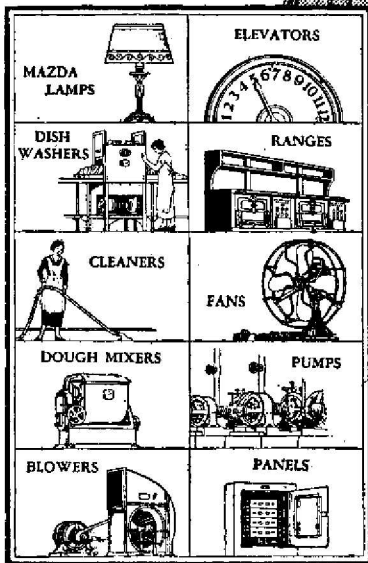


Old Oregon

December, 1927

Volume X, No. 5





In the modern hotel, electrical service includes lighting, elevators, fans, signal systems, coal-handling, pumping systems, laundry, vacuum cleaners, cooking, dish washing, ice cream freezers, vegetable parers, meat grinders, dough mixers, barber's apparatus, and ventilating equipment.



You will find this monogram on many electric devices used in the modern hotel.

Hundreds of Motors at your service

ONE hundred and eighty-seven million people registered at hotels in this country last year. One hundred and eighteen million people expecting modern comfort.

What a diversity of service these figures represent; a personal service rendered by hundreds of thousands of men and women. Back of them, carrying the physical load, making this service possible is—electricity.

Electric lights add comfort and convenience. Electric laundry equipment cleanses and sterilizes the linen. Electric elevators carry guests quickly and comfortably to their rooms. And in hundreds of other ways electricity makes modern service possible.

Only two and a half cents of the guest's dollar is needed to pay for this tireless servant. And how much this small amount of money accomplishes!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

201-58B

This advertisement will appear in Collier's, November 26th, and is in the November issues of National Geographic, World's Work, Mentor, and American Federationist.

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year
*to Alumni, Students and Faculty
of the University of Oregon!*

Incidentally, if you need lumber, lath, shingles, or
old-growth slabwood, we can supply your needs.

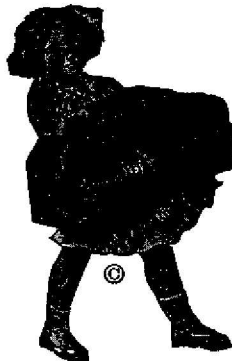
BOOTH - KELLY LUMBER CO.

Fifth and Willamette Streets

Telephone 452

Eugene, Oregon

MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Butter-Krust

A Finer, Richer Loaf

Holiday Greetings from

WILLIAM'S BAKERY

PHONE 149-J

EUGENE

1760 E. THIRTEENTH AVENUE

MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Holiday Packages of
CANDIED FRUIT :: FINE APPLES
HOME-GROWN WALNUTS
and FILBERTS

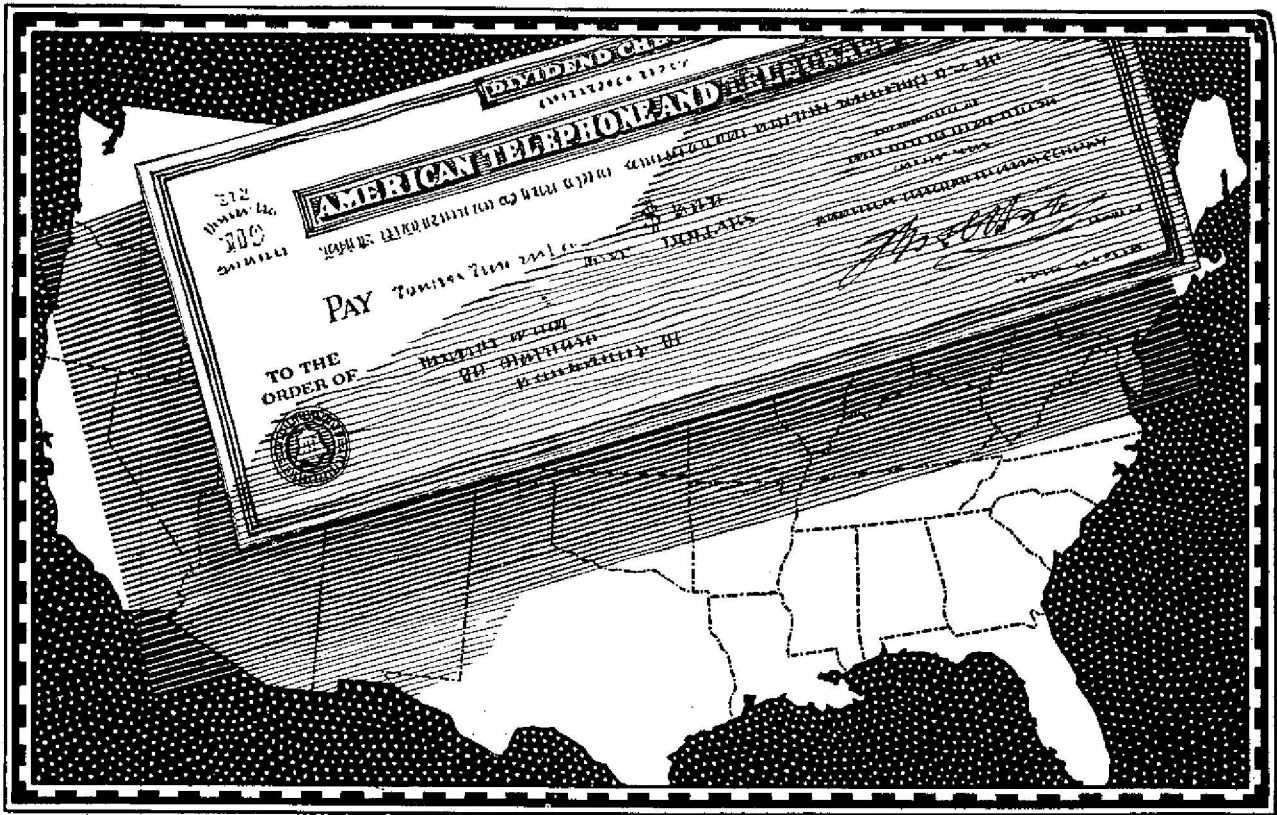
in

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BOXES

A Delicious Gift from the Home of

DIAMOND "A" CANNED GOODS
and COLLEGE ICE CREAM

Eugene Fruit Growers Assn.



How many are 421,000 stockholders?

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

ON OCTOBER 15th, American Telephone and Telegraph Company checks representing the 152d dividend were mailed to its 421,000 stockholders. That is the largest number of stockholders of any company in the world.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by a great investment democracy.

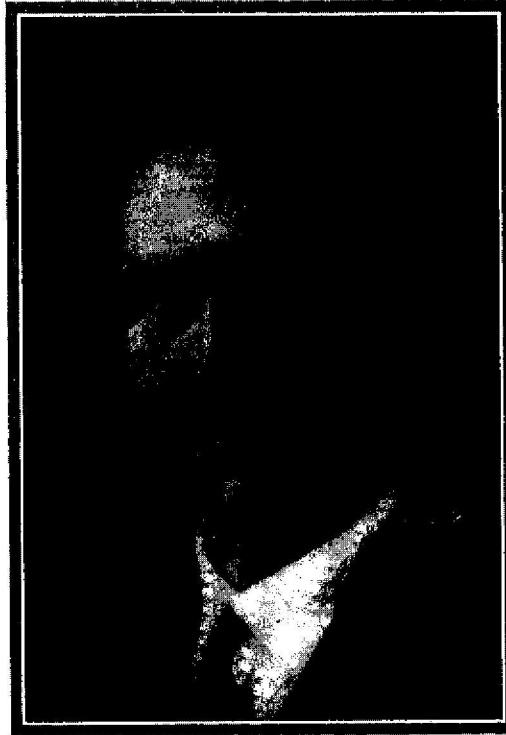
Its dividend checks are cashed at banks in every state in the Union, by people representing all trades, stations and professions.



No institution is more nationally or publicly owned than the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which in turn owns more than 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell national System. The average holding is 26 shares, and no one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The Bell System was developed in the interest of telephone users and is owned by the public that it serves.

"I am a firm believer in the philosophy of work," says Mr. Barker, who comes to Oregon as vice-president of the University at the prime of his life.



MR. BURT BROWN BARKER

Vice President of the University of Oregon, who will take up his new duties in the early spring.

"You love Oregon—so do I," and in his message to alumni Mr. Barker pledges himself to face the problems that confront the University of Oregon.



BARBARA BARKER



MRS. BURT BROWN BARKER

A Greeting to the Oregon Alumni

From BURT BROWN BARKER, Vice President, University of Oregon

NOW ONE longs to find a new vocabulary in which to express one's pleasure over new found friends, and thus avoid the conventional lip service to appreciation. We need a heart language which will register the joys arising from work with our fellows. If such a language were known to me, I surely would use it in my first greetings to the alumni to indicate my joy in the thought of our future association.

You love Oregon—so do I. To me, as to you, Oregon is home. Here I spent my boyhood and my young manhood, and here are the friends and companions of those early formative days.

You know Oregon—so do I. I know her call. I heard it as a child. I know the lift of her inspiration. I felt it as a young man—and no one ever having heard her call or felt her inspiration will ever forget.

You haven't forgotten Oregon—nor have I. That memory is as sacred to me as to you. As you kindled the fires on your home altars, and forgot them not—so did I. The flame is as holy to me as to you.

Thus, having loved alike, having known alike, having remembered and worshipped alike, alike we are in spirit, fitted to be trace-mates or yoke-steeds in this race.

But we are not in the contest merely to see the chariot wheels go round, nor to take satisfaction in the dust we raise. Being in the class of the self-conscious, we know a cause is at stake, and we strive as a team, and, frankly, take satisfaction in having so striven. It is not that we may vanquish others, although the contest has its stimulus, but it is that we have striven as a team, that each has kept his traces tight, each has pulled his share of the load and given of his best; in short that each has met life, taken pleasure in the meeting, and never once thought to do other than measure his strength with the task.

Thus has Oregon given us our heritage, shown us our task, and taught us the call of life. The world has beckoned us to the arena, where, with our fellows, we have faced the problems and struggled with them to the limit of our ability with no thought of turning away before they were solved. Angels can do no more, and no true son or daughter of Oregon would think of doing less.

How pleased I am to tug with you on this rope with its knotty problems.

—Burt Brown Barker.



The Alumni Convention Proves a Success

By F. H. YOUNG

FROM three of the four corners of Oregon, came alumni delegates to the first annual convention of alumni representatives, held in Johnson hall, Thursday, November 10, the day before the annual Homecoming football game.

The attendance and interest shown in this effort to evolve a state-wide gathering of alumni to supplement the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, was extremely gratifying. With the experience of the first convention behind, the Association, through its future officers, should have no difficulty in making this convention an important occasion.

Those who were elected, and the counties included in the districts represented, were:

No. of Delegates	County	Delegates Elected	City
2	Baker and Grant	James T. Donald Henry McKinney Eugene L. Getz	Baker
1	Benton and Lincoln		
2	Clackamas		
2	Clatsop and Columbia	Merle R. Chessman C. W. Robison	Astoria
1	Coos and Curry	William Coleman	Myrtle Point
1	Douglas	Frank B. Matthews	Roseburg
1	Hood River	Roger Moe	
2	Jackson	Marie Myers Bosworth Larry C. Mann	Medford
1	Jefferson, Crook, Deschutes	J. H. Upton	Medford
1	Josephine		Bend
1	Klamath and Lake		
4	Lane	Ray Dunn Ed. F. Bailey Judge E. O. Potter Lynn S. McCready Mrs. Ruby H. Goodrich	Junction City Eugene Eugene
2	Linn		Burns
1	Malheur and Harney	Mrs. Helen Dillman	Salem
3	Marion and Polk	Carl Gabrielson George Hug Mrs. Hollis Huntington	Salem
7	Multnomah	Dr. Fred Zeigler Chester Moores Wm. M. Cake, Jr. Beatrice Locke Jennie Huggins Dorothy Flegel Stan Anderson	Portland Portland Portland Portland Portland Portland
1	Sherman, Gilliam, Wheeler	Mrs. Clare Y. Smythe	Arlington
2	Tillamook and Yamhill	Arne Rae Bernard McPhillips	Tillamook
2	Union and Willowa	Hazel B. Pague	Tillamook
3	Umatilla and Morrow	Cal Sweek Glenn Scott Tom Boylen, Jr.	La Grande Heppner Helix
2	Wasco	Ed Ward Clarence R. Ellis	Echo Dufur
1	Washington	Georgia Benson Patterson	The Dalles Hillsboro

Of greatest immediate importance was the convention's action in nominating John C. Veatch, '07, Portland, and Harold J. Warner, '13, Pendleton, for candidates for president of the Alumni Association during 1928. Six candidates for the two vice-presidencies of the Association, were also nominated: Edward F. Bailey, '13, Junction City; Lyle P. Bartholo-

mew, '22, Salem; Merle R. Chessman, '09, Astoria; Andrew M. Collier, '13, Klamath Falls; Fred E. Kiddle, '17, Island City; Merwin Rankin, '11, Portland.

Balloting, by postcard, on these candidates is already under way. Alumni are urged to mark their ballots plainly, and send them in at once, in order that a full vote, representing widespread alumni sentiment, may be counted on December 31.

As has already been pointed out in OLD OREGON, the old Alumni Council has been supplanted by an alumni executive committee. The convention of delegates elected one of its own members, as provided by constitution, as member-at-large of this committee. Lynn S. McCready, Eugene, was chosen. This executive committee will consist of the president of the association, the two vice-presidents, Mr. McCready, and Miss Calkins, alumni secretary-treasurer.

Only one detail in connection with the selection of delegates and holding of future conventions, appears to need ironing out. That is the determination of the most feasible method of selecting the district delegates. This year an attempt was made to have candidates nominated by local nominating committees, then elected by ballot of all alumni living in that district.

The delegates entered into their task of considering University and alumni affairs, with energy and interest. The president of the student body, Don Beelar, was quizzed as to the condition of student affairs; Dean Gilbert's report on University finances and its marked growth in attendance since 1920, was listened to with attention, and suggestions were made as to the manner of getting his statements before a larger group of alumni; delegates, after a brief discussion, approved the idea of holding such conventions annually, agreeing with the statements made to the effect that such gatherings afford the best opportunity for representative alumni to meet deliberately for consideration of the University's and the Alumni Association's problems.

Probably the most important action coming from the convention, aside from nominations and resolutions adopted, was the authorization of a special committee of delegates to consider the problem of employing a full- or part-time "liaison officer," whose duty it would be to coordinate activities in which students and alumni are jointly interested.

We hope that these conventions of alumni delegates in the future are able to press forward along the line of greater co-operation and understanding between University and alumni, and that they will continue to afford alumni living in all portions of Oregon, a direct voice in the affairs of their association.

Presentation of the Portrait of Dr. Straub

EDITOR'S NOTE: At the semi-annual meeting of the Alumni Association, after the routine business, the program was given over to the presentation to the University of a portrait of Dr. John Straub, painted by Julian Lamar. The picture is the gift of scores of alumni who eagerly responded when the portrait was suggested. Reprinted here are two of the speeches.

Students' Friend and Counsellor

by DR. CLARENCE W. KEENE, '96

I STAND before you today because I am one of John Straub's boys. Though entirely without hope of doing justice to the subject of "Dr. John Straub, Friend and Counsellor of Students for Fifty Years," when the opportunity offered to present it today, I would unwillingly yield to any one, for in common with others of his students one wishes to make a clean record—that there has never been a chance to acclaim the kindness, the true friendship and wise counsel of Dr. Straub that has not been grasped by us with eagerness.

As you all know, in the fall of 1878, through a chain of fortuitous misfortunes, John Straub, a young Pennsylvanian just out of college—scarcely more than a boy—recently married, became an instructor in the budding young institution with the high sounding title of Oregon State University when one was scarcely sure the bud would make a bloom or die without further development. He then, according to campus tradition, took up the Herculean labor of giving courses on subjects that ran the entire gamut of human knowledge. However, in the interest of accuracy, I wish to challenge this belief in part. There is no evidence to show that he then or at any time has given courses on either Agronomy or Animal Husbandry. He has carefully avoided encroachment on the field of the sister institution on the north.

In time he was a professor and then added to his title dean of men, though for more than thirty years he had been unofficial dean of men and women—advisor to those in trouble. Speaking of trouble—in the days when the faculty "in bane" administered discipline we who also attended those meetings knew well the friends of the unfortunate. When the requirement of discipline had been met there was none so quick to seize upon the excuse nor to offer to condone the fault as our friend, Professor Straub. There is no question but that many of the alumni owe their present felicitous affiliation with the institution and the smooth completion of their educational plans to the large heartedness, the broad minded vision of Dr. Straub—who could forgive and see the promise of the man to be beneath the crude malicious mischief of the boy.

I do not wish to dwell on his scholastic achievements as a member of the faculty though the list is an enviable one. But what I wish to emphasize is that it is as a friend and advisor of students, as the inculcator of high ideals, as one who not only has grown with his institution to know more and more individuals, but as one who has changed with each succeeding decade to meet with sympathy the youthful ideas of the time that Dr. Straub has exhibited the unusual qualities which render him after fifty years without peer among the men of the state. His life reminds one of the New England gentleman who always included in his prayer the supplication, "O Lord, give me an open mind"; for Dr. Straub has constantly preserved that flexibility of mind that has kept him an understanding friend of the youthful student each changing year. And it is not from him that you hear complaint of the decadent habits, morals and manners of the age of 1927. That comes from the crystallized middle aged type of mind. The charge of dissolute youth is as old as time. But the new thing about it today is that it is printed

so freely. And because it is printed, carries conviction due to a subconscious reverence of the printed word. It is true that the ways of youth are different—an example is in the speed of the day. Those of my day will remember that the ultimate—the exasperating extreme was once achieved behind one of Eli Bang's high stepping livery teams—the student of today in his rattling flivver would laugh with scorn! But I'm sure that Dr. Straub with his abiding faith and understanding finds beneath the superficial veneer of custom, manners and hurry, the same minds—the same old problems in a new dress, the same boys and girls capable of striving for the ideals he teaches them.

It would seem that his manner too has changed with the years. In the early '80s instructors spoke with the authority of position. The student expected it and had no desire to question that right. During the late '90s I'm sure there was more tendency to talk the matter over. After that there was a more rapid change; and now it would seem to the outsider that in this decade youth is accorded consideration by authority amounting almost to self determination. And so we may say that Dr. Straub, having been a part of these changes, has maintained an open mind—a flexible mind that has not crystallized. He has met youth year by year understandingly with change for change and found all youth good.

I am not going to enumerate any specific acts of kindness nor elaborate with any of the instances of his continued interest in students and alumni. Any one of you alumni carries in mind some beautiful example of this kind and many, as recipients, cherish the memories in their hearts. It is sufficient to say that he has gone on from year to year, for fifty years, constantly adding friendships to an irreducible fund of friendship, till today we find him probably with more friends than any other man of our state. Friends that he calls his boys and girls from seventy years down—but mostly young.

Personally, I'm proud to be his boy! I envy him his joy of living among his young friends. I would rather have his career than that of any other man in Oregon!

This is the general conviction of the alumni and it is to partially express this esteem by a token that we are here today.

The Artist and the Subject

by DR. JAMES H. GILBERT, '03

ON THE occasion when the work of an artist is unveiled and presented to the public for the first time, something should be said about the artist and his subject. Julian Lamar, the painter, was born in Augusta, Georgia, October 14, 1893, and was, therefore, a man of thirty-three when he painted the portrait of Dr. John Straub. From his early years he showed a certain addiction to the artistic calling, and after a varied educational experience, he went abroad to study under Chase, at Florence, and Marr, at Munich. Returning to the United States, his rise in the profession of portrait painter was very rapid. He was especially inclined toward scholars and educators as subjects and achieved distinction in the painting of Henry Fairfield Osborne and John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University. Last spring Mr. Lamar was visiting with friends in Vancouver, Washington, and was sent by the Pratt family, of New York, to paint portraits of several Eugene children. His work attracted attention immediately and he was engaged to paint the portrait of Mrs. Murray Warner, and later of Dr. John Straub.



DR. JOHN STRAUB

A photograph of the portrait by Julian Lamar.

He agreed to accept this commission for whatever alumni would pay and took a peculiar delight in the task of painting the man who epitomizes fifty years of the University's history.

On this occasion much has been said about the subject, and I shall not, therefore, elaborate this side. Permit me to say, however, that from the day of their initial contact, Dean Straub and Julian Lamar were deeply attached to each other. When I sent Mr. Lamar his last remittance he said that although the amount we had paid was something less than he usually charged for a portrait of this kind, I need feel under no further obligations. It was worth, he said, several hundred dollars to have known and painted a rare and captivating personality like Dean Straub.

I wish next to inquire what were the reasons for the strong attachment between the two. In doing so I may present in a stronger light some of the outstanding characteristics of each. In the first place, Julian Lamar is characterized by a certain abounding youthfulness; a man of thirty-three who looks and acts approximately ten years younger. He impressed everyone who met him with the fact that he was the most youthful artist that had ever achieved distinction in any field of artistic endeavor. Our genial dean, although he is now past three score years and ten, and is entering upon his fiftieth year of service to the University, is likewise characterized by a youthful spirit. In his case "old time is a liar." His actions, his vitality, his buoyancy, belie his years. I am now going to reveal a secret. Julian Lamar painted two portraits of Dean John Straub. The first of these was rejected as it neared completion. The artist confessed that he had allowed himself to be swept away by the youthfulness of the man and had painted the boy John Straub rather than the mature, dignified, and solid Dean Emeritus.

If Dean Straub were asked to tell us why he has remained youthful through these many years, he would say with confidence and conviction that it was the close contact with one generation after another of young men and women whose vitality and energy and optimism are contagious to one who cherishes their friendship as Dean Straub has cherished the friendship of "his boys and girls."

In the second place, both artist and subject are possessed of a fine sense of humor. In the case of the artist, it is subtle, refined, always kindly, playful, free from rancor or venom. During his seventy years and more, Dean Straub has had his hardships, teaching twenty-five hours a week on seventy-five dollars a month, living through the many struggles of the institution which was always dear to him, suffering disappointment and bereavement, and yet through it all has preserved a rich, fine sense of humor. This spirit flashes out with some witticism, some story with a point, some anecdote of days when a common experience, humanized and democratized in a small group of students and faculty, had made them one great family under the leadership of that rare old patriarch, John W. Johnson. If time would permit, I might cite many gems of humor that have fallen from the lips of this man whose very presence brings a smile even from the most morose. One of these, I recall, found a place in the columns of that little Homecoming publication that used to appear on the campus. The music school was formerly close to the Southern Pacific track. When it was moved out to the south campus, Dean Straub remarked, "Now that the music school is moved to the south campus, we can hear the Southern Pacific trains go by."

I do not wish to leave the impression that a sense of humor is all that Dean Straub possesses. Some of us have seen him in another mood, his eyes flashing and his voice fulminating invective. To use a classical allusion, I have thought of him as Zeus in the act of hurling a thunderbolt, and had the dean possessed one to hurl, the ranks of the faculty would have been somewhat thinner. Such occasions which stirred up the wrath of the dean are usually those where the faculty assumes a "hard boiled" attitude and is about to refuse graduation to some youngster who has struggled on for four years and earned one hundred and eighty-five and a half hours on about one hundred and eighty-five and a half dollars, but the rules of the faculty require a hundred and eighty-six hours for graduation. Or perhaps he is incensed because an A.B. degree is denied for the lack of one term of required gymnasium. We have all seen these moods of righteous wrath and we have all loved and respected him the more because the mood can change on occasion. Were he always the same genial John Straub we should not like him nearly so much. He would be too much like the climate of Southern California.

The portrait which we present today depicts the solidity and strength and vitality of the man, but underlying it all is that substratum of fine humor which crops out in the twinkling of his eyes and the corners of the mouth that will not stay down. To have caught the living personality of the man who epitomizes fifty years of the University's history and exemplifies so much of good and good will, and committed that personality to canvas as a permanent heritage to the University seemed to us to be abundantly worth while, and we hope the alumni in general will feel proud to have had a part in this worthy undertaking. I wish that on this occasion the smiling young artist, Julian Lamar, were here to share in the exercises. In his absence, however, I must content myself with presenting in person the subject rather than the artist and the subject.

I now take pleasure in introducing Dr. John Straub, in his day professor of nearly everything in the University curriculum; for twenty-one years dean of the college, for five years dean of men, for fifty years student, friend, and counsellor, now dean emeritus of men and professor of Greek, who, after some twenty-five years or more, may be called "The grand old man of Oregon."

Greece and the Olympic Games

by JULIA BURGESS

GREECE should have its Alinari, its Brogi, its Crupi—skilled photographers who could reproduce its mountains, bays, islands, with all their delicate outlines and tints. Greece is more beautiful than most of Italy, but there are hundreds of paintings or other pictures of Italian scenes to one of the country of Greece. Hitherto preoccupation with sculpture and architecture has been natural and has accorded with demand—a demand which should now be enlarged. Perhaps also the exclusion of inanimate nature from ancient Greek art may have had its unconscious effect.

In their mythology, however, and in their legends, the Greeks paid tribute to their emotions in the presence of nature. We felt like mythmaking Greeks as we looked at Mt. Olympus wreathed in vapors, its snowy detached summit floating amid the clouds of the Thunderer. At Crete we looked up at towering Ida, surrounded and all but hidden by other peaks and knew that the infant Zeus had been tended by oreads in grottoes in those far withdrawn valleys.

At Delphi in the upper air along the mountain ledge where the ancient city clung, we felt the heightened mood that tuned the listener of long ago to oracular responses.

The situation of Delphi is spectacular—high on the slopes of Mt. Parnassus, with a deep gorge below; the Phaedriades (or shining peaks) rising sheer a thousand feet above; rocky heights opposite; a broad vale of olive orchards far off at the right; the gulf of Corinth reaching its long finger into this vale; and snow covered mountains forming the distant rampart.

As we sat beneath the plane trees of Agamemnon beside the Castalian fount, we could almost see the Homeric pilgrims as they wound across the high mountain pass, to refresh their weariness in the cool Castalian waters, and to learn wisdom (if wisdom is "knowing what to do next") from the Delphic oracle.

We saw on the platform of the temple of Apollo, the block of marble in which once stood the sacred golden tripod whereon the tranceed prophetess sat, as she breathed intoxicating gases from the cleft, now quite choked by fallen ruins. We saw the omphalos—a representation of the sacred stone let fall from heaven upon Delphi to mark it as the center of the earth. We saw the eagles of Zeus still circling over Delphi, where they had met so long ago over the chosen and midmost spot. The center it was of knowledge, by the fact that it was the natural stopping place on the route through which travelers were perpetually journeying, each one giving as he passed some bit of desired information to the shrewd and discerning priests. And in influence it was the arbitrator and authority in all important decisions among the earlier Greeks.

This year a very interesting revival of Aeschylus's "Prometheus Bound" was given on May ninth and tenth (after our visit) at the Delphic festival, in the ancient theatre—a theatre which has for its drop-scene a panorama of mountain view that would prove a serious rival to the best performance.

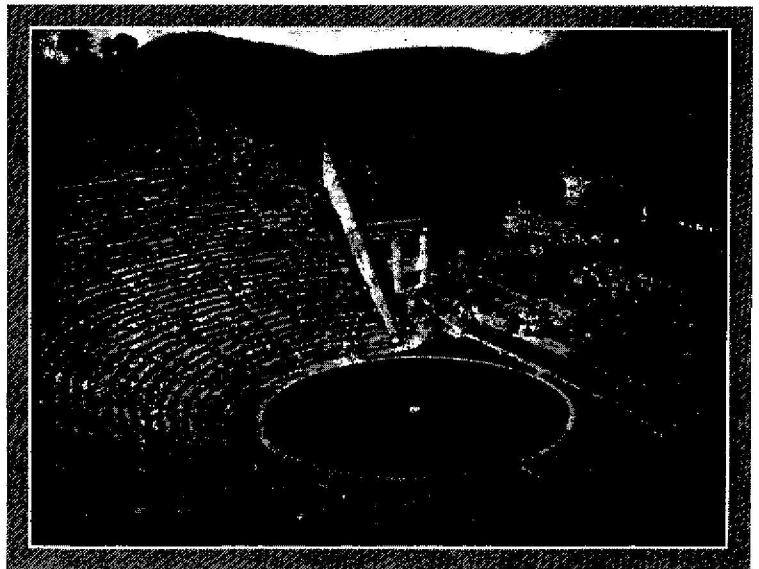
We journeyed south to the ancient palace of Agamemnon, perched upon the apex of the hill above the Lion Gate at prehistoric Mycenae. The stone stairway uncovered by excavation in 1887,

leads up from the lower citadel to the small area of the summit, where the foundation plan of the palace apartments may be clearly traced. Here as we stood in the megaron, or great hall, looking out upon the wide plains of Argolis, a shepherd boy below began playing his shepherd pipe so sweetly that one seemed to hear him from out of some fair pastoral dawn of history.

"Well built" and "abounding in gold," Homer calls this fortress home; and the abundance of gold was found by Schliemann in 1876 in the shaft-tombs within the walls. It was there that the gold treasures were protected by Mrs. Schliemann's quick wit. She was alone with the excavating workmen, when a bit of stone or earth caved in and she caught the glint of gold. Fearing that the men would rob the treasure, she stepped in front of the opening and declared a holiday at once. She remained alone on guard for hours until her husband returned and the treasure was safe.

We visited Epidaurus where was the greatest sanatorium of the Greeks under the patronage of Asklepios, god of healing. The Greeks understood the methods of promoting hygiene by fresh air, light exercise and recreation. They erected buildings for gymnastic and musical exercises, and they built here the finest and largest of all the open air Greek theatres. This theatre is in almost perfect preservation. Its acoustic properties are so remarkable that our leader, Dr. Powers, could stand on the round stone in the center of the orchestra and speaking in an ordinary conversational tone make us hear distinctly upon the topmost tier of seats.

The train from Corinth to Olympia travels in leisurely rural fashion, leaving time at the many stations for a pleasant chat with some Greek recently returned from America and eager to pass greetings and comments with any American tourist. The traveler cannot regret this leisurely progress, for he is passing along the villa coast of modern Greece, and his eyes are turning from luxuriant gardens and vineyards beside him to the gulf of Corinth that sparkles like a sea of fire



GREEK THEATRE AT EPIDAUROS

Where the acoustics are remarkable. The theatre is in an almost perfect state of preservation.

opals, and across it to Mt. Helicon, hill of the muses, and white Parnassus and Kiona. Then his eyes are drawn to the other side, as above long "meads of asphodel," spirit flower, he catches sight of snow capped Kyllene and Erymanthos.

Finally the train approaches the "little Dardanelles," where the gulf narrows to a little over a mile in width and where a Venetian fort can still be seen on each side guarding the entrance—where in ancient times two white temples of Poseidon gleamed out against the blue. The promontory that rises upon the northern coast over against Patras is many times more beautiful and imposing than Gibraltar.

Nightfall brings one to Olympia, a place of peace and quiet, backed by hills and shaded by murmuring pines. Here in a special building stands the incomparable Hermes of Praxiteles. This statue was preserved by the happy chance that when it was overthrown by earthquake shock, it fell into a bed of soft mud that covered it smoothly and firmly and kept it for centuries unmarred. It is the perfect expression of the ideal of the age of Plato—etherealized flesh, repose and harmony and philosophic idealism.

From a much earlier age Olympia was the seat of the Olympic Games, legendary in foundation, but known to have flourished for over a thousand years, from the first Olympiad in B. C. 776 to the suppression by Theodosius in A. D. 394. The celebration of these games was in honor of Zeus, and a great sacred walled precinct, exhumed by Germans in 1874-81, enclosed the majestic temple to Zeus, the temple to Hera, his queen, and the large festival square surrounded by porticos and adorned by innumerable statues.

The many buildings used for gymnasium and administrative purposes were outside the sacred enclosure. So also was the Stadion (600 Greek feet or 631 English feet in length). It may be surprising to learn that this stadion never had stone seats. It is presumed that seats were cut in the earth (as once on Skinner's Butte for a college play) upon the hill Kronion on one side, and upon the artificial embankments on the other sides. Or wooden seats may have been used. Low walls indicating starting place and goal have been uncovered.

These games, which occurred once in four years at the midsummer full moon, were, like the oracle at Delphi, the means of uniting the rival states of Greece in a common interest—an interest so great in this case as to result in the decree of a sacred month of universal peace. People came from all parts of Greece and the colonies, and probably camped out or erected temporary booths in all the countryside. The festival lasted five days: the first day devoted to sacrifices to Zeus; the next three days to the games; the last day to the coronation of the victors, to banquets, thank offerings to the gods, chanting of hymns, and processions of sacred embassies.

Of the games the most interesting perhaps was the Pentathlon, in which the winner must be first in three out of five contests: running, wrestling, leaping, throwing the discus, and hurling the javelin. Chariot and horse races were added and held in the hippodrome, which has been washed away by the river Alpheios.

One of the most delightful features of these games was the satisfaction with simple prizes: the crown of wild olive at Olympia; the fir at Isthmean games, parsley at Nemean, and sacred apples at Pythian.

However, there were other honors. On arriving at the home city, the victor was greeted by processions, banquets, exemption from taxes, and many privileges. At Olympia each victor had the right of erecting a statue, which could not, however, unless he was a triple victor, present his own features. The result was that the sacred precinct became in later years a "forest of statues," as can be seen from the pedestals now remaining. Not only were there statues of

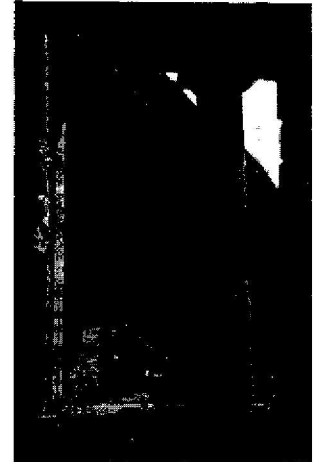
victors, but also the "Zanes," or bronze statues to Zeus, erected from the fines for violations of rules. An avenue of these statues is still indicated by pedestals and inscriptions of names of offenders.



STURDY GREEK PEASANTS

With clear-cut features, figures of strength and a manner of self-respecting friendliness. They gave an impression of vigor and symmetry, and there was an entire absence of self-consciousness.

"THE SHINING CLIFFS"
Seen from the treasury of the Athenians at Delphi.



The unpleasant features of the festival seem to have been the brutality attending the boxing and pancratium ("dangerous and bloody" encounters, worse probably than modern prize fights), and the inhuman persecution of the vanquished upon their return to their native cities.

Women were not permitted to attend these festivals, where the athletes contended nude; and nude statues of women, in spite of the assertion of a well known limerick, were not made by Phidias—nor were they made by other sculptors until near the Hellenistic period of Greek art.

Intellectual performances became a part of these festivals. From the opisthodomos, or west porch, of the temple of Zeus, Herodotus is said to have read his history, Lysias and Gorgias to have given orations, and philosophers like Pythagoras, to have addressed the throng.

The tendency in Athens was even more toward the intellectual. In the Panathenaic festivals music and the drama predominated, and these festivals were "better exponents of fourth century taste in Greece." On our return to Athens we visited their scene, the great Athenian stadion.

This stadion was laid out in 330 B. C. by adapting a natural hollow to such use. Low places were built up; some parts were cut; so that a long horseshoe embankment was the result. As at Olympia there were only earthen or wooden seats. Not until 140 A. D. was the stadion rebuilt by the rich benefactor, Herodes Atticus, in Pentelic marble. When King George had the site excavated in the late 19th century, little marble was found, yet enough to show the outlines and style of the building. In 1896-1906, the whole was restored in exact conformity with the ancient design, by the Alexandrian Greek, M. Averof. It now stands, a vast structure in dazzling white Pentelic marble, a monument to the ancient splendor of Athens and the love of the modern Greek for his native land.

The occasion for this rebuilding was the revival in 1896 of the ancient Olympic Games. Baron de Coubertin of Paris, the prime mover in this, desired that the first of the new Olympiads should be celebrated in Athens. Time did not permit the complete restoration of the stadion before

(Continued on page 32)



IT WAS the drip, drip, drip and the drop, drop, drop of the rain on the bare November branches—like tiny drums beating out memories of gay days long scattered—that got this story going. The wind sang flatly down the wet chimneys; and along the campus walks the late roses, shivering, dropped their petals with a sudden crash. But though a decrepit year was dying, in the moonlight, under the Condon oaks, the pixies were dancing—that is, the shift that had to be on duty daytimes polishing stars for the clear winter nights so soon coming.

Anno Domini, too, like a disembodied spirit, was strolling under the stars. For Domini, though a bare stripling, a mere youth in knee trousers compared to the John Day fossil beds and Mount Etna, was about to have a birthday, and was thinking it over. Not that the fact dampened Domini's spirits particularly. For Domini, as we have said, is still almost foolishly young—really only a scant two thousand. To be specific, just about time the Christmas waits are roaring out

"GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN,
MAY NOTHING YOU DISMAY"

in celebration of an interesting event that happened back-a-bit—possibly a week later—Anno Domini will be precisely one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight. And beside the paleozoic age and the sinking of Atlantis, who cares to mention such trifles? Still, this may serve to account for the fact that Domini was strolling about under the oak trees, rather solemnly, and wondering whether something the Wandering Jew had said to him last time they met (outside of Milan, in the fifteenth century) were true: that when he grew up a little he'd really be worth something.

But it was the pixies that really got the story going. Out from under the gnarled oaks the dancing circle whirled; out in front of old Villard, scattering the polished red leaves from the ivy tendrils against the walls, that had tossed in the wind like a surging green sea not so many moons before. Around and around, under the calm outspread hands of the cedar trees beyond, the swaying line went skittering. Suddenly, with a shriek of pain, a pixie stumbled.

"Stop," he howled stoutly, "Stop. I've stubbed my toe."

The whole line stopped instantly. (Pixies have an extraordinary *esprit de corps*.) Every pixie eye swept the greenward before it, like so many tiny but very brilliant searchlights, until not even a millimeter of it was left unexplored.

THERE WAS NOTHING THERE!

"NONSENSE," said the Head Pixie sternly. "There's nothing there. On with the dancing, fellows."

"Stop," again shouted the—well, we might call him the Foot Pixie, since his toe was stubbed—"Stop. Or you'll hit it too. I tell you I've stubbed my toe—on a MEMORY."

(Pixies are extraordinarily sensitive).

And there, sure enough, before them, as if to prove his statement, shimmered white and ghostly in the moonlight, the shattered stump of an old pole, where nothing had been a moment before.

Back shrank the affrighted pixies. (Pixies are extraordin-

arily fearful, often at the exact moment they should be). Waving his wand sternly the Head Pixie, in a voice of thunder—at any rate in a very pixie voice—cried:

"Anno Domini, what is this? Come forth at once. Oaf! Lout! Varlet! Zany! Spinner of impossible yarns! Why are you loafing about the campus thus, mooning under the stars, when your business is to know everything that's happened anywhere since the Year One. Trek out instantly and tell us about it."

Which, curiously, brings us to the proper starting point (The pixies have long since vanished, and you yourselves are seated in front of Villard Hall, within easy sight of the mill-race) to relate the story of

HOW JUNIOR WEEK-END CAME TO BE

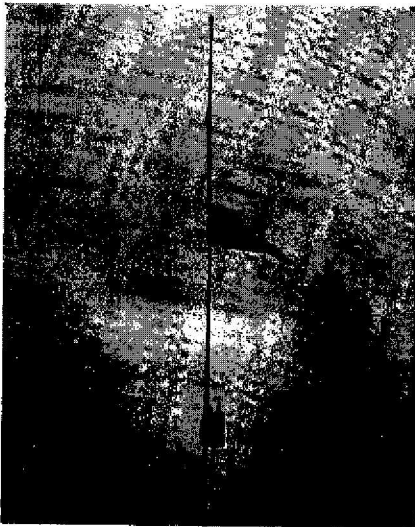
IN THE old days, back, back, back before the present romantic mill-race began to exist, (yes, there really was such a time) there was no such thing as Junior Week-End on the Oregon campus. Canoe fetes and such-like modern things of beauty, with their brilliant barges and Viking ships drifting out from under the drooping willows, had not even been dreamed of. In these quaint days of the beginnings of things, the event of the year, long and eagerly looked forward to and prepared for by the student body, was—Flag raising. And within the memory of the oldest student, the flag rush, a fierce, bitter battle between the Junior class, who had made the flag and who were determined to fly it, and their antagonists, often most of the rest of the school, who attempted to prevent the raising, had been the scene of almost bloody conflict. Flag-raising was always undertaken on Junior Day, a University holiday held in the spring, about the same time as the present Junior Week-End. And for months in advance, as we have said, the event was prepared for: the girls of the class designing and constructing a flag, marvellous and shining, and always just a little bit finer than the one Susie and Emma Jane had worked at the year before. The boys of the class constituted themselves a war-college, subtle as foxes, scheming for weeks ahead on the most appropriate lines of strategy to outwit the other classes—sophomores and seniors mainly, the freshmen being largely unorganized—who tried in every human way to stop the raising of the flag and otherwise to interfere with the event. The favorite method of interference was for the sophomores to tie up the juniors hand and foot—if they could. And for the above reasons, the ceremony was often billed for strange and weird hours—4:29 A. M. may be noted, for example, as the scheduled time for the ceremony of the year before in the 1903 Webfoot, the college annual. (The Oregon had not yet been born).

The same flag which had been the center of the scrimmage, successfully floated, figured in the evening exercises, known as "Junior Exhibition," at which orations were delivered by a half-dozen picked orators. These were written under the direction of the department of English (then synonymous with Dr. Luella Carson) and rehearsed under guidance of Professor Irving M. Glen, who illuminated Oregon at this time. "Junior Exhibition," in those days was regarded as a sort of apprenticeship for the Failing-Beekman contest of the suc-

ceeding year; since the groups who were to appear in the Junior Exhibition of one year and the oratorical contest of the next were virtually identical, and onlookers at the Exhibition felt confident they could pick the winners in the contest that followed.

The warfare that resulted from the flag-raising, often attended by cracked skulls, broken bones—and at times broken friendships, attracted the attention of that sterling pacifist, Prince Lucien Campbell, who took steps to substitute for the out-moded Junior Day, the Junior Week-End exercises as we now know them. The outstanding feature of this new University day was characterized by cooperation rather than conflict, men of the classes joining in constructive rather than destructive effort, cleaning up the campus or building sections of concrete walk, while the feminine portion was devoted to its immemorial task of preparing the noon-day meal. Thus did Junior Day lose its significance as a form of warfare and become a social institution like the old-fashioned log-rolling, barn-raising or husking-bee.

Perhaps the last—and certainly the most furious—of the Junior Day conflicts was the famous flag-pole rush of 1902, the story of which is related by a member of the class.



THE FLAG-POLE RUSH OF 1902

or

TWO MEN IN A BOX TO SAY NOTHING OF THE FLAG

THE YEAR 1902 witnessed a unique flag rush on the Oregon campus. In the interest of historical accuracy we should say that it was a rush on the flag-pole the night before the flag raising was expected to take place. Weeks had been spent by the women of the class of 1903 in preparing a flag brilliant in color and faultless in workmanship. The men of the class had suggested a new line of strategy to outwit those who sought to prevent the flag-raising on Junior Day. Why wait till the fateful day to begin operations? Why not catch the enemy off-guard and occupy a fortified position well up the flag pole itself from which two men in possession of the flag and the halyard could fly the flag undisturbed when the time arrived? Any marauder seeking to molest the guardian of the colors could be rudely thrust back to the ground at the end of a sharpened pole.

One junior, who had some experience as a lineman, climbed part way up and a good sized dry goods box was lashed securely to the pole. At an appropriate time the night before,

two men, carrying the precious emblem of the class, took possession of the box and the rope which was hauled up from the ground and beyond the reach of any hostile hand.

As soon as the strategy was discovered, it provoked an onslaught from the opposing camp. All junior men at large, saving and excepting only the two in the box, were soon overpowered and securely tied. The strategic position of the two swinging from the pole, however, enabled them to meet all opposition for a while. It must have been a veteran of the Spanish war who suggested the water cure for the men in the box. The fire hose from Villard Hall was brought out, the water turned on, and the nozzle played on the box with pitiless regularity. This May night was very cold and the men in the box, soaked to the skin, were compelled to sue for peace, and asked through chattering teeth what the terms would be. An unconditional surrender of the flag was asked for and the cherished emblem was torn into shreds and distributed as souvenirs of the occasion.

It was the custom of the time to use the flag which had graced the flag-pole during the day for back-stage decoration in the evening when six chosen representatives of forensic talent would appear in "Junior Exhibition." The center piece in the scheme of decoration being lost, the girls of the class hurriedly improvised a substitute. Naturally the creation of a day lacked the elegance of the one on which they had worked for weeks. In front of the improvised junior flag six sad and solemn orators made their appearance and as many orations were pronounced, but something more pronounced than the orations was a feeling of deep depression. The oratory lacked spirit. The class had not come through with flying colors.

J. H. G.

AND SO—

HERE remains only to add the actors in this bit of drama out of the past, and the tremors of the girls who had been meeting about in attics for weeks to shape this flag which would excel all other flags. Yale blue and yellow were the colors, worked out after a design evolved by one of the youths of the class, with numerals several feet high on either side. The captured flag, as said, was cut into small pieces by the attacking sophomores, and bits of it are still treasured about the campus, together with the hastily improvised substitute, made in a day. The site of the old flagpole was located about twenty feet west of Villard Hall, from whose eupola, on battle days, a wire was strung to assist in operations. The girls who worked at the two flags were Elma Hendricks, Dolly Ankeny Miller and Ruby Hendricks Goodrich, the latter of whom has kindly supplied some of the details here included. The six sad and solemn orators who stood before the flag in the evening exercises were Estella Viola Armitage, Gene Crawford, Alice Camelia McKinlay, Charles Vincent Ross, Harvey Densmore and James H. Gilbert who has assisted in telling the story. The snapshot, hitherto unreproduced, was fished out of an old memory book to illustrate the tale by Virgil D. Earl. It is whispered that from somewhere near the same source came the suggestion for turning on the fire hose which figures in the story itself. The two men in the box have been definitely identified as Rae Norris and Walter Carroll. The "unknown soldiers" in the conflict are, as usual, quite unidentified—scattered far and wide. Only memory, with its intangible, silken strings, still binds them.

Thanks are due various alumni for aid in this issue.

ANNO DOMINI.

Around the Collegiate World

by SOL ABRAMSON, '27

IT HAS long been customary to belabor the student for his lack of interest in city, state and nation, as indicated by his failure to use the ballot. Presumably, his only interest in franchises is restricted to fraternity and class elections. This is not altogether true, but even where there is a will to take part in extra-college affairs, there is not always a way.

Student disenfranchisement, at every election a problem, caused a bit of disturbance at Princeton, recently, when students were denied the ballot in city and state elections. A battle royal for the mayoralty evidently had something to do with the case, and the group whose candidate seemed likely to lose by the student vote was able to control affairs to the end that the undergraduates were excluded.

The Princetonian, student daily, hired an attorney and fought the measure, but the election board gave no relief, and there the case ended. The grounds for denial were that the students, by virtue of absence during the summer, had not fulfilled residence requirements. These are the same grounds on which students have been disenfranchised elsewhere. President Hibben argued that the students are officially in residence for a full year, despite holiday excursions, but he was no more successful in presenting the student case than were the objectors themselves. President Hibben, by the way, had the intellectual joy of witnessing his statement refuted by a campus grounds-keeper, who by virtue of that position, and his place on the elections board, was credited with knowing both state and university regulations.

OREGON'S honor system, with its tutorial aspirations, should be concerned with an exposition of the Harvard tutorial plan, recently made by Professor R. M. Eaton, chairman of the philosophy board. Its importance lies in the statement that Harvard (and that means the numerous colleges whose plans are founded on Harvard's system) do not intend to follow the Oxford and Cambridge plans of eventually substituting tutoring for all lectures. Professor Eaton explained that the Oxford tutor prepares his students to pass examinations, whereas the Harvard tutor takes it for granted that on the basis of his lecture courses the student will be able to pass his examinations. The tutor's task, then, is to supplement the lecture plan by humanizing and synthesizing the student's information. The lecture and tutorial systems will remain parallel and interdependent at Harvard, and no attempt will be made to eventually supplement one by the other. With Oregon's limited resources, it appears that this plan is more likely of fulfillment than one looking to a single tutorial system.

OREGON placed well in the Witter Bynner contest when Walter Evans Kidd's poem won honorable mention. By point of preference Oregon placed sixth. The judges were flooded with manuscripts from almost every university and college in the country.

Kidd's poem was one of two that won mention for Pacific Coast universities. A California poet also won honorable mention, though in eleventh place.

ATREAT is in store for Oregon when the Cambridge University debaters meet the University's team. Both the Cambridge and British Union teams have been teaching American hearers that statistics are not essential to good debates. Americans, however, are still true to their faith in statistics, and consequently the visitors have not been making a triumphal march, so far as decisions are concerned. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that decisions are deemed necessary. Both British teams have been well-selected. On each there is a conservative, a liberal and a laborite.

Recently the Union team met Columbia University's best, and completely routed the local boys. But the audience didn't know it, and a scoreless tie was the consequence. It was a pitiful performance that Columbia gave. Knowing that British wit would come in a downpour, the Americans were armed in advance. Each speaker spilled dozens of quips (reminiscent of College Humor), none very good, and then abruptly settled down to the serious business of quoting statistics to prove that efficiency should not be condemned. The Englishmen were far too subtle. Very gently they tore down every argument the Americans presented. But the Columbia men, altogether unaware

that their case had been torn to shreds, confidently defied the visitors to meet the issue. The poor boys had been knocked out, but they didn't know it, and were calling to the victors to get up and fight. American debaters may, after many years of international competition, learn something. I speak as a former debater.

FOOTBALL continues as the main interest, and the overpowering problem, in the colleges. The country's population has been shifting each Saturday as trainloads of students have migrated for games. The annual anvil choruses have been heard aplenty. Alumni at Ohio State, at Harvard, and elsewhere have been calling for new coaches. The old vicious circle is as vicious as ever: alumni contribute funds on the provision that bigger and better teams are produced, and the university, to keep getting funds, must keep producing ever bigger and better teams. No one has solved the problem yet.

In answer to criticism, many coaches signed non-scouting agreements last year. The gesture was an answer to the critics of the game. But it was only a gesture that had nothing to do with the over-emphasis. Even now prominent coaches are denouncing the scouting pacts as silly. Alumni insist on informing them of the plays of opposing teams, and the hypocrisy has led more than one coach, including Hawley of Dartmouth, to ask for the old open scouting system.

The Yale alumni magazine has called for a return to unpaid coaches. That probably will live and die only as a suggestion, as have all remedies heretofore evolved.

THE political show is on. Princeton undergraduates in mock convention nominated Hoover and Reed, and then, after minutes of oratory, made the Missouri democrat president of the United States. Wisconsin politicians went at the business on a larger scale, and restricted their activities to a republican nomination session. This was all a bit of work in political science, but that didn't keep the boys from having their fun. They booed every speaker, threw confetti and stamped feet, while bands blared and cowbells jangled. Frank Lowden won the nomination on the second ballot, carrying Wisconsin, New York, Ohio, and Illinois solidly, while gathering scattered votes elsewhere. He, and those who spoke for him, also gathered uncomplimentary descriptions from the opposition. Norris and Hoover were the runners-up.

INASMUCH as a few Oregon alumni recently have raised some new theories concerning the function of a university, it might be interesting to record that alumni at Rochester University have denied that student activities netted them anything worth keeping or remembering. Training in methods and dealing with problems was placed first, and the foundation of a liberal education second, by the men. The women reversed the order. But in all cases the alumni considered the associations, and student activity of least importance. So there!



ALUMNI HALL

Where the Homecoming reception was held.

Impressions of a French University

by RAYMOND D. LAWRENCE, '22

NOTHING could be more different than the Sorbonne, the University of Paris, which is the cultural and educational center of France, and an American university.

If a student or alumnus from the University of Oregon wandered into the magnificent halls of the Sorbonne, for which Cardinal Richelieu, in the seventeenth century, is responsible, it is likely he wouldn't know he was in a University.

Like all the rest of France, tradition forms an important part of the Sorbonne and its historical background—needless to say it is not the kind of tradition which over night ordains that freshmen shall wear green caps, or that no one shall smoke on the campus except on the northeast or southwest sidewalk.

Complete individualism of the Sorbonne students and faculty is one of the greatest contrasts to American colleges. There is none of the amusing paternalism so characteristic of educational institutions in the States, under which the entering student is given lectures on everything from how to take lecture notes to the proper method of brushing his teeth. The French Collegian is not compelled to take three hours of gym a week, nor does he spend three or four days chasing about Paris getting signatures of the professors of his courses.

When the student enters the Sorbonne he registers, which means standing in the big hall of the main building along with several hundred other students and waiting until he can crash the door of the office. If he finally gains entrance over the dead bodies of the mob bent on the same purpose, he signs his name to a card, has his photograph pasted on another and in a black small book that he retains, in which to have his work recorded. The professors sign after the work is done and not before it is begun. But before all this he gets a slip entitling him to pay his fees.

A catalogue tells him what courses are open, and at any time he pleases he may secure advice from what we in the United States so strangely call a "major professor." When the time comes for him to take his final examination his entire schedule is checked up on, but here as everywhere, the responsibility is his and not the faculty's. If thoroughness and scholarship are considered I think these undergraduate examinations are about on a par with the master's quiz at Oregon. The graduate student is given almost complete liberty; he can take what courses he pleases, or none at all, but must be able to pass the extremely rigid oral examination before a board of five or six professors before his degree is granted. In reality, however, his thesis, which must be written in French or Latin, constitutes the main subject matter for the examination.

It is rather strange for a foreigner to watch a French undergraduate examination, for they are supervised by agents, or policemen, (Americans always call them gendarmes) instead of professors. As in everything else the French are logical in this: Police are hired to prevent dishonesty, and since the University is a state institution, they are the most suitable persons to proctor the quizzes.

There is no mollycoddling about this procedure; it is entirely up to the student to conform to the rules and regulations and no one even tells him what they are. All the elaborate red tape of petitioning to add and drop courses, of securing "house" grades at the end of each month, of turning in innumerable registration and information cards, is completely unknown here.

Students are both older and younger than in America; the far greater gamut of ages makes them an interesting contrast. The freshman is usually about 16 years old, while many in the law and medical schools are 30 years of age, possibly because a large number come from other countries.

They do not live in halls or fraternities but rather at the various hotels and *pensions* about the Latin Quarter, or, in fact, wherever they choose. There is no campus and no college life as we know it at Oregon. However, there is a kind of collective existence, both profitable and colorful, which centers around the organizations of societies of students engaged in similar study. For instance, the lawyers or the doctors have a *société* of their own which holds regular meetings and which maintains a library of its own. Usually they rent a hall, often serving as a club, some place near the rue des Ecoles which runs in front of the Sorbonne. These societies—not all of them are professional, as for example the Beaux Arts Société—guard the students' interests, provide for their intellectual needs, serve as their spokesmen to the university, and get positions for them when they are graduated.

The French student, in direct contrast to the American, is greatly interested in politics. Among them are strong Royalist, Communist, and Republican organizations, some which publish newspapers. The Royalists, which of course are connected with M. Leon Daudet's *Action Française*, are perhaps the noisiest. Recently, while in a barber shop during the time the Communists in Paris were most vociferous, I asked *le Coiffeur* whether these radicals were active in this quarter, the shop being situated on Boulevard Saint-Michel, which runs through the heart of the student district.

"I should say not," he replied laughing. "If they were, they would get their heads split open because the students are better than all the police of Paris."

Sometimes these groups hold demonstrations and parades and then there are big squads of police stationed around the Sorbonne and the adjoining streets. Some more than ordinarily active student may get a cracked head or a black eye, but there is never a real fight. On Joan of Arc day the *Camelots du Roi* have a big parade, wear their berets and insignia, and cheer for his majesty, Henry VI, I think it is now, since Philip VIII is dead.

As a whole, the students are warmly loyal to the Republic, but the Royalists and Communists make enough noise to let France know they are alive and active. Every once in a while these student societies rise and assert their rights in a way that make American students and professors look like sea-anemones. An amusing incident took place last summer when the *Camelots du Roi* heckled M. Herriot, minister of education, who came to the Sorbonne to investigate a complaint some students—medical, I think—made about their laboratory room conditions. When he left the building they followed him to his car, pounded on the sides and back with their little batons, and yelled more or less insultingly. No police in sight—bribed, I should say, to be discreetly absent.

Imagine handling a regent of the University of Oregon this way!

Nothing happened of course, for it was considered ill-manners and needless; but that anyone should have been disciplined before a Student Affairs Committee would probably have left M. Herriot himself goggle-eyed.

It was not long ago that the minister of education tried to appoint one of his politician friends, who is not a scholar,

(Continued on page 22)

Kindlier Americana

by S. STEPHENSON SMITH

I see Mr. Mencken in Berlin and find he does not wholly agree with me. He starts the Mercury, with the column of horrible examples known as Americana these do not agree with me either so I look into the recent heavy works on America to find the truth and find that the authors, Professor Parrington of the University of Washington and Professor Siegfried of Strasbourg—are much more radical than Mr. Mencken, but much kinder.—By S. Stephenson Smith, Associate Professor of English, University of Oregon.

I HAD the luck to run into Heinie Mencken one sultry afternoon at the Hotel Continental in Berlin. He was on vacation, with no weightier business afoot than to arrange for the translation of his *American Language* into German. So he had plenty of time to talk not that he is ever reluctant to express himself. But it isn't every day that he can spare three or four hours handrunning for casual talk. He told me all about the articles which he and Nathan were then running in the *Smart Set*, on various American Universities. Seems they had quite a time to find the right kind of convivial alumni, who could tell the whole truth about the higher learning in America, without going in for window-dressing then he digressed a bit on the capacity for liquor and learning of the graduates of Oxford, Harvard, Yale, and Heidelberg. I found myself involuntarily looking closely at his face to see if he bore any scars from duelloes with the German brethren, but I remembered in time that his wound scars were all secured in real war, not in undergraduate scuffles.

Mr. Mencken recollected that he had to shave before going out. But he talked between strokes.

"Is this a straight story about your staying close to the hotel the one night you were in London?"

"Literally true. There wasn't a show on the London Theatre list which looked artistically credible. Not even any of Pinero's gentility nonsense, or Barrie's soothing sirup for the ladies let alone any of Shaw's plays running. I preferred to stay in my room and write. London night life lacks color it is of interest only to those with a taste for the low, the sodden, and vulgar. It has no *grandezza* the English haven't even the courage of their sins, and they are stodgy and unimaginative in their vices. Give me a café or a *Biergarten* any time, in preference to an English pub. And their silly closing hours no liquor to be had between six and ten almost as annoying as prohibition. No, I'd rather save my leisure until I reached the Continent. I don't see why any civilized person should stop in London to amuse himself."

"How about looking up some of your literary friends there?"

"Why, I've talked to them until I know pretty well what they're apt to say. Besides, the important ones are too busy writing or improving the social order, to have much time for impromptu social contacts."

By this time the shave was finished, and Mr. Mencken looked as rosy and healthy as some of the Rotarians whom he deplores though to be sure, his face has much more rugged strength, and shows more of the spirit of

"I will not cease from mental fight

Nor shall my sword rest in my hand

Till we have built Jerusalem"

Still, there was no doubt about it he also looked prosperous and assured, even if not, like the habitual joiners, so much at ease in Zion nor, thought I to myself, would Zion be easy so long as he was in it. And when he started the *American Mercury*, soon after I saw him, my feeling was borne out. But this is getting ahead of the procession.

When we had gone downstairs, Mr. Mencken, reinforced by a stein of Pilsener, began to hold forth on *The National Letters*; but since he has included this discourse, and more, in his essay with that title, I forbear to infringe on his copyright. Certainly he can give a brilliant *couserie* on his proper subject. He talks, if anything, better than he writes. His talk is unforced, and expresses him completely. He is emphatic, but the downright accent seems natural enough, when produced by the voice: there is none of the big bow-wow manner which sometimes comes out in his writing. He appeals to his hearers, and aims at being persuasive. He has no pretense in him, and he can stand plenty of criticism and argument against his contentions, without showing any sign that he feels his prestige in danger. He believes in give-and-take. In short, there is no trace of the Pontiff in his talk in contrast to the tone of the official monthly Bulls in the *Mercury*. While he was in full course after the pretenders in American letters, and crying up the stock of those who were not esteemed as highly as they should be it was then that I saw like a flash that here was the most generous friend the young writers in our country have had. He has too much creative talent himself to grudge a full meed of praise to the genuine artist.

Well, he was getting along famously, throwing a lot of light into the dark corners of the literary cupboard. Once or twice, I thought I heard a slight discord, especially when he touched on the poets—some four years later I met a brilliant sculptor, a great friend of Mencken's who has the highest esteem for his powers except as a critic of poetry. When Mencken sounds out on the recent poetry, this friend feels it his duty to send him a post-card, "For God's sake, Heinie, lay off the poetry; it's not your forte."—But poetry apart, what critic have we who can touch Mr. Mencken on the novel, on the essay, on biography, or on the semi-learned literature of medicine? What critic has more discoveries to his credit? Which of them has as much public courage?

Along about the third stein, the discussion switched to the then international situation. And here it seemed to me that the sage was suddenly without *sagesse*. Wish thinking, mostly, and bitter prejudice. "The Germans should plan a sudden surprise on the bridge-heads of the Rhine, and

take another crack at the French." As to how they would procure chemicals and copper, or even a sufficient reserve of foodstuffs, the convinced political realist did not seem to take thought. The ethics of war, and the need for a restoration of good-will in Europe, did not seem to enter his head, either. It struck me then, and the longer I read his political un wisdom in the *Mercury*, the more convinced I am, that he is anecdotally minded in the sphere of socio-political action. He starts with some prepossessions, especially some strong (and mostly anti-democratic) disgusts, and he casts about for evidence to bear him out. Horrible examples, outrageous instances, the doings of the imbecile fringe in politics, these are the things on which he pounces. They exist: but are they so significant as he makes out? How far does he view all the factors on the chessboard, as an armchair statesman should? No, he suffers here from a singular lack of detachment and serenity. It is almost as if he were in the thick of politics, bitterly as he would decry the suggestion. Like many determined realists, he finds the world too much with him, and he never gets over its weary and yet (as he thinks) all too intelligible weight. He never achieves, in his constant flailing of the politicals, that bland and amused satire which would be so much more effective than his bludgeoning. But perhaps subtlety does not too much become a man, in the Republic which goes in for the colossal, in humor not less than in building. A certain breadth of treatment, no doubt, is here requisite, in any field. Otherwise the boys will drift out of the tent, even after you have pounded the big bass drum to get them in.

To return. Mr. Mencken gradually drifted round to his own proper business, passing from a few remarks about the War to a running account of the literature of the Art of War, from Von Clausewitz down to Foch's last pamphlet. This account was a brilliant tour de force. Maybe it was one of his set conversational pieces—I don't know. But what a feeling for the ins and outs of strategy and tactics, for the chess problems involved in campaign planning, for the whole War Game as an intellectual gymnastic and a dramatic conflict of wills! The literature of the subject, mind you, but Mencken made it come alive, and his rugged American phrasing, his rough cadenzas, suited the theme. He grew almost lyrical and I remembered that here was an accomplished amateur of music carrying over his zeal into discoursing on another art. I could not share his feeling for the beauty of war, but I was convinced that here was a virtuoso performing! And when I went away, shortly before dinner, I carried with me the impression of the absolute intellectual honesty of the man Mencken.

Americana—Imbecile Harlequin Absurdities

But nevertheless, I was not then convinced, nor am I now, that he is a competent, serene, and critical observer of things political. The absurdities he culls out from newspaper and magazine records, of American doings in the institutional sphere, embalming them in the *Americana* column—

these absurdities are merely the *scoriae*, the hot ashes which are flung out in the course of an activity that surely approximates the volcanic. Who would judge a volcano merely by its ashes? I prefer to judge the American volcano from more extensive observation—and there are some recent observers who have investigated its past history and its present tendencies with more precision though with less heat than Mencken. I would rather have the heat in the object than in the observer, and the historian and the calm critic are more apt to arrive at the truth—which, according to Renan, lies in the nuances. I shall deal with Siegfried's *America Comes of Age* and Vernon Louis Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought*, 2 vols. (a third in preparation).

Another "Old Visiter"

We have had a long and memorable succession of "Old Visitors" from abroad who have written books about us. Some, like Tocqueville and Bryce, have been kindly and sympathetic. They stayed some time. Others, like Mrs. Trollope, who objected to tobacco chewing and its accompaniments, or like Dickens and Thackeray, who took our money but didn't care much for us, have made a few one night stands and gone back to write in rather uncomplimentary terms.

André Siegfried is an "Old Visiter" in the proper sense of the term—if indeed any proper sense remains for it. He was here first in 1898, and has returned for extended visits several times since. Having spent some months in travel and observation in 1924, he returned to France to record his mature judgments upon the American scene. He gives the best descriptive account that I know of the present condition of American political parties; of the American economic situation, with its inequality between farm products and the volume of manufacture, which he thinks will lead to serious dislocation; of our "melting-pot" problems, and the difficulties we have in getting the temperature high enough to fuse the varied elements in the crucible; of the disunited churches, and the amazing confusion of the whole religious scene, aggravated by the Modernist-Fundamentalist struggle. The analysis of the religious spirit and of church societies in this country is in fact one of the most illuminating parts of the book. I was actually unable to tell M. Siegfried's religious heritage, though I learn from *Books Abroad* that he was born a French Protestant. He plays no favorites among the American creeds, however; and his view that Protestantism is virtually in the position of a favored State religion is one to which most Catholics would heartily agree. In deerying the effects of Puritanism, M. Siegfried has the advantage of distance and of aloof detachment. There is something to be said for the foreigner's approach to our problems. He is not immersed in the life he is describing, nor has familiarity dulled his sense of obvious happenings which most of us take for granted. There is no definite systematic consideration of American education, though the few remarks which M. Siegfried makes in passing whet our appetite for more. Whether the universities would be grateful for further attention from him, I doubt. In discussing the Semitic problem, he makes some oblique remarks on the universities. "The hundred percenter is not fond of brainwork. He prefers sports and flirtation." So, while the comedy of manners is preoccupying the good Americans, the Jews are in the library reading philosophy, sociology, and similar heavy subjects!



ALUMNI HALL, WOMAN'S BUILDING

M. Siegfried's humor is for the most part of this quiet ironical kind. Silence follows, not loud laughter. But when he chooses, his wit is just as corrosive as Mencken's; only his manner is quieter. He does not trumpet his irony; he marshals the facts in such order that for the perceiving only one meaning emerges. I hope that he comes again, and brings other Old Visitors like himself.

A First-Rate Scholar in the Northwest

Main Currents of American Thought is a solid and splendidly built monument of first-hand criticism of the works with which he deals. It is much more careful than the Beard's hastier study on *The Rise of American Civilization* and is written with more point, more finish, and much more compression. It has a severe restraint which their work lacks. It is balanced, judicial, and even in tone, maintaining a remarkably sustained level throughout. I think it will stand much longer, and will make its way eventually to the position of the leading authoritative work in its field. It will not be so much read by the semi-literate, for it is tight in construction, Tacitean in style, and gives only the end results of Professor Parrington's thinking. These are not virtues which make for popularity.

Let me summarize the achievements which this work represents. First, Professor Parrington states his point of view, that of Jeffersonian liberalism. He follows Lemaitre's injunction to the critic, to let the reader know his bias in advance. Parrington next makes clear that he is approaching American literature from the angle of its contribution to social and political thought, not from the angle of belles lettres. This is a wise decision, so far as the period 1630-1830 is concerned, for down to the latter date, there are practically no belles lettres which are worthy the attention of a serious literary critic. I question the wisdom of this method of at-

tack for the later period of the literature, but no matter. Thirdly, here is the first history of American letters which does full justice to the South. Compare it with Barrett Wendell's self-satisfied New England complacency, and the step forward is clearly a tremendous one. Then, there is a penetrating historic analysis of the Calvinist, Lutheran, and other Nonconformist strains in the religious milieu of the Colonial period—much different from the crude and undifferentiated epithet *Puritan*, which has become a libelous shibboleth with Mencken and his echoes. Finally, in these two volumes there is a matchless portrait gallery of our writing men who have stood for certain significant moods in the national development; and they are presented not in the accidents of their external lives, but in their essence, in the very substance of their inner lives. These are true "Characters," sculptured portrait busts which show the eternal Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards, Thomas Jefferson, and Herman Melville, to mention only four of the best. Not that Parrington idealizes them: I should say there is a too rigid restraint, perhaps, which rules out the picturesque and the revealing anecdote. After all, as the Beards remark, there is something to be said for "sublimated gossip (the chief intellectual amusement of the human race)." (Vol. I, p. 787.) And this Parrington's high and exacting standards exclude quite firmly. If it were not for the hard cutting edge, the almost Greek compression, of his phrase, he could not sustain the interest without a little of the warmth and color which a good narrative manner (such as Brandes's, for example) adds to the work of the literary historian. As it is, one must read him slowly.

The first two volumes of this work have taken the University of Washington professor fifteen years, and they show the benefit of long holding one's ideas in suspension. Yet I could wish that Professor Parrington had kept a balance between social history and the purely artistic interest. When he can write such chapters as those on the Mathers, on Jonathan Edwards, on Margaret Fuller, above all, the one on Herman Melville, we feel it a bitter loss that we cannot have the results of his long study of Poe—on whom he gives only two pages, and that mostly adverse, because, as it happened, Poe contributed nothing to social and political theory!

But this is a lament for sins of omission, not a quarrel with the deed done.

It will be one of the ironies of literary history that Professor Parrington's volumes will stand as works of art on their own account, even though they repudiate any marked concern with polite letters. His love for beauty and his immediate sense of human values will not be shut up in the prison of social ideas.

Afterthought

I venture to hope that so acute a critic as Mr. Mencken will eventually see the error of running off after the strange gods of politics and sociology. He might help himself to the results of Siegfried and Parrington, instead of clipping ever stranger items from the fly-by-night journals, and distilling his concepts of *Americana* from this shaky and undependable evidence. Surely historic inquiry and searching first-hand criticism of significant writings are better than random movements and sporadic forays into the *hinterland*, as he calls the provinces in which we live. Only so will we have truer and kindlier *Americana*.

The Faculty News Letter

Dear "Doc" Guyescutus:

The Campus,
November 26, 1927

At a recent gathering of a few male members of the faculty, pipes were lighted. You know, Doc, I have always been curious as to what persons smoked and which persons did not. I remembered your curiosity on the matter and jotted down these names: Stevenson Smith, Gustav Mueller, E. T. Hodge, Eric Allen, O. F. Stafford, H. G. Townsend. These men all had pipes. Warren Smith was smoking a cigar; Andrew Fish was inhaling a cigarette. I had my pipe. In this cloud of smoke and conversation H. C. Howe, Donald Barnes and Walter Barnes sat stolidly and chastely without cigarette, cigar or pipe. My idea of morality among the faculty was blasted when I learned that only three out of twelve men present were non-smokers. In this matter Donald Barnes must be classed with DeCou. Let me give you a severe warning, Guyescutus. Never smoke around DeCou. Smoking hurts DeCou's membranes. And it doesn't matter who is doing the smoking. But to return to the matter in hand. I meant to say something about this man Kelly in the Business Ad school. Kelly is now living in the fourth house which he has built for himself. He builds them so cunningly that when he is ready to live in them some eloquent man persuades him to sell. Kelly built Dr. Bowen's house. It is up on the hill, as you know. I meant to mention last time the president's reception, which, of course, you did not notice. I therefore shall not call your attention to it. You will remember that the president was not there. Ill. Curly Lawrence is writing interesting letters from Paris. The mayor of the city has perhaps given him the key by this time. France reminds me of what one faculty member said of the faculty club of a neighboring university "It is respectable down stairs," he said, "like a French restaurant." I only mention this to you, Guyescutus, as a warning to keep away from wicked faculty clubs. At every opportunity you should spike the formation of any such club at Oregon. Oregon has always been upright and moral, and who knows but what the formation of a faculty club would be the first step in her degradation.

A. E. Caswell, and now I speak of other things besides morals, will have his "Outline of Physics" on the market by next March. MacMillan is publishing the book. Harl Douglass' book on modern methods of secondary education has been favorably reviewed in several particular journals. The book is enjoying a very wide sale item: Coffeehouse. I have noticed a group of stalwart young business men who congregate each noon in a downtown eating house as casually as old Roger de Coverly of old. Among them often appear our own Rude Ernst, Captain McEwan and other scholars. Among the latter are Dick Reed and Robert Mautz, instructors in physical education. I suspect that it was they who gave Eugene business men the run of the faculty room in the men's gym. The situation in the faculty room is such that now one cannot tell the difference between a professor of business administration and a real estate operator. It is so crowded at times that some believe that the faculty will soon be asked to retire and to leave the room to the prominent business men. George Hopkins, I understand, gave a pleasing recital recently. Noland B. Zane is superintending the art work of the new Jewish temple in Portland and this reminds me of an item: tea the fine arts faculty gather together most every afternoon at four o'clock for tea. What if every department followed this plan? Imagine Packard, Hodge and Warren Smith balancing the china at four o'clock each day. Miss Kerns is arranging the details of a plan for a European trip I have ascertained the price of Bill Maddox's Dodge car. Bill paid ninety-five dollars for the car. I mention this to offset the rumor that Maddox is receiving an income from outside sources item: prune ranch The location of James D. Barnett's prune ranch has never been exactly determined by faculty members. I offer this instruction: look toward that bald and bleak hill known as "Old Baldy." You can see it towering above the smoke stack of the University heating plant. Beyond this hill, on the other side, high above sea level and disdainful of civilization, plumbing and neighbors, is the Barnett ranch. No stages travel there. No neighbors pass

that way. When Barnett visits his ranch he walks about fourteen miles. No automobile for him. What if there is no market for prunes? What if all the prunes fall on the ground and rot? The ranch is a good place to walk to. There is no intrusion of co-eds, asking for mid-term grades. And in twenty years maybe it will be a walnut ranch what ho! let us enjoy our prunes while we may item: University of Michigan. There is rather a colony (rather small) of Oregonians at the University of Michigan. Solve, Norma Solve, C. V. Thorpe. Solve is publishing a book on Shelley, Sally Allen wrote three plays and with the aid of a few faculty wives including Florence Shumaker, Betty McEwan, Gerda Brown, presented them to the public. I do not know how I happened to miss them, but I wasn't present at the performance. I heard afterwards that Mrs. Fitch was in one play, and that Mrs. McEwan interpreted her part very well. one night I was walking down Kincaid toward Thirteenth street when all of a sudden I passed the Co-op, which, you will remember, happens to be there. It was late at night and dark. There was a light in the back office. Phototropically my eyes searched the room and there was McClain, smoking a pipe and reading a book. I repeat, because it is strange, and the fact has a ring of falsehood. Marion McClain was reading a book, reading a book with some apparent interest. I went immediately to the College Side Inn and purchased a small glass of coca cola with a touch of lemon in it. Occasions must be made memorable. well, Guyescutus, I must cease. A drowsy numbness overcomes me, and I yawn for better employment mention me to that little cat, Pauline. I really believe she is getting obtuse, if you catch what I mean. If Pauline should object to my stern morality, remind her that I have a pure heart what other flowers could blossom from a pure heart? Ask her to overlook my frailty and to close her eyes as she shudders at my innocence, for I fear we lose taste, sir, when we have discovered apathy. I feel, indeed, that if I haven't written enough, I have written too much. Vale.

Sincerely,
PAT



Dr. Caswell to Publish Book

"An Outline of Physics," by Dr. A. E. Caswell, of the physics department of the University, will be off the press by March 1, 1928.

Athlete Grades High

Lester Johnson, Portland, is winner of the Spaulding trophy awarded each term to athletes making the best scholastic record. Johnson made an average grade of 1.7 last spring term and earned 62 points. As he is a baseball letterman, the achievement is made the more unusual by reason of its being earned during the term of his major sport.

Students Are Not Dependent

Approximately three-fourths of the students of the University of Oregon are wholly or partially self-supporting, it is announced by Earl M. Pallett, registrar. Figures just compiled for this term show that only 813 out of 2,849 enrolled on the Eugene campus depend on their parents for entire support. Figures for the Medical School, Portland, and other extension centers, and correspondence students are not available, but it is believed that nearly all of these make all or nearly all of their own living.

The number of men who are self-supporting is much greater than the number of women, and out of a total of 1,546 men only 151 do not earn all or part of their way. The number of men who are entirely "on their own" is 560, more than one-third.

"The fact that 107 senior men out of 242, and 51 senior women out of 232 are wholly self-supporting indicates that students who must make their own way in life realize the value of university training enough to actually earn it at a sacrifice," points out Mr. Pallett. "It is also significant to note that out of the total of 242, only 14 men of the senior class are wholly dependent upon others for support."

Men taking graduate work show an even higher percentage of self-support, since 36 of the 54 are wholly self-supporting, and only one is dependent wholly upon others for his entire fund.

Friars Elect

Five seniors of the University of Oregon have been elected to Friars, campus honorary society. Only members of the senior class that are outstanding are taken into this order.

The five are Roland Davis, Portland; Beryl Hodgen, Athena; Ray Nash, Milwaukee; Harold Soedlofsky, Salem; and George Hill, Baker.

Art Students to Aid in Campbell Memorial

Dean Ellis F. Lawrence, of the school of architecture and allied arts, announced recently that the sculpture department would aid in the execution of models for

the detail of the Prince L. Campbell, memorial court of the Fine Arts building. Dean Lawrence, who is drawing the plans for the building and its detail, also said that the complete plans would be ready for use in about a month.

The building is a memorial to President Campbell, but this little inner court will be especially dedicated to him, according to the dean. In a niche in a small pavilion at the end of the court will be a bust of President Campbell, done in bronze by Phimister Proctor, who also executed the Pioneer statue.



MRS. ERIC ALLEN

Who is a real "triple threat" star in dramatics. Her most recent feat was to appear as author, producer, and actress in one-act plays at Guild theater. After writing the three plays, she selected the cast, coached them in their parts, and took one of the leads herself. The result of the two performances was a good-sized check for Kappa Kappa Gamma and the Eugene chapter of the American Association of University Women, for whose joint benefit the plays were given. Mrs. Allen, who writes short stories and poems as well as plays, has given consistently of her time and energy to encourage young campus writers. Many are the alumni and alumnae who recall delightful evenings spent at the Allen home. Sally Allen is an honorary member of Pot and Quill, campus women's writing club, and of Theta Sigma Phi, national journalism fraternity for women.

Lost Articles Provide Scholarships

Absent-minded students at the University of Oregon really do a great service for their state and for some few fellow students. This is explained by the fact that all objects of value which students leave around and forget about are eventually sold at auction, and the proceeds used for scholarship funds.

In spite of every effort to find owners, many articles remain at the lost and found depot unclaimed until spring, when the auction takes place. Umbrellas, overcoats, compacts, fountain pens, keys and numerous other things are turned in by janitors of the various buildings, A. P. McKinzey, in charge of the depot, says.

French Student Holds Scholarship

As the result of dime dances, pennant sales; the auction of unclaimed overcoats, compacts and umbrellas; college balls, and sundry other money-making enterprises, the Women's League has brought to the campus a foreign student, Therese Chambelland, of Lorraine, France.

Miss Chambelland graduated last year from the Sorbonne. Before going to Paris she attended the College de Filles d'Epinal and the Lycee de Garçons d'Epinal. In working for her master's degree at the University of Oregon she expects to major in English and minor in French.

Foreign Students Have Club

The Cosmopolitan club, an organization of students of other nationalities than American, recently initiated 21 members. It is one of the most active clubs on the campus of the University of Oregon.

Phi Beta Kappa Elects

Six seniors of the University of Oregon were pledged to Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic society, at the regular fall meeting of the fraternity.

The six selected rank highest in the present senior class. Approximately 10 per cent of the class will be selected in the spring at the final election, it is stated.

Elton Edge, Healdsburg, major in zoology, rated highest with an average of 1.352. Maxine Koon, Portland, was second with a standing of 1.402. Others are Edna Elizabeth English, mathematics, 1.631; Francis Schroeder, botany, 1.710; Chris H. Boesen, law, 1.783, all of Eugene.

Medical School Campus Beautified

Practically all of the work in the grading and the landscaping of the Medical School grounds has been completed with the exception of only a small portion which has been held up by the early fall rains. It will not be long before the school grounds are in keeping with the beautiful buildings of the school!

Friend of Fifty Years of Freshman

by GEORGE TURNBULL

(Continued from November OLD OREGON)

On the occasion of Dr. Straub's retirement from the position of dean of the college, in 1920, to devote more attention to his position of dean of men, President Campbell issued a statement in which he said: "He has asked to be relieved of the deanship of the college that he may concentrate his work on the field which is closest to his heart, that of intimate personal work with men of the University. He has for many years welcomed every class of freshmen entering the University. He has made the acquaintance of many freshmen in their high school days. He always has been known as the father of the freshman class.

"The student loan fund of the University has been his special care, and he has long planned to devote extra energy to building it up to a fund of \$100,000. It is the duty of the dean of men to keep in close communication with the beneficiaries of the loan and act in a special way as their University adviser. The human element that plays a great part in the duties of the dean of men is of a nature which especially appeals to Dean Straub."

A recent newspaper comment on the Dean's helpfulness to his students in personal ways that meant so much to them, seems to have sounded the keynote of his relation to those needing help: "It is a remarkable tribute, that of Dean Straub, loved mentor of men at the University of Oregon. He says that in 49 years he has lent money to students, or indorsed their notes, in amounts totaling more than \$20,000, without having lost a dollar. It is a tribute to the boys, to be sure, but we are inclined to suspect that part of the credit must go to Dean Straub himself. He has, perhaps, made his loans so quietly and generously, with such evident faith in the honest good will of the lads who stood in need of his assistance, that he created in them the reflection of his own true and kindly spirit. His testimony goes to show that boys, like men, do pretty much as they are expected to. Trust breeds trust, and honesty begets honesty."

In the early days, up to about 1900, every student in the University came into some one of Dean Straub's classes, since he was teaching required subjects. "There must have been ten or fifteen thousand students in my classes," he estimated. This, together with his traveling about in the interest of the University, has given him an acquaintance over the state in particular and the West in general that is equalled by very few.

John Straub was acting dean of both men and women until 1888, when Luella Clay Carson came to the University and took over the advising of the women. Here he found opportunity to employ the kindness and sympathetic helpfulness which are such outstanding characteristics of his.

The University's student loan fund, now administered as a definite part of the University policy, had its origin in Dean Straub's personal loans to students. He had found it difficult to meet, with his personal funds, the calls for money; and the idea of making the loan fund a regular University function occurred to him. He suggested the matter to President Campbell soon after Dr. Campbell took up the executive reins of the University, and the result was the establishment of the loan fund in 1904, through the aid of William M. Ladd of Portland and A. S. Roberts of The Dalles, and the class of 1904. This has now grown to about \$30,000 and is administered with a minimum loss. Dean Straub had personal charge of the loan fund for more than twenty years. "During the entire time I had charge of the

fund," the Dean said the other day, "it lost but \$50. If this has not been taken care of by the borrower when I finish my work for the University, I expect to pay it myself and make the record entirely clear."

* * *

The way his students feel toward Dean Straub is the normal result of the way the Dean feels toward them. Four years ago he was taken seriously ill; and the headlines in the newspapers read like this: "Graduates Offer Blood. Ex-Students of University Ready to Help Dean Straub Recover." The call went out for volunteers and within a few hours scores of men, graduates, former students, and students in residence had offered their blood to save the faculty man. Dr. R. C. Coffey, Portland specialist, who performed an operation on the Oregon professor, estimated that 150 men volunteered as soon as the expected need became known. The hall was thronged, and the queue ran out into the street, like a crowd outside a movie house. Oregon City and other nearby towns were represented by those Oregon men eager for an opportunity to help. As it happened, the service was not needed, and the Dean was soon back in Eugene meeting his Greek classes at his residence during the period of his convalescence, before his physician would let him go to the campus.

A few months ago Oregon alumni gave their latest expression of devotion to "Daddy" Straub by subscribing a fund to have his portrait done in oil by Julian Lamar, of New York, distinguished portrait painter. The sittings were held during a summer visit of Mr. Lamar to Eugene, and the portrait now hangs in the Woman's building. Love for the grand old man of Oregon was expressed by alumni from all over the country as they poured in their donations to swell the fund. Here is a typical note from among those which carried checks:

"Enclosed please find check for \$5 representing a little help from Mrs. ——— and myself. I wish we might be able to contribute a hundred times that much, as Daddy Straub is very dear to us." Another note: "I hope the artist portrays a likeness that carries the sparkle of his eyes and his genial smile." They came in like that, by the score.

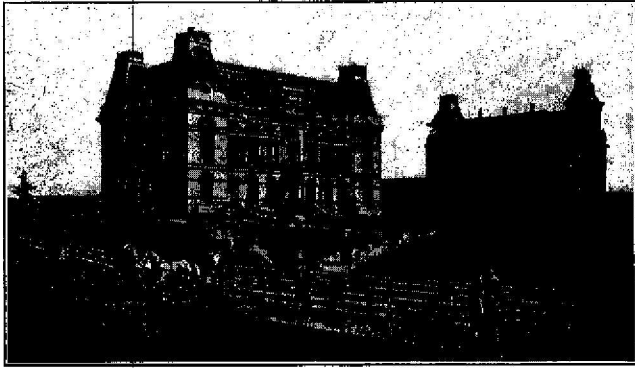
* * *

A decade or so ago, when the Republican party was casting about for a nominee for the governorship of the state, the name of Dean Straub was prominently mentioned. He recalls that some of his most active supporters were men of prominence whom he had defended before the faculty when they were on the carpet for some breach of discipline. The Dean keeps these names secret except in cases where the men have themselves broadcast their early misdeeds.

* * *

In Dean Straub's living room the visitor notices a large photograph standing on the victrola. It is the last photograph taken of the late President Campbell before he was taken with his last illness. The conspicuous position given this photograph suggests the close association between the two men. One is not surprised to learn of Dean Straub's connection with the coming of Prince Lucien Campbell to the University.

President Strong had resigned in 1902 after a three-year tenure following the six years of Charles S. Chapman, President Johnson's successor. The regents were casting about for a new president. Dean Straub was the first to recommend President Campbell, then head of the Oregon State Normal



THE UNIVERSITY OF YESTERDAY
Which is vividly remembered by Dr. Straub.

School at Monmouth, for the presidency of the University. He wrote to two or three of the regents suggesting the availability of Mr. Campbell. "President Campbell knows Oregon," he wrote, "and Oregon knows President Campbell. He would make a successful president of the University." Recognizing the value of newspaper publicity in promoting his idea, Dean Straub sent for the Eugene correspondent of the *Morning Oregonian* of Portland and got himself interviewed on the subject. He followed this up by writing President Campbell urging him to accept the place. "We have had some eastern men who did not understand Oregon," he wrote; "you do understand Oregon. You ought to come." When the new president came, the University's enrollment was down to 225 students; he lived to see the 3,000 mark reached. Dr. Straub looks back with the greatest satisfaction to his part in bringing here the man who guided the institution through the period of perhaps its greatest trial to the solid, substantial status which made its future secure.

* * * *

Dr. Straub has spent more than 40,000 hours in classroom recitation work since he came to the University almost 50 years ago. Figure it out for yourself. Thirty-five hours a week for the first 16 college years, to 1894; an average of 20 hours a week for the next 15 years, and since then about 15 hours a week. This is exclusive of preparation time.

Those 35 hours a week of teaching meant a considerable sacrifice on the part of the young tutor, who was destined to play such a large part in the future of the University. Ask any teacher how much research is possible to one so heavily engrossed in classroom teaching. Then add to that the hours of conferences with students which the position of student advisor or men's dean involves. Opportunity for writing and research, so dear to the scholar's heart, is reduced. So there has been a curtailment of the amount Straub has been able to give to his books, though no diminution of interest in scholarship. At one time, the story goes, the Dean had the definite issue before him: Should he go still more deeply into advanced scholarship, or should he continue to give the time and energy to his "boys and girls" that was proving so helpful to many. He decided to let someone else write the books.

* * * *

Dean Straub shies away from comparisons of early and latter-day scholarship in the University of Oregon. "The courses in the early days were very stiff," he said, "and there were no electives. The men of those days were more mature than the present generation of college students. When

I first came here, the average age of freshmen was probably about 25, as against about 18 now. I had one student who entered the University at the age of 36. He wanted to be a lawyer, and he needed enough Latin to prepare him for law. He took two years of Latin here. This was H. L. Courtney of Baker, who, though he did not graduate, became a successful lawyer. He made good."

A higher percentage of students worked their way through the University in its earlier years, Dean Straub believes. "Fully 75 per cent of the students in the first 10 years I was here worked their way through," he said.

It seemed almost a foolish question, with the answer so obvious: "Dean Straub, what phase of your work in the University have you enjoyed the most?"

"My association with the students has appealed to me the most," was the reply. "The thing that makes me happy and reconciles me to the fact that I am getting old and that my work is nearly over is the return of affection that I get from them. Every town I visit I meet some of my boys and girls, and their friendship is a constant joy." The Dean did not go into detail; but the sincerity that shone in his eyes and rang in his voice gave all needed emphasis. These told the story. Told it the more easily when one's memory was brightening with the pictures of this veteran teacher's long and varied service to his students. There was the matter of his personal loans to students; there were those times when he would rise in faculty meeting as the sole defender of some hapless lad who had run afoul of some University regulation; there was the occasional literal picking up of some student from the street in days when open saloons provided real temptation; there was the occasional word of caution to some student who was beginning to be talked about. The Dean is not voluble about these things; you have to know something of the incidents before they can come into the conversation—and you don't ask the names. The story comes down of the time when President Johnson commented favorably on the change in attitude of two young men whose scholarship and conduct in the year had not been reassuring. The President somehow had heard the story of the time when the Dean straightened these boys up after a somewhat disastrous spree and kept their secret at a time when exposure would have meant expulsion. When the story leaked to the strict President, he remarked to young Professor Straub, with a chuckle: "I wonder what has made the change in these two boys." "Well, if you don't know, I can't tell you," the future Dean is reported to have replied. The President knew, but the lads heard nothing official from him. Their conduct as citizens later justified the confidence shown in them.

* * * *

For the future of the University of Oregon the veteran instructor—one had almost said venerable, but he's too young—is full of optimism. "I expect to see the enrollment double in the next few years," he said. "This need not mean any lowering of intellectual standards at all. The old days of personal contact between the faculty and the whole body of students are gone, however, and I do think that the closer association possible in the smaller institution was personally much more enjoyable. I think if I had unlimited means I'd be inclined to limit the enrollment to two thousand and start a number of other state-conducted universities in other communities of Oregon with similar restrictions."

Oregon's oldest faculty member has words of appreciation for the new president, praising the educational enterprise and energy of Dr. Hall, who, he believes, can do big things for the University. And anyone who can do that is assured of the affectionate regard of "John Straub, faculty of Oregon from 1878."

SPORTS

Edited by RICHARD SYRING, '28
(Copy Closed December 1)

WITH the University of Washington game in the Husky stadium Thanksgiving day, the curtain dropped on the Oregon grid season. This last conference fracas marked the end of a somewhat disastrous Webfoot football year, but it also showed that Oregon will have a representative team next year. Battling as they haven't all season, the Lemon-Yellow eleven actually played the powerful Washington Huskies off their feet for three periods of the game, only to be scored on in the last six minutes of play.

The Seattle game showed that McEwan's style of football is surely but slowly being perfected. This fall saw a new style of attack introduced to the gridsters; the previous one having been discarded because of the new shift rule. Against the Huskies the wide sweeping attacks gained practically at will.

The annual Oregon-O. A. C. game went to the Aggies this year by a 21 to 7 score. Playing on Hayward field before a capacity crowd, the two teams fought it out for the state championship; but the Orangemen succeeded in putting the ball over.

Oregon's record for the past season gives the Webfoots one tie and four losses. Idaho was tied, 0 to 0; California won 16 to 0; Stanford earned a 19 to 0 score; the Aggie game, 21 to 7; and the tail ender with Washington, 7 to 0.

Not only did the Turkey Day contest conclude the moleskin warfare, but it marked the singing of the "Swan Song" for four of Oregon's stalwart athletes, Captain Beryl Hodgen, guard; Victor Wetzel, end; John Warren, tackle; and Homer Dixon, tackle.

If an abundance of lettermen count for anything, prospects for a successful University of Oregon grid season next year are very promising. A number of new and old wearers of the coveted Lemon-Yellow "O" will answer Coach John J. McEwan's call next fall. In additions to lettermen, and players from the super-varsity, the husky Oregon coach will have a number of experienced yearling gridriders. He can draw from the 1927 first year men, a team which defeated the University of Washington babes and the O. A. C. rooks.

Each year predictions have had it that the next season would be better, yet each season has seemed to bring little improvement in the grid eleven. This season, the backfield material, which in the early fall was reputed so promising, failed to function to anticipation; but the line, on the other hand, under the able direction of Dick Reed, line coach, performed beyond expectation. Perhaps something is wrong, perhaps only time and training are needed; but, at any rate, campus opinion is for Captain John J. McEwan.

THE moleskins have been laid away and the abbreviated pants of the maple court game are now in vogue on the Oregon campus. More than 40 basketballers are turning out several times a week under the able tutelage of Coach Billy Reinhart. With two northwest championships annexed in the same number of years, Reinhart is doing everything in his power to build up a formidable five.

The Oregonians are scheduled for a long hard drill in fundamentals before the first game, which will not come until next month.

THE COACHING SITUATION

It was the intention of OLD OREGON to maintain a golden silence in regard to the coaching situation, but since the Oregon Daily Emerald in its last issue before the holidays speaks disparagingly of alumni interference in football—OLD OREGON rises to a short protest.

It is true that Portland alumni (men only) are having a meeting this week. They are not, however, meeting to hire or fire McEwan; they couldn't, if they would, since McEwan is hired by the A. S. U. O. and not by the alumni.

Recently, on invitation, Portland alumni sent down five men to sit in on the athletic council meeting; these representatives, after the meeting, agreed to uphold the policy of the A. S. U. O. athletic council, and University administration; they returned to Portland and called a meeting of the Portland alumni for the purpose of report and explanation only. This meeting has been misconstrued by newspapers; the purpose is entirely *constructive*—not destructive.

It is our belief that the major portion of alumni are absolutely in back of keeping McEwan next year. Certainly it is the attitude of OLD OREGON that it would be folly to break an A. S. U. O. coaching contract at this stage. Therefore it would seem that we are in accord with the views of the Emerald. May news and editorial writers take more care in the future to ascertain facts about alumni meetings.

—Editor, OLD OREGON.

WHEN the Webfoot ducklings in their annual "little game" with the Aggie rooks, November 12, on Bell field, Corvallis, turned an apparently inevitable defeat into a glorious frosh victory in the last minutes of play, they climaxed one of the most successful yearling football seasons that the University has had for many moons.

Coach William J. Reinhart and his infant ducklings started out the season in a most inauspicious manner by taking the count from the Washington State Cougar kittens, 28 to 0. The game was played in Pendleton, and may become an annual event for the round-up city due to the popularity the tilt received there.

In this game the frosh showed up woefully weak in the line, a part of the yearling grid machine that Reinhart had been particularly worried about at the start of the season. The Cougar kittens seemed to penetrate the Oregon frosh forward wall at will.

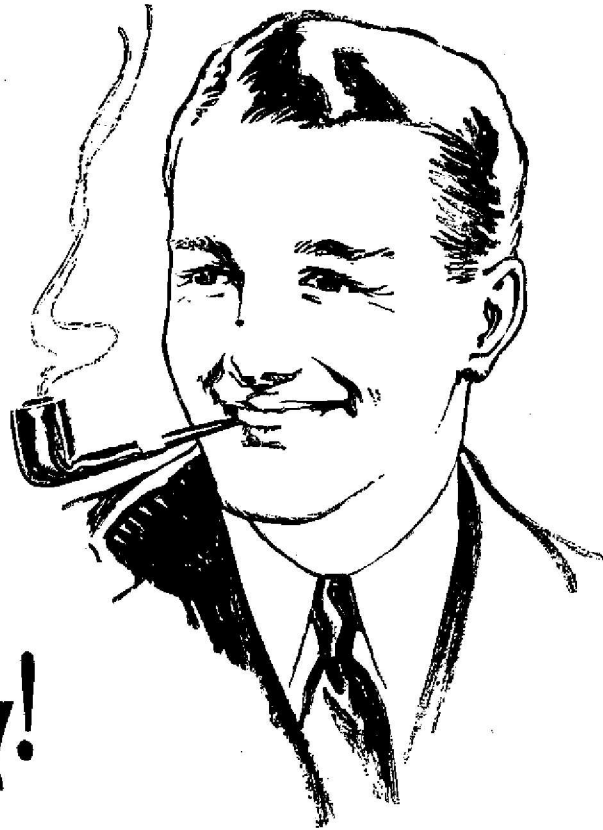
The next day on Hayward field, the ducklings showed a complete reversal of form by upsetting the cliffdwellers from Columbia University of Portland, 19 to 0. From this game on the frosh showed improvement. Especial credit for the rejuvenated line that characterized the squad during the latter part of its season is due to the work of "Baz" Williams, frosh line coach. Bert Kerns also helped on the line when not coaching the third team.

The week following the defeat by the Cougars the Oregon yearlings went against the highly touted Husky babes . . . when the latter under the tutelage of "Tubby" Graves invaded the Eugene campus from the University of Washington. This game was played on October 29. The ducklings were doped to be mowed down by this young Purple Tornado from the north by from two to three touchdowns. Oregon football followers were agreeably surprised when the ducklings smashed all predictions and defeated the Husky babes 14 to 0.

The next big game for the frosh was their "little game" with the rooks in Aggie land. The game was the biggest thriller of the year. The rooks scored on the mud-soaked field four minutes after the game started. In the first and fourth periods the Lemon-Yellow babes scored two safeties. With three minutes to go and the rooks leading 6 to 4, the frosh unleashed an aerial attack that in four passes, one incomplete, and two line plunges they were able to shove over the winning score less than one minute before the gun ended the struggle, making the score, frosh 10, rooks 6.

Coach John J. McEwan, when he issues his call for the 1928 varsity, will have a number of likely looking prospects from this flashy freshman crew.

You'll like P.A.— and how!



OPEN a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and give your olfactory nerve a treat. Never have you met an aroma that had so much come-and-get-it. Some fragrance, Fellows. And that's just a starter. Load up and light up. . . .

Cool as final exams. Sweet as passing. Mild as *cafe au lait* — mild, but with that rich, full-bodied flavor that bangs your smoke-gong right on the nose on every fire-up. You'll like this long-burning Prince Albert in the bowl of a pipe. And how!

One of the first things you notice about P. A. is that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how wide you open the smoke-throttle. It is one tobacco that never wears out its welcome. You can stoke and smoke to your heart's content, with P. A. for packing. Get some Prince Albert now and get going!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

Published by the
Alumni Association
of the University
of Oregon for
Alumni and
former students



Subscription: Two dollars, (foreign \$2.25) payable annually in advance. This also makes the subscriber a paid-up member of the Oregon Alumni Association. Change of address should be reported promptly to the alumni secretary.

OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

F. H. Young, '14 President
Mrs. Isabel Jakway Blythe, '02 Vice-President
Jeannette Calkins, '18 Secretary-Treasurer

Issued monthly during the college year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.

THE STAFF

JEANNETTE CALKINS, '18 EDITOR AND MANAGER
PEGGY BOYER MANAGING EDITOR
M. Boyer, '26 CIRCULATION MANAGER

Vol. X

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 3

IT IS THE
SEASON!

PERHAPS it is the aftermath of Homecoming; perhaps it is just the cold snap in the air and the feeling that Christmas is coming! At any rate, alumni may rest through December without editorial condemnation nor commendation. The only editorial is written on the front cover of this OLD OREGON: Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New year to U. of O. alumni everywhere!

Impressions of a French University

(Continued from page 13)

to a professorship in the law school. As a result, both the students, through their societies, and the professors went on a strike. The appointment was withdrawn. This kind of thing often happens, for the French have ideals and principles which they live up to, rather than writing them down in constitutions and then forgetting all about them. When their principles are endangered they rise for action.

The political interest of the French students might be explained by the fact that the educational institutions of France are under direct supervision of the State, that is the national government, and the students feel that they are close to the affairs of the day. Furthermore, political behavior is motivated by real issues, not tenuous party platforms as in the United States. Where issues are artificial the interest is certain to be moribund.

Although they are at heart, I think, more democratic than Americans, the French have no illusions about intellectual democracy. They believe all men are born free; not free and equal. It costs considerable money to go through a French Lycee and then the University, and as a result poor students are kept out, except the few who win scholarships. They cannot flock to the Sorbonne as they do to American colleges. Early in October, M. Herriot, who is leader of the Radical Socialists as well as minister of education (they are really conservative Socialists if Socialists at all), proposed that measures be taken to make it easier to go to college in France. The conservative press, notably the *Journal des Debats* and *Le Temps*, immediately roared with disapproval. Why make doctors, lawyers, and journalists out of a lot of good carpenters and workmen, they said. If everyone goes to college it will mean second-rate professional men, they declared, inferring that America hadn't done so well in this field.

French university students are greatly interested in sports

—all France has been ever since the United States army was here—but to make them a part of the university curriculum would be about as understandable to them as to make a butcher shop part of it. There are athletic associations and clubs which provide for such needs. There are football teams from different national groups. I know a Russian prince—the real goods, no fake—who gives more attention to his football than he does to his law course. But if he fails in his exes, I don't suppose his professors will ever have been aware that he has kicked a pigskin.

Just across the narrow rue de la Sorbonne from the side entrance to the courtyard of the school, there is a billiard and chess establishment. During the school season it is filled with students playing both games. One hears half a dozen languages going at a time, with French as the great medium of exchange, especially if one student happens to come from Oregon or Sweden, for example, and the other from Czecho-Slovakia.

The courses are of two kinds, open and closed. To the former anyone may come whether a student or not. They are simply public lectures. To the others the consent of the professor must be obtained. These of course are smaller groups doing work directly under the instructor's oversight usually. To enter, a student may be called on to show his card with the photograph attached. This is always done at the Sorbonne library; no card, no admittance. The one outstanding superiority of American universities, at least great universities like the University of California, is the library and the library system. (Personally, I also loathe the library system at Berkeley.) All the students use as well the large public library of Saint Genevieve which is nearby. Saint Genevieve is the patron saintess of Paris and her relics rest in the adjoining church of St. Etienne de Mont and can be carried in religious processions in times of need.

The regular staff of the Sorbonne professors is augmented by visiting professors and lecturers from Vienna, Berlin, Copenhagen, Lisbon, Ghent and other educational centers. Freud comes here; so has Einstein; Conan Doyle was here last year and lectured. For the general public, at least, an admission is often charged. The outstanding lectures are held in the *Grand Amphitheatre*, a magnificent auditorium in the main part of the Sorbonne. Evening clothes are often worn when these lectures are held.

Out of this rambling about the Sorbonne may I draw a few conclusions?

Pestiferous alumni are absent in the college system here. Since there is no such thing as athletics, there is nothing for them to hold indignation meetings about as in America. While I am an alumnus myself, I can certainly see what a glorious thing it must be for the Rector not to have a vigorous alumni body trying to tell him how the University ought to be run.

The freedom of the French student is certainly enviable and admirable from the American undergraduate's point of view. They can go to class if they like or spend the day in a cafe drinking beer or what not. Nobody but themselves bothers whether they flunk or not. Isn't this as it should be?

No American can help but respect and perhaps envy the admirable individualism of the French professors and students. No one could ever say of the Sorbonne, as has been said of the American college, that it is a human filing cabinet—often one thinks in America at football games as well as classes that most of the students are as alike as two Uneeda biscuits.

Very likely I could easily be accused of being prejudiced in making these comparisons and contrasts and observations. But, if one loves America and Oregon, cannot one more easily see their excesses and imperfections? Perhaps the first year in France one is a Francophile, but I suspect that in later years one is more so.

"One of America's Exceptional Business Colleges"
Fully Accredited by National Association of
Accredited Commercial Schools

O When
OPPORTUNITY
Comes!

You must have
Knowledge plus TRAINING

And in the Field of
BUSINESS TRAINING
the

"NORTHWESTERN" Leads:



CHARLES F. WALKER,
President

No similar school offers more modern courses
None gives more efficient training
None gives more personal attention
None is more fully accredited
None attracts a better type of student
None is better planned or equipped
None better places its graduates
None better merits your consideration

"I believe there is not another school where the interests of the students are more at heart than at Northwestern. I have never been registered in a course that has been so interesting and exactly what I wanted.

"The conscientious student will surely find the greatest possibilities for advancement—and I shall always be pleased to recommend prospective students to the Northwestern School of Commerce."

—"A UNIVERSITY OF OREGON STUDENT."

"MOVE YOUR FUTURE FORWARD"

Free Upon Request



NORTHWESTERN
School of Commerce

Broadway and Salmon Street, Portland, Oregon

NEWS OF THE CLASSES

1878

Mrs. H. F. McCornack (Ellen Condon) is spending several months visiting in Pasadena, California, with her brother, Seymour Condon, '82, and his wife, Mary Dorris Condon, '83. The book on which she has been working for some time, and which tells of the life and work of her father, Thomas Condon, is in the hands of the printer. When it is ready for proofreading she will return to Eugene. In the meantime she is taking a needed rest.

1893

It is with deep sorrow that the secretary records the second death in the class of 1893, that of Harold L. Hopkins, at Salonika, Greece, November 1, of spinal meningitis. Harold has been for six years a professor of economics and sociology at Pacific University, from which he was on a year's leave of absence. In company with Dr. H. O. Bates, he left Forest Grove last June, going by way of Japan, China, the Philippines, India and the Holy land. At Salonika, they met Mrs. Hopkins, who had come by way of New York, England and France. All were teaching there, Harold and his wife in the American College maintained by the American Board of the Congregational Church. Harold was also making a special study of the social and economic conditions of that part of the world. Harold Lynde Hopkins was born in Minnesota, July 3, 1869. With his parents, he became a resident of Eugene, in 1885; later he attended the University of Oregon and was graduated in 1893. He received his master's degree in 1896. He received a Ph.D. degree from Oberlin in 1894 and later studied at Yale and the University of Chicago. He is survived by his wife who is in Salonika, a sister, Mrs. F. H. Porter, and brother, Dwight Hopkins, both of Eugene. Harold was buried under a pine tree beside the road on which St. Paul walked. The following tribute was written by one of his foreign students:

TO THE MEMORY OF PROFESSOR HOPKINS

In the general course of life, there are two types of men: men of blood and destruction, disaster and annihilation; and on the other hand, men of knowledge, science and art, men who try to better the world, men who, at the risk of their lives, endeavor to educate the generation that will bring peace on earth, good will to men. The first type is hated by the new generation which needs blood no more, the age of tyranny is passed. The modern world loves, honors and worships, the men of knowledge.

Here was a real man: a man who honorably fell on the way of Calvary. A man who educated a generation in one part of the world and came to educate another in the Near East. A professor of college and university: a man of high ideals and good will, a powerful thinker, and a deep feeling soul yesterday alive, and today dead.

A man who had not finished his work, as he left us. He was still looking toward the dawn. He had ideals to pass on; he was a sociologist, an economist and a teacher of ethics; a creative genius, and an intellectual power. Yesterday alive, and today dead. But the will of the father is almighty.

I have said that his work was unfinished. Michael Angelo, the greatest of modern sculptors, never finished a single piece, yet there was that in each unfinished work that had the stamp of the master craftsman. We feel, that in the partly finished work of our dear professor, we see resemblance of this same quality, Perfection. (Signed) NUKSUZIAN, NAHABED.

Three of the class were present for Homecoming: Judge Charles Henderson of Indianapolis, Indiana, Judge Lawrence T. Harris and Myra Norris Johnson of Eugene.

(Signed) MYRA N. JOHNSON, *Permanent Secretary.*

1895

The class of 1895 is one among those that have completed their pledge of \$100 to the University of Oregon for the Art Museum building. This is the smallest class graduating since '95. Only eleven finished, receiving their bachelor of arts degree, and two of these, Roslyn McKinlay and Ina McClung, are deceased. The

nine members of the class are: Mrs. Laura Beattie Carter of Gladstone, Mrs. Edith Brown Miller of Portland, Mrs. Benetta Dorris Nash of Eugene, Mrs. Edith Kerns Chambers of Eugene, Mrs. Willa Hanna Beattie of Eugene, Herman Linn Robe of Eugene, Mrs. Julia Veazie Glen of Seattle, Anna Ruth Eaves of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Frank B. Matthews of Roseburg.

(Signed) WILLA H. BEATTIE, *Secretary.*

1899

On a leave from the University art department, Maude I. Kerns will sail from New York on December 22 for Naples, the first part of a trip which will take her after some weeks spent in Europe, on around the world. She plans to spend several months studying art in Japan and will not arrive back in Eugene until the middle of next summer.

1901

Mrs. Sadie Atwood Martin wrote the following on her Homecoming registration card: "Home to stay. Living just across from Villard. My house is open to old grads or new students any time." Mrs. Martin's daughter, Margaret Cornelia, is registered as a freshman in journalism this year.

1909

Mary Watson Barnes (Mrs. Walter C. Barnes), who has been seriously ill for some time, is still confined to her home, but her many friends among alumni will be glad to hear that she is slowly recovering.

1910

Arthur M. Geary, Portland attorney, was among the alumni returning to the campus for Homecoming. From the Portland Oregonian OLD OREGON reads of Geary's appointment recently as member of the commerce committee, one of the foremost committees of the American Bar Association. The commerce committee will hold a three-day public hearing in New York City during March, at which time all matters of interest to this committee will be heard.

Nancy Bertha Dorris was married to Guy Richard Carpenter on November 4 in Trinity church, New York. Since receiving her M.A. degree from the University of Oregon in 1914, Bertha has been doing social service and newspaper work in the East. For the last six years she has been conducting a women's page for the New York Evening World. Mr. Carpenter is also a newspaper writer in New York and a graduate of Dartmouth. Mrs. Carpenter was affiliated with Chi Omega sorority on the Oregon campus and prominent in many student affairs.

1911

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Morgan (Jesse Calkins, '11) a son was born in November. The Morgans, who are now living in Nyssa, Oregon, have two other children: Margaret Ann, age thirteen, and Frank Theodore, Jr. (Teddy) age seven. Mr. Morgan, who is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, is secretary of the Owyhee Irrigation Project on which the government eventually expects to spend about nineteen million dollars. In spare time he supervises his ranch which is about fifteen miles from Nyssa.

1915

Ben Dorris returned home to Eugene the middle of November from a seventy-five day trip which included, besides the American Legion convention in Paris, short trips through Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, and England.

Mrs. Elmer B. Miles (Mary Roche, ex-'15) writes housewife and then three exclamation points after OLD OREGON's questionnaire request, "occupation in detail." The Miles have two small sons, Thomas and Mike. They live on Reed street in Eugene.

THE SMILING CHRISTMAS STORE IS ON TIP TOE TO SERVE YOU

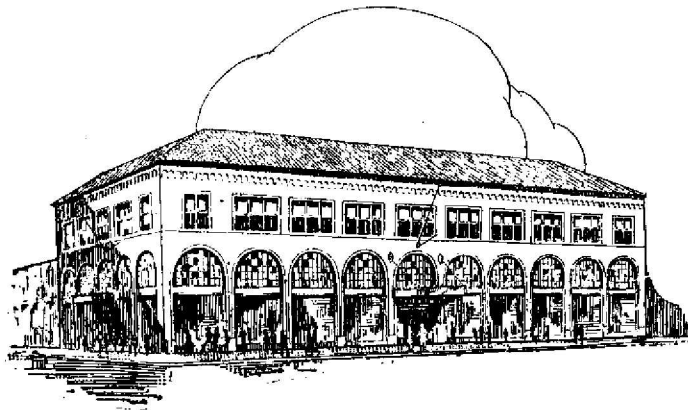
"Eugene's Own Store"
McMORRAN & WASHBURNE

PHONE 2700

EUGENE'S BEST TOYLAND

PHONE 2700

Personal
Engraved
Greeting
Cards
Order Now



Christmas
Seals
Wrappings
Tags and
Cards

EUGENE'S OWN CHRISTMAS STORE

A Complete Gift Floor

Featuring the Loveliest of
Domestic and Imported Art Pieces

- ROOKWOOD POTTERY
- ROSEVILLE POTTERY
- ORIENTAL BRASS
- SPANISH HAND-WROUGHT
GLASS
- ITALIAN POTTERY
- DECORATED KITCHEN WARE
- MYRTLEWOOD ARTICLES
- TOKANABE POTTERY
- FOSTORIA DECORATIVE GLASS
- ART NEEDLE WORK

Here, Under One Roof, You Can Secure
Your Entire List of Gift Items

And Enjoy at the Same Time

The Privileges of a
McMorran and Washburne
Charge Account

GIFT SILK HOSIERY

Qualities, Colors and Styles Not Equalled
Anywhere in Eugene

When you give a gift you want that item to
represent the sentiments you feel. Naturally,
only quality merchandise is suitable for this
purpose, and only here in Eugene are you
assured of always the best.

\$1.95



Low Holiday Round Trips

via

Oregon Electric Ry.

Special reduced round trip fares will be in effect from Eugene to points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana on account of Christmas and New Year.

ROUND TRIP FARES

*Portland	\$ 5.10	Seattle	\$15.00
*Salem	3.10	Walla Walla	18.20
Baker	23.60	Astoria	10.20
*Albany	2.10	*Corvallis	1.80

*Also on sale December 26, 30, 31, January 1 and 2.
Baggage checked to all stations. Proportional reductions to other points.

Tickets will be on sale December 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. Return limit, January 5, 1928.

For Tickets or Further Information, Phone,
Write, or Call on

L. F. KNOWLTON,
Trav. Psgr. Agt.

F. S. APPELMAN,
Ticket Agent

Telephone 140



Oregon Electric Ry.



1917

Maurice H. Hyde, class of '17, has recently accepted the position of advertising manager of the Broadway Department Store in Los Angeles, California. For the past three years he has been assistant advertising manager of the Emporium, San Francisco.

Myrtle Tobey, who never, if she can help it, misses an Oregon football game at Homecoming, was at the Alpha Phi house for the week-end of November 11. She is teaching at West Linn again this year.

1918

The address of J. B. Witty, '18, who was formerly at 114 Sansome street, is now 444 California street, San Francisco, California.

Ruth Ann Wilson is dean of girls at the Eugene high school. She teaches several classes in mathematics also.

Mr. and Mrs. Carson Bigbee (Grace Bingham, ex-'18) have a baby daughter, Marilyn, born last March. They are living in Portland.

1919

Mary Mattley is again in Marshfield high school this year engaged as advisor of girls and teacher of mathematics.

Melba Williams is teaching in the Medford high school. She was back on the campus for Homecoming.

John Nellis Hamlin, ex-'19, who has been with the American embassy in Madrid, Spain, was a guest at the Alpha Tau Omega house for a few days early in November. While he is here Mr. Hamlin is visiting his parents at Springfield, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Parsons (Marguerite Dershem) are living at 1780 4th street, Baker, where Mr. Parsons is a pharmacist. The Parsons have a small daughter, Shirley Joan, three years old.

1920

Ruth Dunlop Wheeler is at home in Lawrence, Kansas, where her husband, Dr. Ray Wheeler, is head of the department of psychology in the University of Kansas. With her three-year-old daughter, who is thriving, they have lately returned from an extended automobile tour through the state.

On October 28, twin sons were born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Banks (Era Godfrey, '20). One of the babies died a few days after birth. The other son is doing nicely. Mr. and Mrs. Banks live in Eugene.

1921

In a letter from Mrs. Laura Moates Shephard, of Calexico, California, she tells of giving a course in "Modern Essays" in connection with the San Diego State Teachers' College. She is also doing night work in the Calexico high school. Mrs. Shephard graduated in 1921, with honors in rhetoric, and, under Miss Ida V. Turney, held a position as graduate assistant in the rhetoric department in 1922. She has been teaching in Calexico for the past three years.

Mrs. Aaron Hanson (Mary Moore) visited at her mother's home and at the Alpha Chi Omega house during Homecoming. She is living at Riverside, California, where Mr. Hanson is engaged in orange raising.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mooers (Dymon Povey, '22) with their two children, are dividing their time between Astoria and Skamokawa, Washington, where Mr. Mooers is engaged in the logging industry.

1922

On Friday, October 28, Lillian Auld was married to Edward Taylor Stelle, at one of the Episcopal churches in Calcutta, India. Mr. Stelle is employed by the Calcutta branch of the National City Bank of New York.

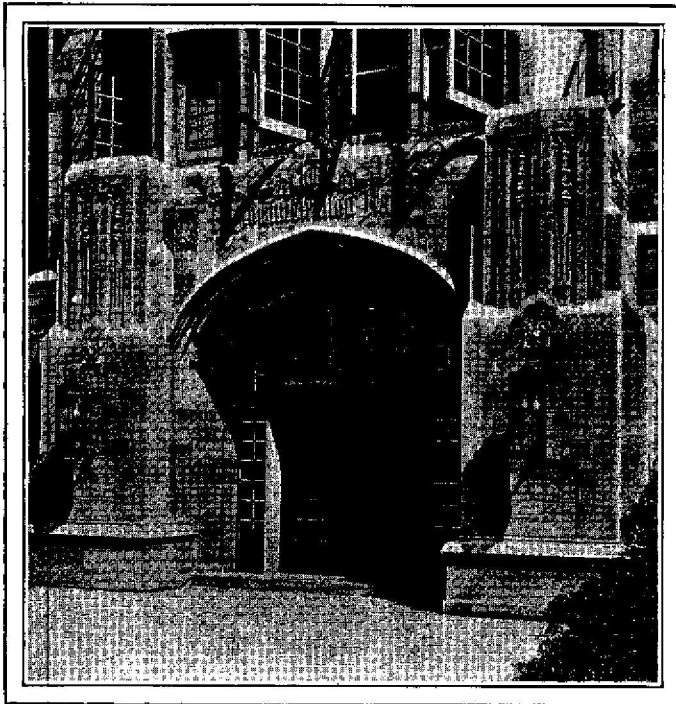
Ethel Gaylord, ex-'22, was married in Portland on November 18 to Ivan L. Walker of San Francisco. Mrs. Walker will remain in her position as manager of the Rex theater in Eugene, which she has held for several years, until the first of January, when she will join her husband in San Francisco.

Delmer L. Powers, '22, writes, "During the past two years I have been engaged as petroleum geologist with the Hudson's Bay-Marland Oil Company, Ltd. with headquarters at 412 McLeod building, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada."

1923

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Base (Marjorie N. Kruse), ex-'23, are living at 444 East 22nd street, Portland. Arthur is manager of the liquidation department for the Strong & McNaughton Trust Company.

The NATION'S BUILDING STONE



Entrance, Administration Hall, Evansville College, Evansville, Indiana
Miller, Fullenwider & Dowling, Architects

Walls That Increase In Charm

AMERICAN colleges, following the ancient European tradition that institutions of learning should be built of lasting material, generally natural stone, are securing permanent beauty at moderate cost through the use of Indiana Limestone.

This fine natural stone is so beautiful and well adapted to building purposes and is so economical that more stone buildings throughout the country are constructed of it than of all other stones. Walls of this beautiful stone require little care. Indiana Limestone buildings acquire a soft, mellow tone which adds to their beauty.

In the building shown above, random jointing has been used with delightful effect. As the years pass, the charm of these walls will increase.

We will gladly send you a brochure showing fine examples of collegiate architecture in Indiana Limestone, illustrating the effects obtainable by the use of one or another of the various grades of Indiana Limestone. A reading of this booklet will enable you to follow your own institution's building program with greater understanding and interest.

For convenience, fill in your name and address below, tear out and mail to Box 852, Service Bureau, Indiana Limestone Company, Bedford, Indiana.



Name.....Address.....

Selling **SERENITY**

A man wants to sell you serenity of mind — one of the best possible possessions.

He offers to insure an adequate education for your children.

He offers to insure you a sufficient and unfluctuating income in your later years.

He offers to create an estate for your family.

He offers to make sure that your business will not suffer through the death of a key executive.

He offers to be of great assistance to you in your relations with your employees.

Who is he? He is a John Hancock Agent. He does not create a need in you, he fills one. His commodity is future material security, the basis of serenity of mind.

Ask him to come in.



A STRONG COMPANY. Over Sixty Years in Business. Liberal as to Contract, Safe and Secure in Every Way.

UNIVERSITY of Southern California has instituted an elaborate course in motion picture technique, which, has failed to arouse more than amusement in the other institutions which supposedly should be jealous of this new move. Harvard and Columbia's course are overshadowed completely by the California school's, and this pleased the educators of the south. In one field, at least, they were going to be supreme. Evidently they will remain supreme, too, because no one elsewhere has shown sufficient interest to agitate for the same thing.

Stevenson's Family Druggists

ORIGINATED OVER 48 YEARS AGO AS
THE LINN DRUG COMPANY, NOW 4
BUSY STORES. KNOWN AND GROWN
THROUGH THE PERSONNEL OF OUR
SALESPEOPLE.



Four Busy Stores:

764 WILLAMETTE
MCDONALD THEATRE BUILDING
8 BROADWAY, EAST
11TH AND ALDER STREETS

Old Friends - -

"Oh, yes," said the alumnus who came back at Homecoming, "the Anchorage and I are Old Friends! Many a time on a bleak winter day I've had a cozy tea by a bright wood fire at the Anchorage."



You, too, will enjoy the cheery,
Xmas Spirit at



Darle Seymour, '22

Mr. and Mrs. Ormond G. Hilderbrand (Lois Barnett) have a small son, John Ormond, born last April. They are living in Wasco and interested in wheat growing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. McClain (Lois Parker, '25) were in Eugene for Homecoming. The McClains are living at 612 Raleigh street, Portland. Mr. McClain is with Montgomery Ward & Co.

An address on "Aspects of Social Education in Colleges" was given before the Oregon Social Workers Association, at its meeting in Portland, December 7, by Delbert Oberteuffer, acting head of physical education for men at the University of Oregon.

Frederick Clark Dunn, 1923, and Miss Daisy Drilling, ex-O. A. C. student, were married at the home of the bride's mother in Seattle, Washington, on October 12, 1927. The couple are at home at 588 Franklin avenue, Astoria, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Littlefield (Isabelle Kidd, '22) were on the campus for Homecoming from their home at 1167 Royal Court, Portland.

Ellen McVeigh and Ellenor Torrey visited at Susan Campbell hall during Homecoming.

Mrs. Paul O. Harding (Felicia Perkins) was at the Alpha Delta Pi house during Homecoming. The Hardings have moved from Pasadena, California, where they have been living for the last four years, to Portland, Route 5, Box 182. Felicia writes, "We're back in Oregon now for keeps, we hope."

1924

Mr. and Mrs. Charles "Shy" Huntington have a baby son, born November 16 in Eugene. Football fans forecast a winning team about 1947 or earlier with a star quarterback for that year assured.

Miriam Dubiver, ex-'24, was married to Ben Rosenfeld on October 9. They are making their home in Newberg.

Mrs. Ruth Powell Sether, who, since her marriage last June, has been living near Glendale, was a returning "alum" at Hendricks hall for Homecoming.

Marjorie Hazard is now Mrs. H. E. Ubanks, the wedding having occurred during the summer. The Ubanks are making their home in Coquille.

Betty Garrett, ex-'24, who has been on a trip around the world, visited with Jessie Lewis Baldwin, '23, in Hawaii.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. King (Marcella Berry) are now living at 1875 Kincaid street, Eugene, having moved recently from the Reed apartments on the corner of Thirteenth and Mill streets.

Robert E. Raymer, who taught history and took post graduate work at Oregon in 1924 and 1925, is professor of history at Inter-mountain Union College, Helena, Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Moser (Vera Houston, ex-'24) have a small son, Paul Frederick, born in June. They may be addressed County Treasurer's Office, Court House, Klamath Falls.

Kathleen Keim has been connected with Hood Brothers, Portland, dealers in stocks and bonds, since February, 1926. Kathleen is living at the St. Francis hotel.

Mr. Irwin S. Adams, of the class of 1924, who is now assistant to the president of the Jantzen Knitting Mills in Portland, leaves on December 8 for Australia in order to organize, with another member of the Jantzen company, a factory for that country. Mr. Adams' particular job will be to organize the corporation, formulate its financial plan and otherwise get things under way. He will be in Australia for a month or six weeks. While on the Oregon campus Mr. Adams was a major in the school of business administration. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Beta Gamma Sigma, commerce scholarship fraternity.

1925

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hartung (Claudia Broders) and small son visited in Eugene over Homecoming week-end. They have just recently moved into their new home on Rubyside Drive in Laurelwood, the newest residential district in Roseburg.

DEVELOPING	BAKER-BUTTON	KODAKS
PRINTING	THE KODAK SHOP	FILMS
ENLARGING	7 West 7th	FRAMES
TINTING	EUGENE, OREGON	ALBUMS
	Everything Fotografic	

J.C. PENNEY Co.
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION
"where savings are greatest"

SELLING here is not "Saleing." No "Sale" but lower prices every day is our idea of giving you 100 per cent service.

In our selling plan also you will never find seconds, sub-standards, or other merchandise of doubtful pedigree.

EUGENE STEAM LAUNDRY
Phone 1-2-3


**We Clean Everything You Wear
 But Your Shoes**

West 8th, Corner Charnelton

Eugene Business College

A. E. ROBERTS, President

Regular Winter Term Begins
 Tuesday, January 3
 Shorthand — Typewriting
 — Bookkeeping
 IT'S A GOOD SCHOOL
 PHONE 666
 992 Willamette St. Eugene, Oregon



**THE
 MODERN TYPEWRITER**

PORTABLES

Corona	Remington
Royal	Underwood

We Handle Them All—

Take Your Pick

TERMS TO SUIT

Office Machinery & Supply Co.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

=====*Clothes*=====

WADE BROTHERS

EUGENE

Wood and Coal

Manerud-Huntington Fuel Co.

C. A. Huntington, '18
C. R. Manerud, '22
L. W. Manerud, '23

Phone 651 1st Natl. Bank Bldg.

When the glad Bells ring out on Christmas Day

Be Sure There is a Box of Candy at
 HER House from

The **PETER PAN**

WALT HUMMEL, Proprietor

The Students' Drug Store

Agents for

The OWL DRUG COMPANY Products

CROWN DRUG CO.

(JAMES H. BAKER, '24)

MINER BUILDING : : PHONE 146

Check off the good old friends on your gift list and send them the one thing they will appreciate most.



YOUR PORTRAIT

Kennell-Ellis Studio

Eugene — Salem

Belle Taggart is at her home in Forest Grove. She has not been teaching for over a year because of ill health.

Florence McCoy, ex-'25, is working in Portland with Lorenz Brothers.

Gertrude Houk is teaching English at St. Helen's hall in Portland.

Gloria Parker is teaching physical education at Oregon Normal School, in Monmouth.

Ruth Sensenich announced her engagement to Pricc Sullivan of 3010 Fulton street, San Francisco, recently, at a bridge luncheon at her home in Portland, 482 East 25th street, north. The wedding will take place in February.

Among members of the class returning to Hendricks hall for Homecoming were Mildred Crain and Ethel Johnson. Mildred, who was supervisor of physical education in the Ashland schools for two years, is teaching at the Normal School in Monmouth this year. Ethel Johnson is teaching English and mathematics for the third year at The Dalles.

Helen Chambreau, who is living at home at 395 Hassalo street, Portland, visited at the Alpha Phi house during Homecoming.

Anne Milne, who is teaching in Ashland, returned to Susan Campbell Hall for Homecoming.

There were four members of the 1925 class at the Alpha Xi Delta house for Homecoming. They were: Myrtel Pelker, ex-'25, from Salem, Anne Gorrie, from Springfield, Mabel Klockars and Etheiva Elkins from Eugene.

Maude Schroeder is teaching physical education in Oakland. Maude returned to the Kappa Alpha Theta house for Homecoming.

Don Woods, '25, who is teaching science in the Newberg high school, was a Homecoming visitor. Three other Oregon graduates teach at Newberg. Adelaide Zucher, '27, teaches English and dramatics, Doris Young, '27, is an instructor in foreign languages, and K. R. Blakeslee, '26, is principal.

Paloma C. Randleman, ex-'25, is manager of the Adrienne Stewart Shop at 222 North 6th street, Grants Pass.

Rex Edmund DeLong and Josephine Ulrich were married on November 5 in Portland, where they will also make their home. Mr. DeLong was affiliated with Bachelordon on the campus and Mrs. DeLong with Delta Delta Delta.

1926

Harriett Osborne, who attended the University from 1924-1926 inclusive and who is now finishing her second year as a practice nurse at St. Vincent's hospital, Portland, was a guest of Susan Campbell hall during Homecoming.

Another Homecoming guest of Susan Campbell hall was Katherine Edgar, who graduated from the University of Oregon in 1926. She is now attending the Medical School at Portland.

Still other "Homecomers" at Susan Campbell hall were Jocelyn Robertson and Leona Kail. Jocelyn is studying at the Medical School in Portland and Leona is attending a business college in Portland.

May Helen Helliwell is teaching at the Fernwood grammar school in Portland, conducting the gymnasium work for all the upper grades and supervising athletics for the entire school.

Geraldine Troy visited at the Kappa Delta house during Homecoming. She is teaching this year in Redmond.

Gertrude Harris and Eugenia Zieber returned to the Kappa Alpha Theta house for Homecoming. Gertrude is teaching this year at Cornell, Washington, and Eugenia is working in the public library in Salem.

Among members of the class returning for Homecoming were the following at the Alpha Xi Delta house; Hulda Guild from Salem, Vivian Harper from Bend, and Mrs. Loren Reynolds (Marjory Thompson, ex-'26).

Claire D. Haines, ex-'26, manages a grocery store in Lebanon.

Frances Katherine Warrens, ex-'26, lives at 214 East 30th street, north, Portland, and is occupied as representative of Natalie, Inc., of Washington, D. C.

Margaret H. McCullough is the Girl Reserve secretary in the Y. W. C. A. at Astoria.

Edward P. Casey, ex-'26, and Madeline Jennings were married early in October in Portland. Mrs. Casey is a graduate of Trinity College in Washington, D. C. Edward attended George Washington University in Washington, D. C., after leaving the University of Oregon.

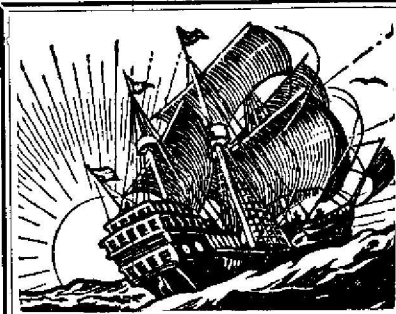
The marriage of Marion Bowman to Galen Zener occurred on November 24 in Portland. Mr. Zener is a University of Washington graduate, and affiliated with Theta Xi. Mrs. Zener is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma. The Zeners will make their home in Eugene.

1927

Kenneth J. Ruth, who took his B.A. degree in Latin with honorable mention last June, is now doing graduate work at Harvard University where he received a two-year scholarship in Latin and Greek. Mr. Ruth's address is 34 A Conant Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Algot "Swede" Westergren, star guard on the University basketball team for three years, has been chosen to assist Bill Reinhart, head hoop coach, in developing the 1928 basketball team. "Swede's" record as guard is unrivaled by any in the Pacific Coast basketball conference. He was named on the all-coast mythical quintet in 1925, 1926, and 1927.

Two members of the class of 1927 who were back at the Kappa Delta house for Homecoming were Katherine Petersou, who is teaching in the art department at Monmouth Normal, and Catherine Enright, who is teaching in one of the Eugene schools.



The
Cargo
Has
Arrived!

Gifts From
Many Lands

THE ALADDIN GIFT SHOPPE

1076 Willamette EUGENE Phone 2767

BLYTH, WITTER & Co.

BONDS

Second Floor—Pacific Bldg.—Portland

New York	San Francisco
Chicago	Los Angeles
Boston	Seattle

Elmer R. Spencer, '16

Leonard Floan, ex-'18

Keith Kiggins, '19

Dwight Parr, '19

Roland W. Nicol, '20

Forest Watson, ex-'20

Frank A. Bosch, '23

William Collins, '23

LARAWAY'S

for

A DIAMOND RING

THE SUPREME GIFT

For mother, sister, sweetheart and friend, there's nothing more lasting, more appreciative, or lends more sentiment than the **Diamond Ring** from **Laraways**. Our selection is most comprehensive and priced to meet every purse. Our liberal credit plan is at your service. Use it!

Lots of other gifts too numerous to mention. Come in and look around, we are glad to make suggestions.

SETH LARAWAY

Diamond Merchant and Jeweler

Santa Advises—

"Do Your Xmas Shopping Early
and Do It at the RAINBOW"

Special Christmas Candies
Candy Canes

BOXES OF CANDY

(All Sizes—the Very Best Quality)

The RAINBOW

Eugene

and the

REX CAFE, Medford

HERM BURGOYNE

Proprietor

When in Doubt—
send FLOWERS

Flowers always say just the right thing at the right time. . . . Convey subtly, yet convincingly, the message faltering words cannot tell. The florist has been a friend indeed to those who have discovered the effectiveness of

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Flowers by Wire Anywhere

CHASE GARDENS
Florists

Broadway and Oak

Phone 1950



PORTLAND'S OWN
CHRISTMAS STORE



Meier & Frank Co.
"PORTLAND'S OWN STORE"

Greece and the Olympic Games

(Continued from page 9)

the event; again as in ancient times many spectators sat on temporary seats. The occasion however was glorious. Royalty was present, with hundreds of distinguished guests and sixty thousand spectators, on that memorable April 6, 1896. A chorus of a hundred and fifty voices sang the Olympic ode by the Greek Samara. King George proclaimed the formal opening of the games. As we all know, the United States contestants won in the largest number of events; but the Greek Louës won, as was fitting, the marathon—the distinction most prized by his countrymen.

At night there were torchlight processions through the illuminated streets, ovations and orations, bands and banquets. On April 15th, the victors were awarded olive branches from Olympia, diplomas and silver medals, and marched in triumph around the stadion.

In 1906 it was decided to add competitions in the arts, but these features have never received much attention. The otherwise successfully revived Olympic games—at which our own Bill Hayward holds the record of having been four times a coach—have now been held in Paris, St. Louis, London, Stockholm, and Antwerp, and should, it seems, return soon to Athens for a repetition of the grand event in the magnificent stadion looking out upon Lykabettus and the Acropolis.

Before the Acropolis, center of all our thoughts of Greece, words hesitate. We went again and again, standing beside the Parthenon, listening to inspiring talks by our leader, Dr. H. H. Powers. We went yet again, seeking to fix, in solitude, the impressions of beauty. We felt more and more the perfections of the ancient temple of Athena, and our hearts went out in love to the present temple standing against the blue with its broken columns softened to old ivory and rich golden brown.

Throughout Greece the impression grew of the romantic charm that has been added to classic architecture. Strangeness is everywhere added to beauty—strangeness and change. The eloquent years speak in every stone. A far off glory shines about these stones and pillars, but they grow human with the pathos of inevitable change that is upon them, as upon the life of man. Nature takes them to herself and plays over and around them—nature that nowhere has more loveliness than in the elusive tints of Greek skies and waters, and in the mountains that partly circle Athens and give to her the epithet "violet-crowned."

And so it is a romantic feeling that the modern traveler has in looking at classic architecture; not an appreciation of perfection within limits, but a suggestion of beauty in the imperfect, the partial, leading the imagination to play in true romantic fashion with the unbounded and the remote, the ever shifting history and emotions of striving man.

One even wonders whether there was as much of "classic restraint" among the ancient Greeks—with their forests of statues and their painted temple backgrounds—as has sometimes been supposed; and whether the Parthenon ever looked more beautiful than it does now in its open setting, with Cella gone, and sunlight flooding its roofless colonnades.

A word should be said about modern Greek life. The pleasing effect of Greece, like that of our own Northwest, is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is not overpopulated. It is almost the only country visited where the traveler was not distressed by the visible burden of overpopulation, with the consequent submergence of the masses. In Greece more than in any other country "every man's a man." This gives promise for the future—something to work on. The Greeks crave education; they are great readers. They incline to the theoretical; some Americans are conducting an industrial and

agricultural school near Salonica which is the flourishing beginning of a much needed movement.

The work of the Near East Relief is one of amazing efficacy. Demonstration has been made of the ability of the Greeks, as well as that of their helpers, to cope with the enormous problem of absorbing one and one-half million refugees into a population of only six million. Everywhere we saw evidence that this work was being well done through erection of hospitals, villages, and the founding of special industries; also by the generous extending of private hospitality. The Zappeion, a large public building, the gift of two patriotic Greeks, the brothers Zappas, was put by the government at the disposal of this work. We saw the six hundred orphan boys who are housed and taught there under able and devoted Greek teachers.

The fact that the modern part of Greece is clearly modern is a hopeful fact. Ancient monuments are carefully marked off and well guarded, but Athens and Piraeus are in the main new cities and therefore without the hopeless squalor that comes from centuries of neglect.

Salonica (Thessalonica they call it), a city of five hundred thousand, is being wholly rebuilt on a large scale in its central section, and will be a city of great importance as well as of extreme beauty of location. Athens with Piraeus is already the great port of the Eastern Mediterranean. Its harbor is so crowded with ships bearing familiar classical names and names in every language, that one must be piloted up and down one sea lane after another before embarking on the desired steamer.

It is impossible to foresee the entanglements that may prevent advance in prosperity for Greece; there are certainly signs of such advance.

6 facts to be considered:

Convenience

High Standard of Quality

Varied and Attractive Stock

Prices That Are Reasonable

The Profit-Sharing Plan

Student Ownership



Last Year We Placed

MORE THAN 1,000 IN PAYING POSITIONS

When any young man or woman of your acquaintance speaks of the future—advise a COURSE at America's Gold Medal School.

**Behnke-Walker
BUSINESS COLLEGE**

11th and Salmon

Portland

PAINTS—

Headquarters for all kinds of Painting and Decorating Supplies. Our large stock includes everything you will need from Floor Wax to Roof Paint.

Artistic Picture Framing

Ludford's

PAINT—WALL PAPER—ART GOODS

55 West 9th

Phone 749

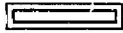


Call
1-5-8

**Black & White Cab
Company**

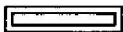
EUGENE HOTEL

Eugene Hotel

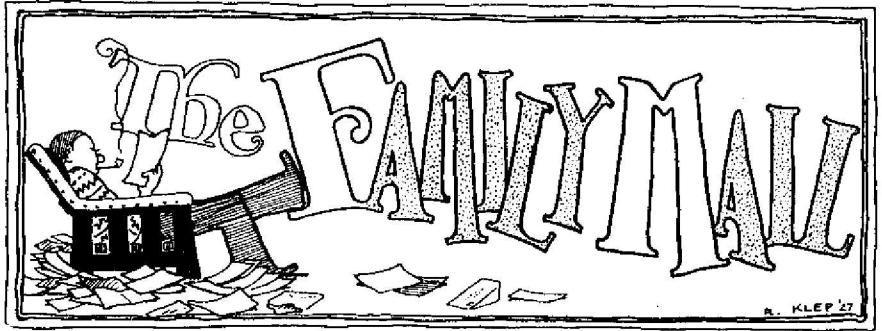


The Last Echo in Perfection

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
200 ROOMS—100 BATHS



**FRANK A. CLARK and
HARRY HUTTON**
Managers



Box 251,
Menlo Park, Calif.
November 7, 1927.

DEAR EDITOR:

Since I've already paid up by proxy for OLD OREGON this year, let the two extra dollars apply on next year's dues.

My how I'd love to step in for Homecoming! But I've a date with the new ruler of our household and I must get him in shape to play football for Oregon at a future Homecoming.

Sincerely,

HELEN BRENTON PRYOR.

* * * *

1028 W. 19th Ave.,
Spokane, Wash.
November 8, 1927.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:*

I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the November copy of OLD OREGON with the articles about my beloved friends, the Straub's. It was all so true—I well remember going with my mother to call upon "the new professor and his bride" at the Astor House, and when the professor opened the door instead of the bride, I was so fussed that I forgot my mother's name and I forgot my mother's name and I stammered, "This-is-my-mother-Mrs. ———," and could get no further.

I enjoyed the reading of the delightful evenings for the students at your home, and have always had occasion to bless *one* of them, for it was when returning from one of them at the holiday time that Dolph asked me to be his wife. May I ask you to send me another copy of the November number, and an extra copy of the December number when it comes out. I enclose fifty cents, if that does not pay for them be sure to let me know. Again I want to tell you I loved both articles, and best of all, every word is the truth, and the honor accorded you both is more than deserved. My love always.

MAE U. McCLAIN, ex-'81.

* * * *

411 9th Street,
Carlstadt, N. J.

OLD OREGON:

When enchanting November days once more lure one's memory back to the good old times at Oregon, it is difficult to believe that another "Homecoming" attendant with all the sparkle and color of such occasions, is again upon us.

Congratulations, OLD OREGON, upon your attractive Homecoming number, and particularly on your appropriate "Slogan"† "Home to Honor Oregon" means vastly more to an alumnus than to any undergraduate, despite the fact that he or she may be a member of "Daddy" Straub's "bigger and better."

During my two years sojourn in the East it has been my privilege to witness a good many gridiron futurities. To be sure they are colorful, spectacular in fact; but there is something missing in the rooting section at least. No sixty minutes of fight, no dogged determination to fight for the team you love—win or lose, no spontaneity of collegiate insanity during moments of strategic plays; just a conservative mechanical staccato of cheering. For yours truly—just turn me loose with "Colonel Leader's" gang of delirious regades and let the "Oskey" go booming skyward.

Like several other million mortals, I sleep in New Jersey but work in New York City. Am in the building game, learning the trade of metal lathing. It is a big field with plenty of room for expansion.

Just received a letter from Shelby "Duke" Carter. "Duke" is now beyond the pale of any postman, so I cannot give his address. He has cast his lot with two other soldiers of fortune, lately from the French Foreign Legion, and the three are drilling natives in Central America in the manly art of warfare. As "Duke" opines, "just helping to keep the Revolution running." They are leaving for the jungles of the Amazon on some sort of adventure within a short time after his epistle had been mailed from Colon, Panama. So you see the intrepid "Oregon Spirit" has even stooped to conquer in the jungles of South America.

Just one more outburst and this station will sign off. We alumni in this section admire and respect Oregon's football coach. His honesty, candidness of expression, thoroughness of purpose, has won for him our sincerest regards, even though many of us have never seen him. We are all rooting for Oregon and Captain McEwan, for we firmly believe they are the correct combination in building a greater spirit to "Honor Oregon".

Respectfully, just another alumnus,
LEXRO (LEX) PRILLAMAN, '25.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: This letter was written to Dr. and Mrs. Straub and is here reprinted with their permission. Extra copies of November and December OLD OREGON were mailed to Mrs. McClaine; the check was cashed.

† EDITOR'S NOTE: The slogan, "Home to Honor Oregon," did not originate with OLD OREGON although it was heartily endorsed in this magazine; it was suggested by Dr. James H. Gilbert, '08, writer of many of Oregon's famous slogans.

☞ New Service Laundry ☞

PHONE 825

Modern Throughout

LAUNDRY

DRY CLEANING

"WE'RE NOT SATISFIED UNLESS YOU ARE"

"Your Home Should Come First"

A Gift for the Home is a Gift That Will Endure for Many Years to Come

"The Home of Good Furniture"

Wetherbee-Powers

FURNITURE CO.

Use Your Credit

11th at Willamette

We Charge No Interest

Oakland

Pontiac

Eugene Motor Company

OAKLAND AND PONTIAC Dealers

Used Cars, All Prices, at All Times

101 Fifth Ave., W., Eugene, Oregon
PHONE 145

DANCE PROGRAMS

Engraved Announcements
Place Cards Visiting Cards
Fraternity Stationery
Personal Christmas Cards

Coe Stationery Company
941 Willamette St.

ROBERT W. EARL

District Manager

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States

445 MINER BLDG., EUGENE, ORE., PHONE 2482

S. B. Finegan

MACHINE BLACKSMITHING

ELECTRIC AND OXYACETYLENE WELDING

Phone 102

873 Pearl St.

WILLIAMSON & CO.

PLUMBING AND HEATING

Phone 536

153 E. 10th St.

ELECTRIC TOASTWITCH SHOPPE

Toasted Sandwiches and Waffles
— Noon Lunch —

Colonial Theater Bldg.—776 E. 11th

Jim, the Shoe Doctor
Rebuilder of Shoes

986 Willamette St.

Phone 667

UNIVERSITY FLORIST

Member Florist Telegraph Delivery Association

598 13TH AVE., EAST

PHONE 654

The Old Students Like to Trade at the

Lemon "O" Pharmacy

YOU WILL LIKE IT TOO!

13TH AND ALDER

PHONE 1522

Eugene PRINTING Company
Commercial and Society Printing

Phone F. C. Westerfield at 148

1047 WILLAMETTE STREET

GUARD BLDG.



ROOSEVELT
New York, N. Y.



MOUNT ROYAL
Montreal, Can.



RADISSON
Minneapolis, Minn.



SENECA
Rochester, N. Y.



BLACKSTONE
Chicago, Ill.



PERE MARQUETTE
Peoria, Ill.



WILLARD
Washington, D. C.



CORONADO
St. Louis, Mo.



OAKLAND
Oakland, Calif.



WOLFORD
Danville, Ill.



NEIL HOUSE
Columbus, O.



CLAREMONT
Berkeley, Calif.



URBANA-LINCOLN
Urbana, Ill.



SCHENLEY
Pittsburgh, Pa.



CALIFORNIAN
Fresno, Calif.



SAINT PAUL
St. Paul, Minn.



MULTNOMAH
Portland, Ore.



PALACE
San Francisco, Calif.



SINTON
Cincinnati, O.

These hotels are your hotels

Special features are provided for our Alumni

Our alumni are urged to use Intercollegiate Alumni Hotels when travelling, and when arranging for luncheons, banquets and get-togethers of various sorts.

You will find at each Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel an index of the resident Alumni of the participating colleges. Think what this means when you are in a strange city and wish to look up a classmate or friend.

You will find at these hotels a current copy of your Alumni publication.

You will also find a spirit of co-operation and a keen desire to see you comfortably housed and adequately provided for. Reservations may be made from one Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel to another as a convenience to you.

Intercollegiate Alumni Hotels are a new and vital force in assisting your Alumni Secretary. He urges you to support them whenever and wherever possible. He will be glad to supply you with an introduction card to the managers of all Intercollegiate Alumni Hotels, if you so request.

THE PARTICIPATING COLLEGES

The alumni organizations of the following colleges and universities are participants in the Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel movement:

- | | | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| Akron | Colorado | Maine | Oregon State | Virginia |
| Alabama | Columbia | M. I. T. | Penn State | Virginia |
| Amherst | Cornell | Michigan State | Pennsylvania | Polytechnic Institute |
| Antioch | Cumberland | Michigan | Princeton | Washington and Lee |
| Bates | Emory | Mills | Purdue | Washington State |
| Beloit | Elmira | Minnesota | Radcliffe | Washington (Seattle) |
| Bowdoin | Georgia | Missouri | Rollins | Washington (St. Louis) |
| Brown | Georgetown College | Montana | Rutgers | Wellesley |
| Bryn Mawr | Goucher | Mount Holyoke | Smith | Wesleyan College |
| Bucknell | Harvard | Nebraska | South Dakota | Wesleyan University |
| Buffalo | Illinois | New York University | Southern California | Western Reserve |
| California | Indiana | North Carolina | Stanford | Whitman |
| Carnegie Institute | Iowa State College | North Dakota | Stevens Institute | Williams |
| Case School | Kansas | Northwestern | Texas A. and M. | Winthrop |
| Chicago | Teachers' Coll. | Oberlin | Texas | Wisconsin |
| College of the | Kansas | Occidental | Tulane | Wittenberg |
| City of New York | Lake Erie | Ohio State | Union | Wooster |
| Colgate | Lafayette | Ohio Wesleyan | Vanderbilt | Worcester |
| Colorado | Lehigh | Oklahoma | Vassar | Polytechnic Institute |
| School Mines | Louisiana | Oregon | Vermont | Yale |

& New Service Laundry &

PHONE 825

Modern Throughout

LAUNDRY DRY CLEANING

"WE'RE NOT SATISFIED UNLESS YOU ARE"

"Your Home Should Come First"

A Gift for the Home is a Gift That Will
Endure for Many Years to Come

"The Home of Good Furniture"

Wetherbee-Powers

FURNITURE CO.

Use Your Credit 11th at Willamette We Charge No Interest

Oakland Pontiac

Eugene Motor Company

OAKLAND AND PONTIAC
Dealers

Used Cars, All Prices, at All Times

101 Fifth Ave., W., Eugene, Oregon
PHONE 145

DANCE PROGRAMS

Engraved Announcements
Place Cards Visiting Cards
Fraternity Stationery
Personal Christmas Cards

Coe Stationery Company

941 Willamette St.

ROBERT W. EARL
District Manager
The Equitable Life Assurance Society
of the United States

445 MINER BLDG., EUGENE, ORE., PHONE 2482

S. B. Finegan
MACHINE BLACKSMITHING
ELECTRIC AND OXYACETYLENE WELDING

Phone 102 873 Pearl St.

WILLIAMSON & CO.
PLUMBING AND HEATING

Phone 536 153 E. 10th St.

ELECTRIC TOASTWITCH SHOPPE
Toasted Sandwiches and Waffles
— Noon Lunch —
Colonial Theater Bldg.—776 E. 11th

Jim, the Shoe Doctor
Rebuilder of Shoes

986 Willamette St. Phone 667

UNIVERSITY FLORIST
Member Florist Telegraph Delivery
Association

598 13TH AVE., EAST PHONE 654

The Old Students Like to Trade at the
Lemon "O" Pharmacy
YOU WILL LIKE IT TOO!

13TH AND ALDER PHONE 1522

Eugene PRINTING Company
Commercial and Society Printing

Phone F. C. Westerfield at 148
1047 WILLAMETTE STREET GUARD BLDG.



ST. JAMES
San Diego, Calif.



WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, N. Y.



ONONDAGA
Syracuse, N. Y.



WOLVERINE
Detroit, Mich.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Philadelphia, Pa.



MUEHLEBACH
Kansas City, Mo.

Intercollegiate Alumni Hotels



Every Dot Marks an Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel

Baltimore, Md., *Southern*
Berkeley, Cal., *Claremont*
Bethlehem, Pa., *Bethlehem*
Birmingham, Ala., *Bankhead*
Boston, Mass., *Copley-Plaza*
Chicago, Ill., *Blackstone*
Chicago, Ill., *Windermere*
Cincinnati, Ohio, *Sinton*
Columbus, Ohio, *Neil House*
Danville, Ill., *Wolford*
Detroit, Mich., *Wolverine*
Fresno, Cal., *Californian*
Kansas City, Mo., *Muehlebach*

Lincoln, Nebr., *Lincoln*
Los Angeles, Calif., *Biltmore*
Madison, Wis., *Park*
Minneapolis, Minn., *Radisson*
Montreal, Canada, *Mount Royal*
New Orleans, La., *Monteleone*
New York, N. Y., *Roosevelt*
New York, N. Y., *Waldorf-Astoria*
Northampton, Mass., *Northampton*
Oakland, Cal., *Oakland*
Peoria, Ill., *Pere Marquette*
Philadelphia, Pa., *Benjamin Franklin*
Pittsburgh, Pa., *Schenley*

Portland, Ore., *Mulnomah*
Rochester, N. Y., *Seneca*
Sacramento, Cal., *Sacramento*
St. Louis, Mo., *Coronado*
St. Paul, Minn., *Saint Paul*
San Diego, Cal., *St. James*
San Francisco, Cal., *Palace*
Seattle, Wash., *Olympic*
Syracuse, N. Y., *Onondaga*
Toronto, Canada, *King Edward*
Urbana, Ill., *Urbana-Lincoln*
Washington, D. C., *Willard*
Williamsport, Pa., *Lycorning*

The Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel movement is sponsored by the Alumni Secretaries and Editors of the participating colleges and directed by

INTERCOLLEGIATE ALUMNI EXTENSION SERVICE, 18 E. 41st St., New York, N.Y.

DIRECTORS

J. O. BAXENDALE
Alumni Secretary
University of Vermont

STEPHEN K. LITTLE
Princeton Alumni Weekly
Princeton University

J. L. MORRILL
Alumni Secretary
Ohio State University

W. B. SHAW
Alumni Secretary
University of Michigan

A. C. BUSCH
Alumni Secretary
Rutgers College

JOHN D. MCKEE
Wooster Alumni Bulletin
Wooster College

W. R. OKESON
Treasurer of
Lehigh University

ROBERT SIBLEY
Alumni Secretary
University of California

R. W. HARWOOD
Harvard Alumni Bulletin
Harvard University

HELEN F. McMILLIN
Wellesley Alumnae Magazine
Wellesley College

R. W. SAILOR
Cornell Alumni News
Cornell University

FLORENCE H. SNOW
Alumnae Secretary
Smith College

E. N. SULLIVAN
Alumni Secretary
Penn State College

LEVERING TYSON
Alumni Federation
Columbia University

E. T. WILLIAMS
Brown University



KING EDWARD
Toronto, Can.



BANKHEAD
Birmingham, Ala.



BETHLEHEM
Bethlehem, Pa.



LYCORNING
Williamsport, Pa.



MONTELEONE
New Orleans, La.



SOUTHERN
Baltimore, Md.



NORTHAMPTON
Northampton, Mass.



BILTMORE
Los Angeles, Calif.



COPLY-PLAZA
Boston, Mass.



LINCOLN
Lincoln, Nebr.



WINDERMERE
Chicago, Ill.



OLYMPIC
Seattle, Wash.



SACRAMENTO
Sacramento, Calif.



PARK
Madison, Wis.



Some call it mellowness . . .

SOME say that Camel is the mellowest cigarette ever made. Some that it's mild and smooth. It's really all good things in one, and that is why it is supreme upon the pinnacle of modern favor. Camel's popularity today is the largest that any cigarette ever had.

And, it costs something to make this kind of a smoke. It costs the choicest tobaccos

that money can buy, and a blending that spares neither time nor expense. Each Camel cigarette is as full of value as the world of tobacco can give.

You can be sure of smoking pleasure, serene and full, in these quality cigarettes. Smoke all of them you want; they simply never tire the taste.

"Have a Camel!"

© 1927

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.