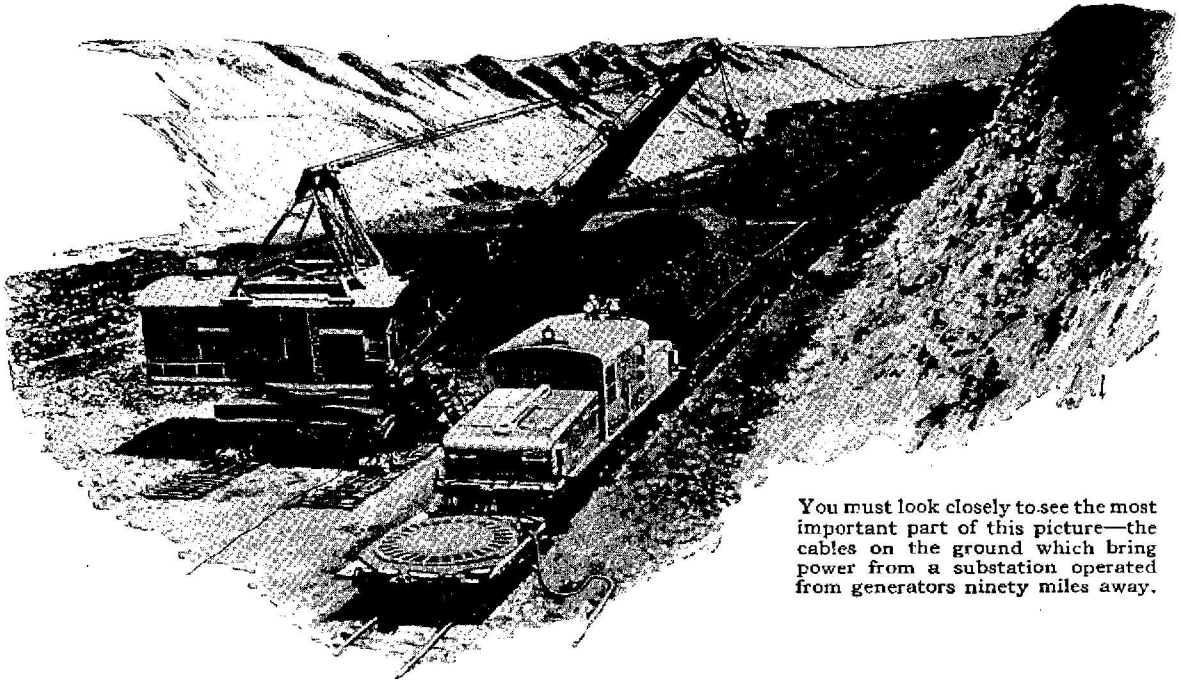


February, 1926

VOLUME VIII, No. 5

Old Oregon





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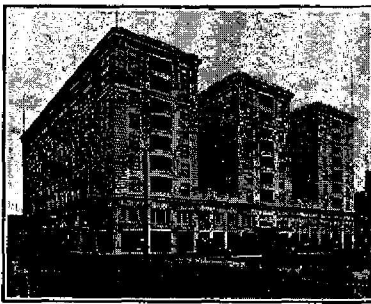
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Our New President?



Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase, president of the University of North Carolina, one of the best known of the younger university presidents of the country, was offered the presidency of the University of Oregon at a special meeting of the board of regents last week. He requested and was granted two weeks time to consider the offer. Dr. Chase, a native New Englander, is 43 years old. He received his B.A. at Dartmouth College in 1904. He took his M.A. degree at Dartmouth in 1908. At Clark University, under G. Stanley Hall, famous psychologist, he was granted his doctorate "cum Laude." In North Carolina, Dr. Chase is known to be an executive as well as a scholar. In 1911 he accepted a position on the North Carolina faculty in philosophy and education. In 1914 he became professor of psychology. Four years later he was appointed acting dean of the college of liberal arts, and a year following he became chairman of the faculty and acting head of the university. The presidency of North Carolina was tendered formally to him in 1920. As OLD OREGON goes to press, Dr. Chase has not indicated whether he will accept.



Old Oregon, and You

By MARSHALL N. DANA, Associate Editor, Oregon Journal

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is taken from an address by Mr. Dana which was delivered before the student assembly of the University early in January.)

I APPROACH the crest of adventure. My quest has been for a word that would at once identify the student's relation to the University and the University's relation to the state.

Out of some recess of memory a scrap of verse tinkles like a nursery rhyme. "If you'd like to live in the kind of a town like the kind of a town you like" it swings out, only to conclude,

"It isn't your town, it's you!"

Then across the desk of preparation drifts a clipping. It is the review of a book, the book written by a man named Toland whose business it is to prepare youth for college. Perhaps he flies in the face of his own opportunity, but he says that colleges no longer serve the purpose for which they were created. They don't produce specialists, he says. They don't produce men to meet the needs of the state. There is a hint of men who over-value the social opportunity created by membership in their fraternities and under-value the challenge of the class room. There is a suggestion of college girls whose otherwise charming features are marred by the pendent cigarette held by lips that should be more delicate.

Of these faces turned toward me now I know few. I have no way of saying whether you possess the qualities that will build your state greater or whether you are sham or make believe. I have no way of saying, that is except my own confidence that the majority of young people today are as worth while as ever.

But there is a way of learning what this great educational institution means to the state and what has been its modifying influence upon the state. That is to turn to the past. If from the vantage point of the past we cannot view the future, we may at least take inspiration to meet the needs of the future.

Very early in the history of Oregon the sense of necessity for a University crept into state consciousness. In the earliest days there was the stirring of ambition and effort. The record discloses an authority to the surveyor general to set aside two townships in the Oregon country, one north and one south of the Columbia river, to be used in establishing a university. The location was to be Marysville—now Corvallis.

But in 1854 Jacksonville in southern Oregon appears as a proposed location and from 1872 to 1874 events transpired which extended to the University Association of Eugene city by legislative authority the location of a university at or near Eugene.

You will find, too, a simple solution of what now seems to be a vexing problem, the selection of a president. Six members of the board of directors were to be appointed by the governor, three by the association, and the nine were to select the president!

Even in the days of location and building when money and structures must have been the theme, one is forced to recognize that it is the human output of the University that, after all, represents the abiding value. Pioneer names are associated with the pioneer university—Applegate, Duniway and Glisan. And in the board of regents appear such other names as Deady, Failing, Dolph, Ainsworth, Miller and Newell.

Trace the men who have gone out from the University with its credentials. Their lives have been the life of the state, their activities its shaping influence. Here is the builder, Baldwin, with mention by the Beaux Arts Institute. Here are the writers, Marshall, Millers, Collins and many others. Here are names that hold higher the art of healing, and medicine, Fenton, White, Tamiesie, the Matsons and others. Here are counselors of the law, Gantenbein, Malarkey, Logan, Kavanaugh, Gatens. Here are men who have interpreted the law with wisdom from the judicial bench, Robert S. Bean, Chester F. Miller, Henry E. McGinn.

Here is the great field of public service, with a civic leader and foremost citizen like Joseph Nathan Teal holding this University's honorary degree as master in public service. Here's Clyde B. Aitchison, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Here is Frederick W. Mulkey, to whom the great ocean-rail terminal system of the Port of Portland rises as a monument. Here is Thomas Roberts, now chief engineer of the storage battery industry.

Step into the field of research. Here are Clark in history, Smith in geology with particular reference to the war, Stafford in industrial chemistry, Caswell in the electric properties of metals, Torrey in the thyroid gland, Crosland in tests in proof reading, Fairbanks in sculpture. There are researches in lumber waste, in flax production, in mining, in food, in industrial pedagogy. Oregon courses in mathematics are so well thought of they are adopted by the navy.

These are but a few of alumni or faculty members who have touched the affairs of the state as with magic wand. If you would look along the great Main Street of humanity you would find University of Oregon output there as clergymen, surgeons, physicians, merchants, farmers, civil and mining engineers, salesmen, missionaries, druggists, warehousemen, newspapermen and editors, contractors and builders, architects, lawyers, credit men, bankers, lumbermen, teachers, stockmen, librarians, automobile dealers, realtors, writers, office holders, judges, legislators, sheriffs, and even one machinist.

Does this look as if the University of Oregon in particular, had turned out men of doubling mind, uncertain what to do, as Mr. Toland says?

Lack of specialists might be due to fog in the aims of education. But when that man of beloved memory, Prince L. Campbell, late president of this University, defined its aims they were these:

1. Better physical health.
2. Better scholarship, but not as a sole aim.
3. Appreciation and the creation of beauty.
4. Democracy—equal opportunity to make the most of one's mental equipment.
5. Christian doctrine of good will.

No one will dispute that the University should serve every higher educational necessity in the state that endows and supports it. No one may ignore the example set by the University of Wisconsin in this direction. But if the institution does rise to the height of the ideal, the thinker must learn to be the doer, as Richard Ward Montague once said. The student must learn to be a workman fit for his job. He must be prepared for the responsibility of parent and citizen. He must wear upon his forehead the radiance of spiritual aspiration.

He cannot be like the student of whom my friend Lyman Pierce tells. This student, Brown, was playing on the football field and the president protested to the coach. "Brown," he said, "is a ringer." The coach answered, "Oh, no sir, he passed the required examination and with the required grade of 50 per cent."

The president asked who gave the examination and the coach replied, "It was the professor of chemistry, sir."

That he had done so was not only admitted but boasted by the professor of chemistry.

"What questions did you ask?" the president persisted.

"Two, sir. I asked him for the color of blue vitriol and he said it was red and that was wrong. I asked him then what is H₂O and he said he didn't know and that was right and I passed him with the required grade of 50 per cent."

We have, in college and out, too many 50 per cent people. In Oregon we need specialists. We need specialists in power, in lumber, in marketing, in transportation, in ship operation. We need port builders and state builders. We need city builders. We need to produce here our own Fords and Schwabs. We need men with the spirit of the old French proverb, "If it is possible it is done; if it is impossible we will do it!"

The great day of large affairs in Oregon is just beginning to dawn. The greater building is ahead. Even within the reach of this generation we will reproduce the great cities and industrial expansion of the East. We must have men big enough to fill the great positions of journalism, art, letters and industry. They must be even bigger men than the noted figures of the East, because here the opportunities are larger.

And yet we will not build a state for the sake of the state alone. We will not build a home for the sake of a building. Nor will we animate industry, reclaim the waste places and utilize the power of the streams merely to have smokestacks, farms and lights.

The real purpose is deeper. We work with these outward things for the sake of lifting to mountain heights the inward ideal. When we build the great cathedral we are building life; we are doing the things needful in the shaping of a soul. The thrill of accomplishment is the thrill of the Infinite.

Every kind of human material is in this splendid audience of beautiful youth before me. Each of you has a place in the greater university to which this University will send you. It is a greater misfortune to lose a simple measure of sure value than it is to flunk in class room. If you think it funny to be facetious about serious things, if you think it wise to be skeptical about sacred things, if you think you have found substitutes for honor, truth and trust, then you are losing wisdom while you gain knowledge. There is a sadder spectacle than the mismasted derelict driven by the winds of chance and that is a human craft voluntarily rudderless on the turbulent tide of destiny.

Yet, on the other hand, to be taken flippantly you need but take yourself too seriously. Love, democracy and cheerfulness are as much property as a bank account or a farm. Tradition need not be merely a moss-grown monument to mark the burial place of memories. It may be the spark that drops from yesterday and today kindles the fire of ambition which tomorrow may attain the white heat of achievement.

There is no respectability in inertia. It is joy to tingle with the most highly sensitized life in every cell. "Whose heart beats quickest lives the longest; lives in one short day more than in years do they whose fat blood sleeps as it creeps through their veins."

I might borrow a motto from Solomon, "With all thy getting, get understanding." Understanding will include appreciation of the material and evaluation of the spiritual. The Persian saying goes, "If thou hast a loaf of bread, sell the half of it, and, with the proceeds, buy flowers of the narcissus. For the bread but feeds the body and the flowers of the narcissus feed the soul."

Rise at the call of the day's duty, but likewise take treasure of the sunrise and find wealth, too, in its gold. Only one life to live, but that life is today; every tomorrow dawns on the eternal.

We talk about the University of Oregon, the U. of O. It is also the University of You. The State of Oregon is the State of You.

Alumni Association plans state-wide trip to introduce New Coach

The Alumni Association is planning a state wide trip for the president of the Association, F. H. Young, the new Oregon football coach, John J. McEwan, and Virgil Earl, director of athletics at the University. The plan is for the trio to visit the larger towns of Oregon, so that the alumni can meet the new coach. Dinners will be scheduled and meetings arranged with local alumni associations, and alumni who wish to make suggestions as to the itinerary, should correspond at once with the Alumni Secretary, care of the University, as the arrangements are being made through the Alumni Office.

Now the New Coach is Coaching

By H. C. HOWE

CAPTAIN J. J. McEWAN has made an unprecedented hit as a diner-out, and after-dinner speaker. He has delighted equally the hard-headed executive council of the student body, the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, the ladies' sewing societies, the faculty of the University, the football squad, and the alumni of the University. His forceful and yet quiet personality, his humorous detachment, his gift of wit, and his greater gift of having something to say, and not being all night about saying it, have won the hearts of all.

Only there is an irrational element in men's minds, which, if a man does one thing exceptionally well, makes them doubt whether he can do equally well something entirely different. Can such a delightful man—can such a charming after-dinner speaker—also really coach a football team?

When Croesus felt that his luck was too good, too supreme, too complete, he took the advice of the wise men, and tried—unsuccessfully—to protect himself by losing his most precious possession. The writer found a better way. He went out to the football field to see Mac in action. Just once, mind you, for an hour and a half, and to be precise, on the second day of spring practice. There he found—incredible though it be—that McEwan was already farther advanced toward preparedness for meeting our opponents next fall than the squad has been in the two previous years on the last day of spring practice.

How can that be? Well, neither Joe Maddock nor Dick Smith undertook to teach the men any plays in the spring that they would use in the fall. Hence the early games found their teams struggling with the early stages of learning unfamiliar systems of play.

But let us begin at the beginning. The first thing the writer observed was that whereas all other new coaches he had watched spent several days wagging a forefinger at particular men, and saying: "You, there, what's your name?" and "Who are the men here who play halfback?" McEwan said instead, "Ends, Smith and Riggs; center, Johnson; quarter, Woodie; backs, Jones, Wetzal, Vitus! and they took their appointed places just like that, with no further instruction. Any necessary explanations had been got over the first day.

The secret of that, of course, is that McEwan spent January meeting the football men, first in individual conferences, and then collectively, for football talks. He is not going to waste the weeks or months of spring practice in "getting acquainted with the men."

The second thing to be noticed is that he has begun with plays, not with the tackling dummy, and falling on the ball; with ensemble work, and not with individual instruction in the rudiments of football. Here, too, he has instituted a great economy of time and effort. Coaches facing a squad new to them almost always make a point of honor of assuming that the men have never seen a football before. Hence they begin by spending weeks in teaching the men what most of them have similarly learned many times before.

McEwan himself says that he wants the men to learn the new plays while they are fresh and limber, and before they get bruised and stiffened up on the tackling dummy. That can come later. But certainly it is exceedingly stimulating to the minds of the players to begin spring practice exactly as if it was September 15, instead of February 1. And as to practice in tackling, blocking, falling on the ball, passing the ball, and all that, it can be taught later to the individuals,



Two big athletic guns. Virgil Earl, director of athletics (left), is explaining to Capt. John J. McEwan, the tall gentleman on the right, with the gloves in his left hand, how it looks to him. The Captain is registering interest.

after the season of squad practice is over.

Professor McEwan was working on the backs when the writer was on the field, with a center to pass the ball, and a couple of ends to block out a skeleton team, and to take an occasional forward pass. There will be important changes in the line work. The defensive linework will, theoretically, be identical with that which has prevailed for the last ten years at Oregon—it will be the "standing defense," though let us hope it will be more effective than in last year's California game. But the offensive linework will proceed on totally different lines. Captain McEwan does not believe in tearing wide gaps in the line through which opposing secondary defense men can come charging to meet the men with the ball even before he reaches the line of scrimmage. Let the man who loves to see "big holes" prepare to be disappointed. This new type of line work—new to the Oregon players only, for it is as old as good football—must presently be painfully acquired. But in other ways the work of the Oregon lineman under McEwan will be simplified, for he

prefers the balanced line, which means that the lineman will always occupy the same place on the line, and can devote himself to mastering that.

It is otherwise with the Oregon backs. It is not for nothing that McEwan played at Minnesota, the home and point of dispersal of the backfield shift. The Oregon backs must learn to hop to positions while the signals are being called, and to do so with such precision and rhythm that each man will be in the exactly right position when the ball snaps, and not a fraction of a second before or after. There are here fundamental rhythms to be mastered, and the task is more complex than any that an Oregon backfield has heretofore been called on to master. Let us be thankful that there are months, not days only, in which to master it, for it could not be mastered in days only.

On the first day of spring practice McEwan gave the boys eight plays. Compare this with 1913, when Bezdek said he only gave the team two plays in the whole season, and that they never quite mastered those. The Oregon squad picks up the idea of the new plays quickly—Coach McEwan himself says, "they are as clever as cub bears"—and the execution of them will come with time and practice.

Coach McEwan does not expect to concentrate his attention on individual coaching. Line Coach Ellinger is expected to arrive soon, and Bob Mautz is working with the ends now. But that Captain Mac has a keen eye for details, and means that the execution of his plays shall exactly match

the conception of them is evident at once. First he might be seen showing Vic Wetzel and the other punters how to make their punting more dependable. Then as drill in the rhythm of the plays began, he was instructing the center how to get the ball back, the quarter how to feed it to the runner, the runner how to take it, and what to do with it when he got it, the man to whom a pass is faked how to look as if he had the ball when he hadn't, the man who retained it how to look as if he did not have it when he did, the runner how to come to the line, and a hundred such details, in every little item of which there is something new to these Oregon players, and every bit of which the new coach means them to be perfect in before fall.

All lovers of thrills in football will be delighted to learn that Coach J. J. McEwan does not believe in hammering away for short gains. He says it is the long gains that win football games. And every old player studying his plays already sees where some of those long gains are coming from.

To sum up these rambling impressions, it is at once evident that Coach McEwan knows just what he wants his team to do, and just how he wants them to do it. It is also at once evident that he has the gift of telling his men just what he wants. He gets it across to them the first time, but he is not bashful about telling them again, if it is necessary. For it is also evident that any team he coaches will play his football precisely as it is planned.

Then he can coach?

You said it, brother!

The Dedication of Condon Hall

By LEWIS BEESON, '27

IN DEDICATING the newest building on the campus to his memory, the University showed its appreciation of the service rendered to the state and the University by Oregon's "Grand Old Man of Science," Thomas Condon. Condon Hall is a fitting tribute to the man for whom it is named. It is an attempt to properly recognize the great part which this man had in the foundation of the University and in the intellectual life of the West. Suitably enough, it houses geology, that department to which he gave his devoted services.

The dedication of Condon Hall took place Saturday, February 6, 1926, with Dr. Edwin B. Copeland, formerly dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of the Philippines, as the principal speaker. An inspection of the new building and of its equipment followed the ceremonies. Many of Dr. Condon's collections were ranged along the walls of the halls on exhibition, and within the lecture rooms and laboratories were shown other exhibits of Dr. Condon's contributions to the field of paleontology.

Preceding the address of Dr. Copeland, were speeches by Dr. Warren D. Smith, head of the department of geology, and Dr. Edmund S. Conklin, head of the department of psychology; these two departments being quartered in the new building. The department of psychology occupies the third floor and that of geology the first, while the second is used at present by the reserve department of the library. Dr. Earl L. Packard gave an address on Dr. Condon's work as a scientist.

Dr. Smith in his introductory remarks said: "We are not just dedicating a new building on the Oregon campus, but

we are here to memorialize a great life.

"On the same street, within a few blocks of one another, there is a chapel in a church erected to the glory of God which is dedicated to Dr. Condon, and a few blocks away there is this building erected for the purpose of finding out truth, dedicated to the same man.

"Dr. Condon's life was a rebuke to all forms of narrow-mindedness and bigotry on the part of either religionists or materialists. His life was a refutation of the charge so often made that science and religion are in conflict. His chief legacy to this generation and to succeeding generations was his intellectual honesty."

"Dr. Condon's discovery of the John Day horizon proved to be one of the outstanding discoveries of the half century of American exploration in paleontology," said Dr. Packard in describing the scientific work of Dr. Condon. In addition to the John Day region, Dr. Condon directed attention to the lake region of eastern Oregon. His researches covered the entire state. "Thomas Condon discovered, collected and interpreted the ancient life of his state, and he freely gave of his time, specimens, data, and theory, to whomever came, thus accomplishing the goal of his life in the spreading of the gospel of scientific truths," said Dr. Packard.

In describing the new psychology quarters, Dr. Conklin outlined the development of his department from its small beginning in McClure Hall to its present position in the University. He traced the influence that Dr. B. J. Hawthorne, the first instructor in psychology in the University, had upon his department and paid tribute to the work of the

two other pioneer psychologists at Oregon, Dr. Karl M. Dallenbach and Dr. R. H. Wheeler. The occupation of new quarters with modern equipment marks the beginning of the realization of the dreams of these men, as well as of his own, Dr. Conklin said.

The relation of science and ethics was the subject of Dr. Copeland's address, "Science and Everyday Life." He said that ethics was but the science of conduct and must be accepted as such. As the science of conduct, ethics is the chief biological science. The foundation of ethics is custom, custom evolved by the working of the law of survival. Thus science and ethics are not antagonistic, but closely related.

The modern scientist has a duty to fulfill, he declared. He must show youth that science and ethics are in accord. Heretofore, science has not attempted this reconciliation, it has occupied itself with building a foundation upon material facts. It has destroyed much that society formerly rested upon. The social structure has tottered menacingly as a result.

"We need no Jeremiad about wood alcohol and the crime wave to bring our condition home," Dr. Copeland said. "These are open boils, inviting the surgeon. But poor old Job is full of streptococcus, and in prime condition for worse infection. You know that the church touches but a fraction of our youth, and holds this fraction with no such bonds as it laid upon our parents. You must know that no skill in emotional appeal can revitalize these worn-out bonds. A Savonarola might bend our necks to take the bit, but his is not the art to make the old reins strong.

"Our youth is willing to be bound by no code it does not understand. The responsibility it is ready to acknowledge is that of the intellect. It insists on knowing why. And we are responsible for this teaching. By giving society a new material foundation, we have strained, weakened and jeopardized the old super-structure. We have partly fashioned a new plan, on the proper, vital, survival-value basis. And we have let this half-finished idea loose. It is the weapon with which the Lucifer of material success, the paint-gun historian, and the walking delegate are amuck in the land. It is we who are responsible for its proper use. The breaking up of the old foundation, on which old custom rested secure and competent, has been largely our work. And

so far our work has been honest and worthy, for we have provided a new and stronger one. But we would better have been digging ourselves nice graves, like the old Egyptian king, if we are now to let the novelist and the anti-social socialist editor be the architects of the social structure this foundation supports.

"Integral with the foundation we have laid, it is our imperative duty to compose the social superstructure. The finished architect's plan will be a rehabilitated moral code."

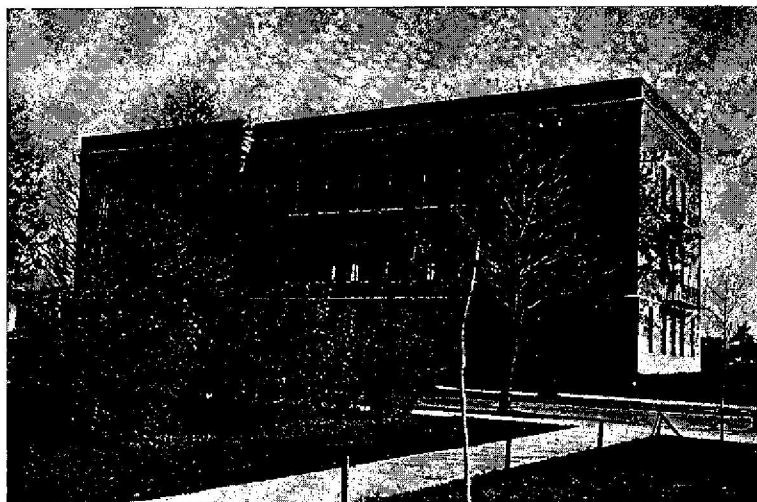
Now it is imperative that scientists restore the moral basis of society by establishing ethics positively on a basis of science. The necessity of this obligation of scientific teachers is thus presented by Dr. Copeland:

"If some of you hear these professions with mistrust, as the church, witnessing the workings of imperfect scientific thought has watched its growing hold on men with dread, I want to say to you that it will support the moral teachings of Jesus more completely than the most of you accept it. Not to choose the example you hold in least respect, let us consider the non-resistance of evil. This is omitted from some of your creeds, and these not minor ones. But the ethics founded on science will draw the lesson from the fact that not once in human history has any race held a place of importance in the world for a thousand years without having to put this virtue into practice.

"The architecture of our culture will not be the work of any one man or group; but the scientist who contributes nothing to it will miss the finest field for his efforts. I am very sure that no man will fill worthily a place in this building unless he contributes something to the improvement of that life of the people in the state which is more commonplace and intimate, more everyday, than is reached directly by his particular science.

"We must ourselves teach what is in us. No professor who knows why a classroom is given to him will be content to expose students to facts and facts to students. The student will not contract wisdom without exposure to the professor. In form, these halls may have been built for the establishment of scientific truth and the teaching of certain sciences; but neither of these ends will be worthily accomplished unless the cultural, ethical import of science—all science and particular science—is kept constantly in the foreground of the investigator and teacher.

(Continued on page 31)



The newest building on the campus, which houses the geology and psychology departments and the reserve library, was dedicated to Dr. Thomas Condon, famous Oregon geologist, on February 6. A tribute to the pioneer work done in Oregon geology by Dr. Condon was paid by Dr. Warren D. Smith, head of the geology department.

Diagram No. 2 shows in graphic form the constant and steady increase in enrollment over the past thirteen years. The creditable exception in the year 1917-18 was caused by the large number of Oregon men who went into the country's service in the World War.

The following table based on the fall term of this year and dealing only with students in residence at Eugene, shows how the work of the University is distributed among the various schools and departments:

In respect to the number of credit-hours of instruction given, the departments rank as follows:

1. English	8,616	13. Political Science	1,084
2. Romance Languages	5,247	14. Law	952
3. Business Administration ..	2,804	15. Germanic Languages	922
4. Physical Education	2,800	16. Music	868
Men	1,248	17. Mathematics	846
Women	1,557	18. Journalism	836
5. History	2,590	19. Sociology	746
6. Economics	2,520	20. Military Science	744
7. Architecture & Allied Arts ..	2,094	21. Botany	627
Architecture	567	22. Physics	508
Fine Arts	968	23. Philosophy	361
Normal Art	559	24. Latin	282
8. Education	1,844	25. Household Arts	265
9. Zoology	1,524	26. Greek	152
10. Psychology	1,611	27. Mechanics	39
11. Chemistry	1,299		
12. Geology	1,240		41,307

In respect to the number of students doing major work in the departments, they rank as follows:

1. Business Administration ..	481	15. Physics	46
2. English	352	16. Sociology	37
3. Architecture & Allied Arts ..	219	17. Psychology	31
Architecture	77	18. Chemistry	26
Fine Arts	76	Geology	26
Normal Art	66	19. Zoology	24
4. Journalism	214	20. Botany	23
5. Medicine (Eugene)	193	21. Latin	15
6. Economics	189	22. Greek	12
7. Education	188	32. Germanic ..	8
8. Pre-Law	144	24. Military Sci-	5
9. Music	117	ence	
10. Physical Education	104	25. Political Sci-	4
Men	34	ence	
Women	70	26. Philosophy ..	3
11. Romance Languages	95	27. Mechanics	1
12. History	80		
13. Law	68		
14. Mathematics	47		2,752

Dividing the total number of credit-hours (41,307) by the number of students in the University, fall term, 1925-26, (2,752) we find that each student carried an average of 15.00 term hours.

Comparative enrollment by classes and sex for 1923-24, 1924-25, and fall term, 1925-26, was also included in the report and the table for 1925-26, fall term, is given below:

	Men	Women	Total
Freshmen	439	483	922
Sophomores	376	347	723
Juniors	268	220	488
Seniors	211	204	415
Specials	15	17	32
Graduates	51	34	85
E. B. U.	14	4	18
Veterans' Bureau	0	1	1
1st Year Law	25	1	26
2nd Year Law	20	2	22
3rd Year Law	18	0	18
Law Specials	2	0	2
	1,489	1,263	2,752

The following table gives the number of new students entering the University in the fall term for the past five years:

1921-22	851	1924-25	1,040
1922-23	846	1925-26	1,136
1923-24	868		

Kappa Kappa Gamma Heads Grade List

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA headed the list of all men's and women's living organizations in scholastic averages for the fall term. The rating was 46.541 with an average for the hours passed of 2.733. Alpha Phi was second with an average of 46.363, and Delta Gamma with 46.117 was third.

Phi Kappa Psi ranked first among the men's organizations, and twentieth on the list, with 39.871. Sigma Pi Tau was second with 39.783, and Delta Tau Delta, third, with 38.428.

Following is a list of the houses, in the order they come on the list:

1, Kappa Kappa Gamma; 2, Alpha Phi; 3, Delta Gamma; 4, Sigma Beta Phi; 5, Alpha Chi Omega; 6, Thacher Cottage; 7, Alpha Xi Delta; 8, Alpha Gamma Delta; 9, Gamma Phi Beta; 10, Chi Omega; 11, Alpha Omicron Pi; 12, Kappa Alpha Theta; 13, Kappa Omicron; 14, Tau Nu; 15, Susan Campbell Hall; 16, Alpha Delta Pi; 17, Pi Beta Phi; 18, Delta Delta Delta; 19, Delta Zeta; 20, Phi Kappa Psi; 21, Sigma Pi Tau; 22, Hendricks Hall; 23, Delta Tau Delta; 24, Beta Theta Pi; 25, Oregon Club (women); 26, Friendly Hall; 27, Sigma Alpha Epsilon; 28, Sigma Nu; 29, Alpha Beta Chi; 30, Kappa Delta Phi; 31, Kappa Sigma; 32, Lambda Psi; 33, Alpha Tau Omega; 34, Theta Chi; 35, Phi Gamma Delta; 36, Psi Kappa; 37, Chi Psi; 38, Phi Delta Theta; 39, Sigma Chi.

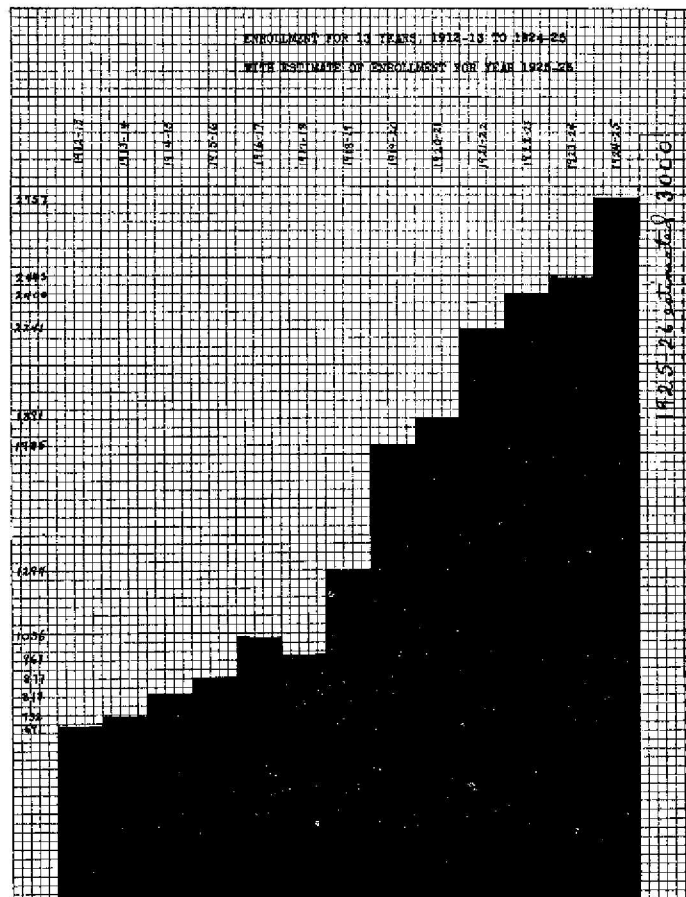


DIAGRAM NO. 2

Early Days in Oregon's Football History

By WALTER L. WHITTELSEY, '01

OREGON'S first football team was in 1893. The students got the idea from Spalding's Guide, from such illustrated magazines as Harper's Weekly, from Stanford and University of California.

The first season ended with 100 per cent victories; we defeated Albany College in the only contest of that year, which was played February, 1894. Benson, who had been a quarterback at the University of California, put the sport on its feet in 1895.

However, in the fall of 1894 we lost to Oregon Agricultural College, to Portland University, which has been long extinct, and closed the season by playing a 0-0 game with Pacific University (Forest Grove) on the race track in deep mud at the end of Willamette street. I was in prep school then and saw this tie game. It took two hours to clean the 'dobe mud off my shoes.

Harry Templeton, class of 1896, failing and interstate orator, baseball and handball player, a track man who threw the hammer and put the shot, was captain of the 1895 eleven. That year we beat O. A. C. 42 to 0; Portland University 6 to 4; and Willamette 6 to 0.

I saw nearly all of Oregon's football games from 1894 to 1904, inclusive, and reported them for several years for the Weekly (now the Emma-rid). In those days the captaincy amounted to nothing in prestige, except in one of Dick Smith's years (probably 1898) and Fred Ziegler's in 1901. The coach was the outstanding figure (Simpson). Some of the mentors during those years were Benson, Simmons, the big tackle, "Locomotive" Smith, Kaarsberg, all of whom were from Berkeley. The Templeton family—Harry, Fred ("Sox"), Charley, Frank, Joe—five of them, had a hereditary place in the backfield.

In those times Oregon football was a gang sport, played by a small bunch of sturdy, hard-boiled and durable men who stuck together. The strength of the team was their faith and loyalty to one another. Almost nobody watched practice; rooting was nearly unknown; and the team didn't give a rap. "Alis volat propriis" (She flies with her own wings), the territorial motto of Oregon, was the slogan of the early Oregon football teams.

Our victories were 6 to 4 with Portland University in 1895; 38 to 0 with O. A. C. in 1898 (the Aggies beat us 26 to 8 the year before); 2 to 0 with University of California in 1900.

In the game with Portland University in 1895, Shattuck (ex-'97), who is now a lawyer, 42 Broadway, New York City, and who then played guard, took Clarence Bishop (ex-'02) 25 or 30 yards around end. "Roc" Bryson ('99) kicked goal. Portland bucked the ball 100 yards to a touchdown, but the ball was brought out and laid on the ground. Gilliland (ex-'99), who played center, fell on it. The score was 6 to 4 for us. Portland spent more than 40 minutes of play desperately trying to score on a dry field. They made only five or six yards in three plays. Shattuck and Russell Coleman, Oregon ends, were under everything. Shattuck was knocked cold, and played ten or fifteen minutes without knowing where he was. Nobody ever played better.

Then Portland got within ten inches of our goal line. Coach Benson, a highstrung fighter, who weighed approximately 125 pounds, turned his back on the field with tears

streaming down his face. He couldn't bear to see his men lose. Portland lost three inches on the play, but it meant they lost the ball and the game. Harry Templeton punted out 50 yards from behind our goal.

When the team got back we who lived in the dormitory had cleaned and decorated their rooms. We felt that way. Several of the players had to be carried upstairs; I never have seen men so bruised, lame and broken in everything but spirit. Coleman was literally black and blue from head to foot. Nowadays they talk about teams having "fight" and getting "hopped up," but that 1895 outfit had it all!

In 1898 our team looked good, but the Multnomah club defeated them 6 to 0 (alumni records give this score as 21 to 0). After the game, the field showed three huge wallows about 15 feet wide all the way across. Two drives for touchdowns stopped at our two-yard line, but the other one went over. Pratt, a tackle, and Frazer, a half, did it. Both were real men.

That same year, however, Homer Daniel Angell (1900), orator, debater, first-grouper, and general live wire, who weighed 167 pounds and played guard, actually inspired the team into defeating O. A. C. 38 to 0 on their own field in a game that previously they had counted as easy. A star case of fire from ashes.

Stanford beat us in 1900 on their field. It was a hard field and it was hot in the shade. The game ended 34 to 0.



A snapshot of Walter L. Whittelsey, '01, and William Hyde Stalker, '98.

Shortly afterward, we played California in Berkeley. We put over a safety, which counted two points, in the first three minutes of play. California outweighed us approximately 15 pounds to the man. Ziegler played the game with two broken ribs. Our quarterback (I think it was Freddy Edwards or Scott) had a bad knee and a lame shoulder, but he stood up behind the line, outguessed California on almost every play, and flopped the big California backs as they came crashing through the line like runaway boxcars. Mud a foot deep covered the field during that game, but despite the slippery field, California used all their fast backs. The

climax came when Orvie Overall, who weighed 200 pounds and who later became a big league pitcher, went in at full-back, and bucked the ball some 80 or 90 yards. But the ball didn't go over the line. In a solid hour's play the California attack failed, and the final score was Oregon 2, California 0. We in Eugene surged out of the telegraph office and up Willamette street like raging maniacs. "Twas a wild night the night!"

Those were great days but these are as good or better. That 1925 team at Seattle was a true embodiment of Oregon's fighting spirit for more than 30 years.

Portland Alumni Honor Coach at Banquet

By ALEXANDER G. BROWN

ONE OF the outstanding alumni dinners of recent years was staged by the Portland association at the Portland hotel on the night of January 29, honoring Captain John J. McEwan, Oregon's new football coach; Robert Mautz, captain of the 1925 varsity; Albert Sinclair, football captain elect; Harold (Red) Grange, Illinois star and present professional football leader, and George Wilson, late of the University of Washington, who has also turned professional.

It has been years since there has been so much enthusiasm displayed by alumni of the University as was shown on the night of the dinner, and Captain McEwan made an instant hit. The dinner was his initial public appearance in Portland and the alumni were especially well pleased with his brief resume of what he expected to do in a football way at the University.

The new coach left no doubt in the minds of those present but that he will "run the party" as far as football is concerned at Eugene. Through an early spring practice and the cooperation of assistant coaches which he expects to bring west from his former post at West Point, Captain McEwan declared that he expected to have the Oregon team well drilled in the army system by the opening of the 1926 season.

Sinclair displayed the new life that has taken hold of Oregon's football men with the coming to the west of Captain McEwan and in his brief talk expressed the hope that Oregon spirit on the gridiron next fall would be an offensive spirit as well as a defensive strength, as it has been prone to be in the past.

Grange spoke briefly relative to professional football and endeavored to change the opinion of the few present who have been opposed to professional football. Grange declared that if he or other members of the Chicago Bears thought that their action was hurting college football they would turn in their suits at once.

Wilson paid a great tribute to Oregon, declaring that the two hardest games he has ever played were against Oregon in 1924 and 1925.

Nicholas Jaureguy, president of the Portland Alumni Association, under whose direction the dinner was staged, was toastmaster. Among other speakers were Walter Malcolm, president of the Associated Students of the University; Jack Benefiel, graduate manager; Virgil D. Earl, director of athletics; Harold Young, president of the state alumni association; Professor H. C. Howe, Oregon's conference representative; Jack Latourette, captain of the 1907 Oregon football team; Stan Anderson, ex-president of the student body and former football star, and Charles Robison of Astoria.

Don Orput, all-star yell leader of Oregon for all time, led in a group of yells. The musical numbers included a group of solos by Frank Jue, Chinese tenor, former member of the glee club and soloist with the University orchestra; violin numbers by Helen Harper and a group of Oregon songs by a special quartet. Marion Neil Giger accompanied Miss Harper and Mr. Jue.

Members of the committee which had charge of the dinner included: Lamar Tooze, general chairman; Nicholas Jaureguy, Harold Young, Lyle Bartholomew, Stan Anderson, Allan Bynon, Floyd Maxwell, John Anderson, Rouel Moore, Alexander G. Brown, Burns Powell, Elston Ireland, George Colton, Ralf Couch, Lyle Brown, Helen Harper, Mildred Steinmetz, Agnes Beach, Roberta Killam Harwood, Gwladys Bowen and Mildred Weeks.

Inter-collegiate Alumni Hotels

THE ASSOCIATED alumni of seventy leading colleges and universities in America are designating one hotel in practically every city of the United States and Canada as a member of a nation-wide chain of intercollegiate alumni hotels. In New York and Chicago three hotels will be designated.

The actuating motive behind the plan is to provide a common meeting ground for college men and women under conditions that will make for social congeniality, thus furthering and strengthening the coordination of alumni interests.

The alumni magazines of all the participating institutions will be kept on file in the reading room of each intercollegiate alumni hotel. Lists containing the names of local alumni will also be maintained by the alumni magazines.

The committee having the work in charge is selecting hotels which evince a cordial spirit of cooperation with the movement. In most cities the leading hotels are taking very kindly to the plan and will in the course of the next six months begin to display the official insignia adopted by the committee.

All college men and women who travel regularly will soon be able to chart their course so that they can move from one alumni home to another, meeting friends wherever they go and resuming old friendships.

Anyone wishing to secure information concerning the plan, which involves many additional interesting details, may write to Levering Tyson, 311 East Hall, Columbia University.

Under the Gargoyles: *Being a Series of Academic Portraits*

Dean Alfred Powers

By GRACE EDGINGTON JORDAN, '16

YOU CANNOT describe Alfred Powers, new dean of the school of extension, without offending his several thousand admirers. For, although his ensemble is completely masculine, he sounds, when you take him apart, as if he belonged to the decorative sex.

When you analyze his looks, the world realizes what a nice girl was lost when Alfred's parents, way back in Oklahoma several decades ago, decided to make a boy of him.

For he has eyes of the romantic color, brown; a fresh, rosy skin; black-brown hair in ample quantity; several flickering dimples; a gentle voice; and an expression so amiable one knows it hides guile.

But put together again, Mr. Powers is perfectly all right. He talks little until besought to; he gives no unnecessary confidences and demands none at all; he doesn't have to be looked at when he comes into a room; and he's one of these walking men—likes to do 26 to 30 miles every day for a month when he can find anyone to go with him.

Most walking men can't be put into small rooms or clothes that touch anywhere. But up at 212 Medical Arts building, Portland, the new home of the Portland branch of the University, up there you find him fitted into a double desk in the same cubicle with Margaret Sharp, extension secretary. And neither of them could hold much of a levee in the space left. Band-box neat and certainly not gaudy, Mr. Powers squeezes in at his half of the desk and sits there doing one thing after another. He does one thing after another without irritation or hurry or looseness. On the phone, which stops ringing only long enough to get answered, he is a little choppy until he gets going. This is because he hasn't yet learned the phone manner of the devotee of administration. Probably he will never learn it.

Alfred Powers likes to teach and he doesn't long to be academic. That is, he likes whom he teaches more than what he teaches. If teaching consisted of repeating even the most fascinating facts at the most fabulous salary to a roomful of statuary, Alfred Powers would be—out walking.

Here is a handful of facts about Mr. Powers that should really not be disclosed: he doesn't contemplate any degree beyond his present A.B. He isn't thrilled about being a dean. He has no intention of reforming his friends, believing it nicest to let them go to the devil in their own way. He is a lowbrow in music. And in literature—well, essays are all right if he has set out to read an essay; but if it's a story, he wants it to *be* a story. He went into the army a buck private and came out, not a general as one would expect, but a buck private—though he did have an assignment all the time with the intelligence section. He is by nature a gambler—he lost his dessert for a week when a freshman on a wager that in this length of time he could learn to sing Auld Lang Syne in a way to be recognized by a competent judge.

Alfred Powers has always had an itch to write or teach. He has been working at one or the other ever since he graduated from Oregon in 1910. His writing has been special publicity work of many kinds, magazine articles, and juvenile fiction.

"The Hickory Bank," published first in Youth's Companion, was reprinted some time ago in a fourth reader used in New York and in some of the New England states. "Marooned in Crater Lake," published by St. Nicholas, was regarded by the editors of this magazine as one of the stories of the year. They have published other tales of his as well. Mr. Powers' pet idea has been to develop boys' stories of ingenious plot with an authentic Oregon background. "The Hickory Bank" was a crossing-the-plains tale, the bank a hickory axle with a secret cavity drilled through its length, big enough around to admit twenty-dollar gold pieces. Mr. Powers contemplates a volume as soon as he has several more stories ready, enough to make a 50,000-word book.

Mr. Powers would rather write good fiction than do anything else—if he could, he specifies.

Last summer was his first experience as director of a summer session, although he had previously been an assistant director. In this position he took charge of the assemblies, which were huge ones, completely filling the assembly room at Lincoln high school. Although speaking to a large group doesn't trouble Mr. Powers, perhaps it was just as well that he couldn't hear the buzzzzz of "Who's that good-lookin' man on the stage?" that ran around the flower-bed at his feet.

His classes in news and magazine writing are always large, and intense is the excitement when one of his students sells. And oh, the conferring afterward, and the worrying about whether to release part of the rights or all, and all the delightful fluttering and clucking until the printed masterpiece is in hand. And for all this Mr. Powers has time, patience, nay more, enthusiasm.

He has become the rosy-cheeked young godpapa to scores of potential Isaac Marcossons and Ida Tarbells.

At home he has a different paternal duty, that of helping bring up John Alfred, aged four. Though John Alfred has been sounding his letters for a year and can read words, he is not going to be precocious. Mrs. Powers, who was an Illinois girl, will see to this.

Mr. Powers entered the University of Oklahoma but left in his freshman year when his family moved West. He graduated from Oregon in 1910, and became "principal" of Union high school Number 1, at Pleasant Hill, out from Eugene. Being principal meant being everything. The next year he was principal at Florence, remaining two years. Then he was four years at Oakland. In the summer of 1917 he was attached to the staff of the University extension division and worked out the Red Cross Monitor in cooperation with the Red Cross. That fall he became a field representative for the A. R. C. In May, 1918, he was sent north by the national Red Cross to speak in the principal cities of Alaska on the second Red Cross roll call.

He returned direct to Camp Lewis and enlisted. He was sent to Camp Kearney, then overseas, with the 40th division. He saw about a year of service.

(Continued on page 22)