

Old Oregon

October, 1924

VOLUME VII, NO. 1

HOMECOMING · NUMBER



Most Homecomers love this view of Villard and Deady taken under the Condon Oaks. The large rock in the immediate foreground is the memorial presented to the campus by the class of 1893.

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Volume VII

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After the third lightless night, the business men took matters into their own hands. "If the city won't pay for the lights, we will," they told the city council.

Where was Lima when the lights went out?

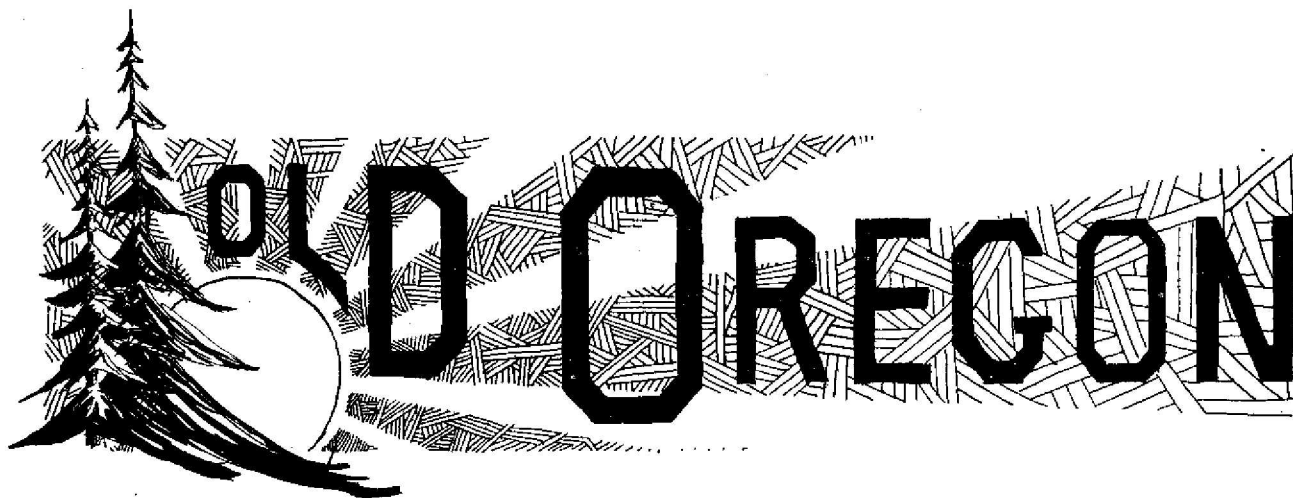


MAZDA, the Mark of a Research Service. It is the mark which assures the user of the lamp that the manufacturer had advantage of the most recent findings of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. Invention moves from the ideal to the real. So the researches of men trained to investigate and experiment make impressive contributions to human progress.

As part of an economy program, Lima, Ohio, tried turning out the street lights. The trial lasted three nights.

One newspaper summarized the result as "the probability of a crime wave, increase in the number of traffic accidents, and the loss to Lima business houses of a gigantic sum during the holiday season."

GENERAL ELECTRIC



The Greatest Event in the Year for Alumni —Homecoming!

THERE will be excitement, The Game, food, and greetings for the old grad who comes back for Homecoming, October 31 and November 1. And over all will float the standard of the green and lemon-yellow! Jack High, chairman of the Homecoming committee, has been dashing about with his assistants putting the "come" into "Homecoming" ever since the beginning of school. They have done everything from ordering clear weather, with both sun and moon, to sending to New York for firecrackers.

"The Homecoming directorate is going to be the hardest working group in the world just about a week before the big event," the chairman assures us, "making plans for the entertainment of our 'old grads.'"

Virgil Earl, '06, Jeannette Calkins, '18, and John MacGregor, '23, are acting as an alumni advisory committee.

Some of the plans have not yet been definitely made, but a letter from the alumni secretary will be sent out shortly before the coffee is put on to boil and the Oregon Knights don their regalia to make their welcoming bows.

Information thus far is as follows:

1. **Housing:** The housing committee will handle this end of it, but they must be notified ahead of time what to expect. If you are not staying with friends or fraternity the committee will reserve a room for you if you let them know what accommodations you want. Address Housing Committee, care of Alumni Secretary.

2. **Information and Special Aid:** The Oregon Knights in their green sweaters emblazoned with yellow casques will constitute a welcoming committee, police force, and campus Baedeker. Cars will meet the trains, and as for the highways—well, all roads lead to—home to Oregon, anyway! The Knights will escort visitors wherever they wish to go.

3. **Registration:** The lobby of Johnson hall will be used as in former years for registration, and rooms will be assigned there.

4. **Opening Rally:** The cup will be awarded as in former years to the men's group having the noisiest noise-making machine in the big parade which starts from Kincaid field, Friday night, goes down Willamette street in defiance of street cars and rain (sometimes), and finally winds back to Kincaid field again. Following the parade a rousing rally will be held on the field warmed by the Frosh Bonfire, and speeches will be delivered from a platform erected especially for speakers and the band. The "Oregon Fight," both past and present will be the theme of old yell kings, lettermen, and the athletic section of "Who's Who at Oregon."

5. **Alumni Council:** The alumni council will meet at 9 a.m. Saturday in the office of the alumni secretary.

6. **General Alumni Meeting:** The regular semi-annual alumni meeting will be held at 10 a.m. Saturday in Guild Hall, on the main floor of Johnson hall. There will be election of officers.

7. **The Saturday Noon Luncheon:** The menu, which has been the constant care of Marguerite McCabe, chairman of the luncheon committee, is a secret. Food will be served at noon in the men's gymnasium. It has been revealed, however, that there will *not* be the usual cold sliced ham and escalloped potatoes of previous years. Yes, the menu is a secret—except that there will be fruit salad, coffee and ice cream cones, enough to satisfy one's heartiest appetite.

8. **The Game:** The game will be with the University of Washington this year, and all the fight, push, pep and voice that the old grads can bring will be needed. Reserved seats may be secured from the Graduate Manager, Jack

Home! Hello! Hit the Huskies!

Benefiel. As always there will be the procession of the heroes—the Order of the O parade. A feature will be staged between halves.

9. Naturalization: Following the custom established two years ago, there will be a number of Homecoming Alumni from other institutions taken into the University of Oregon fold. They will rise in their places in the grandstand for the adoption "rites" to be pronounced over them.

10. Dance and Reception: The evening festivities will be carried on in both the alumni hall of the Woman's building and in the Eugene Armory. The former place will be, as its name indicates, a spot of refuge for the alumnus or alumna wishing to regale himself or herself with punch and good dance music. And there will be a reception first.

12. Railroad Rates: Inquire at your local depot. Rates are usually granted for Homecoming.

A number of new features are promised this time, especially for the parade, rally, and dance. The rally is to be outside and on the campus instead of in the armory as it was last year. And there will be more music. As for the rest—come and see for yourself!

President Campbell Convalescing in Eugene

WHEN OLD OREGON last went to press, the beloved President of the University had already been ill for nearly three months, and was at that time in the Portland Convalescent hospital. Now, more than three months later, he is still so ill as to be unable to attend to any University duties.

June and the first half of July were severe months upon President Campbell. His suffering was very marked. The pain centered mainly in the lower part of the abdomen and



in his back, the trouble being a low-grade infection in the lower abdominal region.

About the middle of July, the severe pain which had torn the President for more than two months, suddenly diminished. His temperature went down to normal. Since he was tired of a hospital bed, he was permitted by his physicians to go to the beach at Gearhart, whither he was taken by ambulance and where he stayed in Haradon Cottage under the constant ministrations of Mrs. Campbell and of two nurses.

President Campbell, however, up to the time of his illness, had been of such unusual health and physique that he had never needed the services of a physician, except for minor ills.

His great vigor and his remarkable courage have stood him well in this long period. The cessation of pain in July gave him his chance, since that time there have been only a few brief setbacks: a day or two now and then of slight pain with some fever. Between July 15 and October 1, he gained fully twenty pounds, improved so much in appetite that he was able throughout most of September to consume two thousand calories daily, and he also lost the unfavorable color which was characteristic of the late spring and early summer. Indeed, his color of late has been very good.

As a result of this improvement, the President has been moved to Eugene, where in the familiar and intimate residence which he has occupied for twenty-two years, he will continue his convalescence undisturbed, but cheered by the sounds of student activities outside.

Faculty and students alike have longed for President Campbell's return, have kept in close touch with his condition, and have sent him many messages of hope and good wishes.

The freshman class of 1924 manifested its interest in the President's condition by sending him the following telegram:

"More than seven hundred freshmen assembled in Villard hall desire to send greetings to their beloved President Campbell, and to utter the hope that he may soon be with them, restored to perfect health. The class desires to assure him of their loyal support at all times and to assure him further that he need have no fear lest any act of theirs will ever cause him the least anxiety."

Oregon and Michigan Alumni Welcome Maddock

OREGON and Michigan, long united on the faculty side at Eugene by the presence of numerous Michigan graduates on the instructional staff, are at last becoming united on the alumni side. The bond of union is the new coach of intercollegiate football—Joe Maddock, long ago the hero of Michigan football and now soon to be a hero of Oregon football.

In recognition of the new relationship between them, Michigan and Oregon alumni met at a smoker in the University Club on September 19. To this smoker came nearly one hundred alumni, to the Michigan portion of whom an invitation was extended to become adopted sons of Oregon at the next Homecoming ceremony.

Portland has long been a stronghold of Michigan alumni, and the speakers who represented them at the smoker said that the whole Michigan constituency in the West is greatly pleased and complimented over the selection of Mr. Maddock as the Oregon coach. These words must have been very pleasing to the ears of the coach himself, who went down from Eugene for the joint meeting. They were pleasing to the several others who also went down for this important event: John Bovard, dean of the School of Physical Education, of which the department of athletics is a section; Virgil Earl, head of the department of athletics; John W. Benefiel, graduate manager; Bill Hayward, track coach. From the faculty were several not directly concerned with athletics who appeared at the smoker to show their good will: Karl Onthank, executive secretary; Henry D. Sheldon, dean of the School of Education; Colin V. Dymont, dean of the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts.

Joe Maddock said to the assembled alumni that his material was fair, and that the quantity of it was only moderate; nevertheless, he expected to model a team that, while it would not be of championship calibre, would not detract from Oregon's football reputation. He said that he would do his best and that the team would be heard from.



Homecoming

AUTUMN. And a harvest of memories. For the old grad time slips by—slips by, and is no more. But at one time of the year the clocks turn backward, and stand still. Time is annihilated. The exile longs to return. Memories. And a wind is blowing homeward. And whether it be on a little farm so-many miles from nowhere, or in a town among busy common-places, or in Hawaii where the trade winds blow, or in Alaska in a vast immensity, or in Peru among an alien people, or in France in the golden dust of centuries, the heart of the old grad returns to his alma mater. Perhaps he comes back. He finds change—change, and new life everywhere. Perhaps he only longs to come back. But if he does return there are some things that are the same. The alma mater is still *his* alma mater. Deady and Villard are waiting, like a dear crotchety old grandfather and grandmother with whom time has dealt gently. The same moon looks down on the same millrace. He still rallies to the old standard of the green and lemon-yellow. Old faces. Old dreams. Autumn. A harvest of memories.

Under the Gargoyles

Being a series of articles on the deans of the University

THERE is a picture of Dean Straub—Dean Straub in a lighted window. Last year the "biggest and best" class that ever entered the University of Oregon did not have the usual kindly word of encouragement to carry them through hazing and flunks as they organized their class. For John Straub, dean of men, and guardian angel of all frosh, was in the hospital in Portland. Finally he was brought back, but allowed to



see no one. At Homecoming, on the night of the noise parade, the word ran like wild-fire that "The Grand Old Man" was sitting up.

It was true. As the noisiest of noisy parades made its way down Eleventh street past the brown house among the

large trees, there was to be seen the Dean himself sitting in the lighted window with the little lady of the rustling silks and charming brooches beside him. Dean and Mrs. Straub waved in greeting, and the steam engines tooted extra loud in return. By the dozens, husky fellows in green and lemon-yellow rooters' caps dashed up to the window to call their greetings, then hurried on their way. But as they returned to their places in the line others broke ranks, so that the yard was constantly alive.

There is another picture of Dean Straub in a cap and gown at commencement time giving his blessing and final benediction to the departing graduates.

When Dean Straub first came to the University as a young tutor in 1878 he taught Greek, Latin, French, German, geometry, algebra, higher arithmetic and rhetoric. He has taught under every president of the University, and with J. W. Johnson, president, Dr. M. Bailey, and Thomas Condon, was a member of the first faculty on the campus. In 1900 he was made dean of the College of Literature, Science and the Arts, and resigned 20 years later to give more time to his work as professor of Greek and to his office as Dean of Men.

Dean Straub is a tradition. He is almost an institution. He is the tie that holds the past to the present—the only person to be seen at Homecoming whom every student can remember. He is "Daddy Straub" to all alike.

He has seen the University grow from Deady hall and two small trees to its present venerable aspect of ivy-wreathed towers. He has taught 7 o'clock classes in the old days lit by tallow dips and warmed by stoves—and sometimes not so warm, at that. He remembers the day when there were 150 students in the University, and of these only 40 in the collegiate school.

Hale and hearty again, he is coming very close to a half century of service to the University he loves. Driving along in his car in the country, he may see a group of young people out hiking. "Why, I believe those are some of my Oregon students," he will say. Indeed, he claims them all. And for them all he spells that which is most beloved in their college memories. A lighted window. Home.

Alumni Council Elected

MARGARET BANNARD GOODALL, '04, Eugene; Earl Kilpatrick, '09, Portland; Dorothy Duniway, '20, Portland; and Herald White, '20, Eugene, are the newly elected members of the alumni council for the two-year term. The first count of the ballots sent to members of the alumni association in June revealed the fact that each of the eleven candidates ran well, and the very strictest verification was necessary before the official count was finally determined. The candidate rating next to the winners came as close as three votes.

These four, then, together with the members of the council held over from last year, K. K. Kubli, '93, Portland; James H. (Jimmy) Gilbert, '03, Eugene; Mary Watson-Barnes, '09, Eugene; James S. Johns, '12, Pendleton, and Nicholas Jaureguy, '17, Portland, will hold the reins.

Mrs. Goodall is at present instructor in education in the University high school, where she is head of the English department. She has been teaching in the University high school since 1917. Following her graduation from the University she spent some time abroad studying the German language and literature in Dresden and Berlin. More recently she has done summer school work toward her master of arts degree. On the campus she was associate editor of the Web-foot, member of Eutaxian literary society, and secretary-treasurer of Treble Clef. She is the wife of George O. Goodall, '02, and the mother of two young sons.

Mr. Kilpatrick is dean of the Extension Division of the University of Oregon, with which he has been connected since 1914. He was elected lieutenant-governor for Oregon of the Kiwanis club at the Walla Walla convention in August. In 1917 he was assistant manager of the Northwest division of the American Red Cross at Seattle, became manager in 1920, and did relief work in 1921 and 1922. While in the University he was winner of the Beekman prize for oratory, a Philologist, a member of the interstate debate teams, and assistant editor of the Oregon Monthly. He married Helen Kenny, ex-'09, in 1912.

Miss Duniway, after her graduation in the University school of journalism, was a reporter on the Portland Oregonian. She is now connected with Reed college, Portland, in the capacity of secretary of the college. Not so long ago, when her University career was in full swing, she won honors in general scholarship, was associate editor of the Emerald, a member of the Oregana staff, of the student council, Tre Nu, Theta Sigma Phi, Kappa Kappa Gamma, and Phi Beta Kappa.

As proprietor of the White Electric company, Mr. White has been using the managing ability which made him the successful chairman of the homecoming committee when he was in the University. He was president of the student body, a member of To-Ko-Lo, and of Beta Theta Pi. His wife is Beulah Smith White, ex-'20.

The Campaign is Still On

By ROBERT B. KUYKENDALL, '13.

FOUR Hundred Sixty-One Thousand, Two Hundred Eighty-Four Dollars and Forty-Four Cents (\$461,284.44).

That is the dollars-and-cents story of the Alumni campaign to date of September 15th last. Figures are most unromantic and comparisons, someone said somewhere, are odious. The campaign organization has already received regular reports showing the comparative standings of local units, counties, districts and divisions. Each chairman is more or less familiar with the fact that we are still approaching the half-way mark in our effort to raise a million for the memorial court, library, and, if there be sufficient funds, the men's gymnasium.

It is tradition that the football teams of old Oregon fight hardest when they have their backs to the wall. That same spirit dominates the Oregon alumni. It is known that many alumni who have not been approached for pledges will subscribe if they are asked to do so. The campaign organization, therefore, is asked by the Executive Committee to take a second breath and hit the line harder than ever and put the campaign across. It can be done.

Figures are unromantic, but the campaign has been full of inspiring incidents. An Eastern Oregon citizen who has helped many Oregon men through college in a financial way, who is as loyal a supporter of the University as any of our alumni though he never attended the institution a single day, pledged two 2-6-0's. A Portland alumnus has subscribed \$3,500 because he calculated the cost to the state of his four years at Oregon together with interest thereon would amount to that sum. Then there is the Ohio alumna who wrote Thomas A. Burke, '11, the Ohio chairman, as follows:

"The college I graduated from asked for 2-8-5; another one I attended asks for 5-0-0; you are asking for 2-6-0. Never in my life have I wished that I had wealth until these calls came. I shall pledge myself the full amount, hoping that some way may be found to meet the payments. I have a very tender feeling for U. of O. I was ill for two years after I left there; then the war came; I was not wise enough to make a fortune out of it. Was in government service almost five years working with the 'buddies.' Am leaving my present position tomorrow for hospital treatment."

There are many other such instances. The response of the Oregon alumni, to date, has been splendid. But the job still remains uncompleted. Let us take up the work where we left off at the beginning of the vacation season and finish it.

Comparisons are odious, but we cannot refrain from inserting the following table showing what the graduating classes have done:

What the Classes Have Done for Old Oregon

*Includes graduates of Medical School and of the Portland U. of O. Law School.

Class	No. Living Graduates	No. Subscribers	Quota	Amount Subscribed
1873	3	2	\$ 780.00	\$ 800.00
1879	5	0	1,300.00	
1880	16	1	4,160.00	500.00
1881	5	1	1,300.00	260.00
1882	9	1	2,340.00	30.00
1883	12	3	3,120.00	486.00
1884	11	3	2,860.00	2,020.00
1885	6	4	1,560.00	880.00
1886	8	1	2,080.00	50.00
1887	11	3	2,860.00	3,320.00
1888	14	3	3,640.00	880.00
1889	10	1	2,600.00	260.00
1890	27	6	7,020.00	1,666.00
1891	10	2	2,600.00	260.00
1892	29	5	7,540.00	2,190.00
1893	36	5	9,360.00	2,144.84
1894	37	6	9,620.00	1,666.00
1895	41	4	10,660.00	470.00
1896	78	8	20,280.00	2,151.00
1897	75	8	19,500.00	1,900.00
1898	43	10	11,180.00	1,918.00
1899	42	10	10,920.00	1,594.88
1900	37	6	9,620.00	4,640.00
1901	52	22	13,520.00	7,152.00
1902	58	11	13,780.00	2,085.00
1903	49	18	12,740.00	6,527.00
1904	43	12	12,480.00	2,165.00
1905	72	18	18,980.00	4,080.00
1906	75	21	18,500.00	5,447.50
1907	108	19	28,080.00	4,175.29
1908	79	27	20,540.00	8,649.00
1909	94	17	24,440.00	3,667.50
1910	134	34	34,840.00	6,311.00
1911	127	28	38,020.00	4,561.87
1912	166	45	43,160.00	9,045.00
1913	190	56	49,400.00	12,836.00
1914	212	51	55,120.00	11,340.00
1915	107	41	27,820.00	8,445.00
1916	123	36	31,980.00	9,017.15
1917	137	48	36,620.00	8,692.50
1918	154	40	42,840.00	6,245.00
1919	144	24	37,440.00	5,225.00
1920	200	41	52,000.00	7,148.50
1921	226	59	58,760.00	9,286.67
1922	256	52	66,560.00	8,897.50
1923	370	144	102,200.00	19,311.00

Note: The Class of 1924 gave \$41,070.00 to the Student Union Fund during the campus campaign in April, 1924. Their quota was \$35,000.00.

For the convenience of those who have not yet signed, a pledge blank is printed below. Mail to Gift Campaign, University of Oregon, Eugene.

ALUMNI PLEDGE BLANK

University of Oregon Gift Campaign

Eugene, Oregon

In consideration of the gifts and subscriptions of others for the same purpose, I promise to pay to the University of Oregon Alumni Holding Company, on behalf of the UNIVERSITY OF OREGON GIFT FUND, the sum of

..... dollars (\$.....), payable as follows:

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 3. In ten annual instalments.
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(Name)

(Number and Street)

(Class)

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Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer, University of Oregon Gift Fund, and addressed to the Gift Campaign Office, University of Oregon, Eugene.

Grover, Grover, All In Clover

By HERBERT THOMPSON, ex-'96

AN ENTRY in my boyhood diary following the November elections of 1890 is headed by a picture intended to represent a crowing cock, which announces from its open beak "Sweeping Democratic Victories!" It contains the news of a Democratic majority of one hundred and nineteen in Congress and the winning of governorships in such states as Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Kansas. The entry for the succeeding day records:

"Returns show 124 maj for Democrats. This news knocked Travis silly. But T. says the Republicans didn't vote just to let the people see how Democrats would ruin the country. This is Reed and McKinley's funeral."

And the Democratic cock is thereupon pictured wiggling an upraised claw at his beak directly at a moping, buzzard-like bird, intended to represent the eagle, the Republican ballot symbol.

There is an unconscious humor in the narrowness and bitterness with which we boys in those days took politics. But there is something fine in unwavering devotion to a cause and willingness to perish for a leader, even if he be largely an idealized abstraction. So away with the well-ordered complacency of the present time, when the issues are economic and people don't care, and let us go back to the early 'eighties, when politics in Eugene was a thing of passions, thrills, pangs, cheers, tears, roaring barrooms and bloody noses.

* * *

Garfield had been slain by Guiteau. A man came and draped our front porch in black and white bunting. Services were held in town for the martyred President, and my father went there to speak. I later wondered why father put up mourning and spoke. Wasn't he a Democrat, and Garfield a Republican? This question worried me, for I became acutely conscious of being a Democrat. There was a state election on. Boys at school asked me what I was—Democrat or Republican. If my inquisitor was a Republican, as he was likely to be, he recited "Dead rats and pickled cats are good enough for Democrats," or gave me a pinch. In the meantime, my father had died. As much as I revered father, I thought he displayed unbecoming weakness or sentimentality in making such a fuss over Garfield. Frankly, it pained me.

Then came a day when Grandfather Cooper received a cardboard roll in the mails, and he took out a lithograph of Grover Cleveland, placed it in a frame and set it between the portraits of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson in his bedroom. To me, Lee and Jackson were demi-Gods. Cleveland, stout as he was, became a demi-God. That grave and determined face inspired me. The big campaign was on!

Every boy in school was a Democrat or a Republican except two or three sons of Prohibitionists, who soon declared themselves for their traditional party, the Republican. No boy was a mugwump, a spineless nonpartisan.

It was hard to break off friendships, to sever ties that went back to babyhood. And some of the new ties were distasteful. My old playmates read the same books. We traded books. There were books in our homes, and we visited and promoted circuses and games together and went berrying together in the hills. But now we went in different gangs and jeered at each other.

At school recess, we divided on political lines in the play yard. We Democrats were in a minority and had to stick

together close. When school was dismissed, politics broke out in the form of running fights and chases.

Strange bedfellows, I had. Boys who had made life miserable for me with trippings and pushings-over and miserable practical jokes now became fellow sufferers and intimates. But I sometimes wished those who had no home education would leave the arguments to us who were better informed. To boys like Virgil Johnson, our political leader, the Democrats were making a fight to "turn the rascals out," humiliate the trusts and restore government to the people. So it was disconcerting to hear some loyal but ignorant fellow boast that Cleveland could literally lick Blaine with one hand tied behind his back. Yet there were quite as many ignorant young Republicans, and these two antagonistic groups would quarrel over whether John L. Sullivan, the great and only John L., world's heavyweight *champeen*, stood for Cleveland or Blaine. (I knew positively John L. was a Democrat).

Then came the time for rallies and parades. What rallies we Democrats had! I couldn't sleep after them, but would lie rehashing the invincible arguments of the speakers to use on my wrong-headed opponents next day. Those charges and damning denunciations of Republican corruption! Great Heavens, to think such scoundrels should fatten at the public trough!

My pocket money went for *Puck* instead of peanuts. I pinned its lithographed cartoons to my walls, where I might look and gloat, picturing the rage of Blaine at seeing himself presented as a circus tattooed man. How different, to me, were the Democratic and the Republican cartoons—the one patriotically exposing smugness and corruption in humorous fashion, the other venting its partisan spite in vile libels.

It was bad enough to bear the Republican jeer about dead rats and pickled cats. Still, that could be passed by with contempt—like the assertion that if Blaine ever met Cleveland face to face, he would mop the sidewalk with him. But the song "Hang Jeff Davis to a Sour Apple Tree" was a reflection on my family; so what could even a temperamental pacifist do but shed coat and advance with upraised fists. To make it worse, the contemptible rhyme was sung to the tune associated with the body of the well-known horse-thief, John Brown.

The Republicans held meetings, which were most offensive. Our gang would stand opposite the door of the hall and jeer. And we hurled insults and defiance at the marching Republicans. They claimed to be the saviors of the Union and as such had a moral right to office. And Republican boys said we Democrats were only waiting for a chance to break up the Union and restore slavery, a charge that made us wild with rage. We were out to rescue the country from the trusts and to throw a horde of dishonest officials into the street. That we were.

Just before election day, the Democrats held a night parade with capes and caps of white oil cloth, torches and red fire, and the town brass band marched at the head. There were not enough caps and capes to supply mere boys, but my dear old grandfather, born and bred in Kentucky, made me a paper cap and gave me a red bandana with picture of Cleveland and a crowing cock and mottoes like "Throw the rascals out" and "Public office is a public trust." So I marched; and now and then a kindly man would let me carry his sputtering torch for a while. We chanted "Grover,

Grover, all in clover" to the swing of our steps and sang and cheered

Election day came.

We scanned the dispatches sent down from Portland and posted in the windows of Democratic stores and in front of the *Weekly Guard* office. Cleveland had, on the face, carried New York by a narrow margin and was President-elect. But the Republicans were scheming a recount in that state. They intended to play the old trick by which they threw out Tilden. We read that Democrats armed with broomsticks were parading in front of the Republican headquarters in New York City, shouting "Fair count." If a rebellion followed a count-out, Virgil and I planned to run away and enlist as drummer boys. Those were red-hot days.

At last, the Republican national chairman conceded Cleveland's election.

Then bedlam broke loose. Men were dancing in the street, and there was singing in the saloons. A Republican stalwart wheeled a Democratic warrior down Main street in a wheelbarrow. Another over-confident Blainite rolled a peanut with a toothpick from the Court House to the Depot. Beards began to grow, and neckties and collars to disappear in payment of freak bets.

Meantime, a carpenter was nailing wooden cleats to the windows of my home. Candles were cut in half and placed in rows, held by their own grease, on the cleats. And draperies were taken down.

If I had normally shown lack of enterprise in the family woodshed, I was now working like a badger carrying cordwood to bonfire pyres. These were set in the center of miry cross-streets. The sky was dark and wet. But what cared we for drizzles, downpours, or floods. Grover was elected!

As night came on, the piles of wood, soaked well with kerosene, burst into leaping flame, carrying showers of sparks up into the blackness and throwing their glare upon the house fronts and leafless trees.

Candles began to twinkle gaily in Democratic windows

and Japanese lanterns to glow softly on Democratic porches. How dark the homes of the envious Republicans!

By dint of trading in one quarter and begging in another, I became possessor of a white oilcloth cape and cap. The cap was peaked and wobbled on my head despite a generous roll of newspaper inside the brim. The cape reached to my knees. Some way, I associated their whiteness with the crusaders led by the Lion-Heart. In a raid on the party war chest, I secured the swiveled brass globe of a torch. After I had sawed the handle from a family broom and filled the torch with oil, I was a fully equipped parader.

We marched. We sang. We yelled. All in a moving and rippling line of torches amid glares of red fire, blades of the band and the spark showers, punctuated with shooting stars, of the Roman candles.

The parade passed my home, and stopped. The band played and the marchers sang. Then the grand marshal waved his plumed hat and called for cheers for Grover and cheers for my grandfather.

Grandfather was an invalid, and his one wish was to live long enough to see the Democrats again in power. He stood on the porch, under the Japanese lanterns, with grandmother to one side and mother to the other. His head was bandaged, and I could see him wipe away the tears as he waved his red bandana.

Again it was forward, march! The band struck up and the cheering, singing line passed on its boisterous way. I could see grandfather on the porch waving his bandana, and the lights of porch and windows, until we turned a corner. He had lived to see the triumph. But I must on.

I felt exalted, lifted into another and better world, with the millennium at hand. There was only one fly in the ointment. About half the bandsmen were, as I knew, Republicans. Think of those cowardly poltroons dancing, for hire, on the political corpse of James G. Blaine, whom they pretended to respect. Such mercenary weakness went with a

(Continued on Page Thirty-four)



Eugene's Willamette street in early days. On the right, in the four brick buildings, are Dunn's, Peter's, Grange hall, and Dorris Tin Shop. The old Hoffman House is the wooden building on the extreme right. On the left are Mrs. Woodruff's millinery and the weekly "Guard Office," where election returns were posted. This is a sample of the muddy streets described in *GROVER, GROVER, ALL IN CLOVER*, through which, with caps and capes and flaring torches, paraded the "victorious Democrats"—and four years later the "gloating Republicans"!

Grace Edgington

THERE is something faintly ironical about a written appreciation of a person. Like the epitaph, it always eulogizes one who has departed a given spot for aye, and in departing has had the feeling that he was leaving, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

An appreciation of Grace Edgington's service to the University, no matter how tardily expressed, must needs be written however on behalf of the numbers of people who knew her personally and who will miss her as a stimulating indi-



vidual, and the many also who knew her vicariously through the pages of OLD OREGON and who will miss her as an editor with genius.

Month after month Grace Edgington gave tirelessly and uncomplainingly of herself to infuse vitality and strength into a previously mediocre alumni magazine. She had the rare faculty of rejuvenating the decadent, and building up the undeveloped, and to her hours of work and worry and planning is due the credit for the place OLD OREGON occupied under her editorship at the tip-top of alumni magazines in America.

The editor of OLD OREGON had little leisure. One issue was no sooner on the press than the material for the next number was under way. Cuts had to be secured, pictures taken (often by the editor herself), editorials and special articles written, make-up planned, advertising obtained—a never-ceasing round of small jobs, an ever-growing stack of work to clear away. To her, as alumni secretary, fell the task of making up the alumni lists, of keeping a record of their activities, of attending to the vast amount of correspondence from and concerning Oregon alumni. Few people knew or realized the really stupendous amount of work from one in-

dividual that a single copy of the magazine demanded. Those who did know and did understand felt the gratitude deep in their hearts, though it did not often find expression on their lips. A certain detached briskness, a certain impersonal matter-of-factness on the part of Grace Edgington, served as a weapon against self-pity and any sort of sentimentality, but it also held at arms-length expressions of that sincere gratitude and praise which were her due.

Persons like Grace Edgington never really break down because an innate indomitability refuses them the respite of complete collapse, but in time the constant strain and overwork did begin to tell on the editor of OLD OREGON, and so, without hysterics or histrionics, she quietly but firmly resigned and retired to a ranch in Eastern Oregon, as far as she could get from office desks and advertising rates and proofreaders and printers and administrations and budgets and phone calls. She's taken to overalls and chickens and truck gardening and canning and she says she's getting back her peace of mind and her outlook; and while she does so a large number of alumni and people at Oregon are wondering how certain things at the University are going to wag on without her.

Record Registration at University

AN ADDITION of 300 students over last year, representing an increase of about thirteen and one-half per cent in the entire student body, was announced by Carlton E. Spencer, the University registrar. These figures show the greatest gain in attendance since the period from 1919 to 1921, the years of the remarkable post-war flood of students into higher educational institutions.

When the year's figures are all in, the University's roll of full-time students will approximate 2,850 or 2,900. This figure is for students in residence only, and includes no extension, correspondence-study, or Portland Center students, the total of whom is an additional 4,000 or more.

New Fraternity Homes

FOUR fraternities are occupying brand new houses for the first time this year. These are Alpha Phi, Sigma Nu, Phi Gamma Delta, and Kappa Alpha Theta. The "new" really hasn't worn off the Beta Theta Pi house, which was occupied for a short time last spring. Seven new houses have been built in the past two years, the first group to build being Phi Delta Theta, followed closely by Pi Beta Phi.

Ground has been broken for the new home of Alpha Tau Omega, at Eighteenth and Onyx streets. Plans for the new Delta Delta Delta house have been completed and construction will begin the first of the year. Gamma Phi Beta expects to possess a new house on Hilyard street on the mill race by the beginning of the spring term. No definite date has been fixed for the construction of the Kappa Kappa Gamma house on Fifteenth and Alder streets.

The average cost of the new fraternity houses ranges between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

Homecoming is a time for sentiment and pleasure, and not for business. So, as the Oregon Knights usher the old grads and the football players in the front door, the Gift Campaign will be ushered out the back door. Homecoming is the coming home time for the whole flock, with a place to park the lambkins.

OREGON POETRY

EDITED BY MARGARET SKAVLAN, '25

THIS PAGE is forever inscribed "The Alumni, Their Page." We only hope that they have courted the Muse during the summer months. If not, they are begged to recall that they once wrote poetry—addressed "The Cosmos," and "Life," even "Truth" and "Love." Later it was "dedicated." And now, though their closer contact with "The Cosmos" may not result in the same sort of poetry, still, the world is beautiful—and there are thoughts—dreams—impressions. The following poem by an anonymous alumnus may be taken as advice on how to write a poem, or one's own method is usually safe. But let us hear from the alumni poets. Please.

Poesy

It is not altogether
Poetry,
To measure,
Rythm,
And rhyme.
Let the true poet be
Like a painter standing before his easel.
This word will be
Red,
That, blue and green and
Another one
Sorrowful purple,
Or a laughing yellow.
Then we will place two or three
Together, and
As the painter makes a tree spring from
His canvas
With a few bold strokes,
My words will paint the poem picture.
Is not that
True Poesy?

—Hope

If it were only for the subtle charm of the first line, the following poem would have been worth writing—and reading. The second stanza is peculiarly poignant.

The Hills of Heaven

There are no gray-green hills in heaven
Know not your feet.
High on those blessed slopes my thoughts have given
You steadfast retreat.
I set you walking there down golden afternoon,
Through sunset, into many a fragile moon.
There are few gray-green hills in heaven
Remember me.
Only on days when I have cynically striven
Godlike to be
Do I walk near you down the gray-green turf,
Adoring your face, creator I, and serf.

—Grace Edgington, '16

Poetry akin to music may, as does "The Wisteria Tree," bring dream magic with its melody.

The Wisteria Tree

O Tree! your drooping flower-tassels!
O Tree! with your purple flower-cones!
Little Tree, you are like an umbrella
With your gay green lacquer and heavy flower-tassels!
O Tree! your purple flower-tassels!

I make you a song that floats to the moon.
On the strings of my samisen I pick a strange tune.
It weaves in and out like silks on the loom;
The sounds have the colors that the silks have at noon.

O Tree with the swaying flower-tassels!

I make you a song that sways as you sway
In time to the breezes from the great far-away
Where the rivers rock ships—strange sampans they say,
And women have hair as golden as day!

O Tree with heavy flower-tassels!
O Tree with purple flower-cones!

—Irene Stewart, ex-'22.

Vividness of color and a delicate emotional sense distinguish in turn each of the following poems:

A Discovery

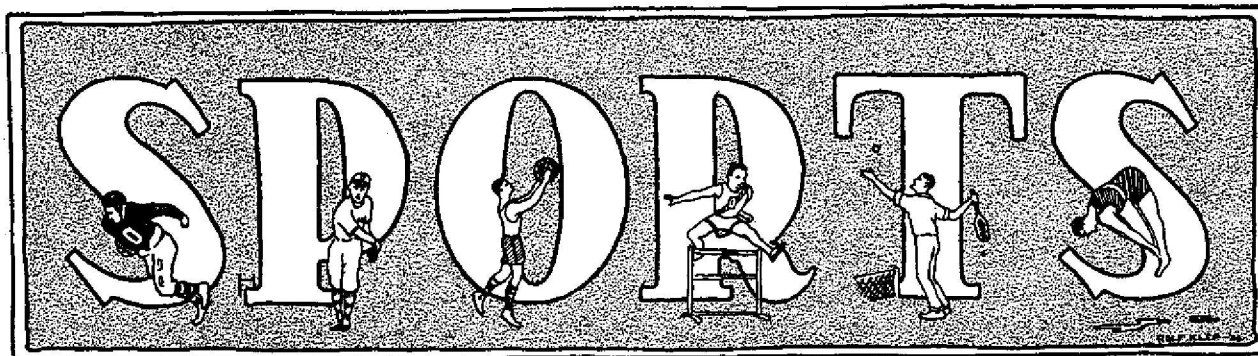
I saw faint red smoke
Rising between two brown hills.
The dying embers of the gods' night fires.
Lo! The new sunrise!

The Difference

When I am with the old,
I clasp my throat, and rush out into the night—
Proclaiming my youth—embracing the tall trees,
Running over shadows, moonbeam shadows—
Swiftly, with warm indignation.

When I am with children,
I feel calm and undisturbed.
I turn back, back—to a time
When I was wondering, and alone,
And had a knowledge perfect
As my highest wish.

—Marion D. Lay, '24



Coach Maddock's Message

This being my first year at the University of Oregon, and as it has not been my pleasure to see any of the coast teams play before this season, I am unable to judge at this time how Oregon stacks up in comparison with the majority of football teams from neighboring schools. However, judging from what the newspapers tell us about the prospects at other colleges in this section, it would seem that Oregon is not very well fortified with material of varsity caliber for this season.

A football coach in planning the season's campaign should estimate that he will lose not less than four of his best men each season through injuries, failures in keeping up with studies and other causes over which he has no control. Of course, a certain number must be lost from year to year through graduation, but the coach can look ahead and keep developing men to fill such vacancies. But what seems most discouraging to the coach at any institution is to lose his best men through being injured or to have them declared ineligible because of failure in Pacific Coast Conference scholarship requirements.

With these conditions uppermost in the mind of the coach, he must always be mindful of the danger of too early scrimmage, which usually results in injuries, and later in the season of overworking his boys so they will find it impossible to give the necessary time to study and preparation for the class room. It is my contention that the faculty of a college can do much to help the coach put the strongest team on the field to represent the school by helping along the boys who do all this extra work trying to build up and uphold the fair name of their institution.

Oregon alumni are true to their alma mater and faculty members are united and loyal so with these combinations the trophy room in future years should tell of Oregon's success.

Yours for old Oregon,
J. H. MADDOCK.

Homecoming Game

The Oregon-Washington (Homecoming) game will be called on Hayward field promptly at 2:15. The game will be preceded by the Order of the O parade, scheduled for 2:10. Seats may be reserved by writing the Graduate Manager's office. The rates of admission are: Grandstand, \$2.50 and \$2.00; general admission, \$1.50.

Scores of Oregon and Washington Since 1910

	Oregon	Washington
1910	No game	
1911	3	29
1912	14	30
1913	7	10
1914	0	10
1915	No game	
1916	0	0
1917	No game	
1918	7	0
1919	24	13
1920	17	0
1921	No game	
1922	3	3
1923	7	26

Of the ten games played between Oregon and Washington in the last thirteen years Washington has won five of them. Two resulted in ties and Oregon won three. The Oregon team reached its highest point in the last thirteen years with the teams of 1918, 1919 and 1920.



Coach Maddock and Captain Reed

Cross Country

VARSITY cross country started on October 1 with the first work out. The Oregon team is doubtful as to strength. Although there is a group of fairly experienced distance men out, it will take a lot of work for them to round into shape to compete with the other strong cross country teams in the Northwest.

The nucleus around which Bill Hayward will build his team is composed of five or six men who have had some experience either in cross country or in distance races. The Oregon cross country team finished last in the season of 1923 because the material that Bill Hayward had to work with was practically all new and unexperienced. That is the same situation this year. What experience they have had has been scant. How much they will improve as the season advances is yet to be seen.

Orval Robson, Rod Keating, Henry Tetz, Lauren Conley, Al Barnes, and Jeffries just about complete the list of men turning out. Robson, Keating and Tetz are all cross country men with experience. They ought to hit their stride this fall. Conley, Barnes and Jeffries come from the frosh distance runners of last spring term.

The first meet of the season is with the University of Washington cross country team on November 1, just before the big Homecoming clash with the University of Washington football team. On November 22 the team goes to Corvallis for the Homecoming meet with O. A. C. These will be the major meets of this fall.

Varsity Football Schedule

October 18—Stanford University at Stanford University Stadium.

October 25—Whitman College at Eugene.

November 1—University of Washington at Eugene (Homecoming).

November 8—University of Idaho at Moscow.

November 15—Washington State College, Portland.

November 22—O. A. C., Corvallis.

November 27—M. A. A. C., Portland.

The Olympic Games

By BILL HAYWARD

The Olympic games are the goal of every American athlete and should be looked forward to as early as the high school days. I feel sure that if the young athletes could only realize the importance of these Olympiads to the athletic world, they would strive to be members of the American team to represent our country



Bill Hayward waiting for the train to start for Paris

against the other nations of the world.

June 13 and 14, when the final tryouts were held at the Harvard Stadium, were great days for the athletes. In nearly every event, the winner broke a world's record, and keen was the competition for a place in the American team to fight for the athletic supremacy of the world. Like other Olympic teams, no distinction was made. Everyone who had a chance was on the ship "America" that sailed for Cherbourg, France.

This good ship was fitted up like a gymnasium. Every available spot was taken up at regular hours by different groups of athletes. Boxers had a regular ring; wrestlers worked in pairs; swimmers had a canvas tank, especially built; and each competitor had his regular time to train. A special track was laid around the deck for track men, and was in continual use from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Oarsmen used mechanical rowing machines. This sort of training was kept up for six days. Finally, at 10 p. m., the lights of Cherbourg were in sight. There was very little sleep that night. Everyone was anxious to go ashore. The ship anchored out in the stream, and the team did not go on shore until 9 a. m. the next morning. Gee, but it seemed good to step on land again.

A six hour journey on the train landed us in Paris. After fighting its way through the thousands of people gathered at the depot to see the Americans who came to conquer the world in athletics, the team was put into busses and sent to Prince Murat's chateau at Roquencourt. Here, hard training began in order to lose our sea legs.

The boys did not show up very well to the multitude which had gathered in the stadium at Colombes. "Too young" could be heard all over, as the boys were going through their paces. But, to those that knew, it was seen that the competition between the American athletes was so close that any one of the four who were entered in each event was liable to take first place in the final trials in France. This proved true in many cases. Paddock and Murchison both were beaten by Johnny Schultz, their team mate. Hartrampf of Stanford, took second place in the shot-put to Hauser, his team mate.

Spearow of Oregon, who was looked upon by the coaches as a sure winner, had a bad day and took sixth place in the finals. The winner, Lee Barnes, a high school boy from Hollywood, California, won at 12 feet, 11 inches. Spearow had been doing 13 feet, 6, 8 and 10 inches in practice, but had the misfortune of bruising his heel three days before the meet, which accounts for the poor showing. I predict great things for Barnes, the winner. Just a boy of 19, he should do 14 feet in a year or so.

The games on the whole were a success, and showed that the other nations are improving steadily. The outstanding athletes are Nourmi and Ritola of Finland. These two seemed to have no end of endurance. As a nation, I do not think that Finland has improved as rapidly as some of the Scandinavian teams. For instance, Niklander, Tiapel and Kohlmanan competed at Stockholm in 1912. These, with Ritola and Nourmi competed in Antwerp in 1920. Kohlmanan is through, and I do not think that Nourmi or Ritola will face the starter in Amsterdam in 1928. I saw



Harry Hillman, Dartmouth track coach; Jim Duncan, world record discus thrower; Charlie Dean, manager of the American track team; Johnny McGee, Bowdoin College, one of the coaches of the American team, and Bill Hayward.

no rising stars in the Finnish teams coming up.

Japan has improved wonderfully since they entered the games in 1912. They were represented then by two men. In 1920, they had eight or ten. This year, in Paris, they had some thirty men, and several went as far as to qualify for the semi-finals. They are taking great interest in track and field. One of their photographers took slow motion pictures of all the athletes in action with history of each, as to age, event and length of training. These will be used to study the American form. As for the United States losing an Olympic meet, that will never happen.

After the games in Paris, the main team broke up, and was sent to different parts of Europe. I had a team of twelve and went to Rotterdam, The Hague, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Ireland.



Oregon Coaches: Spellman, Reinhart and Maddock



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Vol. VII

OCTOBER, 1924

No. 1

PRESIDENT CAMPBELL RETURNS

EVERYBODY knows that the warm neighborliness of the University of Oregon campus community begins with President and Mrs. Campbell. They do not represent anything impersonal like "The Administration." They contribute to and share in all the warmth of feeling which Alma Mater means. The growth of the University is the material realization of President Campbell's vision. Year by year his thought and dreams become realities to the state of Oregon. It is one of his invaluable contributions to the University that it has not only a personality, but a sympathetic, friendly one. President and Mrs. Campbell have been immeasurably missed on the campus. The news of improvement in the President's health is the best news the Homecoming throng will share.

"NO OLD PEOPLE IN EUGENE"

"ON THE street after three o'clock in the afternoon it seems as if there are no old people in Eugene." So a middle-aged woman said the other day. A stream of vivacious youth pours down the streets with vigorous movement. Friendly, chattering groups move lightly, not loitering, but pleasantly intent. Age, corpulence, infirmity and fatigue seem hardly to exist.

A college is a perpetual fountain of youth. That is one of the best reasons for Homecoming.

It isn't merely the crispness of autumn that puts the spring into our steps when September wanes; it isn't merely the animal impulse to hurry and prepare for stormy winter days; it is the energetic presence of hundreds of young people, healthy, beautiful and expectant. Just to watch them and to talk with them is to renew one's own zest, enthusiasm and ambition.

"THEY ARE YOUNGER THAN WE USED TO BE"

YOU WILL say it, Mr. and Mrs. Alumnus, when you come home on October 3. You will exclaim "How Eugene has grown," then you will greet your old friends at "the house" and on the campus, chat reminiscently with a few of the old faculty whom you happen to meet, look amazedly at the south side of the campus because it has changed so much, look wistfully at the north side, at old Villard, Deady and McClure; rush madly to the rally, listen to the noise, and contemplate the undergraduates.

Then you will say: "They are younger than we used to be."

But they are not. You have forgotten how young you once looked, felt, behaved. And you have forgotten the intellectual seriousness and the idealism of your undergraduate days. You have forgotten that you were intellectually adventurous.

They do look young; they do act young. So did you. But they intend serious things with their lives; they confidently expect to change the world, somewhat—and for the better. So did you.

WHAT DO THEY WANT?

PRESIDENT HOPKINS of Dartmouth College asked his undergraduates to define the function of the college. A senior committee answered him so interestingly that the New Republic, July 30, 1924, contains extended comment upon the response.

The students answered that "Primarily, the college must develop the intellectual faculties of men, and seek to lead them away from stereotyped, rationalized, prejudiced thinking. The information provided by the college should be such as to make the student a contemporary of every age—but neither a retrospective refugee from the present, nor a dreamy wanderer in the future. As particular mill-stones that must be removed from the students' neck, dead formalism in religion and narrow thinking in social relations stand out above all others."

Says the New Republic: "These boys assert their own intellectual integrity. The undergraduate believes in undergraduate intellectuality," and comments upon the fact that the report does not mention "activities," athletics or fraternities.

The demand is for more material, scientific and social, upon which to think, and for more range and spur to think freely. They do not want courses to demonstrate the all-rightness of the universe or of the social order. They want to accumulate knowledge and to think without a Q. E. D. conclusion.

Is this what the Oregon undergraduate wants? Does he believe in his own intellectuality? Does he want to become a "contemporary of every age"? Does he want his education to be a romantic intellectual and spiritual exploration or does he want to find out why the world is settled down thus and thus and why it is convenient this way? Does he believe the college purpose is expressed in its intellectual life or in its "second curriculum" of miniature business and social activities?

The demand of the Dartmouth students is sometimes heard at Oregon by the fireplace as well as in the office. Is it a general or typical demand? Is this what all this inspiring youth wants? And then, is this the desire of Oregon alumni for their alma mater? And is the faculty able and willing to meet the demand?

The Oregon students in general are frequently described as intellectually docile, a quality more charming in childhood than effective in maturity. Possibly "docility" is merely a cynical word misinterpreting the Oregon students' typical courtesy.

NEW BRAINS AS WELL AS NEW BRICKS

THE NEW Science building is begun on the campus. Friendly gifts make a new library nearer than a distant hope. The Art building, the Journalism building, the University depot are all yet so new that the building program seems an active reality.

New brains have also been added to the University this year, and several new courses are attracting enthusiastic attention. The tendencies of the University's intellectual growth are indicated by the fact that economics and political science have two new men of distinction: philosophy, the classics, Romance languages, zoology and education all have additional members.

Dr. L. A. Wood, Toronto and Heidelberg, offers attractive courses in History of American Fiscal Policy and Labor and Agrarian Movements.

Dr. Glenn E. Hoover, Washington and Strasbourg, promises work of great interest to the student of contemporary affairs in his course in International Economic Policy, "dealing with the economic reorganization taking place in Europe and the working out of the Dawes plan." Dr. Hoover won first prize at Strasbourg on his thesis in French on the "Stabilization of the Franc."

Considerable interest is manifest on the campus in the ancient classics taught by Mr. J. E. Ainsworth Johnstone, Toronto and Oxford. The high estimate of Mr. Johnstone which his recommendations carry inspires confidence that he will, as he hopes, "make the classics and especially Greek literature a living reality" at Oregon. He teaches Latin, Greek, and a culture history course in the Development of Greek and Roman Civilization.

Proudly Oregon welcomes back her Rhodes scholar, Mr. Kerby Miller, who, for the past three years has been "regarded as one of the outstanding philosophy men in Balliol" and who is teaching philosophy here.

The able group of young French and Spanish women who are teaching Romance languages at Oregon now includes Miss Italia Dallera, who is one of the honor students of the University of Chile sent by the Chilean government to the United States in 1920. She has since taught at Wentworth College, South Carolina, and at the University of Illinois.

The list is too long to conclude. Dr. Homer P. Rainey, University of Chicago, in education, and Dr. R. R. Huestis, California, in zoology, are among the new instructors who add to the attractiveness of the fall schedule.

DEAN DYMENT AND DR. STUART

DEAN DYMENT and Dr. Stuart are at home again. Their illness and absence made chicken-pox and measles alarming diseases for faculty babies, under weight morally possible to college girls, faculty members dangerously inhibited for want of a confidant, the students individually and collectively poorer in wise counsel, the College a little more mechanical for want of its guiding genius.

Oregon, old and new, congratulates itself upon their improvement in health and their return to the campus. It wishes to both of them increase of strength, not quite unselfishly.

Our Mistake

When the 8,000 "telegram" invitations to pay dues were sent to the alumni late in the summer, some 70-odd were sent to alumni who had either paid for the year or were life members. If you are a paid member, or a life-member and got one of the telegrams, we beg your pardon. Remember that mistakes will happen even in the best regulated alumni families—and the most careful mailing departments.

Some of the replies were—ah—stimulating. Those who had not written us for forty years took their pen in hand.

Oregon Aviator Killed

By JAMES S. SHEEHY

Alexander Pearson is dead. To those of us who were favored to walk and talk with him on the campus before the war the thought of the passing of one of America's greatest aviators is not foremost, but the death of a true friend.

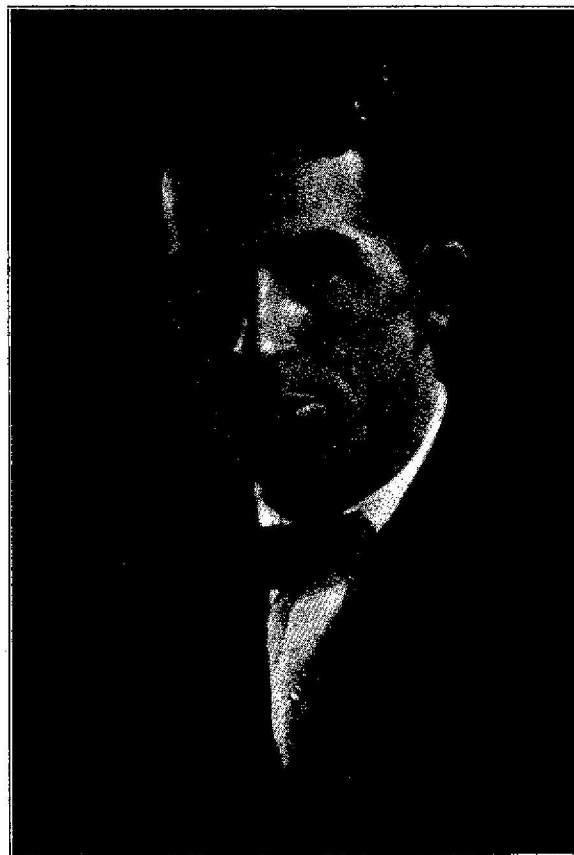
What greater name can a man leave than that of friend? In Alex it meant genuineness, loyalty and character—the best in manhood.

To one who knew him well, respected him, the memory of him "playing the game" will ever remain. I see him out on the soccer field in 1916. Dean Colin Dymont coached the team. Bill Tuerck, Russ Ralston, Bart Spellman, Tony Goreczky were there. And every member of that team very likely experienced in Alex's death the deep sorrow that makes mere words so empty, for when Alex died, a young man of courage and character was taken from us.

He was "playing the game" when summoned by death. September 2, at Dayton, Ohio, he was testing out one of the fastest airplanes in preparation for the International speed races for the Pulitzer prize. He had been picked to win.

Lieutenant Pearson, U. S. army aviator, drove his plane at the amazing speed of 265 miles an hour in tests on this fatal afternoon. The strain was too great. The wings of the great "bird" crumpled up. As a plummet, it dived to the earth and Alex was crushed mute in the wreckage.

Alexander Pearson secured his degree at Oregon in 1920. He leaves a widow and his parents and family, who reside in Portland, and friends who are legion.



Frosh bonfire, campus luncheon, noise parade, game, and a million and one other details of Homecoming are on this chap's mind. He is Jack High, chairman of the Homecoming committee.

squirming in the dust unattended, has simply been intolerable. Surely no society will undertake to guard the Oregon atmosphere. . . . At Michigan we read about Kipke, great football man: "It is true that he will be known to Michigan history mainly as an athlete, and there are those who think such laurels of little value. But modern college standards and conditions almost demand that a man give bodily service to his college if it lies in him, and Kipke did it without stint and at the same time without that loss of perspective which has been the bane of so many college athletes." Sounds fine. We're for it. Will they ever, we wonder, make a perspective prerequisite to graduation. We can hear Mrs. Jones explaining to Mrs. Johnson: "No, Willy was on the all-coast eleven, but they wouldn't let him graduate because he had misplaced his perspective. They are so careless around fraternity houses." . . . Which reminds us of the Michigan-Oregon smoker in Portland, which we would have broken a wagon-pole to attend had we known in time. We heard that somebody went home from it in great depression. He said the feeling between the athletics and the academics was getting almost too high class. Spirit de corpse too perfect. Well, though we don't know much out here in the brush, we don't think there should be too great peace ourselves. In every college of the first water that we ever heard about, there was pretty regular see-sawing. First the professors and the coaches hit it off and then they don't. Next there is a pow-wow among the generals up in the office and finally peace along the goal line for half an hour. There isn't supposed to be pure harmony between the gangs, we always thought. If there's somebody's a liar. . . . And we're still ruminating on some tall talk we read about coaches the other day. Part of it went like this: "Athletics today have risen to such a prominence and such an importance in the American educational system that only men specialized in them are any longer fit to control them. The problems have grown too big, and too complicated and too technical for a board of professors, all specialists in some other line of science, to prescribe for the conduct of sport." . . . Which has nothing, however, to do with reservations for the Homecoming game, we guess. And anyhow, we heard a man distinguishing the other day, between what a college audience will accept and what it will enjoy. Alumni are doubtless similarly constructed. . . . We suggest the organization of the C. C. J. S. (campaign to cheer jobless seniors, if you have to know). Every unemployed senior has heard about some other senior without a bit more brain-bubble than he has who fell into a position with a private flat-top desk and beautiful stenographer the first week of summer. Not having fallen into such, he is frightfully depressed. Four wasted years, etc., when he could have been doing something for himself. Part of the trouble is with alumni secretaries and local newswriters who are always putting the emphasis in the wrong place. Instead of so many items about Frank Beans having a gold-lined job with the Boneless Biscuit company, rising rapidly and likely to be promoted to some other planet within the year, they should report that Charles Porterhouse is now residing at home rechewing the philosophy he had so little time to enjoy last year and sorting out the English literature facts he cached last winter just prior to examinations; and that he is doing splendidly. Instead of so much harping on the number of senior women that are now performing in the public schools, there should be an occasional item about Milly Jellwell, major in economics, who wrote a lot of free verse last year, including her masterpiece, "My Peagreen Mood," and who is now residing with her family, both day and night. How she gets out her father's slippers very intelligently every evening, and aids her mother in classifying the cards, after their party, with a fine sense of values. All this is interesting news, we submit, almost wholly neglected. With

all our talk about who is working at what for how much, we forget that people go to college so as to be, ultimately, more agreeable to live with. . . . In Ohio an alumni secretary has been given a Ford by his devoted readers and constituents. A fairy story that isn't. . . . The California Glee club had a regular time abroad this summer, we hear. In Scotland a Scotch booking agent had on his desk a newspaper commenting favorably on the concert the night before. One of the California lads asked if he might have the clipping. The Scot assented and promptly entered on his bill the item: "One newspaper, 2 pence." . . . At the University of Washington they are putting out a volume of student verse. Our observation is that the tendency to get poetical and to sing after dark increases very noticeably on college campuses as you drop south from the Northern border of the States. It takes a Californian to get really serious about himself as a poet, and he is the only human being, we think, that can sing to a ukulele under a street-corner tree without wearing the expression denoting: "Maybe I am an ass." So if there is enough poetry at Washington to make a book, why isn't there something at Oregon. If an eating resort is necessary for inspiration, we have several now besides the old Rainbow that can be pitted favorably against Rodgers'. And as for exotic and stimulating odors, our heat mains along Thirteenth can always be thrown open on a few moments' notice. . . .



Randall Jones, president of the A. S. U. O. Jones was described in the June Issue of OLD OREGON as being considerably like a young Englishman. "Nice (honest) color, small mustache, height, air of awareness of General World." During the summer spent in the Cascade National Forest as a United States Forest officer and Oregon fire warden, the small mustache changed to a van-dyke beard (note above) and Jones proved himself not only a real American but a frontiersman likewise, cooking his own sour-dough biscuits and living on wild game. He patrolled the forest between Box Canyon and the Skulino Trail, covering between 1,200 and 1,400 miles. Incidentally, he carried Robert's Rules of Order in his saddlebag. His companions in the picture are "Snip," his horse, who had her share in the 1,400 miles, and "Scotch," his dog, now enjoying the comforts of the Sigma Chi house with the president himself.

Mrs. Benson Injured

Mrs. F. W. Benson, house-mother for the Pi Beta Phi fraternity, had the misfortune to break a rib and fracture a bone in her ankle when she fell on September 26 as she was getting off a street-car. Her foot is now in a plaster cast.

Mrs. Benson has been house-mother for the Pi Phis for the past eight years.

CAMPUS NEWS

Frosh Paddled and Paraded

The biggest Frosh parade in history—more frosh, more sophomores to direct them, and more senior cops in brand new sombreros to enforce order—assembled before the library steps, October 2, and after receiving preliminary treatment at the hands of their superiors made its way through the Eugene streets for the annual visit to the O. The original order to the beginners was to bring with them a dime, a green lid, a pair of garters, and a package of cigarettes. This last item was vetoed by Dean Straub. . . . The year has really begun—the frosh will no longer be mistaken for upperclassmen.

Phi Beta Kappa Visitor

Oscar M. Voorhees, national secretary of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, with headquarters in New York City, will pay a visit to the University of Oregon chapter about the first of the year, according to information received by the officers of the local chapter.

Dr. Conklin Appointed

Dr. Edmund S. Conklin, professor of psychology, has been appointed a member of the editorial staff of the Pedagogical Seminar and Journal of Genetic Psychology, a periodical formerly edited by Dr. G. Stanley Hall.



Dorothy Duniway, '20, newly elected member of the alumni council. OLD OREGON plans to print pictures of the other new council members in subsequent issues.



Shades of the soft, strumming guitar—they say it with jazz, these modern serenaders!

Villard Scene of Football Games

University students will have the opportunity to witness all football games played away from the local campus this year by means of an electric score board, recently purchased by the Associated Student Body.

The new device will be installed in Villard hall and students gathering there during the progress of a game on a foreign field will be enabled to witness the game play by play through the operation of electric lights of different colors. These lights will show the progress of the teams up and down the field. Wires will be installed in Villard hall from the Western Union station and each play will be transmitted to those in charge of the score board. The board was given a try-out on September 27, when Oregon played Willamette.

New Housemothers Welcomed

Several new house-mothers have come to the campus this year. They are: Mrs. Harriet Wright, of Pasadena, California, Alpha Chi Omega; Mrs. Henry W. Augustine, of Spokane, Alpha Phi; Mrs. L. E. Woodring, of New Florence, Missouri, Chi Omega; Mrs. Elia Stearns, of Portland, Gamma Phi Beta; Miss Fannie McCamant, of Portland, Susan Campbell hall.

Opera School Opened

An opera school, under the supervision of Madame Rose McGrew, is being opened by the School of Music. Stage deportment for concerts, operas, and all kinds of public appearances will be studied in the course. Later, scenes from standard operas will be taken up.

No Sunday Emerald

The Sunday Emerald will be discontinued this fall and in its place the Emerald staff will issue a monthly literary and feature magazine. Don Woodward, editor of the Emerald, announces that the same staff that edits the daily sheet will have charge of the monthly publication.

Dean Is Speaker in Alaska

Dean Sheldon, of the School of Education, was one of the speakers at a convention of government summer school teachers at Ketchikan, Alaska, the latter part of August.

Craftsmen Have New House

The Craftsmen's club house has been completed during the summer. The furniture will be installed and a formal opening held before Homecoming time, when old grads will be welcomed there. The address is Fourteenth avenue, between Kincaid and Alder streets.

"Curly" Lawrence Back

Raymond (Curly) Lawrence, has returned to the campus, and is dividing his time between fulfilling graduation requirements and assisting Professor Turnbull with the newswriting classes.

Boys Handshake and Hike

"Open House" at Oregon this fall was a sort of cross-country hike for the University men, interspersed with slight pauses for making the acquaintance of the co-eds, who are this year scattered all the way from the old Sigma Nu house on Eleventh and Pearl to the territory far to the south of the Cemetery.

Sculpture Prof. in New York

Avard Fairbanks, professor of sculpture, will spend the coming year in New York, where he has opened a private studio. During his absence, Kate O. Schaefer, '18, will conduct the classes in sculpture.



Professor Howe smiles because Bas Williams is telling him that more than 80 frosh have turned out for football this fall—good men, too.

Class of '14—Ten Years After

By F. H. YOUNG, Class Secretary

Twenty-one members of the class of 1914 registered at the tenth reunion of that class held last Commencement, June 14. That was not a very large representation out of the 125 members of the class. But this can be said for the class of 1914—it is an extremely widely scattered class. Distance alone prevented at least a score of members from attending. School work prevented several of the women of the class from coming to Eugene. Small in numbers was the reunion, but those who were there voted unanimously to hold another reunion in 1929, the fifteenth anniversary, notwithstanding the fact that a reunion at that time is not scheduled by the Dix (whatever that means) plan of spotting these reunions at certain intervals.

Those who attended the reunion were: Aline E. Noren, 895 Brooklyn, Portland; Marguerite Rankin Hoskin, 820 Glenn avenue, Portland; Louretta M. Archambeau, Sutherlin, Oregon; Agnes M. McLean, 359 13th avenue, east, Eugene; Ruth MacLaren Onthank, Eugene; Martina H. Thiele, Portland; Eleanor McClaine, Silverton; Florence Thrall Stuckels, Eugene; Maud Mastick Ash, Portland; Lila Sengstake Young, 610 East 48th street, north, Portland; Clarence Ash, Portland; Vernon Motschenbacher, 907 Wilcox building, Portland; Charles A. Fowler Jr., 773 East 21st street, north, Portland; Lucile Yoran Sweet, Eugene; Charles A. Fowler Jr., 773 East 21st street, north, Portland; Henry Fowler, Bend; Alva R. Groat, Corvallis; Otto W. Heider, Sheridan, Oregon; Dr. Delbert C. Stanard, Eugene; Elmer M. Furuset, Eugene; Norton Cowden, Silverton; F. H. Young, Portland.

* * * *

Among the postcard acknowledgements of the invitation to come to the reunion, we find that:

Byron H. Smith lives at 246 Elmhurst avenue, Highland Park, Michigan. He must be in the automobile business.

Miss Barbara Booth left for an extended trip to eastern cities on June 8.

Mrs. Ruth Beach Mehlin is again living in Portland after having spent some time in California. Her address is again 530 Chapman street.

A. H. "Deac" Davies sent his regrets from 1430 North Yosemite street, Stockton, California. He is with the Standard Oil company there.

Miss Alsea Hawley was detained at the last minute from attending the reunion.

Miss Anita Slater wrote from 112 Cajon street, Redlands, California, where she has been employed in a physician's office.

Teachers' examinations—which she was conducting, not taking—made it impossible for Mrs. Ethel Tooze Fisher to attend. She is living in Roseburg, where Walter is branching out politically.

Dr. Richard Gwyn Watson sent his regrets from the Children's Hospital, 300 Longwood avenue, Boston 17. He has been east for almost two years, specializing in children's surgery and diseases in Boston and New York. He expects to be back in Oakland, California, next December.

A last minute murder trial or something worse than that kept Bob Bradshaw and Alice Risley Bradshaw of The Dalles, from attending the reunion. Bob helped, however, by making some good suggestions for the day's festivities.

J. Laurence Whitman is teaching in the University of Iowa, Iowa City. He's something or other in the department of chemistry—Laurence seems not only to have survived the smells of old McClure Hall pretty well, but actually likes 'em. He writes that Giles Buch is also teaching in the department of education of the same university. Mr. Whitman expected to get his Ph.D. during the summer, then to join the nomadic stream of automobile tourists by the means of his Ford.

* * * *

So much for why some members of the class didn't get back.

We gathered on the front steps of the administration building bright and early on the morning of Commencement day. Yellow identification ribbons were passed out, but they weren't necessary. It didn't take very long for every one to re-unionize. The ten years were flipped back without any trouble at all. A little less hair under the hats of some of the men, some children running around, and the newer styles in hair dressing, and the twenty-one members of the class agreed that the first ten years at least hadn't been the hardest.

The alumni association held its annual meeting. Some of the 1914 men got noisy. With the demure aid of Doctor Gilbert, the records of the association were cleansed of reference to previous graduating classes as being the model of perfection, and the proper corrections made, namely, the insertion of the dates 1899 and 1914—the former out of deference to the class that was holding its twenty-fifth anniversary.

From the alumni association meeting the members of the class moved over to the men's gym to the alumni banquet. In the due course of time Vernon Motschenbacher represented the class as the orator of the afternoon. With a singular modesty that always springs from superior attainments, Motsy attributed much of the University's and the state's growth and commercial and intellectual development to the influence of the class of 1914.

And he got by with it in great shape!

Harold Young spoke on the "University and the Gift Campaign."

* * * *

Visiting and sight-seeing around the campus and through the museums occupied the afternoon.

Alva Groat took the measure of Dutch Young on the Eugene Country Club golf links. Allie charges the little round gutta pereha like he used to tear up the O. A. C. offense half a generation ago.

* * * *

Then the dinner and dance at the College Side Inn, a new joint, catty-corner from the old west-end entrance to Kincaid field, in the evening. The dinner was wonderful—especially after taking two strokes to Allie's one on the golf links. We went through the entire list of class members, and learned many interesting things about many of the members.

And pretty soon dear old Arthur Hendershott and his wife, Mike Gross, the chief baggage magician at the Southern Pacific depot, and friend of all students of a former day, showed up with their fiddles. They brought along two or three other players, and for some two and a half hours we danced to the same music that the old Hendershott orchestra played in the men's gym ten to fourteen years ago.

Now don't you wish you HAD come back!

The music was so splendid, the floor so fine and everyone so happy, that it was with some heart-tearing difficulty that we said good bye to each other, and to Arthur, his wife, and Mike Gross, who, by the way, would not take a penny for their music. They said it was their pleasure to play for us again, as they had so many, many times before.

And maybe you think Arthur Hendershott has forgotten how to play that goodnight waltz? Well, you are sadly mistaken. It's worth waiting for another five years.

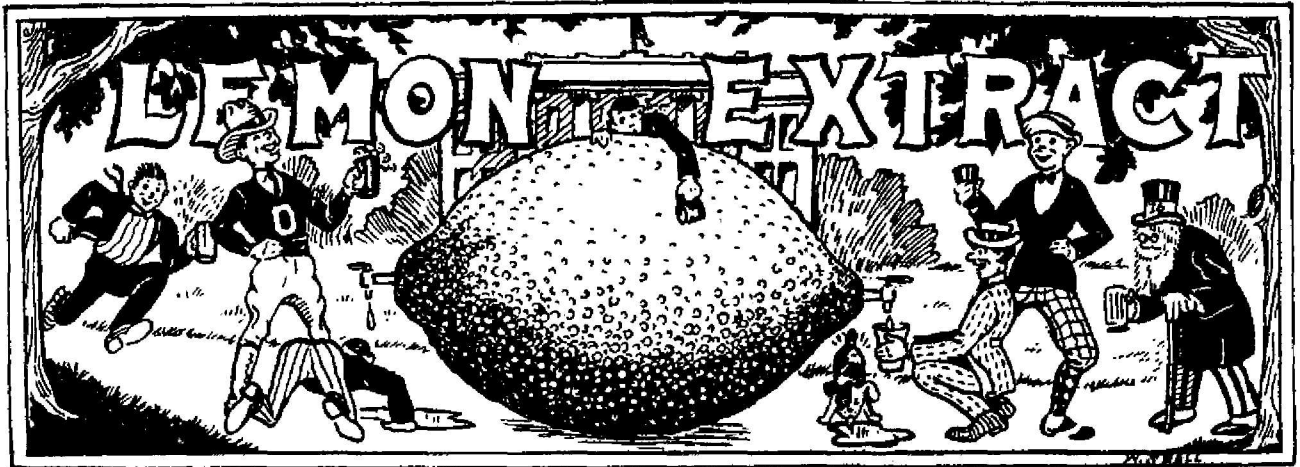
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Just one thing more. The class secretary was instructed by the class to get out a class bulletin at regular intervals during the year—just for members of the class.

Wait and watch for it.

Leslie Dobie Is Dead

David Leslie Dobie, '11, whose home was in Tulsa, Oklahoma, died in a hospital in St. Louis, Missouri, June 25, 1924. Mr. Dobie was an oil operator in Oklahoma and Arkansas. After graduating from the University, he spent several years in Wisconsin, and was elected to the Wisconsin legislature in 1914-15. He was a delegate to the Republican National convention in 1916. On the campus he was a charter member of Friars, member of Avava, manager of both the Oregonana, and the Oregon Emerald, played three years on Varsity baseball team, was a member of the Press Club and manager of the senior class play. He was married in 1914 and had three children, David Leslie Jr., Mary Belle, and Elizabeth. Two of his sisters and a brother have attended the University: Norma Dobie Solve, '14; Catherine Dobie, '19; and Walter Dobie, ex-'13, who took his degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1915.



“Homecoming Mixture”

Lloyd Tegart—Did you call me a liar?
George Colton—Not at all. I merely remarked that sinuosity of your ultimate conclusions was due to a superficial succedaneum for the veracious reality. Have a Camel?—*Oregana, 1917.*

Photographer to Dave Graham posing for his senior cap-and-gown picture—Oh! Mr. Graham, what are you going to do about those light trousers you have on?
Dave—Keep 'em on, that's all.—*Webfoot, 1905.*

TO STOICS
Always laugh at teachers' jokes
No matter how flat they be,
And in this little matter, folks,
You'll show great policy.
Webfoot, 1905.



THE OLD GRADS SHOW THE FELLOWS HOW TO DO THEIR STUFF

Chet Fee (hurrying to class)—What class are you going to, George?
George Colton—Proof-reading. Where you going?
Chet (disgustedly)—Oh! I'm going to hell!
George Colton—G'wan! Cloran has no one o'clock.—*Oregana, 1916.*

Miss Watson (in Shakespeare)—What do we get out of this course that is worth while.
Chet Moores (sotto voce)—Three credits.—*Oregana, 1913.*

Bob McNary—I must have a periscope for these new military courses.
Helen Guttery—Oh Bob, I'll knit you one.—*Oregana, 1918.*

Freshman (turned loose in library)—Miss Leach, where can I find “Religion in a Country Churchyard”?—*Webfoot, 1903.*

Prof. Straub—Mr. Starr, who was Jupiter's cup-bearer?
Elmer Starr—Runnymede.—*Webfoot, 1903.*

TO—
Sing a song of corduroys,
Grain bags full of naught,
Four and twenty muckers,
The bloomer craze have caught.
When the young men start to walk
The pants do just the same,
For they're fast in some strange fashion,
Unto the wearer's frame.—*Webfoot, 1905.*

CORRESPONDENTS ANSWERED
Editor *Oregana* Feature Section—
What ails my hens? Every morning I find two or three lying on their backs, toes curled up, never to rise again.
Constant Reader.
Answer—Your hens are dead.—*Oregana, 1917.*

Kent Wilson—Ain't nature wonderful?
Messner—Why?
Kent—She gave us all faces, but we can pick our own teeth.—*Oregana, 1917.*



THE FROSH ENJOY HOMECOMING COMFORTS



As a football player he's a good poet

LET'S admit that all men are not born for gridiron honors, just as all men are not born poets.

You can admire a man's grit for plugging away at the thing that comes hardest to him. He does derive benefit in developing himself where he is weakest. But to achieve real success it is only common wisdom to pick out the line for which you have a natural aptitude—and go to it.

Particularly if you are a freshman it may be useful to remind you of this principle, because it can help you start off on the right foot in both your campus activities and your college courses.

If your fingers love the feel of a pencil, why not obey that impulse and come out for the publications? You can serve Alma Mater and yourself better as a first-class editor than a third-class halfback.

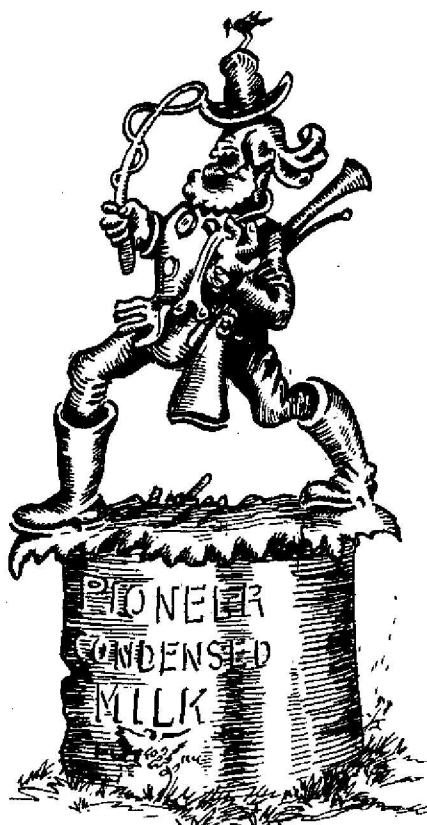
Similarly, when it comes to electing your college courses, you will be happier and more efficient if you choose in accordance with your natural aptitude.

The world needs many types of men. Find your line, and your college course will be a preparation for a greater success.

*Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

Western Electric Company

This advertisement is one of a series in student publications. It may remind alumni of their opportunity to help the undergraduate, by suggestion and advice, to get more out of his four years.



The Pioneer

Soon after the bronze image of the Pioneer was unveiled a Freshman was heard to ask where the University got the fine statue of Professor Howe.—Oregon, 1920.

Prof. Bessler (in history)—What great natural boundary between the United States and Canada?

Latourette—The Great Northern Railroad.—Webfoot, 1903.

Prof. Barnett (in elementary law)—Mr. Johns, tell us what the law is about keeping vicious animals.

Johns (suddenly waking up)—Why each dog is allowed one bite.—Oregon, 1913.

Herb Clarke—Say, Freshman, don't you ever sweep under the bed?

Sap Latourette—Why, certainly, I always do. It's so much handier than using a dustpan.—Oregon, 1910.

"Will someone in the class," asked Prof. Carson, "give a better form of the sentence 'John can ride a mule if he wants to'?"

Art Geary—John can ride the mule if the mule wants him to.—Oregon, 1910.

Charlie Fenton (showing new Frosh around)—This is Deady, and just over there is Villard. Would you rather see the women's gym next, or the library?

Frosh (gushingly)—Oh, let's go to the campus first. I've been just dying to see it all day.—Oregon, 1916.

The Gink in front of the window—How do you sell tickets to the Dramatic Club play?

The Gink behind the window—I often wonder.—Oregon, 1915.

THE PUN IS THE LOWEST FORM OF WIT

"How is it you always get by in 'Living English Writers'?"

"It's just a matter of knowing Howe."—Oregon, 1915.

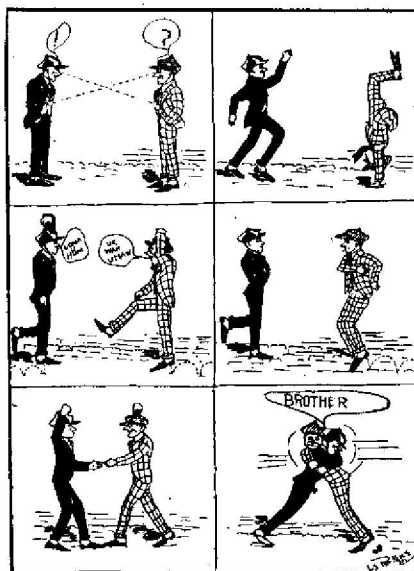
Allie Grout—What color do you think my mustache will be?

Beatrice—From the rate it's growing, I think it will be gray.—Oregon, 1915.

Bezdek—What the deuce do you mean by refusing to kick the field goal?

Hollis—Sorry, Coach, but I promised my mother I'd never touch another drop.—Oregon, 1917.

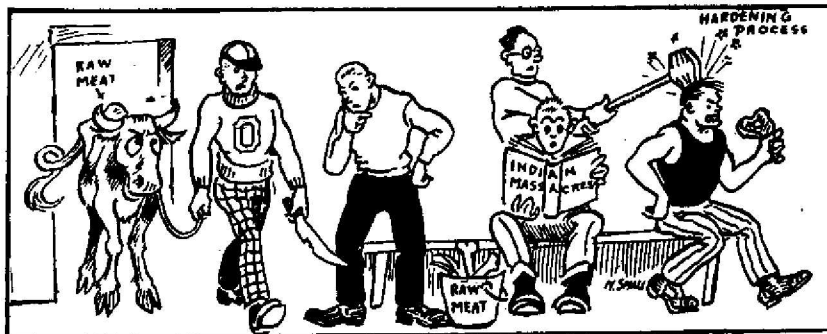
Registrar Tiffany—Your name is what? Latest Frosh—No, sir. It's Jones.—Oregon, 1915.



When Greek meets Greek

Mary Watson—Are you fond of Strindberg?

Charlie Johns—Yes, but I prefer Roquefort.—Oregon, 1917.



THE TEAM GOES INTO TRAINING FOR THE BIG GAME

Delta Omega Stands Highest

GRADES for the Spring term, 1923-24, have been assembled with regard to living groups and are presented in that form below. Figures at the right indicate the number of members in the organization.

1. Delta Omega	22
2. Kappa Alpha Theta	35
3. Oregon Club (girls)	31
4. Alpha Beta Chi	18
5. Delta Gamma	32
6. Delta Delta Delta	33
7. Friendly Hall	57
8. Tau Nu	11
9. Kappa Kappa Gamma	34
10. Alpha Chi Omega	30
11. Hendricks Hall	113
12. Alpha Delta Pi	35
13. Alpha Xi Delta	28
14. Phi Sigma Pi	38
15. Pi Beta Phi	24
16. Gamma Phi Beta	38
17. Susan Campbell Hall	82
18. Delta Zeta	34
19. Alpha Omicron Pi	17
20. Sigma Beta Phi	17
21. Psi Kappa	25
22. Chi Omega	81
23. Alpha Tau Omega	31
24. Sigma Alpha Epsilon	84
25. Phi Kappa Psi	36
26. Kappa Delta Phi	85
27. Alpha Phi	28
28. Thacher Cottage	12
29. Bachelordon	23
30. Sigma Nu	27
31. Kappa Sigma	34
32. Sigma Chi	31
33. Phi Delta Theta	39
34. Sigma Pi Tau	28
35. Beta Theta Pi	30
36. Kappa Omicron	17
37. Phi Gamma Delta	29
38. Delta Tau Delta	32
39. Chi Psi	22

Oregon Opposes Oxford

"Something different" has been scheduled for the Oregon debate team this year. On December 3 they will meet a team from Oxford university. The question for discussion is "Resolved: that the referendum is a desirable part of representative government." The Oxford team, which will take the negative side, is composed of Malcolm J. MacDonald, son of the British prime minister, representing Queen's college; J. D. Woodruff, New College; and M. C. Hollis, Balliol college. The Oregon team has not yet been chosen.

Summer Sessioners Pledge

Students of the summer session this year pledged a total amount of \$15,220 to the gift campaign. Of this amount \$13,000 had been pledged by students and alumni, and the remainder, \$2,200, was secured during a two-day campaign put on by the summer session students.

Make your own terms

There are no draw backs to this plan! It means exactly what it says. All you need to do is select the article you want and tell us what down payment you wish to make. You get your purchase immediately and you can make the weekly payments to meet your own convenience.

Laraway Diamonds

Our stock of diamond jewelry is complete and offers you a great selection of conventional and unusual pieces all moderately priced.

Wrist Watches

Our stock of bracelet watches includes a wide range of styles. Regardless of price, they are all Laraway quality and fully guaranteed.

Seth Laraway

Diamond Merchant and Jeweler

OUR BUSINESS PLACE IN A FEW WORDS

To have a store devoted first and foremost to the interests of those who spend their money in it.

To sell only good dependable merchandise at prices as low as articles of the same quality can be sold by any retail store.

To obtain and retain the friendship and patronage of the people by rendering with quality and value, a service that will not end until every customer is fully satisfied.

We put forth these facts confidently and emphatically!

McMorrane Washburne Store
FURNISHING QUALITY & ECONOMY

Eugene's Foremost Store

YOUR EYES AND THE MOVIES



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NEWS OF THE CLASSES



1885

Royal F. Reasoner is a minister in the Presbyterian church, having a pastorate in California.

Daniel Waldo Bass, who was the promoter of the reunion for the classes 1873-1890 held on the campus last year, is one of the managers of the Hotel Frye, Seattle.

Henry F. McClure is senior member of the firm of McClure and McClure, attorneys-at-law, located at Seattle.

1893

Judge Charles E. Henderson, of 23 Hampton Court, Indianapolis, Indiana, is to represent the University of Oregon at the dedication of the James Whitcomb Riley hospital for Children, at Indianapolis, October 7.

1896

Col. C. C. Hammond, ex-'96, is still with the militia bureau of the War Department, Washington, D. C. He may be addressed Clifton Terrace West, Apartment 501.

1899

"The reunion of the class of '99 which I attended at commencement time was most delightful and will be treasured in my memory as one of the happiest events of my life," writes Anna Grimes Calef, from her home at 495 Forty-first street, Portland. She has registered her oldest daughter as a freshman in the U. of O. (See picture of reunion elsewhere in this issue).

1901

Dr. Peter Irving Wold, a member of the faculty of Union College, Schenectady, New York, has consented to act as the representative of the University of Oregon at the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York, on October 3 and 4, 1924. Dr. Wold has just returned from a year's absence in China.

1903

Harvey Bruce Densmore, address the University of Washington, has spoken a good word for OLD OREGON in the field of journalistic psychology. "It has," he says, "worked miracles for the Oregon Spirit."

1904

Pauline Walton, who has had charge of the Oregon collection in the University library for several years, has gone to Seattle where she is attending library school at the University of Washington.

James Oscar Russell is to be superintendent of the Boardman schools this year, instead of "Old Wasco."

1905

Dr. Robert T. Boals, practicing physician and surgeon, is erecting a modern hospital in Tillamook, Oregon.

1906

Charles Roy Reid is operating three hydro-electric power plants (and more to follow) at Shawiningan Falls, Quebec. His wife was Edna Maude Houston, ex-'09, before her marriage. "This province is developing rapidly in an industrial way," he writes, "The pulp and paper industry is of great importance." Many of the leading newspapers in the United States get their news-print from the district.

Mrs. Harvey Stackpole (Florence DeBar) and two sons, of Ketchikan, Alaska, spent several weeks in Eugene this summer visiting at the home of Mrs. Stackpole's parents, Dr. and Mrs. DeBar.

1908

Arthur S. Trew has just returned from a trip covering practically all western Europe in the interest of the Burroughs

Adding Machine company for which he is industrial engineer. He is leaving shortly on a similar trip through South America. He will be accompanied on the latter trip by his wife, Grace LaBrie Trew, '10.

Cecil Kenyon Lyons can be addressed: Kaufmansis, 5th and Smithfield, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. His job keeps him busy, he writes, and seems to furnish the wherewithal to pay the bills, but the twins are more interesting. They are wise young ladies of seven. One of them asks her father for a music lesson every time she sees him unoccupied.

1910

Dudley Clarke is now field representative for the Little Blue Book Sales Company with headquarters in San Francisco at 145 Second street. John Clark Burgard, '16, is president of the Company.

F. J. Neubauer, who received his A.M. in '12, and later, in '16 his Ph.D. from the University of California, is an astronomer at the Lick observatory, University of California. He is the astronomer in charge of the D. O. Mills expedition, Lick observatory, Santiago, Chile, Castilla 1219

1911

Herbert F. Clarke has taken a position as cashier of the Commercial State bank in Springfield, Oregon. He was formerly with the United States National bank in Eugene as assistant cashier. He and his wife, Marguerite Rohse Clark, '15, are living at 5th and F streets, Springfield.

Myron Warren Getchell is in the catalogue department of the University of Illinois library. He spends his leisure time taking courses leading to a Ph.D. degree.

Mrs. Jessie Calkins Morgan spent two weeks in Eugene this summer visiting with her parents.

Mary Debar Taylor (Mrs. Charles Taylor) is visiting with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. De Bar, in Eugene. She expects to return to the Philippines, where Major Taylor is stationed on the island of Corregidor, near Manila, in January.

Effie Belle McCallum became Mrs. Wallace R. Bacon on September 3, and is now living in Des Moines, Iowa. Mrs. Bacon has spent several years in China as a missionary. Mr. Bacon is a graduate of Drake university.

Ray Woodruff Jenkins and her husband left Eugene recently for a trip via San Francisco and the Panama canal for New York where they will spend several weeks. Mr. Jenkins is editor of the Morning Register.

1912

Dr. Henry Garnjobst is still keeping up to the minute in his profession and in touch with scholastic things at the same time. He has been attending the graduate lectureship given by the extension service of the University of Washington during the past two years and is going again this year. His mailing address is Porter Building, Corvallis, Oregon.

Frieda Goldsmith Gassin declares herself "too busy 'radioing' to bother with letters. However, I would not miss 'OLD OREGON' for any radio program." She is at 1124 Eleventh street N. W., Washington, D. C., and says further, "Tell any Eugeneites you see that our name is in the Washington telephone book, so it is easy to get in touch with us when they visit Washington."

John Edward Bailey, age slightly over two years, is following in the footsteps of his dear old dad, otherwise known as Ed Bailey, class of '13. John Edward learned the Oregon yells just as naturally as he learned to talk, and gives the Oski with an enthusiasm worthy of any Oregon rooter.

1913

Judge and Mrs. Charles A. Johns (Elizabeth Busch, 13,) are returning to Manila on the "President Grant" after spending the summer in Portland. Judge Johns was a delegate to the Republican National Convention.

Members of the class of '13 seem to have found an absorbing interest in politics. Four of them have been nominated for the state legislature: Andrew Collier, of Klamath Falls, Walter Fisher of Roseburg, Philip Hammond, ex-'13, of Oregon City, and Edward F. Bailey of Junction City.

Lieutenant Russell Calkins, '13, of the United States Navy is stationed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, New York City. He can be reached in care of the Supply Department at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Pagter announces the arrival of a son born in Republic, Washington, where Mr. Pagter is supervisor of the Coleville forest. Mrs. Pagter was Beulah Kinsey, '13.

On May 14 a second son, Kenneth George, was born to Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. Hoffman (Olive Hope Zimmerman, '13,) of St. Helens. His older brother, Leonard Paul, is now four years old.

1914

Lucille Wetzel Nahass, ex-'14, is located at 708 Second street, Ocean City, New Jersey. Her husband, M. Nahass, is proprietor of the Tip Toe Inn.

Norma Dobie Solve is teaching Browning and acting as secretary to the English department of the University of Michigan. She received her M.A. degree from Michigan last June.

(See account of class reunion elsewhere in this issue).

1915

Mary Jerelyn Gaston, daughter of Ira E. Gaston, ex-'15, who obtained his M.D. in '18, announced her arrival May 14. Her father believes she will be a major in the vocal training department of the University some years hence.

Helen Werlein Whitaker is the mother of a son named Loring Hill Whitaker, born in September. The Whitakers are ranching near Rex, Oregon.

Alice Benson Allen is traveling in Europe with her two children, George Benson Allen and Esther Alice Allen, and her niece, Esther Benson. Her return is indefinite. The trip will take them around the world.

1916

Nellie Lombard is teaching junior and senior English in the high school at Alhambra, near Pasadena, Cal.

Mae Neill, who was in the Hawaiian Islands for two years, traveled in China and Japan before returning to the States, and just escaped the Japanese earthquake disaster by missing a train connection. Miss Neill is again teaching in the La Grande high school.

Harry L. Kuck, formerly publisher of the Pendleton (Oregon) Tribune, is on the news staff of the Morning Tribune in San Diego, California.

Grace Mackenzie, who has been in Los Angeles for the past two years, spent a month in Portland and vicinity this summer. Miss Mackenzie is in the library at San Pedro, Cal.

Cloyd Dawson was in Portland recently with Mrs. Dawson and their little son, on their way to their home in Los Angeles, after spending the summer in Tillamook with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Lotspeich (Lucile Watson) are living in Great Falls, Mont., where Mr. Lotspeich is connected with the Anaconda Mining Co.

Dr. Cleveland S. Simpkins is an instructor in a college in one of the Southern states. Dr. Simpkins took his medical work at Harvard university.

Dr. Fred Barber, who graduated from the North Pacific Dental College in Portland several years ago, is practicing in Oswego, Oregon.

In Oswego, also, live Mr. and Mrs. Jewell Robinson (Arvilla Beckwith, ex-'16,) and their little son.

Mr. and Mrs. Fulton S. Wooldridge (Eyla Walker) are living in the Alpha Apartments, Redwood, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Dimm (Vera Williams) of Portland, spent two weeks this summer motoring to Vancouver and Victoria, B. C., Lake Crescent and other points of interest on the Sound.

Esther Campbell is teaching at Washington High School in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brenton (Darl Zimmerman) who live in Portland, are the parents of the young son, Wilbur Henry, born on August 17.

Erna Petzold, who returned last spring from abroad, took summer school work at the University this year, and is now teaching in Oregon City.

Genevieve Shaver is on the faculty of the Jefferson high school in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Rankin (Anne Taylor, ex-'16') of Portland, received congratulations over the arrival on August 8, of their second child, who has been named Virginia Anne. Their son, Robert Merwin, is three years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gerber (Mary Ann Smith, ex-'16,) are living in New York, where Mr. Gerber is sales manager for the United Press. They have two sons, Jack and Tommy, aged eight and three years, respectively.

Mrs. Dudley Clarke, (Charlie Fenton), formerly alumni secretary, writes a long newsy letter on "California Memorial Stadium, University of California," stationery. She is now executive secretary to the manager of the California Memorial Stadium. The work, she writes, "is most interesting and while Dud (who is mentioned elsewhere in the class notes) is away on his trips, it makes the time fly much faster." Charlie is all for an alumni get-together at Palo Alto on the 18th of October, when Oregon plays Stanford.

A daughter, Marian Jean, was born on June 15 to Luton Ackerson, '16, and Merle Stearnes Ackerson, ex-'16, at Oxford, England, where Luton is a Rhodes scholar. They are living at 282 Iffley Road, Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Rowland (Jeanette Wheatley) and their small daughter, Jean, almost a year old, are living in San Francisco, where Mr. Rowland is connected with the Associated Press.

1917

Myrtle G. Tobey attended the national convention of Alpha Phi sorority in Glacier National park this summer, and spent a month in Alberta, Canada. Her next trip will be back to the U. of O. for Homecoming, at which time she will stay in the new Alpha Phi house. She is teaching at West Linn, Oregon.

Jennie Huggins is teaching this year in Franklin high school in Portland.

Chalmer Nash Patterson and his wife, Mary Frances Irvine Patterson, vacationed in Colorado this summer following a summer session in Sterling college, Sterling, Kansas. Mrs. Patterson is on the road to recovery after an auto accident of a year ago.

Edmund W. (Ed) Simmons is practicing medicine in Portland. He is located at 371½ Russell street.

Ernest Watkins, ex-'17, can be addressed at 1604 First street, La Grande, Oregon. Mary Hill Watkins, '17, is holding the fort with him, for on the back of his alumni ballot we find in her handwriting, "Ernest has gone fishing, so I am voting for him."

Mildred Brown Brosius of 60 North 6th street, San Jose, California, has been doing playground work in Oakland, California. She has made quite a name for herself as a tennis star in San Jose.

Elsie Simmons Centro, ex-'17, (Mrs. Louis Centro), 60 Holgate Moorage, Portland, Oregon, has been with the playground recreational work in Portland since she left school.

Mrs. John Brockelbank (Mary Chambers) and small daughter, Frank Leslie, spent the summer in Eugene at the home of Mrs. Brockelbank's parents.

1918

Mr. and Mrs. Carson (Skeet) Bigbee, both ex-'18ers, are planning to spend the winter in Los Angeles, following a short visit in Oregon. Skeet plays baseball in the East, and is outfielder for the Philadelphia Pirates when in his uniform.

Lucy Powers Dixon, ex-'18, is the mother of Lucy Mary Dixon, born July 18. There is another little girl, Johanna, one year old or so. Dr. and Mrs. Dixon reside at Marshfield.

Melvin T. Solve, who formerly taught in the University, is now teaching in the rhetoric department of the University of Michigan. He and his wife, Norma Dobie Solve, '14, are living at 409 East Jefferson street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Margaret (Peggy) Grim Baker has been in charge of all handcraft of the playgrounds in Pasadena, California, during the summer session, and later went camping with her husband, R. S. Baker, who is athletic coach in the Pasadena high school.

Fred Packwood, '18, is interested in the "first Tuesday after the first Monday" in November. He is running for the office of district attorney at Baker.

A year scholarship for the coming year in Stanford university has been awarded to Dr. Clinton H. Thienes, instructor in pharmacology in the University of Oregon. The scholarship, which pays \$2,300 a year to the recipient, was awarded by the medical fellowship board of the national research council. Dr. Thienes holds three degrees from Oregon, B.A., which he

received in 1918, and M.A. and M.D., in 1923, and is a member of Kappa Psi, medical fraternity, and Phi Beta Kappa.

Evelyn Foster, who worked in the University library last year, is now attending Library School in Urbana, Illinois. Evelyn is a Pi Beta Phi.

Ester Furuset became Mrs. Ernest S. Fisk, of Sacramento, California, in August. Since graduation Ester has been teaching physical training.

From Martha Tinker Godbolt (Mrs. Fred B.) at Red Bluff, California, comes this significant little item, "Daughter born June 6, 1924—Sarah Gene Godbolt. So now have a Jimmy and a Sally!"

Florence R. Sherman is now Mrs. Harry Melville Flavel. The marriage took place at her home in Eugene, June 7. Mr. Flavel is a prominent business man and vice-president of the First National bank in Astoria. Mrs. Flavel can be addressed at 357 Fifteenth street, Astoria, Oregon.

Dorothy Wilkinson, ex-'18, was married recently at Red Oak, Iowa, to L. R. Faubian, ex-'19, at the home of her parents. Before her marriage Mrs. Faubian taught in Omaha, Nebraska, while Dr. Faubian studied medicine at Northwestern university. The couple has gone to Wichita, Kansas, where Dr. Faubian will spend a year as interne in one of the Wichita hospitals. Mrs. Faubian was a member of Alpha Phi on the campus. Dr. Faubian was elected to Phi Chi, medical fraternity.

Lela Cushman Spellman, with her small daughter, are staying in Eugene while Bart works the Oregon line into shape for the fall football schedule. The Spellmans are living at the Osburn apartments.

1919

Maude Lombard is now head of the physical education department of the Western Illinois State Teachers' college, at Macomb, Illinois. She received her M.A. degree from the University of Wisconsin this June.

Mary Mattley is living at the Scott apartments in Marshfield. She has been in Marshfield nearly four years, where she is a teacher in the high school. During the summer she took a trip through Canada, stopping at Banff and Calgary.

Roberta Schuebel Caldwell (Mrs. J. Burrows Caldwell) of "Pinegrove," Oregon City, reports "a very important news item (to us)—a brand new son—John Chaloner Caldwell—born June 12."

William Patterson, with his mother, made a visit to Sterling, Kansas, this summer, visiting at the home of his brother, Chalmer Nash Patterson, '17. William taught near Ashville, North Carolina, last winter.

Catherine Dobie is teaching in Washington high school, in Portland. She returned in June from a year's stay abroad.

George Taylor is electrical engineer for the Western Electric company in San Francisco, but vacationed in Oregon during the summer. He and his wife, Mary Wilson Taylor, visited Crater Lake and took a hiking trip up Diamond Peak. Mrs. Taylor will be at the University of Washington this winter.

William H. Morrison, 1609 Walker building, Salt Lake City, Utah, enjoyed a swim in Great Salt Lake with Everett (Fat) Pixley, '21, now salesman for New York Life Insurance company. But "the most enjoyable part of the day was recalling on the way home the real swims the old mill race afforded us not so long ago," he assures us.

Bernice Miller Coshow (Mrs. Delos Coshow) is instructor in history at Brownsville, Oregon, high school.

Frances Wiles Cannon and her husband, Clarence Cannon, ex-'22, are still located at Brookings, Oregon. They visited in Eugene this summer with Mrs. Cannon's mother.

Miss Essie Maguire has returned to Portland. She is the industrial secretary at the Y. W. C. A. She came to Portland from Tacoma, where she had been engaged in Y. W. work for some time.

Most of the time she spent in Paris, studying at the Sorbonne. She traveled with Jeannette Calkins, '18, and the last lap of their trip was made in a new Studebaker sedan which they drove from the factory to Eugene. Dorothy Collier, '18, was another passenger in the sedan's transcontinental initiation.

Harold (Skinny) Newton, formerly vice-consul for the United States at Kobe, Japan, has returned to the States. He is now employed by the Columbia Pacific Shipping company in Portland. He spent a few days on the campus at the opening of school, visiting his Delta Tau Delta brothers. Said he was anxious to shake hands with the only professor who flunked him.

Melba Williams resigned her position this summer in the University library, and is now studying music in Grinnell college.

1920

Robert O. (Bob) Case is publicity manager of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce, headquarters in Portland. He has another claim to distinction in that he has marketed several short stories lately.

Helen Eleanor Whitaker, of Myrtle Point, is planning to study at the University of California this coming winter, doing post graduate work.

Adelaide V. Lake has returned from a two months' trip to New York, Boston, Washington, D. C., and other eastern cities. On her way east, she covered the Business and Professional Women's annual convention for the Oregonian. One of her recent special assignments was to cover the state fair at Salem.

Miss Grace Knopp spent the summer at Berkeley, studying at the University of California under distinguished visiting professors in Spanish. She is teaching Spanish and French in the Eugene high school.

Irving Smith, known on the Oregon campus as "Jimmy," is doing architectural work in Los Angeles, after graduate study in Paris. His address is 332 Southwestern avenue, Los Angeles.

Jeannette Moss was married June 21 to Charles Wesley Vanatta in Hilo, Hawaii. They are now at home at Kapaau, Hawaii.

Inga Winter is teaching in the high school at Wasco. She writes that she expects to see the Oregon-O. A. C. clash at Corvallis next month.

Frieda Ball, ex-'20, of Astoria, Oregon, was married August 20 to Lieutenant George Herring of the U. S. S. California. They are at home at San Pedro, California.

Kenneth C. Hendricks is located at 7 Tajiri, Soneda, Fukushima, Japan, where he is "just on the missionary job with wife and two kiddies in a little Japanese city of 40,000 population." He is enjoying his work in spite of the fact that the Exclusion Act, discriminating against Japanese immigration in America, has made it a trifle harder for American workers to influence the Japanese.

Zetta Mitchell Cook and her husband, Paul Wayne Cook, '23, are to be in charge of the high school at Brookings again this year. Paul finds much interesting material for work in geology, and he and Clarence Cannon, ex-'22, try to see which can spend the most time fishing. It is reported that they haul in some big ones, too, as the Chetco river is ideal for trout and salmon fishing.

Kerby S. Miller has returned to the campus as an instructor. He was married this summer to Marian Sutherland, a British Columbia girl.

George Harris, ex-'20, who has been ill for some time, spent two months during the summer with his family in Eugene. He is now in the U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 59 at Tacoma.

Mrs. J. Ralph Beck (Ruth Young) ex-'20, and her two young children, Barbara Ann and James Ralph Jr., visited Portland recently as the guests of Adelaide Lake. Mr. Beck, who is an O. A. C. man, is county agriculturist at Toledo, Oregon.

Mrs. Donald L. Stevens (Geraldine Buch) is enjoying her newly founded home in Ashland, where she taught school for four years past.

1921

Marian Taylor, secretary of the appointment bureau of the school of education for the past two years, left early in September for an extended stay in the East. She plans to visit with a sister in Topeka, Kansas, en route.

Thomas Strachan, known to Oregon students as "Scotty," is covering the western territory for a large twine company of San Francisco. On his way through northern California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Nevada he manages to see many old friends.

Carl Mautz, ex-'21, famous for his gridiron activities a few years ago, is now studying law at the Northwestern School of Law in Portland. Carl may some day be remembered as "Bob's big brother." Bob is a promising member of the football squad this year.

Vivian Chandler and Lyle Bartholomew, '22, were married September 4 at Dayton, Washington, the bride's home. Viv

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majoring in gym, and was president of Woman's league. Lyle was also a president—of the Associated Students in '21-'22. He is at present with the Ready-made Building Company in Portland.

Isabel F. Zimmerman, '21, is a teacher of mathematics in the Brownsville high school, Brownsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ward (Clara Thompson), both of '21, are living at Dufur. Their two sons and their rancan occupy their time. Ed Ward is remembered as one of the tall Phi Delta. He made the varsity football team in his senior year. His wife is a member of Chi Omega.

Mrs. Ivan Harold Ware (Helen Hall), who spent the past year teaching in Christian College, Canton, China, is now on her way to Eugene, where she will spend the winter with her parents. Helen has been Mrs. Ware since March, when she was married in Hong Kong. Her husband is connected with the business side of the Canton Christian college and will return to the States next spring. Traveling with Mrs. Ware is Amy Dunn, who was for several years Delta Gamma housemother at Oregon.

Wilbur Hulin, who received his master's degree at Harvard in July, has been appointed instructor in psychology at Princeton University.

Wanda Nelson is teaching in the McMinnville high school. She visited at the Chi Omega house on the campus during the first week of the college year.

The opening of the University brought Richard H. Martin of Portland back to Eugene. Martin, known on the campus as "Shad," is selling bonds in Portland.

Stella Sullivan Miller, ex-'21, is back at 157 East Erie street, Chicago, after spending three months on the Pacific coast. She enjoyed commencement at the University of Oregon, finding "many old timers present."

1922

Mark Latham, the Latham of basketball fame, and his wife, Ina Mae Proctor, ex-'25, are living in Santa Barbara. Maurine Elrod has a position in the Portland Central Library.

Florence Riddle, B.A. '22, and M.A. '24, will teach in Grants Pass during the coming year.

Ruth Lane is with the Swarthmore Chautauqua association, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, for which she has been working for the past year and a half doing advancing in the summer and getting contracts in the larger cities in the winter—traveling from North Carolina to Massachusetts. She wants to know what can be done to make eastern papers print Pacific coast football stories.

It is not known which one of the 57 varieties comes under the jurisdiction of James Say, who is now employed by the Heinz company in Portland. Jim is a Phi Kappa Psi.

Harold Moore, ex-'22, is now employed by the Morning Register in Eugene.

Wayne Akers and Alice Titus, ex-'25, were married July 12 in Eugene. Mr. and Mrs. Akers are living in Oakland, where Wayne is in business.

Wilbur K. Hoyt, who was known to the members of the class of '22 as the small but famous Senior who had to learn to swim before he could graduate, is now deep in the waters of diplomacy. He can be reached at Apartado 2097, Mexico D. F., Mexico.

The wedding of Dorothy Dale Manville and Keith Kiggins, ex-'19, took place this summer in Portland. Mrs. Kiggins is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, and Mr. Kiggins of Phi Gamma Delta. Mr. and Mrs. Kiggins are making their home in Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson Parker (Margaret Biddle), ex-'22, have a young daughter, born August 17.

Ina McCoy, '22, who has been teaching in Salem since her graduation, was married on August 15 to Harvey Thurston Sethman, of Salem. Mrs. Sethman is a member of Delta Gamma.

Lillian Auld has spent most of her time since graduation in travel. Shortly after getting her degree she went to the Orient; after returning from the Orient she worked in New York on the staff of the New York American. She spent two weeks with her parents in Eugene during the summer before sailing for Europe, August 13.

Eugene Kelty, '22, is associated with his father, Paul Kelty, in publishing the Eugene Daily Guard. Gene majored in journalism, and is a member of Sigma Delta Chi and Beta Theta Pi. Mrs. Kelty was "Betty" Pride, who belonged to the class of '24.

Ella Rawlings, one-time president of Women's league, is in charge of the corrective work in the physical education department of the Sutter street Y. W. C. A. in San Francisco.

Ian Campbell, who took honors in general scholarship, honors in chemistry and honors in geology before he graduated with the class of '22, is still at Harvard, where he spent last year as a student. His address is 11 Conant Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Joseph Ellis Torbet, formerly principal of the Springfield, Oregon, high school, was elected superintendent at Brownsville this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Littlefield are the parents of a son, Allen Edward, who as yet measures his age in terms of weeks. Allen Edward's parents are both Oregon grads. Mrs. Littlefield (Isabelle Kidd) graduated in '22, and Forrest in '23.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Gehr (Emma Jane Garbade, '22) are living in West Hollywood, where Sanford is in the florist business. Their address is 8010 Norton, West Hollywood, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Cooke Allen Jr. are now living in Paris, where Jay is to study at the Sorbonne. Mrs. Allen was Ruth Austin, '22. The wedding took place September 7 in Woodburn.

Hazel Young, ex-'22, and Lincoln Sartwell were married in Portland September 23. They will make their home in Chicago, where Mr. Sartwell is with Swift and Company.

Miss Florence Tenneson, ex-'22, is now Mrs. Walter Rich. They are living at 11½ Buchtel avenue, Portland. Mrs. Rich is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma and Mu Phi Epsilon.

Howard T. McCulloch and Jane Fleckenstein, ex-'26, were married in Portland in June. They will live in Portland, where Mr. McCulloch is practicing law.

Helen Carson, permanent class secretary of the class of 1922, is now teaching at Bend, Oregon. Members of her class should note this change in address and mail their news items to her accordingly. Helen spent six weeks on the campus taking summer session work.

The wedding of Helene Kuykendall and William Webster Deadman, ex-'25, took place in Eugene, September 6. Since her graduation, Helene was an assistant in the fine arts department of the University. Mr. and Mrs. Deadman will live in Alpina, Michigan.

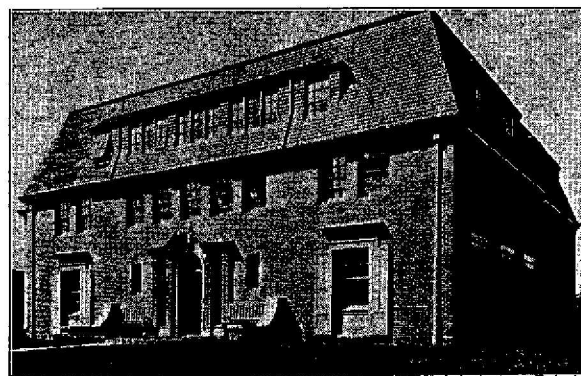
1923

Margaret Scott is making a practical application of her journalism training by reporting for the Standard, Eureka, California.

Leith F. Abbott, '23, writes enthusiastically of his work as western advertising representative of the Long-Bell Lumber company, Longview, Washington.

A reunion of three journalism students of the class of '23 was held in Bend on August 28, when a caravan of Albany business men visited Central Oregon. Fred Michelson, representing the Albany Herald, Phil Brogan who works on the Bend Bulletin, and Mary Lou Burton who is with the Central Oregon Press in Bend, gathered about one table at the banquet and report that old friends and "the shack" came in for as much of their attention as did the speakers of the evening.

Mrs. Paul O. Harding (Felicia Perkins, '23) may be addressed 660 Westminster Drive, Pasadena, California.



New home of Pi Beta Phi, on Fifteenth and Kincaid.

Arvin Burnett is working for the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

The engagement of Imogene Letcher, '23, to Lyle Palmer, '24, was recently announced in Portland. Imogene is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, Lyle of Sigma Chi.

Wave Leslie and Gertrude Tolle are now teaching in Christian College, Canton, China.

Lucille Branstetter is working for the Industrial Accident commission, Portland.

Mildred Brown, '23, is teaching in Santa Clara, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Oberteuffer, both of '23, are living in Eugene. Mrs. Oberteuffer was Marvel Skeels. "Obie" spent last year at Columbia specializing in physical education, and is now a member of the Oregon faculty in the school of physical education.

Jessie Lewis has sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, where she will teach during the coming year. Last year she taught at Parkdale, Oregon.

Della Deich, ex-'24, and Meredith Beaver, '23, were married August 16. They are living in Portland, where he is attending Medical School.

Alice Thomas, '23, is taking nurse's training in the Multnomah hospital, Portland.

Katherine Watson, ex-'25, and John Anderson, '23, were married in Eugene. They are living at the Myrtle Arms apartments in Marshfield, where John is employed on the Coos Bay Times.

The wedding of Aulis Anderson and Owen Callaway took place in Eugene, September 27. Mrs. Callaway, who is permanent class secretary of the class of '23, can be reached at her new home in Apartment 3 of the Volheim apartments, Thirtieth and East Alder streets, Portland.

1924

Edwin Fraser is now employed on the Del Norte Tripletate, weekly paper published at Crescent City, California. Ed went to the California town shortly after commencement.

"Hunk" Latham, '24, whose real name is Hugh, will play fullback on the Multnomah club team this season. He is now engaged "in the lumber business."

Arthur Rudd and John Piper, who starred in Dean Allen's editing class, are to be students at Columbia university this year. Art writes on Pendleton Round-Up stationery from New York to say: "I am loaded up pretty heavily with work in the Pulitzer school of journalism, but still have time to think of how much I would like to be back seeing the gang come in for the year 1924-25." His address is 607 Livingston Hall, Columbia University, New York City.

Vio Mae Powell, ex-'24, is to be on the faculty of the San Jose Teachers' college, San Jose, California, this coming year. She is located at 4324 View street, Oakland. She will have charge of experimental drama in the kindergarten department.

Marion Lay, journalism major, is now working in Manchester, New Hampshire, on the oldest paper in that state.

Alexander (Al) Trachman, ex-'24, is working in Fruitville, Alameda county, California. On the campus he majored in journalism.

Velma Farnham is now working on the Tillamook Herald. Velma devoted one year of the precious four at Oregon to editing the 1923 Oregonian.

Teka Haynes is teaching in her old home town, Roseburg, Oregon. She is a member of Delta Delta Delta.

Kate Pinneo, who made her farewell appearance in campus dramatics in the commencement play, "The Taming of the Shrew," is now touring in Europe.

Helen Mayer, '24, is teaching expression in the Boise, Idaho, high school.

Lester Turnbaugh, '24, is principal of the high school at Merrill. He visited the campus during the summer with his wife.

Nancy Wilson is back on the campus, where she is secretary to Dean Rebec.

Ralph Spearow, who holds the intercollegiate pole vaulting record, is now traveling in Japan, where he is giving exhibitions. Spearow, known as the "pole-vaulting parson" went to Japan at the invitation of the Japanese government.

Claire Yoran is now Mrs. Arthur S. Smythe of Arlington, Oregon. The wedding took place in Eugene September 6. Claire is a Delta Gamma, and majored in Botany.

Clarence Anderson, ex-'24, joined the ranks of the beneficiaries this summer. He married Frances Hennigan, and they are "at home" in Wasco, Oregon, where Clarence is managing editor of the Wasco News-Enterprise.

Lot Beattie is working with the Ireland brothers in their Sandwich Shops in Portland.

Leo P. J. Munly, business manager of the Emerald last year, is still interested in the advertising game. He is working for Crossley Failing advertising agency in Portland.

Rosalie Keber stepped into the job of society editor of the Salem Capital Journal, which was left vacant by the marriage of Ruth Austin, '22, to Jay C. Allen Jr. Salem is a good place to work, she thinks, and is conveniently close to her home at Mount Angel.

Taylor Eugene Huston, ex-'24, was married to Bertha H. Gillis in Portland, July 27. Mr. and Mrs. Huston are in Oregon City, where Mr. Huston is night editor of the Morning Enterprise.

"Bunk" Short is helping the Republican committee in Portland organize their campaign work.

Jennie Noren is assistant librarian at Washington High School, Portland.

Ted Osborne, ex-'24, is at 1600 Garden street, Santa Barbara, California. He writes, "I find that I simply can't get along for another year without Old Oregon."

Helen Murdoch was married to Kay Armston Leep Jr., '23, on Friday, September 5, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Miller Murdoch of Portland.

Harriet Howells, '24, is at 840 West Euclid, Detroit, Michigan, as is Charlotte Howells, '23.

Marion Playter is employed by the Frederick Hyskell advertising agency in Portland, Marion majored in journalism. She came to Oregon for her Senior year from Missouri.

Georgia S. Benson, '24, is back at Eugene again, where she will take a course in the Eugene Business college, and eat at the Gamma Phi Beta house. Campus officers are feeling more secure now to know that the former president of Woman's League is within hailing distance.

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James Meek's, ex-'24, black mustache, never-removed relic of senior sombrero days, is seen at all hours in the Anchorage. "Jimmie" is one of the new proprietors of the popular millrace tea house.

Marcella Berry, last year secretary of the student body, can't give up being secretary of something. She now is acting in that capacity to Dean Walker, student advisor.

Harriet Veazie is teaching physical education at North Bend, Oregon. Harriet belongs to Phi Beta Kappa, Mortar Board, and Pot and Quill.

Miriam Swartz is working in the Hibernia National Bank. In the University she won the Gerlinger cup. She is a member of Chi Omega.

Shannon Pettinger is teaching in Lincoln high school, Portland. Shannon is a Chi Omega, and owns a Phi Beta Kappa key.

1925

The wedding of Lynn Roycroft and Geraldine Root, ex-'25, took place in Eugene during the summer. Gerry was a member of Alpha Chi Omega. Lynn is a Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Mr. and Mrs. Roycroft are living in Eugene, where Lynn is in the insurance business.

Doris Holman, ex-'25, was married to Harry Davis on September 18, this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hartmus are at present living in Honolulu. Before her marriage this summer Mrs. Hartmus was Catherine Spall, ex-'25. She is a Kappa Kappa Gamma, a member of Kwama, and was president of Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalism fraternity. "Larry" attended Reed College two years before coming to Oregon.

Georgiana Gerlinger, ex-'25, left the Oregon fold for the University of California this fall. Georgiana was a journalism major.

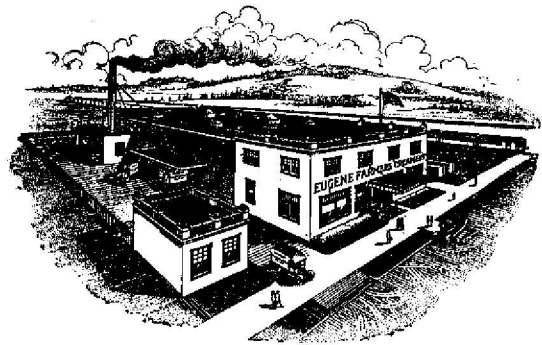
1927

Catherine Switzer, ex-'27, a freshman in the University last year, was married on September 6 to Samuel M. Fries, of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Fries are now living at 701 East 13th street, north, Portland.

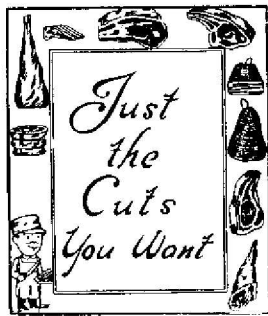


Governor Pierce (standing on the wheel of the Chicago) greets Lieutenant Smith as he lands in Eugene, September 27, on the world flight.

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856 Willamette Street

Joins in welcoming you to "HOME SWEET HOME" — Sweeter by virtue of your presence.

"WE TELL IT WITH VALUES"

Grover, Grover, All in Clover

(Continued from Page Eleven)

party lacking in ideals and devotion. I wondered why the Democrats stooped to buy the miserable services of these cheap turncoats. I was sorry they did.

* * *

Four years passed. We boys who were readers, followed the Washington news closely in such papers as could be relied upon for fair and truthful accounts. It was unfortunate that we could not trust the Republican papers. *The Oregonian* gave Grover such vicious whacks in editorials that I nearly burst with indignation. So Virgil, as leader of our Democratic gang, digested the *Congressional Record*. He gave me the benefit of his research. But I read our own party papers in addition and even the monthly reviews, as did other party comrades. And we argued on the tariff with Republican boys, no less ardent students. Politics played an important role in our lives, for we believed government to be our primary interest as citizens, and office in government superior to all other honors. Even millionaires we respected only for the part they took in filling party war chests.

Another Presidential election came around, with the same old cleavage in friendships.

"What do you know about the tariff?" I hurled at one of my intimates when he said the foreigner pays the tax.

Party feeling was running high in school early in election year. On the Memorial Day of '88, a solemn parade was passing up the muddy street to the graveyard for public exercises and a volley in memory of the soldiers who had laid down their lives for their country. The band was playing the "Dead March from Saul." Behind the band came the

Grand Army, the militia, the Women's Relief Corps and other organizations, bearing flowers.

In the G. A. R. were a number of professional veterans who went around in blue and brass buttons and corded hats, when rumor said their soldiering was done as guards at military prisons and on the Canadian border. An old cavalryman like John Church, who carried a bullet in his leg, and the other real fighters in the G. A. R. remained rather aloof from these professionals. This, for moral justification.

It wasn't at all a nice thing to do, I knew at the time. But I had been fed up on pension scandals in the Democratic papers, and some sons of veterans had sung "Hang Jeff Davis" at me. So I shouted, "Grand Army of the Retreats" at the G. A. R.—and ran. Lord, how I ran! But I was overtaken and spread-eagled with bale rope to the wheel of an unhitched farm wagon in an alley back of a smithy's. It was all in the game of politics.

The boys of my generation were now leaders in the public school. We in our turn could play the pinching game on small boys, yet to be initiated in rudimentary politics. And we could argue. There was less fist-fighting among us, although some sons of veterans once dumped me over a high picket fence upon a flower bed belonging to a severe and elderly spinster, leaving me to explain.

We still jeered each other's rallies. We Democrats naturally had no desire to hear our chosen leaders flouted, our tenets lampooned and our intelligences insulted with the absurd assertion that the "foreigner pays the tax."

On the other hand, the young Republicans knew that they could hold their faith only by shutting their ears to the resistless logic, formidable array of facts and merciless exposures of our Democratic speakers.

Judge was now in the field, with colored lithograph cartoons like *Puck*. But its cartoons were gross and libelous, such as one picturing President Cleveland as the hoggishly fat Democratic patron saint, wearing a tin halo tied to a stick poked down the back of his cowl, hands joined in hypocritical piety.

On its part, *Puck* seized the essential moral and physical weakness of Ben Harrison and portrayed him without pity, a human pigmy with a dish-face and out-curving beard, swallowed in his grandfather's long clawhammer coat and antique beaver, sitting like a ventriloquist's dummy on the knee of the cunning dictator, Blaine.

We had our rallies. But one rally loomed above all.

It was in a new hall. Red fire burned before the door and the band played. Inside, bunting was looped about and there were portrait banners of our peerless leaders set among flags and evergreens on the stage, with a glass pitcher and tumbler on the speaker's table.

The silver-tongued orator from the Golden State was passing through on a tour. A great crowd was turning out. We boys purloined boxes from the rears of groceries and placed these against the back wall, so we had a clear view over the heads of standers.

The orator arrived late. We knew that he had been met at the station and escorted to a committeeman's home. He was eating fried chicken, coolly and calmly, while we sang and cheered in awaiting him. The coolness of nerve of these great men!

The meeting opened with a fill-in speech by a lawyer of our town. I thought it a whale of a speech.

Then there was a hubbub at the door, the band struck up, people arose in their seats, craned their necks and cheered,

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Tamales that are made on premises
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The Imperial Lunch

Fred Gerot, Prop.

Eugene

and the reception committee proudly escorted the distinguished visitor up the center aisle to the platform. He was a stout little man with a white goatee, a very red face and a shock of iron-gray hair.

The chairman arose, after a general handshaking, and pawed the air until the house quieted. Then he extolled the record, paid homage to the virtues and heaped encomiums on the eloquence of the silver-tongued statesman from the Golden State.

I had been very proud of our local speaker until the little man with the red face and shock of hair got into action. He began in a quiet, matter of fact way. Soon he had us laughing. Then he made us serious. And so he swept us on.

When that orator warmed, when his convictions gripped him, people began to stand and climb up on their chairs. How he tore into those Republicans! He left them without a shred of logic to clothe their pretensions, without a rag of respectability.

At the end of the speech, I was in a fever. I could not close my eyes for hours, but in the dark of my room let memory pour out its record.

Next morning, I retailed this eloquence second-hand in the school yard. But it was received with poohs and pishes by those bigoted Republican youngsters. That was it—they dared not listen, or their Republicanism would have gone up the flue.

With Grover's record of accomplishment, with the right on his side, it was inconceivable that the people would be such dunces and be so blind to their own interests as to elect a runt like Tippienoe's grandson.

The Democrats held their final grand parade the Saturday night before election.

To us Democrats, it was a celebration of the coming victory. Virgil showed me on paper how Grover could not lose, based on the most conservative Democratic estimates.

This time, I secured a white oilcloth cape and cap without trouble, and a torch as well, and paraded in the line through the streets shouting, "Four, four, four years more" and "Grover, Grover, all in clover" to our steps, stopping to cheer in front of the homes of Democrats. There was no grandfather to stand on my porch and wave a bandana. But he had lived to see Grover in the White House.

It was a highly satisfying parade, and I detected a note of envy in the voices of Republican boys to whom I described its glories.

(Continued on Page Thirty-Six)



These "2-6-0" girls in Eugene served at social functions, made the sandwiches and tea before, and washed the dishes afterwards, all to swell the Gift Campaign fund. They are (left to right) front row, Marion Ady, '21; Janet Frasier, '21; Bee Wetherbee-Donnelly, '21; Brownell Frasier, '21. Back row, Dorothy Dixon Hollenbeck, '21; Dorothy Lowry Humphrey, '21; and Melba Williams, '19.



The little white shack back of Johnson hall, which houses the Alumni Association headquarters and Gift Campaign office.

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Members of Sigma Nu just moved into this new house on Eleventh avenue, conveniently near the Millrace, the Oregana, and—the Campus.

Election day came. I watched the party workers distribute ballots. At evening, I went out with Virgil to hear the returns.

Some way, the early returns from New York were not very satisfying. But I still believed in Providence.

Next day, the Republicans were making wild claims of victory. But that couldn't be. It was absurd to think that the people would place in the White House a little runt swallowed in his grandfather's beaver, who would sit on Blaine's knee like a ventriloquist's dummy. Hadn't the people rejected Blaine only four years before? Every one knew that he would be the real President if Harrison won.

We Democrats held on. Virgil had a straight tip that votes would turn up from farmer precincts which would put New York in the Democratic column.

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The Republicans in school shouted and crowed in disgusting fashion. But we stoutly denied that Grover had lost.

All the time, a sickening conviction was coming upon me that the people had repudiated their President. The *New York World* and *Eugene Guard* conceded Harrison's election. So did the Democratic national chairman. At last Virgil, with a face drawn and haggard with misery, told me privately that the jig was up.

I could not face school. I was sick, downright sick. Food was repugnant, and mother thought she should send for the doctor. Then I told her that I could not and would not face those jeering Republicans. So I stayed home, hidden.

That night, the Republicans held a parade and illumination. They copy-catted us by building bonfires and putting rows of candles in windows.

Yet it was not to celebrate, but to gloat. The eviction of a great statesman from the White House was the excuse for the Republican jamboree. Who could throw his hat into the air over the thought of a little man with a concave face and brushed-out whiskers sitting in the presidential chair.

I had intended to stay at home in my darkened room with fingers in ears while the procession passed. But something moved me to go out and see it from an obscure point. I did not know why. Perhaps it was to ease my pain, seeing how tame the Republican parade compared with ours. Perhaps it was pure curiosity. But never would I have admitted that it was because I wished to see Roman candles and glowing torches.

It was a drizzling night. Snats of cold rain fell from the bare limbed trees, and the bobbing line of torches made broken splotches of red in the waterholes of the street.

I hid behind protecting shrubs. Not for the world would I have been caught watching the Republicans celebrate their victory. Anything but that.

On came the paraders, yelling and jeering in disgraceful fashion, with the brass band blaring at the head of the column. The band was playing *John Brown's Body*—the tune to which the sons of vets had fitted the obnoxious words of Hang Jeff Davis. Instinctively, I reached down at the base of a tree and gathered up a handful of mud.

The band, in an inferno of red fire, was upon me. Some fool in a bearskin hat was cutting up antics as a drum major. I could now see the faces of the musicians. Then, the mud ball dropped from my hands. Could I trust my eyes! I looked again, slipping along in the dark of the bush. There was no doubt about it. The worst, the very worst, had befallen.

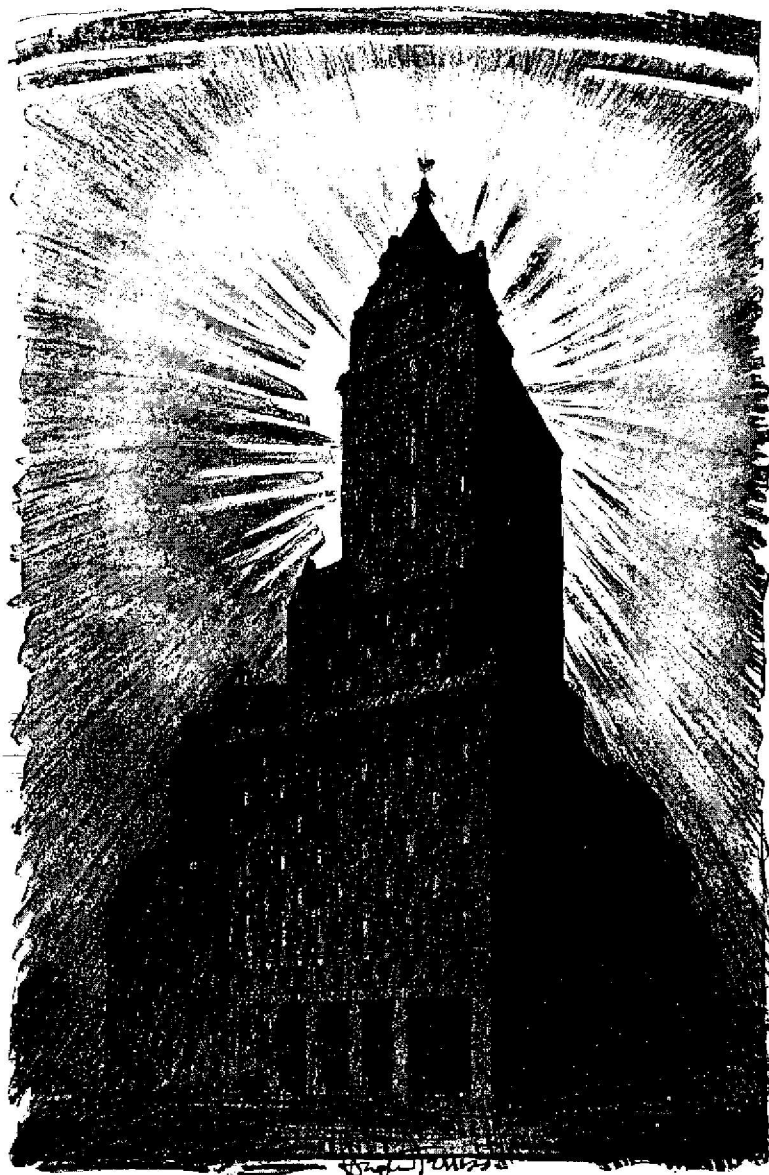
There, marching in the band, with Republican capes and caps, their thirty pieces of filthy silver jingling in their pockets, were Judases of Democrats—actual, avowed, born Democrats—distending their cheeks at horns to sound a joyful noise for the Republicans.

Sick inside, numbed, crushed, I faced my home, my soul as bleak as the black and dripping night. Providence had turned from us. Clearly, the All-Mighty had been grossly misinformed by the Republicans.

Then, out of the depths of misery, there arose a comforting thought—negatively comforting, it is true. Even this situation might have been worse. So, fervently from my heart, I thanked God that Grover was not there. Grover, at least, should remain in ignorance that such vile treachery lurked in the body of Eugene's democracy.



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