.

Noon

Heat trembles from everywhere,
Cows have sought the pond,
To stand in the water cooling,
And shade;
A man seated under a tree
Eats his lunch,
Drinking iced-tea from his
Thermos.
Noon burns today.

Dusk

Songless birds herald the night;
Hawks a-fit.
A star glows with lightning;
Somewhere a dog barks distantly,
And night
Falls.

—Hope

Amherst has produced 32 college presidents. A larger percentage of people mentioned in *Who's Who* claim Amherst as alma mater than claim any other institution.

CAMPUS NEWS

Oregon Poetry Wins Mention

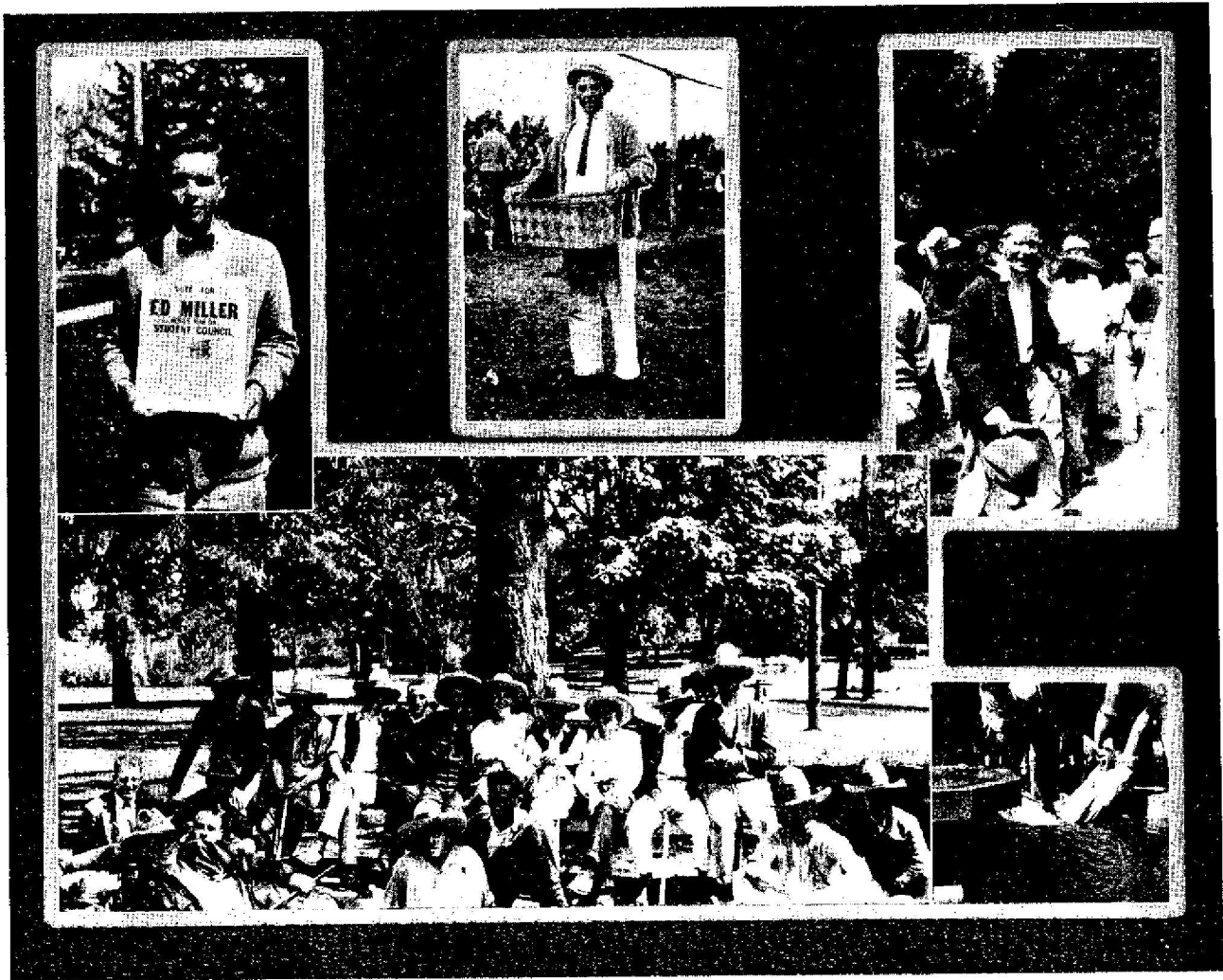
"Visions of Women," a collection of poems by Margaret Skavlan, junior in the school of journalism, and editor of the poetry section of OLD OREGON, won honorable mention in an undergraduate contest open to all colleges in the United States, conducted by the Southern Methodist University of Dallas, Texas. Judges were Sara Peasdale, John Hall Wheelock, and Carl Sandburg.

Oregon Man Wins Honor

Francis E. Taylor, of Forest Grove, senior in the law school, was recently awarded a \$1,000 scholarship at New York University for the purpose of studying diplomacy in international affairs. Taylor is one of four men who were successful applicants for the scholarships which are given under the will of the late Frederick Courtland Penfield, ambassador to Austria, who left a fund of \$50,000 for this purpose.

Inez King Comes Back to Campus

Inez King, '23, after serving for the past year as executive secretary of the Lewiston Normal school at Lewiston, Idaho, has returned to the campus to act as secretary in the school of journalism. Miss King is a member of Mortar Board and of Theta Sigma Phi. She edited the Oregana in her junior year and was a member of the executive council of the A. S. U. O.



Pictures by Baker-Godfrey, Eugene.

Junior week-end sidelights. Left above—Ed Miller, whose political advertising had the surprising effect of electing him to the position of senior man on the student council. The snapshot in the middle is Miller himself, with one foot on the runningboard of his viciously attacked political machine. Center—"Honest Joe" Ellis, also elected to the student council. Ellis is popular, either because or in spite of, his sideline of relieving hunger at athletic contests. This is, indeed, the very basket. Right above—Claude Robinson, erstwhile student president, and senior cop, just after a douse in the fountain. But it was a warm day. Below—a group of seniors enjoying the great privilege of the Bench. Witness the almost familiar complacency of Big Farrell, with his cane and chin strap. Others of the blessed are Larry Cook, Claude Robinson, Art Sutton, Johnny Piper, Frank Carter, Ken Burton, Bill Short and Lester Wade. Right, below—Frank Carter, vice president of the student body, doing his turn in the fountain. A large foot will be noted pressing firmly down upon his middle. But Frank is not getting. This is just his habitual humorous expression.

Camille Burton Best Tennis Player

Camille Burton, freshman, representing Chi Omega, won the singles tournament of women's doughnut tennis by defeating Rhona Williams, Hendricks Hall, by a score of 6-4, 6-3. Miss Burton was public school champion of Portland in 1923. Miss Williams had played for a number of years in California.

Mu Phi Rewards Ability

Alma Lawrence, freshman from Klammath Falls, and Nina Warnock, of Eugene, sophomore, won the lower and upper class music scholarships of \$180 each, offered each year by Mu Phi Epsilon, women's national honorary music fraternity. The lower class award is made for promise, and the upperclass for accomplishment.

Geologists See the World

Dr. Edwin T. Hodge, professor of economic geology, and ten of his undergraduate students recently took a week's field trip, during which they studied the leading hydroelectric projects in the western and northern parts of the state. They studied the dredging operations on the Willamette and lower Columbia rivers; the jetties at Warrenton, Astoria, and Portland; and the geological formation at the site of the proposed big hydro-electric plant at Cascade Locks.

Robinson Gets Albert Prize

Claude Robinson was selected as the senior who has made the greatest all around development during his University life in the recent elections held by the senior class and will be awarded the Albert prize of \$25 at commencement. Robinson was president of the student body, a member of Tau Kappa Alpha, Alpha Kappa Psi, Agora, Friars, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Best Work Sent East

Examples of the work of Truman Phillips, senior in architecture, were recently sent to represent the University school of architecture and allied arts at an exhibition of the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture in Washington, D. C. The association exhibits the work of the medal student of each school in the organization.

A Concert Hall at Last

The auditorium in the Music building, in the opinion of Dean John J. Landsbury, will be ready for use by the opening of the fall term. The building committee has accepted the bids for the necessary work. The building is primarily a concert hall and will contain a pipe organ and all up to date accessories.

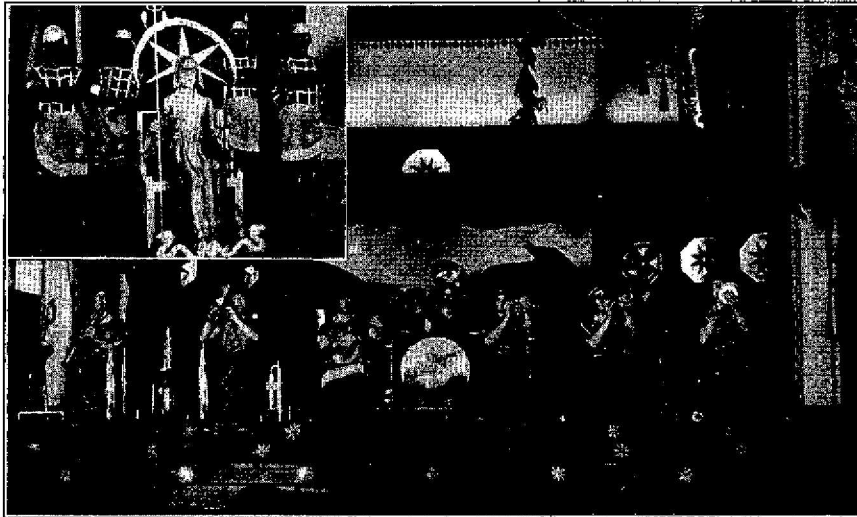


Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene.

The "Babylonian" orchestra, in costume, that played at the Junior prom. Insert—Ishtar, goddess of love, and her four (calveined) slaves. Ishtar was Kathrine Jane Seel. It was before Christmas that the committee that finally evolved the Junior prom began work. Edgar Bohlman, junior in architecture, directed the decorative and feature part of the dance, and it was before the close of the winter term that he went to Portland to read Babylon and reproduce it in colors and sounds. That sounds like a large order. And it was. Mr. Bohlman has explained that it was his idea to produce a something so consistent that its very consistency would keep one making discoveries all evening. To that end, no single detail must be neglected. The unity must be perfect. Babylonia called for harsh reds, toned down by cool blues, music full of percussion, brass and jangle, and a feature that should be a series of symbolic poses rather than a jazz. The latter might be something between Egyptian angularity and Hindoo undulation, but it must really be neither. Not only was the orchestra persuaded to produce certain kinds of sounds on certain highly keyed and brass instruments, but it even appeared in costumes of reddish purple with golden ornaments on gesso, and with proper hair and a hand around the head. Mr. Bohlman not only went around buying dyes for his costumes and pricking his fingers sewing with the women's houses that manufactured the clothes. He also sniffed perfumes all over Portland. And it was chypre, a composite perfume, that was finally spilled into an electric fan during the feature number, when Ishtar, goddess of love, was borne down from blue heights, across the stage, and down the broad stairs to the dancing floor. Four ebony-black slaves carried her palanquin. The punch, when analyzed (and even before), proved a part of Mr. Bohlman's "unit." It had a background of tea, but it was greenish yellow, as of limes. Mr. Bohlman took thyme from his own garden, pulverized the leaves and steeped them. The spices were the bark of cloves and cinnamon steeped. The cakes had the faint flavor of aniseed and poppy seed. In every way Mr. Bohlman sought to produce not only a striking effect but to recreate something historically plausible. The criticism that the feature dancer was more amply clothed than feature dancers sometimes are is not considered by the University an actual defect in the artistic scheme. Mary Jane Hathaway was general chairman for the prom.

Twenty Given Forensic Awards

Twenty students received awards this year for work in forensics. Eight men and eight women received debate "O's," as follows: Walter Malcolm, Joe Fraser, Marion Dickey, Ralph Bailey, Ernest Henrikson, Martin Moore, Herschel Brown, Glenwood Archer, Dorothy Abbott, Mildred Bateman, Margaret Woodson, Mildred Whitecomb, Lurline Coulter, Mary Raker, Marjorie Brown, and Helen Crosby. Elam Amstutz received his award because of his work as forensic manager. Three letters were given for oratory: to Ephraim D. Conway, to Ted Baker, and to Claude Robinson.

Phi Beta Kappa Initiates 24

Dr. C. A. Kofoid, of Berkeley, California, was the speaker at the Phi Beta Kappa initiation on June 3. Undergraduates initiated were Irwin S. Adams, Hally Berry, Helen S. Burfield, Jane Campbell, Freda Goodrich, Evelyn Hogue, Henrietta Hansen, Francis Haworth, Josephine Kirtley, Ruth Kneeland, Darrell Larsen, Gertrude Manchester, Cecile McAlister, Howard T. McCulloch, Rae L. Peterson, Shannon Pettinger, John W. Piper, Claude Robinson, Arthur Rosebraugh, Marjorie Spearow, Beatrice Towers, Lester Turnbaugh, Harriett L. Veazie, Crystal West.



Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene.

Edgar Bohlman, a junior in architecture and a member of Bachelordon. Mr. Bohlman designed the Junior Prom.

Hendricks Wins Again

The baseball championship in the women's doughnut leagues was won by Hendricks Hall when they defeated the Susan Campbell team. Both teams topped the leagues in which they played.



Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene.

Maude Schroeder of Portland, new president of the Women's Athletic association. Miss Schroeder was also elected to Mortar Board, senior women's honor society.

Employees Contribute

The employees of the Hendricks and Friendly halls' kitchens contributed \$670 to the funds of the Gift Campaign. There are 22 women employed in the halls. Some are widows, all are self-supporting, and some have children in college.



Don Woodward of Portland, new editor of the Emerald. Woodward ran a lone race, an unusual occurrence with regard to the editorship. He has been managing editor this year.

Senior Honoraries Pledge

The traditional feature of the campus luncheon during Junior Week-end is the pledging of the two senior honorary societies, Mortar Board and Friars. This year Mortar Board pledged nine women. They are Ruth Akers, Florence Buck, Mary Clerin, Winifred Graham, Marguerite McCabe, Marie Myers, Maude Schroeder, Frances Simpson, and Norma Wilson. Friars pledged Don Woodward, Ed Tapfer, Randall Jones, Russell Gowans, and Clyde Zollars.

Chinese Barge Is Prize Winner

Delta Omega, local sorority, and Kappa Sigma fraternity won the cups offered to the prize winning float in the canoe fete during Junior Week-end with their float, Kung Tsi Chow, the huge Chinese barge.

Class Studies Insanity Cases

Twenty-five members of Dr. E. S. Conklin's class in abnormal psychology made a trip to Salem recently to observe types of insanity at the state asylum.



Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene.

Mary Skinner of Portland, winner of the Gerlinger cup.

Gerlinger and Koyl Cups Awarded

Mary Skinner, of Portland, judged the best all-around junior woman, was awarded the Gerlinger cup at the Junior Prom. The Koyl cup, for the best all-around junior man, was presented to Don Woodward, also of Portland. Miss Skinner was captain of the flying squadron in the recent Student Union drive. She is a member of Thespian, Kwama, and Kappa Kappa Gamma. Woodward was president of the junior class and managing editor of the Emerald this year. He will edit the Emerald next year.

Tennis Is Popular

The new University tennis courts near Hayward field are growing in popularity. In one day during April, 270 players used the courts. A new bungalow containing offices and rest rooms for the players has been constructed nearby.

Princeton Man on Summer Faculty

Dr. Christian Gauss, head of the department of modern languages at Princeton University, will teach two English courses in the Portland summer school session.



Augusta DeWitt, of Portland, editor of next year's Oregona.

He Comes a Long Way

Samuel Grikpetz, of Riga, Russia, has applied for entrance to the University next fall. It has been granted him.



KENNEL ELLIS PHOTO

Randall Jones, new president of the A. S. U. O. Somebody who has looked upon a considerable number of young Englishmen remarked that Jones would pass very well for one. Nice (honest) color, small moustache, height, air of awareness of General World.



NEWS OF THE CLASSES



Permanent Class Secretaries

- 1378—Ellen Condon McCornack, R. F. D. 1, Eugene.
 1379—Currie Cornelius McQuinn, 473 Simpson street, Portland.
 1380—Edward P. Geary, 648 Holly street, Portland.
 1381—Claiborne M. Hill, 2509 Hillegass avenue, Berkeley, Cal.
 1382—Mary E. McCornack, 715 Lincoln street, Eugene.
 1383—W. T. Slater, 150 Mirimar street, Portland.
 1384—Caspar W. Sharples, Burke building, Seattle.
 1385—Daniel W. Bass, Hotel Frye, Seattle.
 1386—Ida Patterson, 751 E. 11th, Eugene, Temporary secretary.
 1387—Herbert S. Johnson, 164 Bay State Road, Boston.
 1388—Mark Bailey, 1553 Grand avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 1389—L. J. Davis, 555 East 40th street, North, Portland.
 1390—Fletcher Linn, 574 Laurel street, Portland.
 1391—J. C. Veazie, 745 Overton street, Portland.
 1392—Frederick S. Dunn, Campus.
 1393—Myra Norris Johnson, 1284 East 13th street, Eugene.
 1394—Melissa E. Hill, Washington High School, Portland.
 1395—Edith Kerna Chambers, 1259 Hilyard street, Eugene.
 1396—Louise Yorlan Whitton, 1262 Mill Street, Eugene.
 1397—Edith Veazie Bryson, 715 16th avenue East, Eugene.
 1398—Lillian Ackerman Carleton, 1237 Ferry street, Eugene.
 1399—C. L. Templeton, 2501 Cascadia avenue, Seattle.
 1400—Homer D. Angell, 514-517 Lewis building, Portland.
 1401—Richard Shore Smith, 910 Washington street, Eugene.
 1402—Amy M. Holmes, 792 Hancock street, Portland.
 1403—James H. Gilbert, Campus.
 1404—J. O. Russell, Wasco.
 1405—A. R. Tiffany, 675 13th avenue East, Eugene.
 1406—Camille Carroll Bovard, 286 13th avenue East, Eugene.
 1407—Mary Rothrock Culbertson, Hood River.
 1408—Mozelle Hair, Extension Division, Campus.
 1409—Merle Chessman, 385 9th street, Astoria.
 1410—Ralph Dodson, 698 East 16th street, North, Portland.
 1411—Jessie Calkins Morgan, R. F. D., Nyssa.
 1412—Celia V. Hager, 1866 Beech street, Eugene.
 1413—Carlton E. Spencer, Registrar, University of Oregon, Eugene.
 1414—F. H. Young, 420 East 46th street, North, Portland.
 1415—Bertrand Jerard, Box 252, Pendleton.
 1416—Beatrice Locke, The Spectator, Portland, Ore.
 1417—Nicholas Jaureguy, 491 East Broadway, Portland.
 1418—James Sheehy, 418 19th street, North, Portland.
 1419—Helen McDonald, The Chronicle, Oakland, Cal.
 1420—Dorothy Duniway, Registrar's Office, Reed College, Portland.
 1421—Jack Benefiel, Campus.
 1422—Helen Carson, Hood River.
 1423—Aulis Anderson, Tillamook.
 1424—Frank Carter, 1066 Kincaid street, Eugene.

ARM CHAIR REUNIONS

The classes that under the Dix plan would be holding reunions this commencement have been requested to send in special messages or personal news about themselves. The reunions have not been urged because of the fear that the necessary organization might get in the way of the gift campaign machinery. The classes of '14 and '99 are of course holding their 10 and 25-year celebrations.

1887

E. O. Potter writes: "My message to the alumni is: 'Pledge your quota or better in the gift campaign. This is our best and greatest opportunity to serve our alma mater and our state.' I am still practicing law at Eugene, as I have been for 34 years. I am candidate for representative in the legislature. This may seem to some an attack of senility, but my physician assures me that I have no other symptoms as yet."

1890

Clara Condon Nolf writes from Seattle: "I am glad to respond to your request to send a greeting to dear old Oregon. Ours was the class of '90, almost the pioneer days. Indeed we did pioneer in some things, for ours was the first class to adopt a class pin and to have a class picture, the first, I believe, on the Pacific coast, and the work of the Dorris and

Winter studio. Our social life was simple, but our jolly class parties and boating picnics on the old millrace are pleasant memories. We would find many changes were we to return to the campus now, and perhaps, years hence, when our families are all grown, and our time for ease has come, we may drift back for post graduate work, a gray-haired and smaller group to renew relations with our alma mater."

1893

Carey F. Martin is a prominent attorney in Salem. His daughter, aged twelve, has her plans all made to enter the University when she has finished high school. She is already a loyal and enthusiastic booster for Oregon.

1897

Katherine Patterson Bean taught school for awhile after graduation in the schools of Eugene. Since her marriage to Louis Bean she has devoted herself to family and club interests. She is now president of the Parent-Teacher association of the Washington school, which her three children attend, also president of the local federation of clubs, which has a membership of thirty clubs. This federation is a very strong organization and is doing effective work along many lines, especially in city beautification and welfare. Mrs. Bean was elected director of the state federation of clubs eight years ago, and after serving for four years, she was elected auditor for four years, and last May she was given the office of second vice-president of that organization.

John C. Higgins served as principal of the public school at Elma, Wash., for two years after graduation and, following this, he took a two-year law course in the University of Washington. He immediately started in the practice of law in Seattle and has remained there. In 1909 he was appointed regent of the U. of W., serving until 1914. In 1911 Mr. Higgins married Miss Lorene Sails of Portland and they have one child, a boy of ten.

1906

Norma Hendricks Starr writes from Kansas City: "So much literature from the University has been our lot, since the Endowment Fund campaign has begun, that the Kansas City post office can't get the mail to our address without tearing off the ends of the envelopes. And some mail about the campaign has turned up at business houses and been forwarded to us from there. Just proving again that the members of '06 are ever and forever popular and important—and we'll all come back for that reunion our permanent class secretary has threatened, two years hence."

"Hello, everybody: Earl Abbett, '96, pauses in the daily routine of the practice of dentistry in Portland to pen these words of greeting to the members of his class. OLD OREGON is the greatest thing for the alumni that has ever happened, isn't it?"

Camille Carroll Bovard writes: "Issue a call to the members of the class of 1906 to begin to make preparations for a reunion in 1926. It is not too early to begin. It might interest you to know that I live where I did when that famous class was in college—decorated by a trellis fence and two children—and that the door is always on the latch to friends. I almost said 'old friends,' but that would be too near the truth."

1907

Lela Goddard Fenton (Mrs. Hornee B.) writes from Portland: "What can I say that could possibly interest OLD OREGON readers. I am only a very busy housewife with three children, but I expect them to enjoy the benefits of the alumni gift on the campus. One, a daughter, will be there in four years. How time does fly!"

R. W. Kelley writes from Hood River: "I would like to get down for commencement, but it is a very busy time for us here. I have never lost my affection for the University

and my old class. Also I would like to see the friends in other classes that frequently call in here to see me. But especially some member of the faculty like Dean Straub, Dean Hale, and others. Last but not least, President Campbell. We owe everything to him. One thing more: keep the glee club and symphony orchestra coming this way. If the football team does not beat the Aggies this season, there will be some mad alumni in Eastern Oregon."

Lou A. Henderson writes himself up obediently as follows: President Oregon City Abstract company, Oregon City. Wife, Edna Caufield, '08. Three athletic daughters. Invite any Old Timers to come down and try our new golf course.

George Hug, superintendent of schools at Salem, writes that he plans to go East to attend the National Education association at Washington, June 29 to July 4. He will also visit the University of Chicago and Columbia University. He is state N. E. A. director for Oregon.

Clara Blais writes: "I am head of the language department in the Eugene high school and acted as freshman class advisor during the past year."

1908

"Greetings to the classes of 1908 and 1909 from Elsie Davis Bond and Jesse H. Bond. We regret that we live so far away that we cannot be there this year. If only a baby carriage had a motor which would carry us across the plains and the mountains, we might make it. We have a foster daughter who will be two years of age this summer. Needless to say, she keeps us busy and interested. Jesse is finishing his fifth year as professor of economics in the University of North Dakota. This department has had a very large increase in students since the war, and will soon be made a separate school. In another year or two we may be able to get back to Eugene for commencement."

"I am farming in the McKenzie valley, about ten miles east of Eugene," writes Ernest J. Bertsch, "so I get in to the University occasionally. Like most farmers, I am pretty busy most of the time. I certainly expect to be there for commencement. I have missed but two since 1908. Just a word of appreciation for OLD OREGON. Every number takes me back to those 'good times.' The April number seemed to me especially fine. They are all good as can be." Mr. Bertsch's mail goes to R. F. D. No. 2, Springfield.

Wesley M. Wire at Newberg remembers some half dozen years ago "Fitzpatrick was gathering data as to the relative success or failure of college men compared with those who had been denied college training. Up to that time financial success had not smiled greatly upon my farming operations, and as the amount of ready cash on hand seemed to be the crux of the questionnaire, and as my report must necessarily be unfavorable, I was rather peeved and wrote the Honorable Fitzpatrick a somewhat sarcastic letter telling him that I was unmarried, wore a Van Dyke beard, had ham and eggs every morning for breakfast and various other more or less irrelevant facts. Fitz wrote back: 'Shave off that Van Dyke and get married and you'll be the happiest man in Oregon.' I have taken his advice and find that he told the truth. My heartiest greetings to '08."

Walter J. Moore writes from Chehalis, Wash.: "I am writing to tell you that I will make every possible effort to be present June 14, and fully expect to make it."

Webster L. Kincaid, who is in the real estate business in Portland with offices in the Lewis building, writes to Miss Mozelle Hair, secretary for '08: "I shall try to be present if there is a reunion of my class June 14. I assure you I have not forgotten the many pleasant associations and friendships as a member of '08."

Oscar Furuset is practicing law in Portland, located in the Title and Trust building. He writes that he is glad there is a reunion planned for his class, but is not positive of being able to attend. "The last reunion I attended was in either 1916 or 1917, and there were only three of our class there. Since that time Eberle Kuykendall, one of those present, has passed beyond. As for myself, I am still in business in Portland, where I have been since I left college. I see many of our class and I am glad to report that all of them seem to be doing very well."

"I fear," writes Edna Caufield Henderson of Oregon City, "that it will be impossible to attend commencement this year. We were back at Homecoming time and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. As to what I am doing, my principal job is the care of my home and three little daughters, Miriam, aged nine; Jane, six; and Harriet, sixteen months. However, in addition to that, I have been doing quite a bit musically, accompanying a local glee club and a Kiwanis club octette, both of which were organized by my husband, Lou Henderson. I hope that '08 will be well represented at commencement."

Curtis Gardner writes from Newport: "Hattie and I will be at the homecoming Saturday, June 14, if possible. That is, if by doing so we would not retard my work here at Agate Beach." Mr. Gardner is with the firm of Hetrick, Cline & Gardner, contractors.

1909

Geta Bristow Tryon (not Tryson) is making her home in Vancouver, Wash., where her husband, John Tryon (Minnesota '08), is assistant cashier of the Vancouver National bank. Mrs. Tryon has found herself one of the executive committee for obtaining the campaign gifts of graduates and former students living in Clark county, Wash. "I'm hoping," writes Mrs. Tryon, "that commencement 1924 will see the 'fund' put over in effulgence."

Agnes Beach writes from 530 Chapman street, Portland: "I find that I'm in somewhat of a quandary as to what to tell that can be expressed briefly. I have been at home in Portland for the past two years, but this summer and autumn I shall spend in New England and next winter in New York."

"Glad to be remembered. Jesse C. Ayer, 694 Fourth avenue West, Eugene."

Frances Kelly Immel lives at 77 Eleventh avenue East, Eugene.

1910

W. C. Nicholas is with the city engineering department of Portland. He and Mrs. Nicholas can be reached at 1267 East 22nd street.

1911

George H. Otten and Ruth Ralston Otten, '17, have two future students for Oregon, a boy and a girl. Since he was graduated George has been following the profession of landscape architect, except for a little session in France during the war. He has offices in the Chamber of Commerce building in Portland and claims he is working forty-eight hours a day—an ability he did not possess in college. Among other development work he is handling the landscaping for the Alderwood Country club, Multnomah County hospital, and Columbia Gorge hotel.

Charles W. Koyle completed another college romance by marrying Minnie Jackson, '14, in the summer of 1920. Koyle was Y. M. secretary at Oregon the year after his graduation, and has been in Y. M. work ever since, serving abroad during the war as supervisor of a recreation center. In 1922 and 1923 he was head of the high school boys' division of the Portland Y. M., but the California fever got him and the last address known for him was 921 South Hope street, Los Angeles.

Percy Collier can be found at 181 East Portland boulevard, Portland.

1913

Ira Manville is connected with the faculty of the medical school in Portland, instructing in physiology.

1914

Over in Oriental Negroes high school, which is somewhere in the Philippine Islands, a high school commencement is conducted in quite the best American tradition. A high school graduation announcement sent by Harry Cash, who is again in educational work in the Philippines, proves the case. There is "Presentation of the Scepter," by the senior class, and an acceptance of it by the junior class. There is a class song, history, class donations, will and prophecy, class colors, flower and motto. The latter, incidentally, is "proceed." The names of the members of the class are fascinating, with many Joses, Felipes, Franciscos.

1916

Esther Campbell can be reached at 1329 Sandy Road, Portland. As usual, she expects to spend her summer on the open road, especially in spots. One of these spots is on the Metolius river, a branch of the Deschutes.

1917

Frank Scatife is practicing medicine in San Pedro, Cal. He can be reached at 213 West 6th street. He secured his M.D. at Harvard.

1921

Eloise White is doing stenographic work for the Radium and Oncologic Institute in Los Angeles. Miss White is a daughter of Dr. Calvin S. White of Portland.

1922

Malcolm Hawke can be reached at 723 Old National Bank building, Spokane.

Alexander G. Brown, '22, has followed Ernest J. Haycox as police reporter of the Portland Oregonian. Brown was formerly on the night copy desk of the Oregon Journal.

1923

Ernest Haycox can be reached for the next six months at 16 Grove street, New York City. His only report thus far is that he is having a good time with the editors—but that is partly what he undertook an Easter pilgrimage for.

Leon Culbertson is engaged in real estate business in Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Audrey Perkins has been teaching in the high school at Bandon.

Kelsey Guilfoil, who won the Beekman prize last year, has been teaching in the high school at Hermiston.

Fred Guyon, ex-'23, who has been a reporter on the Eugene Morning Register, is the new city editor of the Klamath Falls Evening Herald.

Mary Lon Burton, '23, is women's editor of the Central Oregon Press, a new daily issued in Bend.

1924

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haynie of Los Angeles have announced the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth Robinson to Karl L. Vonder Ahe, May 21. On the campus Vonder Ahe was a prominent athlete and member of Alpha Tau Omega. Miss Robinson had been distinguished by her dramatic work. She was a member of Pi Beta Phi.

Edith Ruth Sparling, ex-'24, is in charge of the information desk at the Portland Oregonian.

James Meek has left the University in order to take a position with the Oregon-Pacific company, exporters and importers, of Portland. He lacked but a few hours of graduation and will make up this work by correspondence.

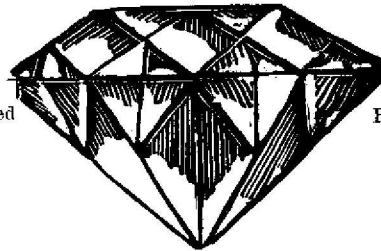
The engagement of Geraldine Root, ex-'24, and Lynn Roycroft, ex-'24, was announced at the Alpha Chi Omega house Easter day. Mr. Roycroft was a member of S. A. E. on the Oregon campus.

1925

Edward Smith, '25, has been forced by ill health temporarily to give up his position as night editor of the Baker Democrat.

Frank P. ("Hooky") Quinn is a stock salesman for the U. S. Grappler company in Portland. His address is 208 North 23rd street. Quinn was one of the mainstays of the frosh football squad of 1922. On the campus he was a member of Kappa Sigma.

Frederike Schilke, ex-'25, writes from Sea Pines, Brewster, Mass., that she is vastly enjoying her work at the "School of Personality" there. "As far as civilization is concerned, we have none. Of course, we know there is such a thing, but it is not a part of the Cape (Cod). The houses are ranging anywhere from 200 to 300 years of age, and the older the house is, the prouder you are of it. There is very little electricity—mostly candle light. We have our own electric plant, but we tell of it in a very apologetic tone."



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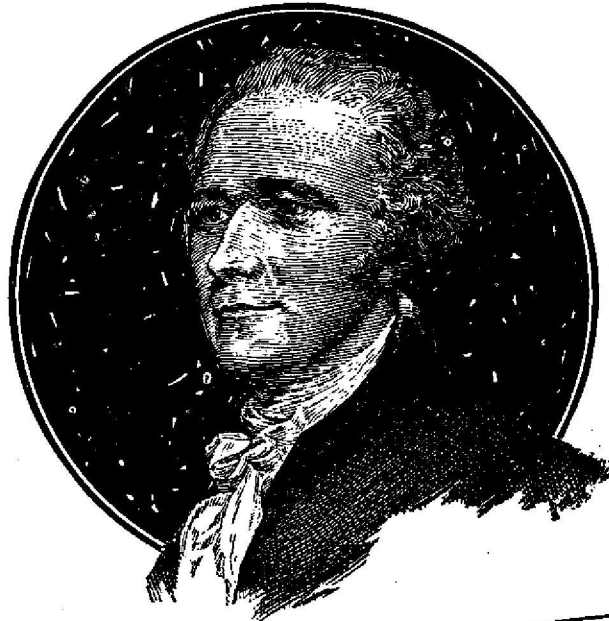
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Silver Pencil
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"Can you lay out for me a course in business economics?"

"How can I broaden my knowledge of salesmanship, or accounting, or factory management, advertising or corporation finance?"

Those were pioneer days in the teaching of Business. Dean Johnson, wishing to help, yet feeling keenly the lack of suitable facilities, conceived the plan of a faculty including both college teachers and business men, and a Course so arranged that any man might follow it effectively in his own home.

Thus began the Alexander Hamilton Institute. Dean Johnson has continued as its President; its Ad-

visory Council includes these men:

DEXTER S. KIMBALL, Dean of the Engineering Colleges, Cornell University; **JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSON**, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; **GENERAL COLEMAN DU PONT**, the well-known business executive; **PERCY H. JOHNSTON**, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; **JOHN HAYS HAMMOND**, the eminent engineer; **FREDERICK H. HURDMAN**, Certified Public Accountant; **JEREMIAH W. JENKS**, the statistician and economist.

To young men of college age, the Institute says: "Matriculate at a college or university if you possibly can; there is no substitute for the teacher." To older men, the universities and colleges, in turn, are constantly recommending the Modern Business Course of the Institute.

It is a Course for the man beyond the campus; the man who is already in business and cannot leave, the man who wants to supplement his college education. If you are such a man, may we send you, without obligation, a copy of "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress?"

It tells how 200,000 men have profited by a business training founded upon university principles, and conducted in accordance with university ideals.

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Signature.....
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Please write plainly



MEDICAL SCHOOL GOSSIP



Dr. Frank Menne of the pathology department will return to the Medical School early in June after nearly two months spent in New York investigating the cancer research now being carried on

Society and of the alumni association of the University of Oregon Medical School. Dr. Peacock was on the Eugene campus from 1914 to 1916. He is now practicing medicine in Marshfield.

Dr. H. J. Sears plans to leave for Berkeley at the close of the term to spend three weeks of intensive study with Dr. Kofoid on the amoebic infection with the aim of determining what action the University of Oregon Medical School shall take in combatting the disease.

The landscape adjoining the medical school on the east is now dotted with stakes, and grading for the Doernbecker Hospital will start in a few days.

An interested visitor at the Medical School this week was Dr. Jau Hawk, who graduated from the medical school in 1900 and is now practicing in Hongkong. He was keenly interested in the progress made since his own medical school days and in recognizing old friends among the framed class pictures.

Dr. Kathrine C. Manion, '03, formerly of Portland, where she had offices in the Corbett building, is now a medical examiner for the Woman's Benefit association, said to be the largest fraternal order for women in the world. Her location is Port Huron, Michigan. Dr. Manion was elected president of the National Women's Medical association at the San Francisco meeting in 1923, and will take office June 10 at the annual meeting in Chicago. With a number of other prominent women physicians of the United States, she will attend the International Association of Medical Women which meets in London in July, and of which Dr. Esther Pohl Lovejoy, '94, is president.



Sophomores in medicine—excepting the horse. It belongs to the bacteriology department, however.

by certain workers in that city. The work has not yet been officially reported but it is understood they claim to have discovered the organism which causes cancer, to have reproduced cancer in animals by inoculating with this organism, and to have found a successful serum which is being tried out in various clinics including Portland. Dr. Joyce has charge of the Portland experimentation.

Dr. "Bert" Peacock was in Portland the week beginning May 26 to attend the annual session of the Oregon Medical

Miss Louise Boyd, who for two years has been technician for Dr. R. S. Benson, will enter the Boston University School of Medicine this fall to take the regular four-year course. Miss Agnes Beach will accompany her on the trip. They plan to leave Portland about the middle of the summer and to tour New England before locating in Boston.

Former students will be grieved to learn of the death on May 25 of J. C. Freydig, technician in anatomy.

There Will be More Lawyers

Seven law students plan to take the state bar examinations the second week in June. They are Virl Bennehoff, Mason Dillard, Eric A. Hagglund, Tetsuichi Kurashige, Ivan Phipps, Arthur Rosebraugh, and Howard McCullough. The examination is considered a difficult one, although Oregon students have been successful in passing them. From the entire group applying last year, 55 out of 80 were admitted to the bar.

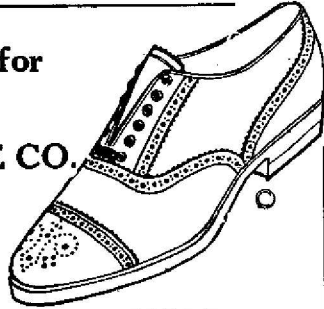
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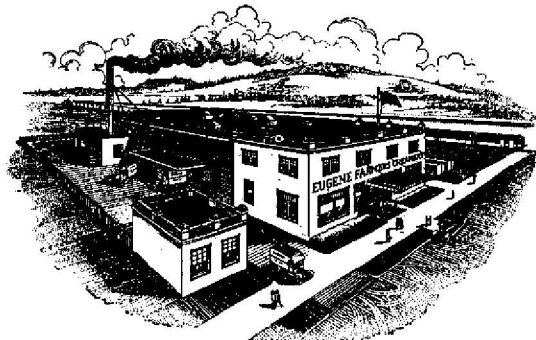
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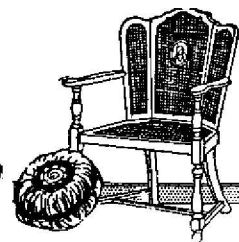
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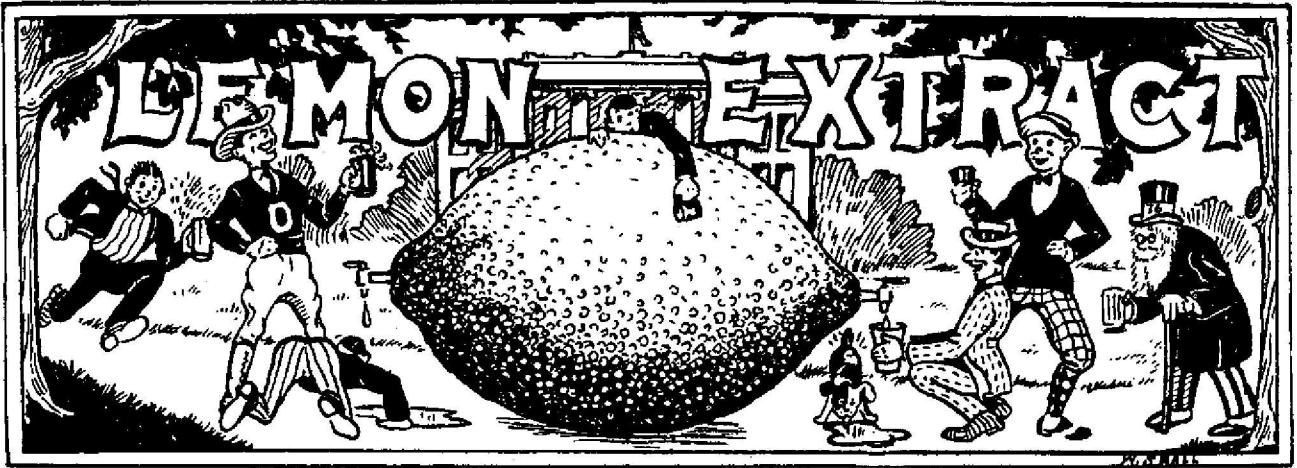
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- POWERS
EAST NINTH AND OAK



DEPARTMENT BY BUNK SHORT, '24

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat,
I thought my heart would surely burst,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand into my soul
Could greater gladness bring,
Than that I held so tight last night—
Four aces and a king.

Oh fickle maid, 'twas ever thus. The heart
of a woman is like the moon, ever changing
—but there is always a man in it.

A CUTTING REMARK

One of Medical Graduates applies for
post as nurse.

"Are you sure that you understand
babies?" quizzed the prospective employer.

"I ought to," answered the efficient look-
ing girl, "I've dissected three of them."

A WINNER

Father (reading a letter from his son
at college to Mother)—"Willie says he got
a beautiful lamp from boxing."

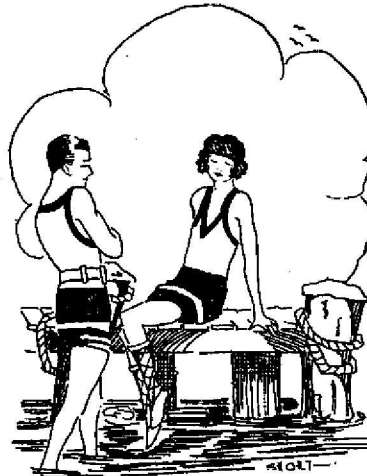
Mother—"I just knew he would win
something in his athletics."

Copper—"Here, who's makin' all the
noise!"

Stude (stewed)—"I'll bite. Who's mak-
in' it?"

PRETTY CATTY

Robert—"At least I'm open minded."
Margie—"Yes, everything goes right
through."



He—"I watched a girl walking back-
wards for two blocks yesterday."

She—"Why was she walking back-
wards?"

He—"She wasn't. I was."

*When the warm winds of May
Melt the winter's snow away,
And fragrant little violets,
Lift up their tiny heads,
And the birds who have slept so long
Wake up and start to sing,
I know that the spring exams
Will soon be here
And I'd better get busy.*

SPRING

Spring is here once more again. The grass
has turned green, and so has last Christmas'
jewelry. There is a spirit of boldness in
the air, the spirit that sends young men
forth to burn up the world. Soon they will
find the world is made of asbestos and in
the fall they will return to school for more
matches.

It certainly is spring. One young man
who was called upon to explain antidis-
establishmentarianism was dreaming of fish-
ing and when he heard his name called he
shouted, "A bite!" The prof, who was
himself half asleep, thinking the sleepy one
had said, "I bite!" said, "Young man,
don't act so smart."

The class (the part that was awake)
laughed so loud that the whole front row
woke up. It certainly is getting serious.

One has to take notes to keep awake in
class and all that labor when the prof's
voice is doing its best to lull one to sleep.

But don't think it's only the student
who shows the result of spring. The prof
comes to class with hay fever and through-
out the hour bellows around to open the
windows or he'll suffocate and the class
will fall asleep. And before the end of the
hour he's shouting that it's no wonder a
person catches cold the way those windows
are kept wide open.

You wouldn't think he could change his
mind so often, but he does. It did take
him a little longer than usual yesterday.
I showed him the result of my experiment
and said, "That's exconabooviak, isn't it?"
He replied, "No, work it over."

After I had been working two and a half
hours longer he came back. He looked over
my shoulder and seeing the result of my
first experiment said, "That IS excon-
abooviak, isn't it?" No, he ducked.

COMMENCEMENT

Last night I went down town
To mail a letter
And found the place closed
It was being decorated
For the graduation exercises
Of those who have completed their
Correspondence school work this spring

"There are three classes of women,"
thundered the prof. "Yes," said the stude,
"The intelligent, the beautiful and the ma-
jority."



"Have you an opening for a young man?"
"Yes, right behind you. Close it as you go out."

AFTER GRADUATION or WITHOUT GRADUATION

Getting ahead in the business world depends largely on one's training. To go into the business world unprepared without the fundamental knowledge of what it's all about and relying on practical experience alone to carry you through is folly. It may mean only years and years of toil with very little progress.

Prepare yourself with a business college education. We have skilled instructors in any of the following subjects:

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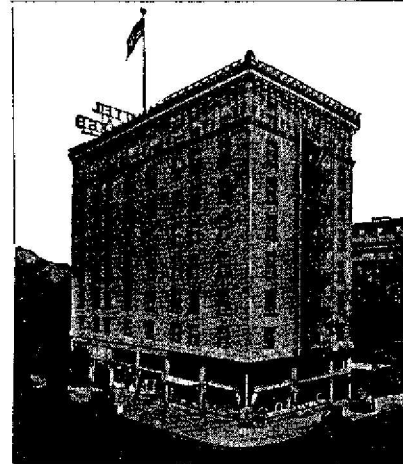
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- Where I can get the best sandwich in town,
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SURE—

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Peter Pan

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—Where Walt welcomes you

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A MESSAGE TO THE

Four years ago you entered the University of Oregon as Freshmen. You have worked hard, played hard, had your troubles and pleasures, and now comes your reward—graduation. It is the most pleasant thing in the world for you to contemplate your future, equipped as you are with the magnificent educational training that Oregon has given you.

After having spent four of the most delightful years of your life in Eugene, it is with deep concern that you regard your departure. Some of you will remain in Eugene, the University City—there is no finer place in which to live. Many opportunities are awaiting you. You can retain close personal contact with the Greater Oregon, with your underclassmates, your former instructors and other friends. Others of you will go to the far corners of the globe during the next few years, but we know that none of you will forget Eugene.

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The Anchorage
On the Millrace

The Oregana
"The Student's Shop"

GRADUATING CLASS

We as merchants have been much interested in watching the yearly changes made upon every one of you during your four years at Oregon. We understand that the University has done much for you. We have co-operated with you in your student affairs to the best of our ability. We feel somewhat as if we were losing very dear friends when we see you go, but our spirit is with you in your every undertaking.

During the next few years may success fall to each member of this, the class of 1924. And remember that when you are in Eugene we want you to renew the old acquaintance and tell us about your success.

Mack's Auto Supply
10th and Oak Streets

Johnson's Furniture Co.
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Jim, the Shoe Doctor

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Waitress—"What will you have for dessert?"

Diner—"What have you?"

Waitress—"Apple pie."

Diner—"I think I'll have some apple pie."

* * *
JILTED

They say that Phoenix Hose has turned down Boston Garter, because he couldn't support her.

THE GIFTIE

"Wha' brand o' bacca are ye smokin', Jock?"

"I dinna ask him."—*Bystander (London).*

* * *

Father—"How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How it is I ask you?"

Young Man—"Oh, it's great, it's great."
—*Belle Hop.*

MAIN STREET

A Tragic Comedy

Scene I.

Time: Late in the early part of a mid-summer night.

Place: A necropolis.

Characters: The eternal triangle: the hero, the villain and the woman. (Tombstones to left of them, tombstones to right of them, tombstones in front of them, tombstones in back of them. Quiet stillness of the night is broken only by the inebriated squawk of an early bird, out since the night before. Hero steps forth from behind tombstone of leading citizen. Silence reigns so thickly that he draws on slicker and puts up umbrella.)

Hero (in silent whisper)—"This damp ground is bad for the rheumatism. I hope it holds out till I've had my revenge."

(Sound of approaching Ford is heard. Tall dark man, the villain, enters from extreme left. He is a sinister looking man, clad in a long beard and golf socks. As he approaches the hero, flashes of hatred, righteous and unrighteous, pierce the gloom.)

Together—"Ah!"

Hero—"Ah!"

Villain—"Ah Ha!!!"

Hero—"Now I see you in your true garb!"

Villain (apologetically)—"Yes, you should have known that tuxedo was rented."

(Hero removes his slicker and silk hat, revealing himself still to be a slicker. An odor of stacomb permeates the air. Hero wears belt and two swords. He holds swords out toward villain.)

Hero—"Choose your weapon and let us fall to."

(Villain takes out a carefully packed picnic package, spreads a cloth, and they fall to. They eat in silence.)

Hero (grandiloquently tossing his sword in the air)—"Now for the more serious business, a fight to the death and may the morning sun find you weltering in your blood. Are the seconds here?"

Villain (sneeringly taking out his watch)—"Sixty to the minute."

Hero—"On your guard, base villain."

(They fall to, fighting. They seem to be evenly matched but of course hero gains. Villain is heard muttering curses under his breath. Commotion at left. Cross-eyed girl rushes in from right.)

Girl—"Oh, kill him! The ugly brute."

(Audience wonders who is to be killed. As audience is thus engrossed in deep thought villain rushes at hero cutting off his head and maiming him for life. Girl jumps toward villain and embraces him. Hero lies scattered around tombstone of leading citizen.)

Villainess (for such she appears to be)—"Oh, I am glad you killed that brute. Now we will be happy together, won't we darling?"

(They leave stage in armlock and Ford is heard rattling away as curtain falls.)

Moral

So, dear audience, wrong will sometimes triumph and the hero will die. But the heroine broods to her dying day over the death of her lover. She has not been introduced because she is too tragic. Well, such is life. The villain is a happy man, has a bungalow on Main Street, votes a straight ticket and is a respected citizen. Sh. . You are the only one who knows that he is a villain and she a villainess.



AT THE OLYMPIC TRYOUTS

First Sweet Young Thing—"Isn't he the darlinest pole vaulter?"

Second S. Y. T. (as the vaulter knocks cross bar off for the third time)—"Yes, isn't he? He's jumped and knocked that thing off three times without missing."

* * *

"Yes, I can give you a job. You can gather the eggs for me if you are sure you won't steal any."

"Youse can trust me wid anything, lady. I wuz manager of a bath house for fifteen years an' never took a bath."—*Judge.*

* * *

"What's your name?"

"Isadore Patrick Goldstein."

"What's the Patrick for?"

"Protection."—*Orange Peel.*

CAMOUFLAGE

Young Wife—"If this is an all-wool rug, why is it labeled 'cotton'?"

Shop Assistant (confidentially)—"That, madam, is to deceive the moths."—*London Mail.*

* * *

Indignant—"See here, waiter, here's a piece of wood in my sausage."

Waiter—"Yes, sir, but I'm sure—er—" Indignant—"Sure, nothing! I don't mind eating the dog, but I'm hanged if I'm going to eat the kennel, too."—*Flamingo.*

CORRECT

Prof—"Name three articles containing starch."

Stude—"Two cuffs and a collar."



THAT SENIOR FEELING

Overheard



Graduate—"I always dine at the Rainbow when back at the Old College."

Student—"Yeh, well I generally stop there too. There seems to be a warm welcome that leads one in. It's a part of college life to me."

For candies, for good food, for that frantic feeling when you discover there are twice as many guests as there are deserts. Make it French Pastries.



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Koke-Tiffany	Multnomah Hotel
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Eugene

The Imperial appreciates the patronage it has received from the University Men and Women this year and we wish to express our desire that graduates have success and that all others enjoy their vacation and come back.

The Imperial Lunch

AND ITS EMPLOYES

IN FORM FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

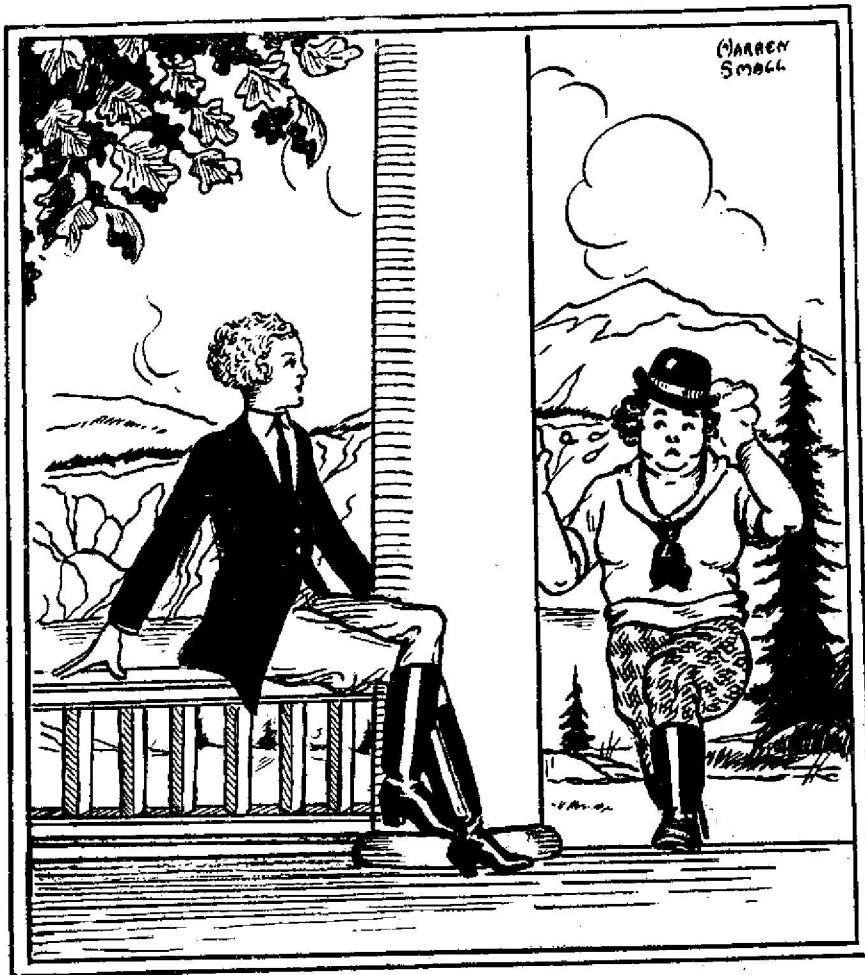
OLD OREGON
Universtiy of Oregon

"The campus as it now is for the benefit of the former student. The alumni as they used to be for the benefit of the campus. Themselves to each other."

I enclose \$2 (foreign \$2.25) to cover alumni dues and Old Oregon.

Name College year.....

Mailing Address



WARREN SMALL

Mable—"I have taken up riding to reduce."
 Margaret—"Having any success?"
 Mable—"Terrible. I gained 8 pounds and the horse lost 40."

As I was walking
 Down town
 The other day,
 I saw a man
 Sitting on
 The sidewalk
 Talking to a
 Banana peel!
 I'm still wondering
 What he could have been
 Saying.—Lord Jeff.

The Young Bride (looking in window of jewelry store)—"George, I'd love to have that bracelet"

The Husband—"I can't afford to buy it for you, dear."

The Bride—"But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?"

The Husband—"I'm afraid not."

The Bride—"Why?"

The Husband—"It isn't good enough, dear."

The Bride—"Oh, you darling."—Life.

Doctor—"Well, my good man, have you any temperature this morning?"

Patient—"No, the nurse took it."—Virginia Reel.

How I wish that some debater,
 Versed in all forensic laws,
 Would some happy day create a
 Safe rebuttal for "because."
 —Purple Parrot.

When they parted Billy asked her, "May I write to you?"
 "Yes," she answered quite demurely,
 "Surely, billet doux."

X—"This certainly is a lazy country."
 Y—"I should say it is. I just saw a dog chasing a squirrel and they were both walking!"—West Virginia Moonshine.



Miriam Swartz of Salem, senior in business administration, and winner of the annual \$50 prize of Phi Theta Kappa, for her high standing in her own department.

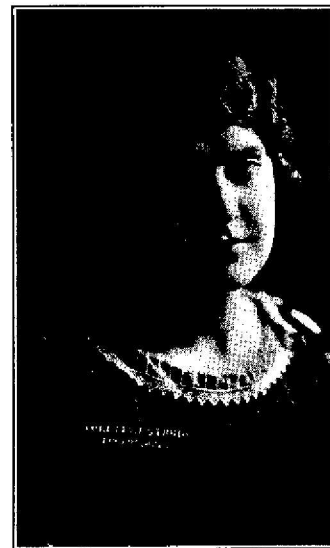
Bay Alumni Want to Hear From Each Other

OREGON alumni around San Francisco Bay have organized a Bay association, with David L. McDaniels, '12, president, and Charlie Fenton Clarke, '16, secretary. Mr. McDaniels can be reached at the Merchant Exchange building, phone Garfield 955, and he and Mrs. Clarke are eager to get in touch with all Oregonians now around the Bay or expecting to be there.

A get-together is planned for the fall (when Oregon plays Stanford at Palo Alto) with probably a dinner for Joe Maddock and the team.

Gjelsness to Go to Christiania

Rudolph H. Gjelsness, formerly on the staff of the University library, has been granted a fellowship by the American Scandinavian Foundation for next year. Of 1,700 applications made, but 16 were granted. Mr. Gjelsness will study at the University of Christiania, Norway. He is now in San Francisco, but will leave there about the middle of July.



Ruth Akers, new secretary of the A. S. U. O. Miss Akers is from Wasco.

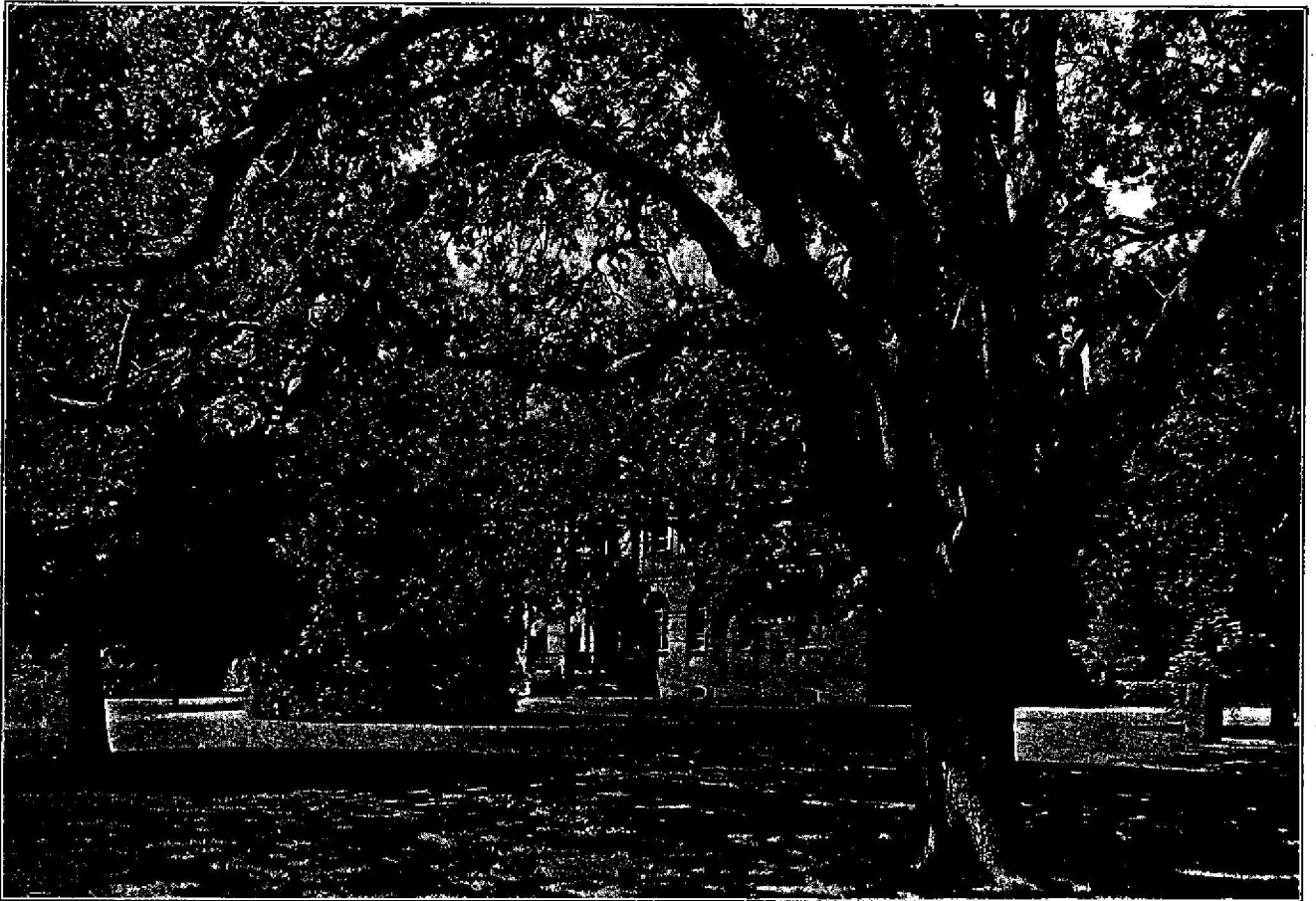
Gift Campaign Hopes Are Good

"We have raised more than a third of the \$1,000,000 which the alumni set out to provide for the Gift Campaign and we are going ahead to a successful finish. As yet we have hardly begun to fight, but we are going to put this thing over the top with all the spirit for which Oregon is famous."

This is the message from Robert B. Kuykendall, national alumni chairman, who reports a total subscription of \$400,000 as we go to press. The campaign has begun well all over the country and there is every indication that before it is concluded the alumni will come very close to their goal, if they do not actually reach it. Instead of waning as the work of the campaign progresses, the enthusiasm of the alumni is constantly increasing.

Each report meeting in Portland and Eugene and the other centers where many alumni are located has shown a larger attendance and larger returns than the last, and it is evident that the possibilities of the campaign, far from being exhausted, are just beginning to be realized. Everywhere campaign workers are going about their task with greater energy and securing better response during the most recent part of the campaign than they did at the beginning.

Leaders in the movement are thoroughly convinced that the effect of the campaign publicity and organization is cumulative and that they are just about to reach the peak of their effectiveness. So the campaign is to be carried on uninterruptedly until the ground has been thoroughly covered and every former student has had an opportunity to make his contribution to the alumni fund.



The Condon Oaks, one of the loveliest of the older corners of the campus. Near this spot is the Arts building, where the class of '99, reuniting this June, will make its headquarters.

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This is to acknowledge gratefully the cooperation of Old Oregon's advertisers. This cooperation has made possible the present size and development of the magazine.

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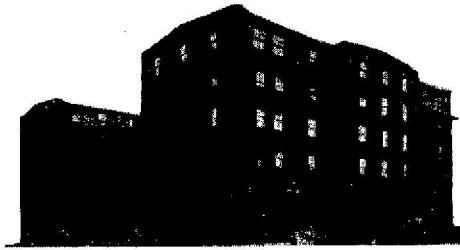
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