

November, 1923

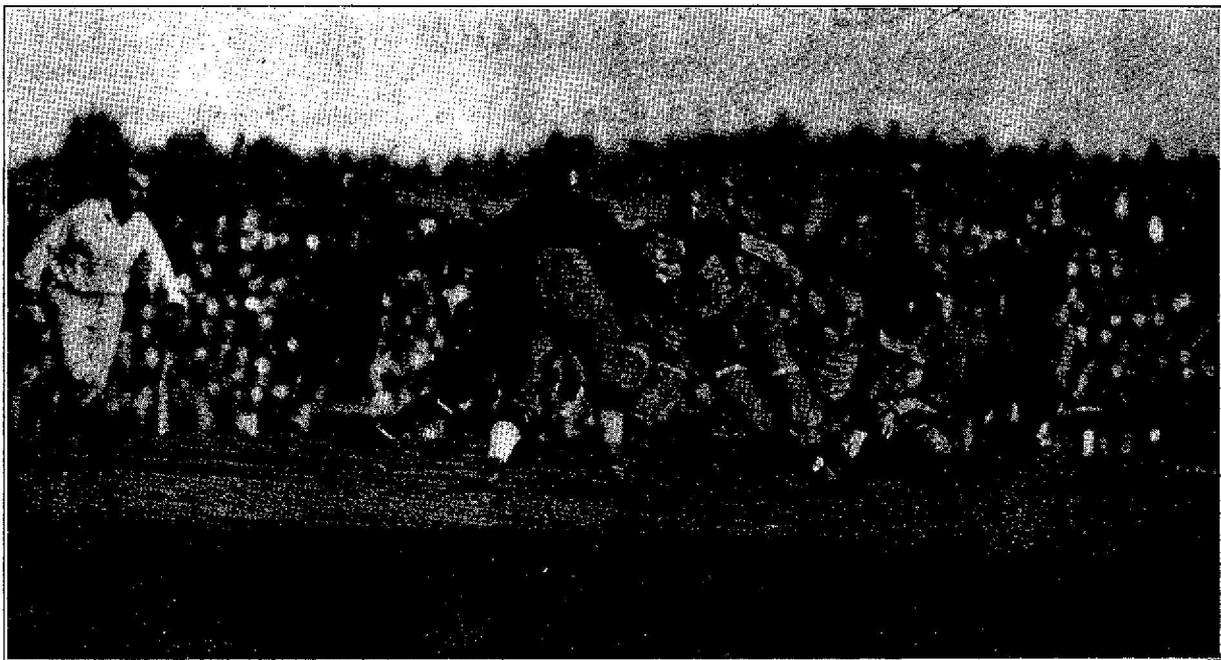
VOLUME VI, NO. 2

Public Library
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Old Oregon

Published Monthly at the University
of Oregon, Eugene.

HOMECOMING
NUMBER



A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE IDAHO-OREGON GAME AT EUGENE WITH TERGESON SMASHING OFF TACKLE ON IDAHO'S FIVE-YARD LINE

“Unite to fight for Oregon”

A seven days wonder in 1903, but already outgrown in 1909—so rapid is the march of electrical development.



A monument to courage



The total capacity of the steam turbine generators produced by the General Electric Company is equal to the working power of 170 million men. More and more the hard tasks of life are being transferred from human shoulders to the iron shoulders of machines.

This machine is a Curtis Steam Turbine Generator. Many called it a "piece of folly" in 1903. It was the largest turbine generator ever built up to that time.

Today General Electric Company builds steam turbine generators ten times as big as this pioneer; and the "piece of folly" is preserved as a monument to courage.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Homecoming, the Greatest Day of the Year for Alumni, Is November 24

HOMECOMING begins seventeen days from today, this being November 6, and Homecoming set for November 23 and 24.

Some of the best plans for Homecoming will be made in the week before the event; much of the hard work will be done those last few nights. But it is positive that the Oregon student body has been making plans and working a long time; and there will be only an increase of tension toward the end.

Homecoming this year at Oregon will not "outdo" previous Homecomings; but the Homecoming committee, headed by Haddon Rockhey, '24, declares itself eager to show alumni and their friends a celebration worthy of Oregon. The football team and coaches will show them a good fight, and conceivably a victory, living up to the fighting Oregon tradition.

Here is brief information as to Homecoming, brief because details are yet to be determined in many cases:

1. *Railroad rates.* Previously rates have been granted by many roads in Oregon. Homecomers are urged to inquire for them, and to plan on getting validation in Eugene. Two roads have, to date, promised fare and a third from Portland.

2. *Housing.* If you are not staying with friends or fraternity, a room will be reserved for you in a Eugene home. But you must write the housing committee, care the alumni secretary, if you wish reservations. Last year there were plenty of places for everybody; this year there may not be. Hotel accommodations are usually scarcer than gold mines; telegraphing now might help, however.

3. *Information and special aid.* Members of the association of Oregon Knights will meet trains and watch main highways into Eugene, prepared to conduct visitors wherever they wish to go. Homecomer-Hop-In cars will pick up visitors who have places they must get to.

4. *Registration.* Registration will go on as usual in the lobby of Johnson hall, beginning twenty-four hours before Homecoming proper. Rooms will be assigned there. It will constitute a general alumni loafing place.

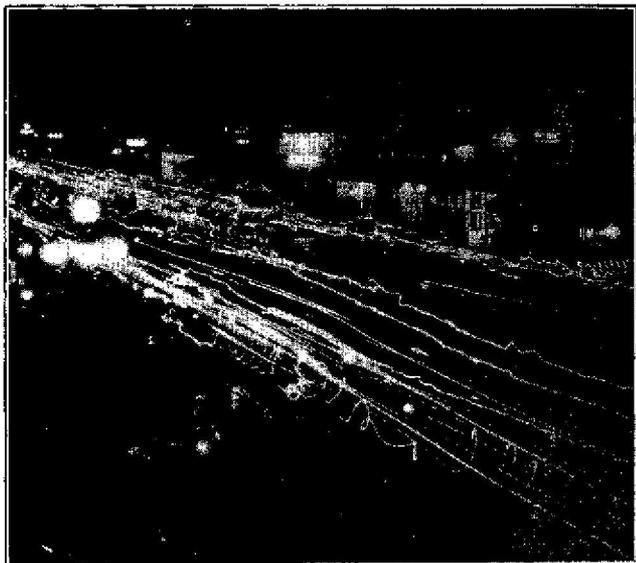
5. *Opening rally.* The rally opens Friday evening with the bonfire on Kincaid field, near the library, from which spot on Thirteenth street the noise parade will start. The rally proper will be held indoors for the first time in the history of Oregon Homecoming. The noise parade goes down Willamette street,

thence North, and then back to the Eugene armory. Here, under cover, alumni and guests from other institutions will be able to hear the program of yells, singing and talks by coaches, team men, old yell leaders and officials. Provision will be made for seating alumni of other institutions in groups. Those who have never seen a noise parade are warned to bring cotton ear plugs, and to remove them gradually. The parade is generally deafening, but a tribute to the ingenuity of men's houses and their competition for the annual noise-makers' cup.

After the rally, the houses will entertain for their guests as they choose.

6. *Alumni council.* This executive group will have its semi-annual meeting in the office of President Campbell at nine on Saturday morning.

7. *General Alumni meeting.* Semi-annual meeting at ten Saturday morning in Guild hall, the little theatre in John-



The Homecoming rally-parade down Willamette Street last year. This time exposure records the fireworks but not the noise.

son hall. The time from eleven to twelve is to be used by special reunion classes and other associations for meetings.

8. *Saturday Noon luncheon.* This will be held as usual in the men's gymnasium, a luncheon served by students in compliment to graduates and guests. Georgia Benson, president of the women's league, directs the luncheon.

9. *The game.* Reservations for grandstand seats should have been made before this. Dilatory ones should communicate, even yet, with Jack Benfiel, graduate manager. Additions are being made to the open stands, and the biggest Homecoming crowd of history will be provided for. Alumni might take warning that it still rains at Eugene at Homecoming.

The Order of the O parade, that impressive event before the game, will be longer than ever this year, because of the re-locating of many wearers of the letter. Lettermen are urged to bring sweaters or other insignia to wear in the parade.

10. *Adoption of Alumni.* Between halves there will be special features and the adoption of Oregon's Homecoming alumni from other institutions. The custom, begun last year,

Hear the speeches at the Homecoming rally with Dry Feet. After the bonfire and noise-making parade, the crowd goes to the armory where there will be speeches That You Can Hear. And Yells. And Dope.

was so well received and was felt to be so appropriate to Oregon tradition that it will be continued this year. The visitors rise in their places in the grandstand while the ceremony is read by President Campbell.

11. *Homecoming dance and reception.* With the coming of the Woman's building to the campus, the problem of entertaining many people without requiring them to dance was solved. Homecomers can congregate in alumni hall, that most charming of places to rest, to visit, or to be entertained; or they can dance in the gymnasium, which is so convenient to it that the same stairway admits to both. The evening affair is *not* formal. True, there will be every style present that was ever thought of; but women may wear suits if they want to and be in good fashion. It is the presence of an alumnus that is desired at homecoming; not his clothes. Eugene alumni will help receive, and thus make it more possible for unaccustomed homecomers to find their friends.

12. *Last warning.* It is not necessary to write of your coming *unless* you desire rooms or grandstand seats reserved. Inquire for railroad rates. Expect rain. Bring the old fight with you.

Let the Oregon Knights answer your questions. They are the Homecoming police, the Angels of Mercy, the Friend in Need, able to supply directions, matches, safetypins, and home cheer.

Under the Gargoyles

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

EDITOR'S NOTE—In October the reader learned of Dean Landebury. Below he can pursue the case of Dean Sheldon. In December he is promised Dean Rebec of the graduate school.

A MAN who can capture the imagination from behind the sacrosanct desk or from the other side of the fireplace; a man who can speak as to the effect of the new liberal movement or as to the probable reception in the middlewest of another novel like *Babbitt*; a man who takes tramps along wild beaches and through primitive forests, who likes to raise vegetables and read *The Country Gentleman*.

This is Dean Henry D. Sheldon, head of the school of education at the University of Oregon.

He touches the imagination, this man, with his little austerities that interrupt his exceeding humors, which are just how deep no one knows.

During the summer he permitted himself to be shorn of a most distinguished and continental vandyke, and the campus mourns its loss. The campus liked the vandyke, along with the professor's way of tasting a particularly savory expression before letting his listeners have it. One associated this habit with the pointed beard. The campus also likes the professor's way of walking, a stride half as long again as his height expects, long and distance-devouring. The professor does not need a car, and indeed he doesn't like driving one very much. But that is no matter—there is a younger Sheldon, now a junior on the campus, who does not mind the task.

Perhaps twenty years on a campus make a man conservative about rushing forth with opinions upon student affairs. At any rate Dean Sheldon successfully shies off of most of those captious issues upon which students like to impale faculty. He is a faithful member of *Agora*, men students' discussion club. But it is whispered outside of Gath that he has a powerful un-stoppering influence with his

innocent air of having seen all sides of a question and preferred none. The student mind seems to rebel at non-commitment, and an explosion in some degree is the result.

For a man apparently so little moved by the desire to be known to students, Dean Sheldon has a cunning and uncanny knowledge of intimate college affairs. He goes out to dinner, true—education classes are large and contain many women—but whether from politeness or actual enthusiasm for putting his elbows on strange tables it is impossible to say. As long ago as 1901 Dr. Sheldon was a good deal aware of the campus and the forms of animal life that achieve motion upon it. His book, "*Student Life and Customs*," published that year by Appleton, devotes more than half its space to the modern period. It discusses with a gravity not missing in the author twenty years later such matters as class organization, debating societies, fraternity institutions, self-governing associations, and the religious and political organizations of students.

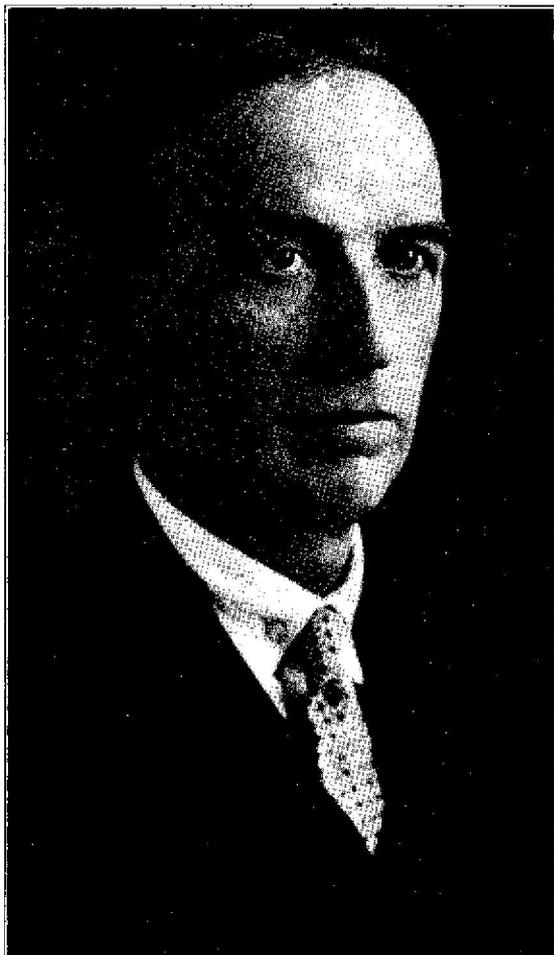
It is not a monk in a monastery nor, of course, a Barnum in a circus who writes: "At a prominent Western university a story is told which illustrates the difference between fraternity standards. One of the fraternities having expelled a member for drunkenness, another Greek-letter man observed that his society would expel a man who was not drunk periodically."

The East and Life Abroad

It was in his senior year at Stanford, from which he took both his bachelor's and his master's degrees, that Dean Sheldon turned consciously to the field of education. He had other openings on graduation, but these "seemed farther from the main currents of life," to use his own phrase.

In 1900 he completed work for his doctorate at Clark University and came to the faculty of the University of Oregon.

The work assigned him was philosophy and education. It included a course in ethics, which all seniors were then



—Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene.

Dr. Henry Davidson Sheldon, dean of the school of education, University of Oregon.

required to enroll for. In 1911 he went abroad, spending a year on the continent. Part of the time he was in Leipzig. He visited German schools; he listened to Karl Lamprecht; he visited and made observations in Switzerland, Italy and England. The following two years he taught the history of education at the University of Pittsburg. He then returned to the Oregon campus to become head of the school of education.

That school has become distinguished on the coast. It is a plant of its own, with a University high school containing the grades from six to twelve whose purpose is to furnish consecutive secondary education of the liberal type. It is not a college preparatory school, and its patrons represent the classes as accurately as do the patrons of any public school in Eugene.

Dean Sheldon no doubt wants to do many things with his school of education, but one thing he wants to do especially. That is to develop an advanced group of students who will make a study of modern higher education in the principal countries of America and Europe, tracing coincidental development along political, religious and social lines. Already he has six students at such work. For the present, studies are rather limited to English-speaking countries, for the reason that he happens to have no students who are fluent scholars in French or German. But already investigations have been begun of movements in Wales, Ireland, Scotland, England and America.

The school of education has a faculty of six devoted exclusively to this work, but many other faculty members give courses that are required of students in education. In the high school the full time services of nine are required.

But though he is distinguished by his school of education, Dean Sheldon is not the school, in the campus mind. He is a kind of third vice-president of the University, a Mind, a Voice Speaking.

Go to the Yale or Stanford or Michigan or Virginia graduate in your town and ask him if he has been invited to Homecoming. If he is the kind of person who would like the Oregon type of Homecoming, bring him with you. The students will take care of the rest.

Class of '93 Meets at Homecoming; Charles Henderson to Come all the Way From Indianapolis

MORE than half of the class of 1893 will be on the Eugene campus at Homecoming! Letters and messages received by Myra Norris Johnson, permanent secretary of the class, indicate that not only will six of the eleven living members attend, but that one of them will come more than three thousand miles to do so.

Charles Henderson, a member of the Indianapolis bar, will arrive in Eugene with his daughter, a Wellesley graduate, on the night of November 19, to stay until after Homecoming.

Arthur McKinley of Los Angeles wrote that he was not certain he could be present, but the class has not given up hope that he will do so. If he comes there will be seven.

The others expected are K. K. Kubli and May Dorris Bronaugh of Portland, and Lawrence Harris and Carey Martin of Salem.

Mr. Henderson, who is making the longest trip of any, lived in Eugene with his parents while he was attending college. Besides his daughter, he has a son, a Dartmouth graduate, who is now in the Harvard law school.

Mr. Johnson's Home is Headquarters

The call to the class of 1893 to assemble will be the general alumni meeting at 10 o'clock in Guild hall, located in Johnson hall. At eleven o'clock the members will go to the home of Mrs. Johnson at 1284 East Thirteenth street, which spot will be headquarters during their stay. From this point they will go direct to the noon luncheon in the men's gymnasium. After the game they will be the guests at a dinner at the Osburn. Not only will the class be guests on this occasion, but all members of their families who accompany them will also be expected to attend. From the dinner they will go together to the Women's building for the evening.

Plans for special features of the '93 reunion are formulating, but they cannot be announced so long ahead for fear of mischance. For those who remain Sunday there will be further opportunity to get together.

Mrs. Johnson's telephone is 603 and her home will be at the disposal of all members of the class, not only for meetings but as a resting place. She is being aided with the reunion plans by Judge Harris and Mr. Martin.

The graduate school at Illinois has an enrollment of 582. The total registration at Illinois on October 9, was 9,384, a gain of 88 students over the same day a year ago.

At the University of Kansas a life membership in the alumni association is \$75.

Homecoming: More Important Than Anyone Could Have Expected

By ROBERT B. KUYKENDALL, '13, President of the Oregon Alumni Association.

OUR Homecoming has become a great event. It is a great occasion for those of us who return since it gives us the opportunity to renew old and generous friendships, to freshen our recollection of campus days, and to feel again the surging excitement of a battle with the Aggies. There is certainly something wrong with the alumnus who does not care to meet again the warm and genuine friends of the days



Robert B. Kuykendall, '13, president of the Oregon Alumni Association.

at Oregon. The graduate who does not care to revive his memories of Oregon by a pilgrimage to the campus is to be pitied. Any Oregon man or woman who does not get a thrill out of seeing Oregon beat the Aggies should be identified, labeled and placed in the Condon museum as the rarest and most astonishing specimen in the whole collection. It is unbelievable that there are any of the latter species extant. Homecoming is certainly a great event for us of the alumni.

It has also become an institution of great value to the University since it renews the loyalty of its graduates, gives thousands of guests a glimpse of the fascinating spirit and

life of the campus, and furnishes a rare opportunity to capture and hold the loyalty of men and women from all parts of the state. Homecoming has become in its meaning to the alumni and its significance to the University a far greater event than either the alumni or those connected with the University could ever have suspected when this annual pilgrimage was inaugurated. It is a part of the life of the University which all of us hope will always be preserved and never perverted.

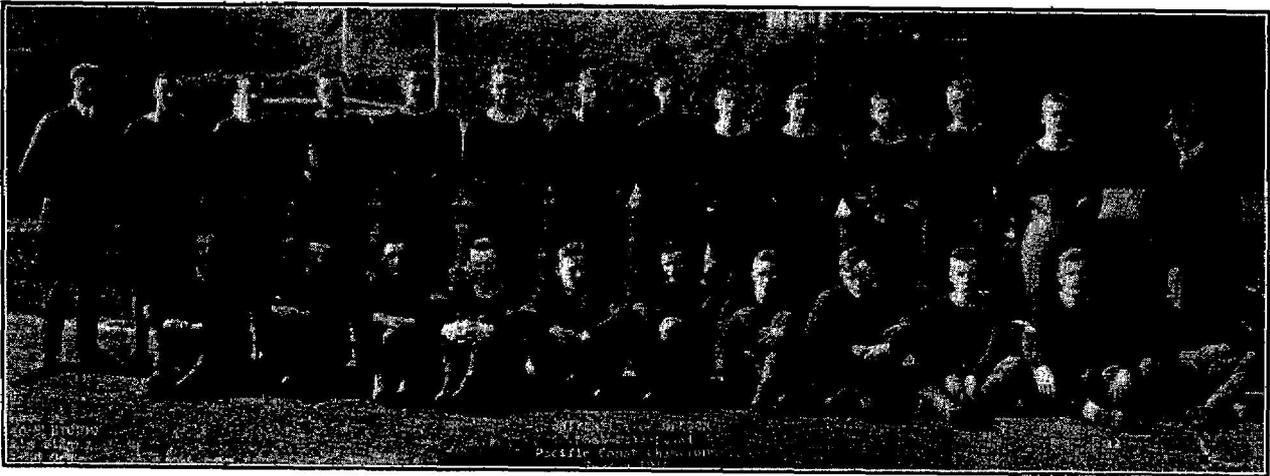
To be sure of its preservation we must see that it remains a real Homecoming for all Oregon men and women regardless of fraternal or other affiliations. Every Oregon alumnus must feel at home and wholeheartedly welcome in every corner of the University and in every organization on the campus. For instance, we must not forget that hundreds of men and women attended the University before there were any fraternities or sororities on the campus. These graduates should not feel that Homecoming means any less to them than to others of a later day. Homecoming is for all graduates and former students and all should be made to feel at home. It is therefore an obligation of every organization upon the campus to welcome all of the alumni. Open house should be maintained in every organization for everyone who returns. That is in accord with the real Oregon spirit and must always be remembered if Homecoming is to remain the great occasion that it has become.

We of the alumni must also keep in mind the fact that although Homecoming was in the beginning an occasion for our entertainment it has nevertheless become an institution that means much to the University. Every year the number of outside guests is largely increased. To these guests the University, its undergraduates and alumni are on display. We must remember, therefore, that it is possible for some of our guests to gain an erroneous impression of life at the University. None of us would wish that to happen. Homecoming is primarily for the good of the University. May it always be to us of the alumni the happy event that it has always been and to our Alma Mater a source of unmitigated benefit and prestige.

Stanford has nearly 15,000 alumni and former students. Its alumni secretary feels that 5,000 subscribers to the Illustrated Review is an insufficient number. Oregon's proportion of subscribing alumni is about one in seven; not one in three.

Homecomers Invited to Laying of Cornerstone

HOMECOMING guests are invited to attend the laying of the corner stone of the new Sigma Nu house on Eleventh Street just west of the present Kappa Sigma house. The ceremonies will take place at 9.30 a.m. Saturday morning, November 24. The invitation is extended by Oliver B. Huston, '10, of Portland, president of the state organization of Sigma Nu and northwest inspector for the fraternity.



The famous fighting team of '16 that took the Pennsylvania scalp at Pasadena on New Year's Day by a score of 14 to 0.

The Return of the Exile

By A TORONTO GRADUATE

IT is commencement day at a great university. The Latin salutatory has already been uttered; the concourse, awed by the rolling cadences of the *lingua Romana*, has pretended to understand. The hundreds of candidates have received the degrees, and many have left for home.

Now it is afternoon and the hour has arrived for the old grads. They have come for it from the four corners. They neither went to the exercises of the forenoon nor watched the academic gowns in the processional. For them only this afternoon hour exists; it is the magnetism of the great university's past that has attracted them, not of its present.

They have been wandering about the campus, noting with quiet sorrow the many changes; but finally, their love undimmed, they have assembled in the old court, ready to march into Alumni hall.

It is the custom that the marshal shall call up the classes, which then are to walk in the long line in order of graduation, so he ascends stone steps and looks out over the multitude. He sees the white heads flecking the court, and hesitates, not knowing with what class to begin. He counsels himself to be safe.

"EIGHTEEN-FIFTY: CLASS OF 1850," he cries. Hopefully he looks over the host; everyone looks; heads twist and twist; eyes are shining and eager. Hardy indeed the alumnus of 1850 who could attend an alumni reunion, and yet after the minute of waiting there is an instant of sadness when no one responds. The marshal begins again, coming on down through the classes with emotional pauses.

Ah, a movement! a thrill! Someone is stepping forward. Lo, it is the patriarch of all the old grads—hoary, trembling a little, but scornful support. Proudly he heads the line. Then throughout sixty-five years of classes, they take their places behind him.

Hour of exquisite sentiment!

Will there be, some day, such a drama at Oregon? Our alumni association seems young and lusty, yet how many come from "the four corners" to attend the annual session? On Homecoming day there are hundreds here for the game, while a handful or two turn up for the meeting. Perhaps the association is not old enough to have respect for itself.

Or, as John Dryden wrote, a quarter of a millenium ago, is it that:

She though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold even in the summer of her age.

To the writer's desk there recently came a touch of old grad sentimentality from the Dominion of Canada, where men love exceedingly whatever Alma Mater has given them intellectual life.

It was fifty-two years ago when John Henderson of '71 received his degree at the University of Toronto. Apparently he is the last survivor of '71. He has always been a faithful alumnus, but now more than ever his mind turns back to the venerable university as she was in his day, and dwells on his departed companions.

"..... memory clings
To each leaf it saves.
Chilly winds are blowing,
It will soon be snowing
On our graves."

Lonely, the old, old man takes up his pen and addresses his ancient mother for the last time. He is in tears and scarcely knows how to write. The emotion within him must find its outlet in verse. The passionate measure of the fiery Sappho enters his scholarly mind, and in classical manner and mood he reviews his life as a student, and bids Toronto goodby.

ALMA MATER

By John Henderson, '71

Artium nutrix! patriae columnal
Nobilis mater docilis juventae!
Arborum lusi quoties sub umbra
Tempore prisco.

Silva florescet veniente vera,
Gramina ad campos Zephyrus reducet,
Sed mihi numquam socii redibunt
Morte preempti.

Nunc puellae adsunt graciles; per aulas
Splendidas voces liquidae audiuntur:
Aduit quondam studiosae rerum
Mascula proles.

Saepe traxerunt vigiles lucernae
In diem noctem, memorata dum nos
Facta Pelidae legimus eruenti
Vate ab Homero.

Nec tamen libris operam dabamus
Semper antiquis; juveni protervo
Mos erat raro modici abnegare
Munera Baechi.

Antea vates sacer hauriebat
Saepe ter ternos cyathos Falerni;
Liberi donis—scelus O nefandum—
Nunc vetitum uti.

Di boni vivis favcant alumnis;
Et Fidem et Pacem date Copiamque;
Mortuos clamo lacrimans; avete
Atque valete.

Dr. Straub says that Oregon graduates from '78 to the middle '90's can read Latin at sight; that from the middle '90's to about 1905 they can read with the aid of a lexicon; but that from 1905 to the present only a few of Professor Dunn's faithfuls can read it at all. For those since the middle '90's, then, the following is appended:

ALMA MATER

Thou nurse of the arts! Thou prop of the homeland!
Thou famous mother of teachable youngsters!
How oft in the shade of thy trees I disported,
In a day distant.

Thy woods will burst into flower when the spring comes,
The west wind will bring back the grass to thy campus,—
But never to me will return my companions,
By death extinguished.

Today there are slender young girls on the campus:
Through the great halls their clear voices are sounding,
Where once there was present, eager for knowledge,
The race of men only.

How often the wakeful lamps have converted
The hours of night into day, while we studied
The deeds of the blood-stained Pelides, recounted
By Homer, the poet.

Nevertheless we were not always toiling
Over the classics: in vigorous boyhood
Even the sparers would seldom abstain from
The bounties of Bacchus.

In those days a votary zealot would guzzle
Three times three bowls of the wine of Falernus;
Now (oh unspeakable crime) 'tis forbidden
To use the gift freely.

May the gods bless the old grads still living;
And give them loyalty, peace, and abundance:
As for me, weeping, I hail the departed,—
Goodbye and good luck.

Once the sort of man whom the Romans loved to call a "devoted poet," whose name the writer does not remember, produced these eight lines:

The night has a thousand eyes;
The day but one;
But the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
But the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

The love of his university is as the light of his life to many a man. May there be many such in the alumni association of this institution in years to be, and may the University become so scholarly and so spiritual that their love may never be done.

*By J. H. Boner.

†Translated literally, in the Sapphic measure, by Colin Dymont.

A Note From You Would Help Him

DEAN JOHN STRAUB, who is recovering from a serious operation in a Portland hospital, is able to sit up in a wheelchair, and it is hoped his return to the campus may come before Homecoming. Homecomers are urged to leave written word somewhere about the campus addressed to the beloved old man, in case they are not able to see him personally. His health is of the delicate kind that is actually influenced for good by the expressed regard and affection of his friends.

Plans and Makers of the 1924 Oregana

By FRED A GOODRICH, Oregana Editor

PLANS for the 1924 Oregana are well under way and actual work on the year book has commenced in earnest during the past month. The contracts for the portrait work and engraving have been let within the last few weeks and specifications for the printing have been submitted to a number of printing houses. The cover design, drawn by Phil Bergh, a freshman in the department of normal arts, has been approved by the staff and is at the present time in the hands of the eastern manufacturing firm that has done Oregana covers for a number of years past. "An Oregana worthy of Oregon" is the slogan. Though the general plan of the annual will follow the accepted style of Oregon year books, variations are planned in a number of departments. The seniors are having their pictures taken for the senior section in cap and gown, which is a new feature for the Oreganas of recent years. The time-worn junior write-ups are finally to be abolished and full pages of individual pictures of the juniors will be substituted.

The art work of the book is to follow a definite period design which has not yet been made known, and all section headings, page borders, etc., will conform to this period style.

The book will run about the same size as last year's, probably somewhat larger, although the definite number of advertising pages has not yet been decided upon.

The staff has been completely reorganized and enlarged and new departments have been added. The complete staff list for the 1924 book follows:

Editorial Board: Rosalia Keber, Mt. Angel; Taylor Huston, Burns; Ruth Powell, Roseburg; Lester Wade, Waitsburg, Wash; Phil Bergh, Roseburg.

Section editors are: Administration, Pauline Bondurant, Portland; Drama, Margaret Skavlan, Eugene; Events, Jack High, Baker; Feature, Lyle Janz and Knut Diverness, Silverton; Forensics, Marian Lowry, Walker; Honor Organizations, Frances Simpson, Portland; Juniors, Mary Jane Dustin, Haines; Literary, Katherine Watson, Chicago, Ill.; Military, Douglas Wilson, Joseph; Medicine, Paul Krausse, Portland; Men's Organizations, Junior Seton, Portland; Music, Velma Meredith, Portland; Publications and Society, Catherine Spall, Portland; Sports, Kenneth Cooper, Portland; Seniors, Augusta DeWitt, Portland; Underclass Section, Margaret Vincent, Portland; Women's Athletics, Henryetta Lawrence, Portland. Lester Wade is in charge of all pictures and engraving for the book, and Ruth Powell will supervise the picture mounting. Both are members of the editorial board. Myron Shannon of Helix is manager of the Oregana this year.

Brother Driver and Others of His Day

By HERBERT C. THOMPSON, ex-'96

EDITOR'S NOTE—It will not be possible much longer to fulfill requests for the April Old Oregon which contained the first story from the pen of Mr. Thompson, "The Eugene of 1890." "The McKenzie in Horse-Travel Days," published in October, has been equally popular and quite as much in demand. Below you have Mr. Thompson's third story. The author has recently gone with Mrs. Thompson to New York, where he is on the editorial staff of the New York Mail.

THERE was a bucolic, go-as-you-please atmosphere about old Eugene that was not the least of its charm. For instance, most families with growing children kept a cow, whose care rested upon a responsible small boy. People who valued the good opinion of their neighbors pastured the cow either in their own premises or for a small rental on the range surrounding the Butte. Some of the others, who were finally restrained by ordinance, let their cows wander at large, knowing well the temptation that private vegetable gardens offered a hungry animal condemned to browse on the thin, wiry grass that fought the dog fennel along the way-sides. Up to the 'nineties we had to rope our gates against these marauders, which, being town-broke, knew how to undo latches and even untie ropes with their horns. One way to discourage unwelcome visits was by attacks with hot water—an anticipation of the German flame-squirtter applied to the arts at peace. Although temperamentally mild and forbearing and genuinely fond of animals, it was more than I could stand to see a neighbor's cow licking her muzzle over the remains of my pet lettuce patch. So it came to pass that I kept a kettle of hot water on the stove while I waited in ambush for the rude and greedy intruder. To confess the truth, there was a certain amount of sneaking amusement in surprising the culprit in her depredations with a dipper of boiling water, see her raise her smoking flanks into the air with a ludicrous kick of protest and then gallop sullenly in an awkward, galumphing, bovine way for the open gate. Some of the more peppery-tempered garden owners drove their lesson home with a shotgun full of black powder and mustard seed, which must have been rare sport.

The picture of the dutiful small boy tending a cow was restored recently by a letter from a distinguished Oregon alumnus, Chester W. Washburne, now in New York, who wrote:

Chester Washburne Remembers Too

"I love the old town as it was then, with unpaved streets, springy wooden sidewalks, fine to walk on, and fences to keep the cows off the lawns. Then we knew nearly everybody in town by their first names and most of them were real friends. I find the absence of cows the greatest change in town. Most people pastured their cows at daytime on Skinner's Butte, near the depot, owned by Dr. Shelton. I drove our family cow home every night and milked her, afterwards delivering a few buckets at a neighbor's house at five cents a quart. Your sketch brings back to mind the son of our Methodist bishop, Dr. Driver. Nearly every evening, I saw the Driver boy driving his cow through the mud down Lincoln street, holding to the cow's tail with one hand, and with the other hand holding up a pair of trousers that were three times too big . . ."

The cow driving scene belonged to our inner life in Eugene. I do not place the particular Driver boy, since to me being a Driver boy was somewhat of a generic term, but the scene of Driver boys, so described, is quite familiar.

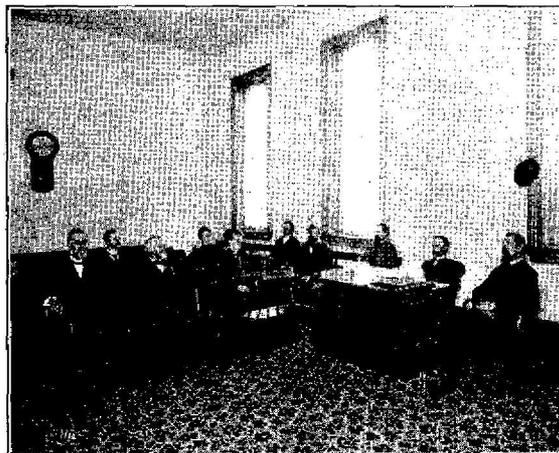
Doctor Driver, who received his red cape honorarily late in his career, and was popularly and familiarly known as

Brother Driver, owed his fame locally no less to his large family than his militant piety. He was living with his fifth wife. On this account, flippant persons used to talk about him as if he were all the time getting married to people.

A remarkable looking man was Brother Driver, a man who would be singled out in a crowd. His face was full of character and will, a strong face, marked with meaning lines, eyes that burned like live coals under bushy eyebrows, a square, wide, uncompromising mouth, with thin lips, like a trap, hair tousled above his bald forehead and about his neck and ears, a strong neck and a stocky, well-set-up figure, all betokening energy and courage with a certain irascibility.

The Forceful Figure of Brother Driver

He was a forceful figure in the pulpit, for he spoke with conviction. There were no doubts in his creed. So he pounded the Good Book with his fist until the pulpit rattled. He pounded it because he loved it, and because he believed every word from cover to cover, literally and fervently, and he was ready to fight in its defense. His was a somewhat egocentric world; good souls joined the angels in the heavenly choir above, and bad souls were tossed down into the blue blazes of eternal woe. As a man, he was highly respected and liked by all creeds and no creeds at all; and I do not believe that he ever let differences in creed interfere with his judgments of his fellows, leaving God to pass upon their souls. And when his fame spread beyond Eugene and he became identified with a distant theological institute (I think one founded in the Central States by Moody, the evangelist), we all were proud of his success. There is good reason why his preaching should attract attention. His low-pitched voice, pleasant to the ear, his rapid, explosive manner, his intensity, held



Here is the faculty in the day of President Johnson, 1892-93. The room is the old Laurean hall in Deady, on the lower floor. The carpet on the floor, it is especially recorded, was purchased by the Laureans. From left to right the faculty members are: Mark Bailey, professor of mathematics and astronomy; E. H. McAlister, tutor; George Collier, professor of chemistry and physics; Luella Clay Carson, dean of women and professor of rhetoric and elocution; Philura March, tutor; Edgar McClure, professor of analytical chemistry; Thomas Condon, professor of history, geology and natural history; John Straub, professor of Greek and modern languages; John W. Johnson, president, and professor of ethics and Latin; Benjamin Hawthorne, professor of mental philosophy and English literature. The photograph was taken by Winter.



The class of 1897, from a photograph in the University library collection. The members of the class are as follows: Standing John A. McQuinn, Harvey C. Condon, Joel N. Pearcey; sitting, Mary Hayes, Carrie Cornelius McQuinn, Julia Adams McDaniel.

his congregation. Again, he had a way of glancing about fiercely after clinching an argument, as if daring a challenge. His reading of the Old Testament prophets was impressive, and his prayers were as earnest as his preaching. When I heard him, I felt that I was listening to one of the old covenanters, a man with a musket under one arm and a Bible under the other.

The Driver farm lay opposite the Masonic Cemetery, with a squat, old-fashioned, dingy ranch house hard by the lane, rutty and dusty in summer and heavy with mire in winter, over which the funeral processions used to proceed at a walk, black hearse and plumed black horses, and mourners in carriages.

Crossing the Driver Wheat Field

Early one summer, while the wheat was waist deep in the field, two of us boys were returning to town from a tramp over the hills, perhaps berrying, perhaps engaged in the cruel and pseudo-scientific sport of bird's nesting. In any case, the sun was low, and to save time and steps, we bounded over Brother Driver's fence to take a short cut across his field. When about half way across, we were halted by shouts, and we saw the advancing figure of Brother Driver himself, in hickory shirt open at the neck, sleeves rolled up over his muscular fore-arms, worn and stained jean trousers and dusty high boots. He made us stand still as he bore down on us, magnificent in his wrath, declaring that he had at last discovered the young rascals who were breaking his fences and trampling his wheat; he had been lying for us, and he would make an example of us—yes, he would see us locked in the calaboose. In vain we protested our innocence of wrongdoing, pleading first offense. He obtained our names, making mental note, then said he would parole us. So we retreated over our tracks through the wheat, leaving him to brandish his arms and hurl threats until we were over the fence and well down the road.

Some five or six years later, I saw Brother Driver under a quite different light. He had won a seat in the legislature and was flirting with another term. So he attended a German picnic and barbecue in a grove down the river, where he was given the privilege of speaking.

It was not a furious, uncompromising Brother Driver that mounted a box, surrounded by people grasping hunks of black bread and white bread and glass mugs of amber beer, in which the head was rising to join the creamy foam that crowned the glass and frosted mustaches. It was a genial, tolerant, shrewd Brother Driver, keenly aware of the fact that beer-drinkers had votes.

It took courage for a radical dry to address a people who regarded beer as food. Yet he met a hostile audience and half won it over, all without compromising his principles. He first spoke on the larger issues then, tactfully and adroitly, turned the question to beer, declaring with twinkling eyes that he could never be induced to drink anything so violent that it needs to be confined to oaken barrels. As his attack was leveled at the gas that gives beer its sparkle and not at its alcoholic content, he drew hearty laughter from the listeners, who at the end of the speech returned to the kegs to replenish their mugs.

Such was the mellowing influence of politics in the latter phase of Brother Driver's public career.

The Encounter With Ingersoll

I have saved for the last the famous encounter with Bob Ingersoll, which Brother Driver and his admirers regarded as his crowning achievement.

Under what circumstances this famous encounter took place, I was never able to learn. I only know that 'twas a famous victory. Chancing recently on the collected works of the great agnostic in a second-hand book stall, I looked vainly through the index for his reply to Brother Driver. It is clear that Colonel Ingersoll, or his literary executors, hid the evidence of defeat.

Ingersoll's shadow seemed to rest over the theology of his time. He was feared to an extent difficult now to imagine. Many good people thought he was one of those repulsive beasts mentioned in the Apocalypse, and they would not have touched one of his books with a pair of tongs. We were warned that Ingersoll charmed us with his language, as a snake charms its prey before striking. And charmed we were, when we broke loose from the bonds of Sunday School and read him. He remains one of the masters of English of his time. His work contains prose bits that can be read like free verse, equal to Whitman's best. And wasn't it Ingersoll who first recognized Whitman's genius? Where did Daniel Webster, with his formal rhetoric and rounded periods, ever approach the heights reached by Ingersoll in that sad, glorious speech at his brother's bier. But here I am talking of Ingersoll, the artist, when I should be talking of Ingersoll, the theologian, if I may apply that term.

Not all churchmen thought of Ingersoll as the antichrist. Many recognized the fearless stand he took against slavery, his ready championship of the cause of the weak and oppressed, the purity of his private life. So they looked for his death-bed conversion and repentance.

We had in town an avowed infidel, a man who openly said that he did not know whether man was immortal or whether the world was ruled by a divine providence. This gentleman of gloomy fame was Dr. Patterson, tall, grave, of scholarly bent, who had once published a little book of scholarly, thoughtful verse. His life was untarnished, and as father of a family and useful citizen, no one was held in higher respect. Here again opinion was divided among orthodox folk. Some would have felt uncomfortable at touching his hand; others thought that surely so good a man would see his error when the angel of death appeared, and die with a minister praying at his side. But he passed away with only a heart-broken family at the bed.

(Continued on page 22)

Oregon Poetry Page

EDITED BY MARGARET SKAVLAN, '25

It is the men's page this time! Not that anyone ever suspected that a man must necessarily grow long hair and wear jade chiffon neckties to write poetry, but because the men seem to feel that this is the public opinion of them—this page has been put together to prove the contrary. These are not pink poems for pale people. They are honest, and written in the spirit of creative effort.

Extracting poems from the men has proved in one regard only to be like the pursuit of bats' teeth; one never can be sure that bats really have teeth in the first place, nor that men actually do write. And again, they are such difficult creatures to run down, even after the teeth (or poems) are found to be facts. In spite of many taking wing on approach, we offer the following:

Walter Evans Conger Kidd needs no introduction to the readers of the poetry page. His sonnet on "World Beauty" appeared in the May number of OLD OREGON. His work has been published in "Lyric West," "Munsey," and other magazines. He has been good enough to give us another sonnet, and a poem entitled "Desert Grief." To those who know the open spaces there will be a deep satisfaction in the lines

—coyotes crack
Their dirge against the windy spaces.
Oh, the world is edging black!"

NOVEMBER

The grass forgets to green along the vale
And at the edge of stubbled fields the weeds
Lean dry, their pods sown empty of the seeds.
The running winds push leaves about the trail;
Brooks crinkle thin; trees shiver to the root,
And sap can not stir in the sunless boughs.
The sheep graze near the fold, and the milk cows
File through the orchard for the ground-left fruit.

The lofts of barns are piled with dry mown hay;
The bins are stored with grain threshed from the ear.
The steely skies curve brightly taut; snow's near.
Late geese cry south for lakes. Now ends the day—
The home folk gather round the hearth, and sit
To talk before the flame and look at it.
—Walter Evans Conger Kidd, '26.

DESERT GRIEF

The sun went down behind the mesa.
From a crag the coyotes crack
Their dirge against the windy spaces.
Oh, the world is edging black!

A lost arroyo vaguely crinkles.
Shadows hood the sumach flame—
Beloved, I sit here by the window,
Clasp against my thoughts your name.

The night curves greatly domed but burdens
With the stars it can not hold;
My body aches with sandy grieving—
Panels blur scoured with falling gold.
—Walter Evans Conger Kidd, '26.

A reluctant contributor, who said he didn't "crave that kind of publicity," has allowed us to use the following sonnet under the name Anonymous '25. The point of view is unusually interesting. Mr. — we almost said it—is a master of the sonnet form as well.

While in the Spring of Life I sit alone—
Not mated, yet with ever-dreaming eyes
Seeing in Women formless extasies
Of unknown things—old mysteries their own—
I feel that restlessness that the unknown
Can make to frighten or intrigue us: skies,
The stars, Infinity itself, the wise
Unfold, yet Woman never has been shown.
If with such barriers sex holds Man blind,
Are Men by women understood as well
As women? O not so, for that would blast
All hope of love's unknowing blissful mind—
More blissful since unknowing, for to tell
Their love makes man and woman one at last.

—Anonymous, '25.

Pat Morrissette, whose French-Canadian poems were of such interest to the campus last year, was especially requested to contribute some of his work. In reply he says in part, "but I am still trying to live down a reputation of being considered among 'the campus poets' and think this little one ought to suffice." We are glad that he granted us this one, which recalls Whittier's "Telling the Bees," except that here Mr. Morrissette has recognized absence as the real death.

GRADUATE

Tell the wind,
As you told the bees,
That I have gone . . . forever.

And when the mist falls through the leaves
On paths I walked alone,
Just tell the trees,
The Deady trees,
I've gone.

Tell the wind my trunk is packed;
Tell the paths I won't come back;
Tell the lights, the blurring rain,
Then choke the songs my heart has sung,
Lest they sing themselves again.

Tell the wind,
Lest it wait in vain.

—Pat Morrissette, '25.

The only contribution this month from an alumnus is that of Everett Earle Stanard, who last year gave us "Trudging for the Cows." Though it is not yet the appropriate month for our publishing "December," we cannot resist it, with its "pendant jewels fixed on every tree." Besides, let's have forward looking minds from Walter Kidd's "November" to the hollytime!

STEP LIVELY!

The long December days are come again,
And on the barren hills the flowers are dead.
The birds of summer all have southward fled,
And howling winds urge on the driving rain.
Anon, the weather clears, and the refrain
Among the trees forlorn, uncomforted,
That tells of pleasure past and present pain,
Is hushed and wondrous Silence reigns instead.
And with the Silence, Beauty. Come and see
Sere meadow hoar grasses all with hoar-frost decked,
And pendant jewels fixed on every tree.
Earth is not desolate. Step out, inspect
The winter landscape. 'Tis not bleak and bare.
Step briskly and with joy behold the wealth of beauty there.
—Everett Earle Stanard, ex-'14.

(Continued on page 22)

OLD OREGON

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

Authorized by the University PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE as official organ of communication with Alumni.

Subscription: Two dollars, payable annually before October 1. This also makes the subscriber a paid-up member of the Oregon Alumni Association. Change of address should be reported promptly to the alumni secretary.

GRACE EDGINGTON.....EDITOR
JOHN P. DYE.....ADVERTISING MANAGER

Since second-class matter is not forwarded without additional postage, OLD OREGON cannot be responsible for copies not received by subscribers who have not given notification of a change of address.

Issued monthly. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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professor, and covering the whole range of science in 350 small pages, each page measuring only about three by five inches. It covered (?) mechanics, hydrostatics, machinery, pneumatics, acoustics, music, electricity and optics.

"It advised the student that safety from lightning could be found by 'being within a feather bed, so as to be entirely enveloped by the feathers,' with further warning not to let the 'head or feet come in contact with the bedstead.'"

The Oregon alumnus who got his degree in geology or chemistry or botany or zoology or physics last year has a fair right to smile.

For a Drier Homecoming

It is not strange that the question should arise at Oregon too: not on the day that the Buffalo correspondent announces, almost with pride in the achievement, that there are three large, fearless and fattening bootlegging rings in his city and it the wettest in the land; not on the day that Secretary Mellon tells Governor Pinchot on the front page of the morning paper that he and the other governors must begin prohibition combat at home; not on the day that the Christian Science Monitor devotes seven wide inches of editorial space to the cry of Penn State Collegian against the disgracing of the college campus by Homecoming hooch-slingers; not on the day that Eastern alumni secretaries invite their Homecoming guests with an additional line at the bottom of the letter suggesting that the humid alumnus had best pay his respects in absentia.

In the country-wide agitation Oregon is not, of course, left out. The implication is not that conditions are worse here than they have been; or that they have been disgraceful. An agitation, and a righteous one, has smitten Eugene and University people who believe that no matter what an alumnus does at home, his hosts must not be embarrassed when they invite him in.

It gets under the skin with these people, for instance, to see a fraternity that has pulled itself almost up to scratch in the estimation of the University community shorn of its new raiment and exposed to the jests of the public because of its Homecoming alumni who knew they wouldn't be kicked out.

'Tis a consuming affection many alumni feel for the old campus, but it might be respectfully suggested that at Homecoming the chances for a football victory would be just as good with more affection and less consumption.

Self Exiled

A professor at the University of Illinois, serving twenty-nine years in the department of history, has accepted a call from Columbia University.

Our reflections may be wasted sentiment, but we should think that the heart of one leaving a campus like that of Illinois after twenty-nine years among its fine old trees and in the shadow of its old clock tower would carry nothing but desolation.

Whether he has much or little sense of paternity, a man must be haunted by the voices and the footsteps of those he has loved enough to stay among them twenty-nine years.

The Reappearing West

We have been considering the type of question the first dean of women might ask if she were to revisit the Oregon campus. Although we have been inculcated with the highest admiration for her, we think it might be better if she selected the summer time in which to return to what must be the scene of many a pleasant memory to her.

But, ruminating on how nice it would be to have her at all, we have thought about those questions she might ask.

The Back Trail

Dr. Gilbert E. Bailey of Los Angeles, who fifty years ago was teaching science in one of the state universities of the West, has recently taken the trouble to turn and look back critically on the trail education has followed. His reflections seem less blurred by sentiment and the gentle jealousy of age than those of many who write.

Usually the college graduate whose diploma is fifty years old sees much to dread in the present day neglect of the classics. He can still read his Greek and Latin, but he surmises that today's freshmen will scarcely know enough Latin on graduation to translate his fraternity motto.

This may all be true and regrettable, but the teacher or graduate of fifty years ago usually overlooks that in one field, at least, the universities are no less exacting than they were, and that the actual showing made of work done and sources consulted is many times greater. We refer to the field of science.

Our friend Dr. Bailey remarks: "The status of science in former days is shown by my text book, which I still keep. It was 'Olmstead's Natural Philosophy,' written by a Yale

"Why do your young women achieve transportation to and from the campus perched on the handlebars of young men's bicycles?" she might inquire. "Do you now have a course preparing for the profession of the circus?"

"No," we would probably reply. "We don't train them for trapeze performing yet. You see, we are a nearly self-supporting student body—and the girls are saving carfare."

"Indeed!" the dean would say. "And your social functions. Has the ball become obsolete? Some of your social functions cause me to think—I do trust I am not going too far—of frontier celebrations. The barroom, you know—if I may be so plain. Your social life seems not entirely homogeneous. Once it was possible to tell the type of social, intellectual and religious training of the hosts by the manner of their entertainment, but—"

"Ah," we would break in with the least discourtesy possible when interrupting a dean, "but we are a frugal student-body, you see, and these parties are designed to aid men and women in wearing out their old clothes and to relieve the serious ennui of prolonged application to studies. The popping of guns you have noticed at parties is intended to dispense the gloom one feels at having to wear a piece of carpet, rompers, burlap swallow-tail, buccaneer boots, and so on, to a festive occasion. The dimming of the lights also dims the aspect of such enforced hardship. And the reason we have so many parties of this kind is that there are so many old clothes."

Sufficiently Definite

The Vermont Weekly for October 10 carries an interesting account of the travels of one of its faculty members through the West, where he paid calls of courtesy at most of the institutions of higher learning.

"The University of Oregon at Eugene was their next stop," says the account, "and here they saw the Women's Hall, which Professor Ogle regards as the most beautiful college building in the country."

Vanishing Footprints

A pair of shoes that now look gigantic, with handmade soles an inch thick. It was a pioneer farmer who wore them, and one suspects that struggling through the deep loam of a ploughed field in the Willamette valley he might have found some comfort in them. Probably he made them himself.

One likes to reconstruct in imagination this farmer: a bearded man of stature, dressed in homespun, perhaps with a fur cap, his skin a warm color like brick dust, and the back of his neck criss-crossed with wrinkles.

He read the law in his family; his children held him respectfully, but they were not subservient. His wife was thrifty, maybe still comely, a woman who subsisted without much company or many social activities. Their table was well spread, their hearth hospitable but frugal. Good lodging, simple food, shelter against winds and chill, freedom from the menace of complex living: these were important matters in the life of the man who wore the homemade shoes with soles an inch thick.

The University of Oregon needs on its campus the visible reminders of this pioneer life that has passed. It has no such collection at present, and it would have no building to house it if it existed. Yet of one thing we are sure: that pioneer relies of any kind may be trusted to the University even now for safe keeping.

Education and Memories

It was Charles Darwin himself who wrote to a fellow-scientist: "Many thanks for your welcome note from Cambridge, and I am glad you like my Alma Mater, which I

despise heartily as a place of education, but love from many pleasant recollections."

Some Oregon alumni have tried to believe they dislike Oregon because they did not get here the type of education they would have found most useful to them in the business they are now pursuing.

Mr. Darwin's attitude is much more comfortable.

The Most Maligned

A story about the humanness of a professor is a good story, better even than a story about his absent-mindedness.

Now with the searchlight focussing on that spot in the class book where the daily standing of football men and others is set, a story that Hugh Fullerton tells may be apropos.

"The college professor is about the most maligned and misrepresented class in the United States," says Mr. Fullerton. "I have found them, quite to the contrary, pretty red-blooded, well informed (outside their own lines), sincere, and far more unselfish than the average human being. . . ."

"A certain football player, solid bone as to his classes—but a great player—was on the verge of being flunked. His only hope was to pass chemistry with a grade of 50, and he knew nothing of chemistry. The professor assigned to examine him was a football bug, and he passed with a grade of 50. The president met the professor the week after the game and asked how in the world the player managed to pass.

"Well," said the professor, "I asked him two questions. First I asked him what was the color of blue vitriol, and he said pink, and he was wrong. Then I asked him what is the color of red precipitate, and he said he didn't know, and he was right!"

Non-Essential Alumni

(Reprinted from the Illinois Alumni News)

"College students have frequently been subjected to classification, but the only significant one divides them into those who take their pipes out of their mouths when they speak to members of the faculty and those who do not," says Scribner's. Alumni can be classified into just two groups: those who support the University and those who do not. 'Support' has several meanings. It does not mean hurrahing at athletic meets or wearing hatbands once a year at reunions. It does not mean interfering with snap judgment, in the management of university affairs which are usually conducted by trained men who are on the job every day (and night), and who will be the first to suffer if they make mistakes. . . . An alumnus by one blast in a newspaper can upset or impede a constructive program that University officers have labored upon for years, and then can go blithely upon his business. . . ."

Alumni Who Know and Faculty Who Do Not

In his farewell speech to alumni at Amherst last June, President Meiklejohn, resigning from his position on the request of the board, made two statements that will interest college people.

"Another thing in college is the alumni," he said, "and they are gathering in considerable strength nowadays, but the trouble with you is not that you know what is going on, but that you know so much that is not going on. I believe in alumni influence because it is democratic; but with it, all the forces of misunderstanding, sentimentalism, prejudice and unreason are drawn into the problems of the institution."

Concerning the faculty, President Meiklejohn said: "The faculty find it exceedingly difficult to improve themselves,

and they find it exceedingly objectionable to have anyone else do it for them. Now it is essential that they be changed. I tell you that it is a tragic thing to see a faculty growing old without knowledge of it and resenting the coming of younger men and younger methods and new institutions which they need to keep themselves alive and active. It is a pretty hard dilemma."

Index It, Says Barber

Joseph L. Barber, '07, who can be reached at 814 Corbett building, Portland, has sent in the first constructive suggestion for the improvement of Old Oregon, and unless somebody gets powerful busy, Barber is likely to win the free subscription to this magazine. His suggestion will be adopted in this issue, unless we become a victim of make-up problems at the last moment and have to abandon the idea.

Our Crust Thickens

Much of OLD OREGON's news reaches it second and third hand, making verification impossible. Correction of mistakes is appreciated, but first hand news sent us before it has picked up a train of inaccuracies is more appreciated. We are somewhat hardened now to snappy postal cards from peevish alumni who do not pay their dues and who are moved to respond only when they find out-dated news of themselves in their neighbor's copy of OLD OREGON.

It is a pleasure to discover the larger-sized and brighter-looking University of California Monthly. Presumably this change is due to Robert Silbey, '03, who was appointed editor last spring.

A '94 graduate of the University of Illinois writes to his alumni publication a letter of free advice to newly-wed Illini. He announces that the bravest act a young man ever performed, and in many instances the wisest, was when he entered into a life partnership. He says that a long time ago someone said that matrimony was a lottery. This is true, he believes, "but so is photography, and yet a great many people try it. Some even make money out of it—photography, I mean."

Homecomers, remember that if you fail to register, in the booth in the administration building, no one knows where to find you.

Dean Thornton Made Doctor of Laws

AT a meeting of the state bench and bar in Portland, November 3, Richard H. Thornton, dean of the Oregon school of law from 1884 to 1903, received the degree of doctor of laws from the president of the University.

The conferment was a recognition of Mr. Thornton's scholarly attainments, as well as of his service to the law school.

Addresses were given by Judge Robert S. Bean of the Federal court, who was a member of the board of regents at the time the law school was founded; by Judge James W. Hamilton, now president of the board of regents; by Judge Earl C. Bronaugh, a graduate of the 1890 law class; by William G. Hale, now dean of the Oregon law school in Eugene; and by President Campbell. The guest of honor spoke following the presentation of the degree. Lawrence A.

McNary, school of law, '90, now practicing in Portland, was toastmaster.

Dean Thornton is 78 years of age, and because of his advanced years the ceremony was held in Portland, instead of at the law school, which has been in Eugene since 1915.

Dean Thornton is English born, coming to America at the age of 26. He studied law at Columbia and Georgetown Universities, both in Washington, D.C. He practiced in the east until called to Oregon to establish the law school. After his retirement as dean he traveled in Europe and did research work in the British Museum.

Homecoming Slogan is Picked

"UNITE TO FIGHT FOR OREGON." It's the slogan by which alumni return; it's the slogan, the football gods willing, by which the Oregon team goes to victory at Homecoming, November 24.

Arvin Burnett and Richard Sundeleaf, both of '23, now busy in Vancouver, are responsible for it. They did not present it in precisely this form, but the slogan committee remodeled their offering somewhat and called it the slogan.

Burnett and Sundeleaf stipulated that if any of their ten won the prize the money was to be turned into the student union fund.

Lamar Tooze, '16, submitted the slogan that came second nearest to pleasing the committee: "Rush 'em, crush 'em, Oregon!" Because it had no definite come-home-alumni sentiment, the committee voted in favor of the unite-fight idea.

An unheard of number of slogans was sent in. Many of them were unsuitable because of too great resemblance to former winners; many were too long and without force. Not only did students and alumni participate, but faculty members, and various people around the state. Housemothers and Eugene householders were included. One housemother with four slogans nearly acquired the two prize seats at the game.

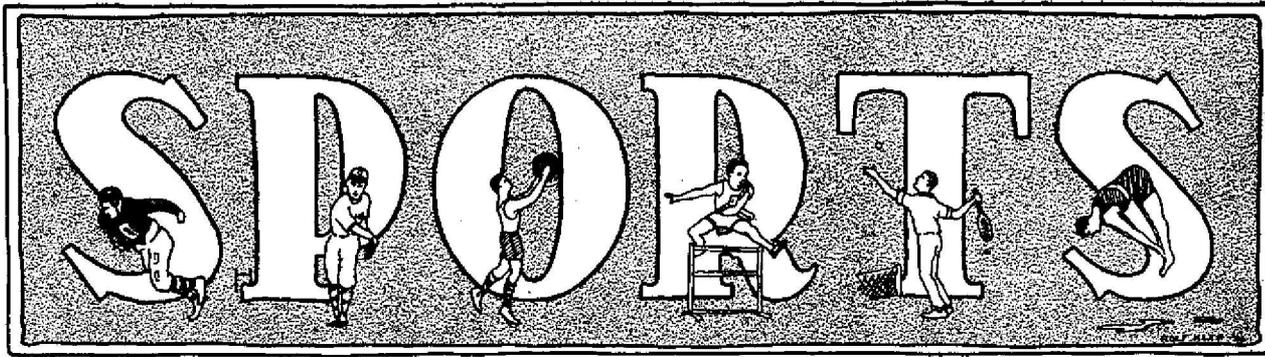
Sundeleaf and Burnett submitted a slogan that the committee felt very appropriate, but feared might be misunderstood with regard to its second clause. It stood: "Come in the Lizzy; send 'em home dizzy."

The slogan committee consisted of: Paul Patterson, '23; Haddon Rockhey, '24; Mary Watson Barnes, '09; Karl Onthank, '13, and Grace Edgington, '16.

The girls' "pep" organization at the University of Missouri is the Junglejanes.



Pushball contest in the annual underclass mix. The mix is still staged on Kincoid field on Saturday morning.



EDITED BY WEBSTER A. JONES
Copy closed November 5.

Oregon Loses Defensive Game to Washington State by Score of 13 to 0

UNLESS another radical upset of dope takes place in the Pacific Coast Conference, Oregon's chances for the honors will be mighty small. The 13 to 7 defeat that Washington State handed the Oregon team at Pullman on November 3 seems to have put the Lemon "O" team out of the running.

Considering the fact that Oregon has only four letter men, and with the remaining men of the team new at the game and undeveloped, Shy Huntington has made a wonderful team out of the material with which he has worked.

"Considering the material, the team right now," said Shy, after the W. S. C.-Oregon game, "is playing as good football as any team on the coast." Although beaten at W. S. C., they were not outplayed and they showed it when they came back in the fourth quarter with 13 points scored against them and put over the ball for a touchdown. The offense was working and when that got going they went through the Washington State line like they did through Pacific. The Oregon line held all through the game and several times prevented Washington State from putting the ball over when within ten yards of goal.

Washington State won on the breaks of the game, but these were Oregon's honors. The team fought and fought hard—it was a battle from start to finish. They plainly outplayed Washington State in the last half. The Oregon team was put in the

Previous O. A. C. Battles

This is the twenty-sixth contest with O. A. C. Oregon has taken 15 of the battles. O. A. C. has taken five. Five have been draws. In both 1920 and 1921 the fight was a 0-0 draw. Last year Oregon smashed the tie with a score of 10 to the Aggies' 0.

O. A. C. victories occurred in the years '94, '97, '07, '15, and '17. Their best victory in points was in '97, 26-8. Twice, in '94 and '07, they have held Oregon scoreless.

hole in the first period and unable to use its remarkable offensive, it played on defense all the time. The blocked punt was what enabled the Cougars to score.

In the second half they started in their own territory, but failed to make headway and Latham punted out from behind the goal line. The line held solidly and Washington was unable to make consistent yardage. When Oregon made her touchdown Chapman ran the ball over the field for 65 yards with wonderful interference and was downed on the Cougars 12-yard line. Straight line plunges and off tackle bucks put it over easily. With five minutes more play, Oregon could have easily scored.

The game gave Shy the chance to try out new men. He has found the ideal combination for the end positions and has patched up Oregon's main weakness. Dick Reed has found his niche on the team on the flank position and Cogs Campbell has taken his place at tackle. With Mautz and Reed playing ends and Terjeson in shape for the game with Stanford, the team will put up a brand of play better than any exhibited so far.

Every conference team that Oregon has gone up against so far and every one that she will play outweighs the team by a good deal. Even the Idaho team, which was supposed to be light, had the advantage over Oregon in regard to weight.

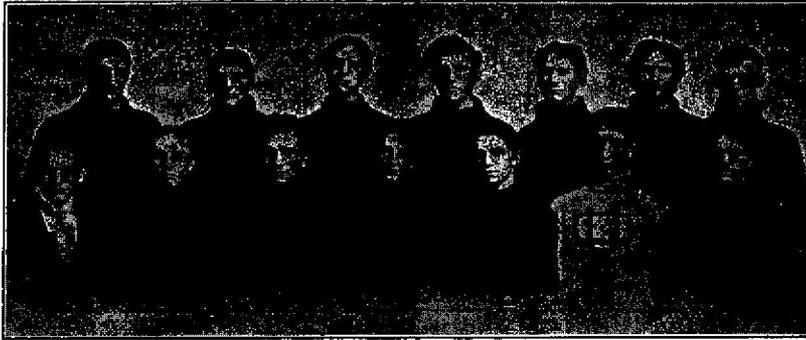
The Stanford game scheduled for November 10 will be the hardest game of the season, but if this week's practice causes no injuries the team will be in the pink of condition and will have gotten over the discouragement of the Washington State loss.

The men who will compose the team will be: Centers, Fat Wilson and Al Sinclair; tackles, Von der Ahe and Cogs Campbell; guards, Sheields, Bailey, Mills and Bliss; ends, Mautz and Reed, with the support of Risley and Williamson.

The regular backfield, composed of Chapman, Sax, Latham, and Terjeson will do the main work with French, Poulson, Kirtley and Anderson ready to help them out in case of injury. The beauty of the Oregon backfield is that every man can



Shy Huntington and the Oregon team. Standing: Sax, Chapman, Latham, Terjeson; crouching: Mautz, Von der Ahe, Bailey, Sinclair, Mills, Reed, Williamson.



Members of the football team of 1895, the second in the history of the University. Several of these players have passed away. Fred Herbold, tackle, among whose things this picture was found by his nephew, H. G. Campbell, is deceased. Those in the back row follow: John Edmonson, guard; E. E. Shattuck, guard; Lee Travis, end; Harry Templeton, fullback; Fred Herbold, tackle; A. C. Gilliland, center; Clyde Bonney, end. Front row: Clarence Keene, manager; Russell Coleman, end; Fred Templeton, halfback; E. S. Bryson, quarterback; Lestine Higgins, halfback; Clarence Bishop, halfback; Ed. Prather, tackle.

play another position. In case Chappy suffers injury Sax or Anderson can take the quarter position with ease.

Oregon and Idaho Tie in Stiff Struggle

IN the first three games of the season only five plays were used, and it was only in the Idaho game that the Oregon team uncorked any real stuff.

The first game ended with Oregon on the long end of a 40 to 0 score, which they piled up against Willamette University. Pacific, rated able to give the varsity a hard fight, fell by the wayside with a 35 to 7 score. It was a spectacular game in which the plunging of the Oregon backs was a feature and the aerial offensive of the Pacific team gave the fans a real thrill.

On October 19 the team defeated Whitman at Pendleton 21 to 0. The Missionaries were formidable opponents but they could not withstand the tearing attack of the Oregon eleven. The Whitman team was fast and gritty and several times come, with their aerial attack, within an ace of scoring against Oregon. The Oregon team outweighed them and they could do nothing. Chapman and Latham piled up the yardage for Oregon.

The battle between the Idaho eleven and the Oregon team on Hayward field October 27 resulted in a tie, although Oregon had the edge on the Vandals and outplayed them both in the aerial attack and the line bucks. It was the most thrilling game witnessed this fall on Hayward field. Idaho came with the determination to kill the jinx—to break that unbroken line of Oregon victories against them. But they failed, and although they got away with a tie score, they were outplayed during the entire game.

It was in this game that the Oregon team let loose the plays they had been holding in stock from the first of the season. Uncorking a brilliant passing game, Shy's proteges completely outshone the Vandals in this phase of the contest—the phase in which they were thought to be unusually strong. Oregon completed 11 out of 16 attempts. Three times the Oregon team was within five yards of scoring, but the Idaho line held and they

punted out of danger. Individual stars were hard to determine. The whole Oregon backfield played its usual game while Fitzke and Stivers, Vandal backfield men, equalled the Oregon backs, Sax, Latham and Chapman, in individual yardage.

Cross-Country Becomes Do-Nut Sport

FOR the first time cross-country was added to the list of intra-mural sports this fall. It promises to be a success with 15 houses entering teams. Each house can enter three men.

Although the start is late this fall, every day the cinder track on Hayward field is covered with track men. The cross country course is being used more and more as the men are getting into shape. The organizations are showing a great deal of interest and the meet which is scheduled for November 17 will be one of the big events of the do-nut program. Approximately 150 men are turning out. It is hoped Hayward may be able to pick some possible varsity material from the meet.

Fall Track to Disclose Material

WITH seventy-five men turning out for fall track, Bill Hayward will be able to see what sort of material he will have for his 1924 team before the actual season of training begins. No broken records are expected this fall; the fall track idea is mainly to enable Hayward to see what he has to work with.

Most of the men turning out this fall will be the chief aspirants for the team next spring. That team will have to be picked from new men as yet untried and undeveloped.

Chief among the holes cut in the track squad is the loss of Ole Larson, one of Oregon's speediest sprinters, Oberteuffer, Bowles and the three distance men, Peltier, Koepf, and Walkley. From the Frosh squad of last year there will be several to take these men's places, but they are not of their calibre and it will take several years for them to develop.

The men turning out are good material according to Hayward, only lacking development.

Frosh Expect Hard Fight November 9

THUS far the Oregon Frosh have a clean slate with two victories and no defeats. But the thing that will win for the babes in the game with the O. A. C. Rooks November 9 will be the fight they show.

Outweighed twenty pounds to the man, the Frosh team will go up against the heaviest and best Rook team O. A. C. has turned out for many years. The Rooks have every advantage—in experience, weight and confidence. O. A. C. Rooks beat Columbia 14 to 0, while the Frosh had a hard time holding them 7 to 0. However, Wes Schulmerich, the much talked of Columbia star, is playing with the Frosh and they expect worlds from him.

The probable lineup will be Johnson, center; L. Johnson, Stearns and Carter, guards; Kearns, Kjelland, tackles; Brooks, Dill and Adolph will play the end positions. The backfield will be composed of Jones at fullback, Agee, Socolofsky and Vitus, halves. Harrison will probably get the quarter position with Minnaugh ready to back him up. Harrison's punting puts him in the lead.

The Freshmen victory over Linfield November 3 by the score of 46 to 0 was no evidence of strength. There was practically no opposition.

The Columbia team came down to Eugene October 26 with a formidable list of victories and the dope was against the Frosh. But they upset the whole thing when they out-fought, and out-played the touted Columbia team for a 7 to 0 victory. The Columbia team never once had the ball on the Freshmen side of the fifty yard line. Both teams played a passing game and each completed a large percentage, but the main strength of the Frosh lay in the line plunges.



Virgil Earl, '09, new director of athletics, whose message to alumni appears in this issue.

Jones and Agee of the Freshmen backfield were the individual stars of the game.

The line-up was: Center, C. Johnson; guards, Johnson and Carter; tackles, Kjelland and Kearns; ends, Dill and Brooks; quarters, Minnaugh and Harrison; fullback, Jones, halves, Stonebreaker and Agee.

Do-Nut Basketball Narrowing Down

WITH the half dozen games yet to be played in the do-nut basketball tournament the first round of playing is completed. Over half the teams have been eliminated and there remain only four teams which have not suffered a single defeat from among the 19 teams that were entered in the tournament. Twenty-nine games have been played to date.

The teams are Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi, Oregon Club and Phi Kappa Psi. Runners up in the semi-finals will probably be Friendly Hall, Kappa Sigma, S. A. E., Phi Gamma Delta, Delta Tau Delta and Beta Theta Pi. The 19 teams have been divided into four leagues and the two highest teams in each round will enter the semi-final round robin while the losers in each league will be eliminated as far as chances for the cup are concerned.

Do-nut basketball at Oregon has reached a place as the most interesting tournament of the do-nut schedule. Under the management of Henry Foster, '22, the tournament this year promises to be the most successful in the half dozen years that do-nut basketball has been a part of the intra-mural program. It was fostered and reached its present stage of interest through the hard work of George Bohler, former Oregon basketball coach.

Hard Season For Varsity Cross-Country

THE cross country aspirants have just begun turning out so that Coach Bill Hayward has not been able to get a line on the probable men who will compose the team. This season will be a hard one for the Lemon O, it is predicted. The absence of Oregon's premier distance men, Glenn Walkley, Guy Koepp and Peltier, will cut a wide hole in the Oregon team. In addition the other cross country teams that the Oregon team meets are composed of men old at the race. O. A. C. loses but one man from its team.

Bill Hayward will pick his men from among the most promising turning out now. Robson was on last year's team and will probably be the mainstay of this year's. Winther was also on the team last year and is turning out again this fall. New men are Carlson, Humphreys, Madlung, W. Peake, D. Peake, Rayner, Skinner, Tetz, Keating and Muller. These men have had in most cases a year or two of experience and ought to develop.

It is doubtful that Hayward will be able to pick many men of varsity calibre from among the do-nut teams but a dark horse might show up.

"When we begin to realize that track is an all year around proposition then we will begin to develop," said Hayward in an interview. "The men coming to college are getting younger and younger

every year and the material is not so good."

The student body at the end of the spring term last year passed an amendment to the constitution to the effect that a block "O" would be given to every man on the cross country team provided it won the meet. This puts cross country on a par with the other minor sports of the school—wrestling and swimming. The letter will be the same size as the wrestling letter.



Rudolph Fahl, new soccer coach.

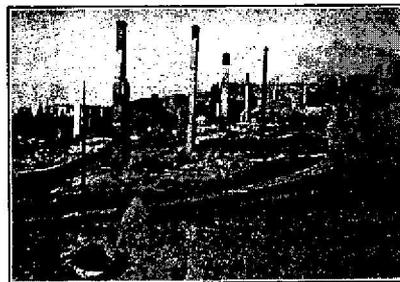
Soccer Revived; Homecoming Game Expected

OREGON lost its first soccer game to O. A. C. by the score of 4 to 1, with its first team in the field since 1921 when the sport was dropped. The game at O. A. C. was one of the features of the Homecoming program. It was attended by over a thousand people. Lack of experience was the main factor in defeat.

With only four old men out for soccer practice, Coach Fahl has had to develop his team from new material—for the most part inexperienced. Starting out at the first of the year with barely enough men for one team, Fahl has aroused enough interest so that he now has over 34 men reporting for practice every night.

Two more games will probably be played by the team: one with the North Pacific Dental College at Portland, and a return game with O. A. C. November 24 at Homecoming.

Men who are playing on the team are: Searls, Pil, Richau, Lau, Maxwell, Neidermeyer, Givondo, Erwin, Martin, Mevig, Gowans, Hayes, King, and Muller.



Scene in devastated Berkeley district, near the University of California. Hubert Schenck writes in this issue that an hour more without a change of wind would have meant the destruction of the house where he lived.

Schenck Writes of Berkeley Disaster

HUBERT SCHENCK, now on the teaching staff in geology at the University of California, writes that the Berkeley fire had its humorous episodes as well as its great disasters. Though the theses of graduate students, representing years of study in some cases, were reduced to dust, still the sorority gold fish were saved, as witness:

"She was given five minutes to save her belongings. She was so excited she didn't know what she was doing, but rushed around for four and a half minutes, finally tearing out of the burning house with a bowl of goldfish under her arm.

"Another girl asked a student to save her clothes, which he did. But afterwards he couldn't find the girl again."

Schenck sent the picture shown in this issue of a desolate Berkeley street, with only chimneys left standing. The house at 11½ Panoramie Way, where he and Don Wilkinson are living, would have been wiped out in another hour had the wind not changed.

Many Oregon Graduates Teach in Portland

THERE is, as always, a very good sprinkling of Oregon graduates and former students teaching in the Portland public schools. At Jefferson high school can be found the following:

Jessie Farris, Dorothy Flegel, Vaughan McCormick, Delilah McDaniel, Huldah Parr, Harold Quigley, Carmen Schmidli, Genevieve Shaver, Oenone Shaw, Edith E. Watt, and George M. White. Both Roy Andrews and Dorothy Bennett are on leave of absence.

At Washington high school the following are employed: Estelle Armitage, Agnes Beach, Ethel Newland Bozorth, Sybil Brown, Esther Campbell, Hilda Brant Carruth, Beatrice Crewdson, Minnie Heath Gardner, Mary Gray, Melissa Hill, Cora Pattee, Edna Scott, Cora Shaver, Ruth M. Stone and Jean Slauson.

Franklin enrolls: Marie Churchill, Robert H. Down, Norma Graves, Jennie Huggins, Emily L. Marshall, Colton Meek, Margaret Monroe, Grace Reeves, Lilli Schmidli, Mildred Steinmetz, Blanche W. Thurston, Aileen Townsend, Alice F. Van Schoonhoven, Mildred Whittlesey, R. W. Woodruff, Ruth Hansen Word, and Frances Young.

The following are at Lincoln: Mabel A. Davenport, Cecile H. Sawyer, Grace Lilly Patton, and Rosetta Templeton.

The high school of Commerce employs Rita Banfield Barger, Daryl Belat, Lilah Bradford, Sabra Connor, Nettie Mae Rankin, and Addie B. Wicklund.

In Benson Polytechnic are the following: C. E. Cleveland, Lucile Cogswell, Jeannette Kletzing, Adam Kreiger, Alfred Skei, and Roy T. Stephens.

C. A. Arehart is principal of the Linton school; Katherine D. Crawford is at Fernwood; C. E. Ferguson is principal at Alameda; Claire Pratt Grout is at Creston; Louise Jones at Arleta; Ida Noffsinger at Sellwood; Laura Rand at Irvington; L. A. Read at Gladstone; H.M. Sheerwood, principal at Stephens; T. E. Speirs, principal at Arleta; Kathleen Stuart at Mount Tabor.

CAMPUS NEWS

Mable McClain Gets Home

Mabel E. McClain, '05, returned in October from a three months' trip abroad, to continue her work in the University library. She visited Oxford, while in England, and was greatly impressed. In Paris she saw Jeannette Calkins, Catherine Dobie and Mary Townsend, all alumnae. She also was in Italy and Spain.

Several Named in Legion

Several Oregon graduates have been appointed to positions in the American Legion by the new state commander, Fred Kiddle, '17, of Island City. Ben F. Dorris, '15, of Eugene, was appointed chairman of the department legislative committee. Glen Dudley, '17, of Athena was appointed sergeant-at-arms.



J. O. Russell, '04, superintendent of schools at Wasco, and new permanent secretary of his class.

To the Members of the Class of '14

This is our year. Ten years have elapsed since we were preparing for our last football season as undergraduates. Many things have happened since that time. We have traveled far and accomplished much.

Now it is our Homecoming time, our time to gather 'round the old halls and renew the feeling of good-fellowship that was ours. But it will not be Homecoming for YOU unless you are there. Make it YOUR Homecoming.

Let us all be back and help the team again clean up the Aggies. Let us all be back and make November the 24th the biggest and best Homecoming the class of '14 has ever had.

—ALVA R. GROUT.

Northwest Resources by Radio

Alfred L. Lomax, professor of foreign trade in the school of business administration, is delivering a series of lectures by radio on the resources of the Northwest. The addresses are given on Friday in Portland.

Asked to Submit Second Book

Dean William G. Hale of the Oregon law school has been asked to write another book along the same lines as his "Law of the Press," which was published last year and is in use as a text not only on the Oregon campus but in schools of journalism throughout the country.

Fahl Replaces Gerald Barnes

Rudolph Fahl is new swimming coach at Oregon, replacing Gerald Barnes. For a year he was assistant physical director at Bradley Polytechnic Institute at Peoria, Ill. He holds a master's degree from Clark University.

Mr. Campbell Lends Old Picture

H. G. Campbell, who has been employed in the Eugene postoffice for several years, lent the photograph in this issue of OLD OREGON showing the football team of 1895. Mr. Campbell is a nephew of Fred Herbold, tackle on this team, now deceased, and he found this picture and one of Willamette street taken about the same year among effects of his uncle's. Mr. Campbell attended the University in 1914-15.

Society to Have National

Mask and Buskin, dramatic fraternity, will receive a charter of National College Players.



Homer D. Angell, '00, of Portland, new permanent secretary for his class. Mr. Angell has secured a list of the naughty-naught graduates with their addresses, and news of them will no doubt begin rolling in soon.

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—Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene.

Mrs. R. S. Bryson, '99, of Eugene, vice-president of the Oregon Alumni association. It is possible to tell how her husband looked back in 1895 by consulting the picture of the football team of that year shown in this issue. Their son Roy Bryson is soloist on the Oregon Glee club.

For Men Must Work and Women Must Ride.

More than 50 young women have enrolled for horseback riding to fulfill one of their physical education requirements. The streets are full of equestriennes in attire varying from that of the Central Park bridle paths to that of the Wyoming cow range.

Miss Magowan New Secretary

Miss Florence Magowan from Iowa State Teachers' College has succeeded Dorothy Collier, '18, as general secretary of the campus Y. W. C. A.

Ferris Abbett Sings and Marries.

Ferris A. Abbett, former student in the music department, is occupying a responsible position with the Pacific Telephone company in Portland. He is a member of the telephone quartet, a very popular organization of men singers. They sang daily at the Pendleton Round-Up in September and are frequently heard over the Oregonian radio. In June Mr. Abbett was married to Lois Oakes of Portland.

George Tucker, former student at Oregon, is recovering from his injuries received when he piloted an automobile through the fence during the Labor Day auto races at Salem. Tucker, who drove a Medford machine, spent a month in the hospital, and for a time fear was expressed as to his recovery.

Three Oregon people are connected with the Capital Journal in Salem, Harry Crain as city editor, Paul Farrington as reporter and Ruth Austin as society editor.

Lucile Morrow has announced her engagement to Gilbert J. Shea. Both of them live in Portland.

Lillian R. Travis to Conduct L. M. Travis Firm

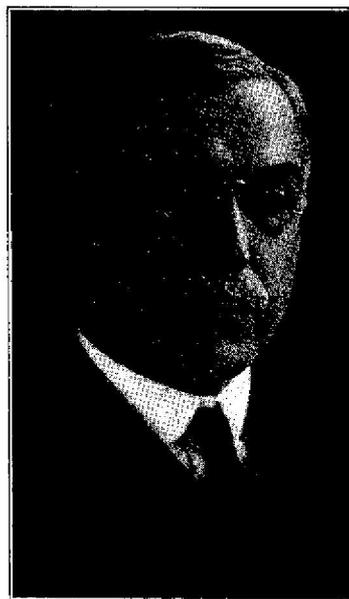
WHEN L. M. Travis, '97, of Eugene, first became ill, about three years ago, his wife, Lillian R. Travis, who was a student at the University in 1897, took charge of a part of his business.

A little more than a year ago the firm was incorporated under the name L. M. Travis, Inc., and it has been handling a big collection business in Lane county, also making collections and credit reports for the Lane County Credit Association, a local organization of merchants.

Mr. Travis died October 1, but the business will go on under his name, with Mrs. Travis as manager.



Haddon Rockhey, '24, chairman for Homecoming. Rockhey is a letterman in basketball, majoring in medicine.



Dr. E. P. Geary, '80, permanent secretary of his class. Dr. Geary can be reached at 643 Holly Street, Portland.

French Guest Makes Herself Popular

Mlle. Andree Pellion, brought to the University campus through the efforts of the Women's league, is established and happy. She lives at Susan Campbell hall as a guest, and she is available on all occasions where her services are needed, at women's assemblies, where she is willing to rise and be examined by many friendly, curious eyes; and at program meetings, where she is willing to speak from the platform. Mademoiselle Pellion first came to America last year on a scholarship, and thus is a senior on the Oregon campus. Her first taste of American education was gained at St. Elizabeth's College, Morristown, N. J.



Members of the class of 1893, which is holding a reunion at Homecoming. Those standing are: Harold Hopkins, Myra Norris Johnson, Thomas Roberts, Charles Henderson, Kaspar K. Kubli, Jesse G. Miller, Lawrence T. Harris and May Dorris Bronaugh. Seated are Daniel Roberts (deceased), Carey Martin, Emanuel Laur and Arthur McKinley.

Books That Will Interest Oregon Alumni

Damped Vibrations Not Due to Damp Grass

By JEANNE GAY, '25

DAMPED vibrations. What are they, something new in the field of blank verse, a new twist on the cubist form of art, or simply the results of sitting on wet grass? Unfortunately, damped vibrations are not as simple and elementary as this. Vibrations that are damp are a highly complicated and ununderstandable form of mathematics, not of rheumatics.

Dr. W. E. Milne of the Oregon mathematics department has recently published a book on this abstruse subject and it is with difficulty that even he explains the mysterious force in such a way that the ordinary individual can grasp the application.

Vibrations of any sort that gradually die out because of frictional resistance are damped vibrations: the vibrations of a tuning fork, of a piano wire, or of a pendulum. With this explanation, one ought, of course, to be able to look intelligent when the book refers to "damping proportional to the square of velocity"; "the relation between the amplitudes"; and "the solution as function of complex variable."

Dr. Milne admitted that he became interested in this problem when the matter of water surging back and forth in a hydraulic chamber of a power plant was brought to his attention. Often in such situations there is a reservoir of water to which the water is conducted by a tube. At the end of this tube is a turbine and a valve which shuts off the water supply to the reservoir when it is closed. As a result, the rush of water in the tube often breaks it when the valve is closed and so an extra shaft to take care of the water in the tube was devised by Dr. Milne. Strange, however, that his little volume contains no references to this matter, but speaks of "the damping being proportional to the first power of the velocity" or that in "important cases of physics and engineering it is necessary to employ a power of velocity higher than the first." All this is enlightening and the treatise is a fine contribution to this subject for the select few of us that can understand it.

The book is divided into four parts. The first includes a general discussion of the problem and the derivation of general results. The second part is devoted to the solution of the problem when the damping frictional resistance is proportional to the square of the velocity. The third part of the book involves in it both the first and second power of velocity, and the last part is a number of practical computations.

Mr. Struck's Farm Book Readable

OREGON having contributed her quota of freeholders returned to the soil, there will be a good deal of alumni interest in "Construction and Repair Work for the Farm," published in the late summer by F. Theodore Struck, '11. Mr. Struck is now assistant director of vocational education in the state department of public instruction, Pennsylvania. The book is by Houghton Mifflin, price \$2.90.

The object of the book, the author sets forth, is to give concrete help to those who are interested in practical construction and repair work as it pertains to various kinds of farming. While the book is adapted to school and college work, it will also be helpful, the author hopes, to farmers and others engaged in practical plant and animal production.

The projects included have been worked out in many states, thus giving a national instead of a sectional value. The literally profuse drawings, tables, photographs and other illustrative matter makes the book fascinating even to the reader who has never attempted or considered operating a farm.

Besides its own careful estimates, the book provides at the close of each chapter references to government and experiment station bulletins.

After the first chapter on the school shop, the book takes up in detail tools for construction and repair, with so many drawings and photographs that the reader imagines himself in a tool factory. Then there is a chapter on sharpening tools, one on construction materials, chapters relating to vegetable gardening, to poultry husbandry, to field crops, to horticulture, to swine husbandry, to sheep husbandry, to horse husbandry, to dairy husbandry, and finally to general farm projects. There is a final chapter on home-made equipment, and a chapter on "Uses of Rope on the Farm" that almost set the lay reader off to a real estate office to buy a farm and begin making tools and using rope.

Grey Towers: Another College Novel

DESPITE the depressing picture of the college faculty in Grey Towers (Covici McGee, Chicago), there is many a bit of minor local color in this recent anonymously-published novel of campus life to remind the reader of the University of Oregon.

There is, for instance, the same ghastly enigma about whether to make Freshmen put in commas or just let them write. There are warning notices of low grades that put football men off of the team; there is a senior bench, ivy in plenty, a muddy field, abused students, the unspeakable elective system, and "pep" rallies.

But, aside from her commiserating and sentimental recital of student woes and an ungracious fling at the drab graduate body, the author devotes herself zealously and exclusively to the hypocrisy, the snobbishness and the hectic un-morality of the faculty of Grey Towers. She does not shut her eyes to the laziness and apathy of its older men, either.

Among those who know the University of Chicago, many of its campus figures but thinly disguised are declared to be visible in Grey Towers. For them, no doubt, the tale has a pungent appeal. But for all who have been following the recent tendency to investigate college social life, administration and scholarship, the book will have an interest.

The plot is complicated without being complex. The thread of the story flutters with characters, some of them still unidentified in the reader's mind at the close of the action. But it seems necessary to furnish the heroine, a young and attractive instructor in Freshman composition, with men admirers of sorts and intensity. These drag in with them a string of their own undiscouraged victims. Thus is the story cluttered with figures, but so is the pedestal of the heroine immeasurably elevated: she enslaves those who enslave. La!

Educational theory, much of it seemingly sound though not new or untried, pursues the plot along. The young English teacher's abhorrence of the system in her department could be matched by abhorrences all over the country. The colleges may not teach composition very well, but it is possible they are gradually doing better with a bad situation.

As for the implication that faculty living at Grey Towers (the University of Chicago) is not frank, there is this to be said: if the apartment, studio and office scenes are life-reproductions, the Grey Towers faculty is certainly no good. But their no-goodness is too melodramatic and too weird to believe. No doubt such erotic men and women do live, but one cannot think they assemble themselves in such throngs in a position so much under surveillance as is a college faculty. While it is possible to make remarks like those of the Grey Towers faculty playing at being bad, it is incredible that conversations should be made up wholly of them, with no banalities between. The mental strain would over-topple too many toppling minds.

Grey Towers was undoubtedly written from within. Many of the conditions it portrays so acidly are probably present in college systems. But there will be a question in most minds that this is a true representation, with proportion and without omission. One regrets that any woman should fare so miserably and pity herself so devotedly as the anonymous author of Grey Towers must have done.

**Virgil Earl, New Athletic Director,
Speaks**

On returning to the University after being away 17 years, my impression is that the University is doing things in a bigger and better way than they have ever been done on the campus before. The University has assumed proportions that are even greater than the University of my dreams. Best of all, this tremendous growth has been made without losing one whit of the spirit that has made Oregon famous.

In my official capacity as director of athletics, I shall endeavor to maintain through organization and cooperation the same high standards in athletics at the University as have existed in the past, a standard that has made our athletic contemporaries both fear and respect our teams.

I firmly believe in clean athletics, and my honest conviction is that the athlete who goes to college untarnished by mercenary considerations will in the end reflect more credit to the University than is possible by the other type.

In conclusion I wish to say that the present Varsity team is composed of very high type men, men who are here for a serious purpose, entirely on their own resources, yet men who find time from their work to fight for Oregon just because they are the sons of Oregon. At this point I wish to say that since these men are giving their time and their energy for the love of the game and for the fame of their Alma Mater, it is entirely unfair to subject them to the same kind of microscopic scrutiny to which we subject the high salaried professional baseball player. For some reason there has developed lately a tendency in this direction, and the difference is the difference between the sporting type of man and the good sportsman.—Virgil D. Earl.

Are You Among the Cultured?

ALUMNI secretaries come to have geographical minds, provided after several years they have any mind left at all. They see alumni by counties, on a map; or by states and countries, on a globe.

Now the Oregon alumni secretary proposes to let alumni examine "the office mind" county by county. If they do not find themselves listed in it, they are of course not regarded as "educated" in the Oregon way. (Certainly they aren't educated up to sending in their addresses to the alumni office.)

All Baker and Benton county alumni and former students are urged to look through the list below and make sure they are, in the opinion of the alumni office, cultured. The other counties will get their chance as time goes on.

BAKER COUNTY

Baker, Oregon—

- Sanford Adler, Baker, Oregon.
- Robert Ran Alfrey, 2968 Campbell, Baker, Oregon.
- Elizabeth Baer, 2333 Main Street, Baker, Oregon.
- D. W. E. B. Baird, Jr., Baker, Oregon.
- Mrs. Abbie Kenyon Berchtorf, Baker, Oregon.
- I. B. Bowen, Jr., Baker, Oregon.
- John Prentiss Brown, Baker, Oregon.
- Mr. and Mrs. Phil Brownell, 1926 Center Street, Baker, Ore.
- Wilma June Burgan, 1721 Second Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clifford, Baker, Oregon.
- Gerald C. Crary, Baker, Oregon.
- Mr. and Mrs. H. Cundiff, Baker, Oregon.
- Hugh P. Currin, 1837 East Street, Baker, Oregon.

- Arthur L. Denny, 1714 Main Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Mrs. O. M. Dodson, Baker, Oregon.
- James T. Donald, Baker, Oregon.
- Mrs. James T. Donald, Baker, Oregon.
- Harry Claire Ellis, 2415 Baker Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Mrs. Grace M. Evans, R. F. D. No. 2, Baker, Oregon.
- Louis Fernald, Baker, Oregon.
- Leland S. Finch, 2450 Baker Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Daniel Wm. French, Jr., Box 631, Baker, Oregon.
- Heber C. Greer, 1408 Center Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Mrs. Virginia Leonard Greer, 1408 Center Steet, Baker, Ore.
- Mrs. N. E. Guerney, Baker, Oregon.
- James O. Gyllenberg, 2831 Auburn Ave., Baker, Oregon.
- Blaine Hallock, Sommer Bldg., Baker, Oregon.
- Albert B. Harding, 2407 Tracy Street, Baker, Oregon.
- William Henry Holmes, Jr., R. F. D. No. 2, Baker, Oregon.
- Frank Hunt, Baker, Oregon.
- Mr. and Mrs. Homer B. Jamison, 2630 Second St., Baker, Ore.
- George Jett, Baker, Oregon.
- Walter S. Kennon, 1805 Fifth Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Kerr, 2355 Baker Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Virginia Leonard, Baker, Oregon.
- George P. Lilly, 2468 Church Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Henry McKinney, Baker, Oregon.
- Isabel Shaw McArthur, 1050 Elm Street, Baker, Oregon.
- R. Lindsay McArthur, 2771 Second Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Bertha McKinney, 2680 Court Ave., Baker, Oregon.
- Mrs. Henry M. McKinney, Baker, Oregon.
- Margaret Bell Messick, 2196 Court Ave., Baker, Oregon.
- Laura Moates, Baker, Oregon.
- C. A. Moore, Baker, Oregon.
- Ella L. Moulton, 1522 Washington Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Walter Parsons, Baker, Oregon.
- Fred William Packwood, Baker, Oregon.
- Alma Payton, Baker, Oregon.
- Mr. and Mrs. Clarence D. Potter, 2631 Court St., Baker, Ore.
- Adele Powell, Baker, Oregon.
- John Palmer, Baker, Oregon.
- Fannie Pritchett, Baker, Oregon.
- Charles Jackson Shelton, 2435 Third Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Wm. E. Sheppard, 2207 Tenth Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Glen Shockley, Baker, Oregon.
- L. L. Swift, 2538 Third Street, Baker, Oregon.
- Mrs. Loy M. Turner, Baker, Oregon.
- George A. Winship, Baker, Oregon.

Huntington, Oregon—

- Mrs. Don Shepardson, Huntington, Oregon.

Keating, Oregon—

- Mrs. Adelle McMurren Hunt, Keating, Oregon.
- Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Staggs, Keating, Oregon.

Sumpter, Oregon—

- Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cecil, Sumpter, Oregon.

BENTON COUNTY

- Lucile Allen Davis, Alesia, Oregon.
- Cecil Marion Hayden, Alesia, Oregon.
- L. Lee Williams, Alesia, Oregon.

Corvallis, Oregon—

- Pauline Beck, 28 22nd Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Florence Bowden, Corvallis, Oregon.
- John M. Brady, 512 South 13th Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Agnes C. Christie, First National Bank, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Mrs. Arthur Clarke, 204 N. 27th Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Geneva Stebno Cockerline, McCready Apts., 4th and B. Sts., Corvallis, Oregon.
- George Horace Coshow, Kappa Psi House, Corvallis, Ore.
- Mrs. Isabell B. Dearborn, 202 South 9th St., Corvallis, Ore.
- Merrill W. Dinwiddie, 660 Van Buren, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Harry T. Drill, 235 King's Road, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Alwilda E. Dunn, 534 South 3rd Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Russell B. Fields, Corvallis, Oregon.
- E. L. Getz, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Mr. and Mrs. Alva R. Grout, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Earl W. Heckert, 263 N 30th Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Alice P. Horner, 104 N. 6th Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Dr. Harry S. Irvine, 205 N. 31st Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Inez King, Route No. 1, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Grace M. Maberly, 521 N. 7th St., Corvallis, Oregon.
- Mrs. Augusta McDonald, 318 3rd St., Corvallis, Oregon.
- Lulu Carolyn McLaughlin, 104 9th Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
- F. Dean Moore, English Department, O. A. C., Corvallis, Ore.
- H. R. Patterson, Jr., 2713 Arnold Way, Corvallis, Oregon.
- George C. Penson, Corvallis, Oregon.

Mrs. Agnes Ryder Schuster, 224 N. 23rd St., Corvallis, Ore.
 Herman Austin Scullen, 2003 B. Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
 Martha Almeda Smith, Snell Hall, Corvallis, Oregon.
 George F. Walker, care Standard Oil Co., Corvallis, Oregon.
 Vera O. Wells, 605 Van Buren Street, Corvallis, Oregon.
 E. E. Wilson, Corvallis, Oregon.
 Robert Milton Wray, 342 South 12th Street, Corvallis, Ore.
Monroe, Oregon—
 Mrs. Helen P. Baker, Monroe, Oregon.
 Henry T. Bristow, Route No. 1, Monroe, Oregon.
 Mrs. George R. Buckingham, Route No. 1, Monroe, Oregon.
 Allie Headlee Perkins, Box 75, Monroe, Oregon.
Philomath, Oregon—
 Frank John Palmer, Philomath, Oregon.

Brother Driver and Others of His Day

(Continued from page 8)

Death-Bed Repentance Popular

Visions at death, like those of Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and death-bed repentances formed the usual wind-up of the emotional sermon a generation or more ago, and they are still to be heard in the rural South.

If Ingersoll was feared as a man of supreme cunning in argument, Darwin was feared in another way. It angered the literalists to hear scientists of learning and repute proclaim faith in a thing to them so palpably absurd as evolution.

Once I heard George H. Williams of Portland, a famous lawyer who served the nation as attorney-general under President Grant, speak on evolution in Villard hall, while the faculty members sat on the stage.

"If evolution be true," declared Mr. Williams in a crushing argument, "why don't the scientists show us one monkey in the act of turning into a man?"

And every one in the hall roared with delight except Dr. Condon, the geologist, who sat mute.

The old quarrel was faith versus works, with the weight of orthodoxy resting upon faith. I remember a preacher's son, a sincere Christian in his way, putting the case to me in this fashion: Heathen who have never been reached by Christianity, will be judged at death according to their works; but if they have a fair chance to learn Christian truths from the missionaries and then deliberately turn their backs, they will surely smoke.

There comes to mind an incident that illustrates with what confidence parents interpreted God's will. The story sounds as if it came out of Cotton Mather's "Remarkable Providences," yet it could have been easily duplicated in Old Eugene.

A block and a half west of Main street, lay the Swale—a muddy lake in winter and a stinking, green-scummed pond in summer, narrowing down to a mud hole late in August. The singing of the myriads of frogs in the Swale could be heard over all Eugene on pleasant evenings. I could tell stories of rafting on its dirty surface and of skating during a freeze, but all this is apart from the story of Mr. Simmons' horse.

Mr. Simmons bought a large lot on the edge of the Swale. A good part of it was under water most of the year. The wooden sidewalk passing his home crossed the street on stilts, while carriages dipped down to a small bridge. Mr. Simmons was an excavating contractor. I always think of him as a kind of human mole, for when he was not burrowing in the earth, he was carting it. On six days of the week, he carted earth for other people; on the seventh, he carted it for himself. From dawn to dark, pleasant Sundays, he would drive in with a wagon of earth and shake the load loose by heaving up the poles of the bed. Thus he not only increased the worth of his own property, but did a valued public service in sanitation. One broiling hot Sunday, however, one of his poor, overworked horses, unable to keep up its master's tireless pace, fell dead.

Even the death of a horse traveled over town in those days and brought a return of sympathy either for the owner or the horse. But the news was received by a pious lady, who knew of Mr. Simmons' pagan disregard of the Sabbath, as a "remarkable providence." So, without the slightest hesitation or misgiving, she informed her impressionable son that the Ruler of the Universe had slain the horse as a slap at its irreverent owner.

This good lady thought she was implanting a lesson in piety in her son. But what of the time when the son began to think. Did he then thank his mother for her early teachings? It would be interesting to know.

One of the blows of my youth was the loss of a companion, who fell a victim of typhoid. A fine lad he was, full of life, of quick sympathy and keen intelligence. He was a bit older than I and, being large for his years, he was taken up by an older group, joining in their little dances. And he used to puff at a cigarette occasionally. When his bright life was snuffed out in this horrible fashion, a blow from which his parents never recovered, there were still those who said it was better so—God had removed him before the cigarette habit had become fixed.

But coming back to cows, I can not help believing that a dipper full of boiling water serves a cow right when she breaks into people's yards. The primary blame, I admit, rests upon her inconsiderate, sponging owner, too stingy to pay Dr. Shelton his few dollars a month for pasture on the Butte. Still, it is maddening for a cow to deliberately horn open your gate and then proceed with rapid, greedy mouthfuls to mow your pet flowers and prize vegetables, sneaking bites as you drive her out of the yard with a stick. A dipperful of scalding water leaves an impression on a cow's memory good for several days; and, under repeated doses, she finally comes in her dull, brutish way to associate your premises with a smarting sensation, so that a mere brandishing of an empty dipper humanely accomplishes the desired result when she stops and looks longingly at the gate.

Oregon Poetry Page

(Continued from page 9)

IF THE WEATHER WERE HOT

Though the weather may nip, keep a stiff upper lip,
 For we know well enough there's a reason:
 The frost it must fly and the crispy winds sigh,
 To give zest to the Christmas season.

If the weather were hot, it were strange, were it not?
 And madness and treason and folly,
 To deck out a tree with lackluster glee,
 And 'roast' while we hang up the holly.

—Everett Earle Stanard, ex-'14.

We almost slipped in a poem by one of the feminine sex, having secured some interesting ones from Katherine Watson, Kathrine Kressmann, and Helen Schuppel. But on second thought we give the men a free field, with the promise of the other poems for the December number.

The Cornell Frosh Bible notes that underclassmen are forbidden to own cars. The rule is not official, but is expected to become a tradition.

Concrete pilings resting on bed rock support the lower end of the toboggan slide at Cornell. The mechanism is adjustable, so as to permit the raising and lowering of the end to conform to the ice level of Lake Beebe.



NEWS OF THE CLASSES



EDITOR'S NOTE.—Last month we announced the new permanent secretaries of the classes. Several of them have responded with letters and requests for the names and addresses of their classmates. Their news has been skimpy, however. Perhaps this is due to the shock of the announcement. In a few cases there is more news about the secretary than about anybody else—in which case, of course, he did not send it in.

1878

(Ellen Condon McCornack, R. F. D. 1, Eugene, Ore.)

1879

(Carrie Cornelius McQuinn, 473 Simpson St., Portland, Ore.)

1880

(Edward P. Geary, 643 Holly St., Portland, Ore.)

1881

(Claiborne M. Hill, 2509 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Calif.)

1882

(Mary E. McCornack, 715 Lincoln St., Eugene.)

1883

(W. T. Slater, 150 Mirimar St., Portland, Ore.)

1884

(Caspar W. Sharples, Burke Bldg., Seattle, Wash.)

John W. Connaway, now professor of comparative medicine and chairman of the department of veterinary science at the University of Missouri, writes that he remembers with gratitude the kindly patience and thoroughness as a teacher of Dean Straub. He expects to remain at the University of Missouri, himself, unless he follows the example of Scott Hayes, an Oregon alumnus by adoption, and returns to Eugene. After leaving Eugene in 1881, Dr. Connaway taught a term in country school, took a course in "business" in Portland and then worked in a wholesale hardware house for more than five years. In 1887 he entered the medical department of the University of Missouri, attaining his M.D. degree in 1891. Dr. Connaway has had advanced work at Chicago Veterinary college, Harvard Medical, Johns Hopkins, the Tierärztliche Hochschule in Hannover, Germany, the University of Berlin pathological institute, etc.

1885

(Daniel W. Bass, Hotel Frye, Seattle, Wash.)

1886

Jennie McClure of Seattle, has written that it is impossible under any circumstances for her to act as secretary for her class. Its members are urged to write the general alumni secretary as to their wishes.

1887

(Herbert S. Johnson, 164 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.)
The Portland Oregonian of October 20 devoted editorial space to an address recently made in Philadelphia before the Federation of the Churches of America by Herbert S. Johnson, Mr. Johnson, who is a minister himself, was speaking on preparedness. Mr. Johnson's attitude will be seen in the following brevities from his address:

"The real issue is not between war and peace. It is between war with preparedness and war without preparedness. It is between hugely wasteful expenditures for the waging of war and scientific and economical expenditures for the same purpose.

"War is a fact. It is the fatal weakness of pacificism that it does not recognize that fact."

P. E. Snodgrass, ex-'87, president of the First National bank, Eugene, has been in the Moore sanitarium in Portland for some time. He was taken ill in July, while on a vacation in California, and was taken at once to Portland. His condition, the first week in November, was reported as perceptibly improved. It was not known when he could return home.

1888

(Mark Bailey, 1553 Grand Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.)

1889

(L. J. Davis, 555 East 40th St. N., Portland, Ore.)

1890

(Fletcher Linn, 574 Laurel St., Portland, Ore.)

1891

(J. C. Veazie, 745 Overton St., Portland, Ore.)

1892

(Frederick S. Dunn, Campus.)

1893

(Myra Norris Johnson, 1284 E. 13th Street, Eugene, Ore.)
See story of the 1893 Homecoming reunion in this issue.

1894

(Melissa E. Hill, Washington High School, Portland.)

1895

(Edith Kerns Chambers, 1259 Hilyard St, Eugene.)

1896

(Jennie Beattie Harris, 1465 Chemeketa St., Salem.)
Anna Roberts Stephenson will be in Eugene for Homecoming. Although her eldest, Elizabeth Stephenson, '23, is no longer on the campus, her son Kenneth is now a sophomore at Oregon.

Returning Grads, Hello!

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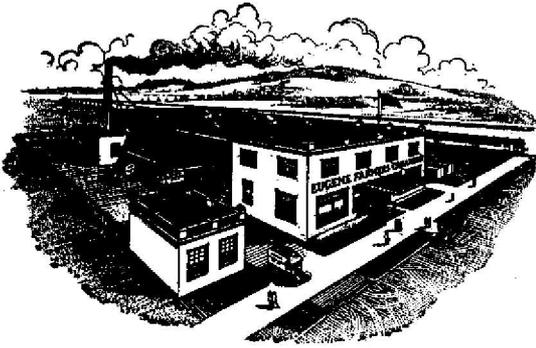
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Herbert C. Thompson, ex-'96, author of the reminiscent articles concerning early days in Eugene that *Old Oregon* has been running, writes that he and Mrs. Thompson are established in New York City. He is editorial and feature writer on the *New York Mail*, without any fixed routine, so that he "can pry into the interesting life of New York." He may be addressed in care of Leffingwell and Scott, 15 East 40th Street.

1897

(Edith Veazie Bryson, 715 16th Ave., E., Eugene.)

1898

(Lillian Ackerman Carleton, 1237 Ferry St., Eugene.)

1899

(C. L. Templeton, 2501 Cascadia Ave., Seattle, Wash.)

Mary Smedberg, ex-'99, superintendent of the Smedburg Sanitarium and hospital in Marshfield, writes that she is doing the same thing she was twenty-four years ago--nursing the sick and afflicted, managing hospitals and worrying over other people's troubles . . . "and moreover I imagine I will continue to keep right on doing the same things until Father Time turns the page over and says goodnight."

1900

(Homer D. Angell, 514-517 Lewis Bldg., Portland.)

1901

(Richard Shore Smith, 910 Washington St., Eugene.)

Ruth Stevenson Addison, ex-'01, a member of the Y. W. C. A. advisory board on the campus, is general advisor for the Girl Reserves of Eugene. This is a Y. W. C. A. organization for younger girls.

1902

(Amy M. Holmes, 792 Hancock St., Portland.)

George Goodall has recently been moving his house in Eugene from Fairmount Heights to 1965 Moss Street. He had sold his property but desired to keep his house.

For a successful Homecoming...

The TABLE SUPPLY COMPANY is ready and eager to put forth its best efforts to make this year's homecoming the most successful of all homecomings.

Needless to say the success of the occasion is largely determined at the Homecoming dinners. The continual activity gives rise to more than ordinary hunger, which makes food of quality, wisely selected an important consideration. Wise HOUSEMANAGERS will see us in ample time to enable us to render the best possible assistance.

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PHONE 246

A. F. Hemenway writes from Tucson, Ariz., that he has become associate professor of biology and head of botany at the University of Arizona. Previously he was similarly employed on the faculty of Transylvania College, Lexington, Mrs. Hemenway, who is associate professor of English at Transylvania, will remain there until the end of the semester and will then join Professor Hemenway in Arizona. His resignation came too late in the spring for his wife to secure a release conveniently. "Tucson is so western in spirit," writes Mr. Hemenway, "that I feel I am getting almost home after nineteen years of wandering."

Rosa B. Parrott, ex-'92, who is head of the English department at Roseburg high school, received her M. A. degree from Teachers' College (Columbia), in 1920. During the summer that followed she taught in the Baltimore training school for teachers and the following year at the Salem State Normal school at Salem, Mass. From there she journeyed to Kent, Ohio, teaching one year in the Kent State Normal college. The year before last she returned to Oregon. Miss Parrott is author of the English handbook entitled "English As It Should Be Spoken," intended for high school and normal school students and college freshmen. She expects to spend the coming summer in Europe.

E. N. Blythe, well-known for his newspaper work in Portland, has purchased an interest in the Vancouver Columbian. Mr. Blythe's first newspaper work was done under his father, then owner of the Hood River Glacier. His newspaper associations in Portland have been with both the Oregonian and the Journal, and date from 1907. With his new acquisition he gives up his position as head of the Journal copy desk.

1903

(James H. Gilbert, Campus.)

1904

(J. O. Russell, Wasco.)

J. O. Russell is superintendent of schools at Wasco and has become a kind of landmark there. He is in his ninth year of actual service but in his third period of residence. He is treasurer of the Sherman County Athletic association and president of the Upper Columbia Athletic league, which comprises Sherman, Gilliam, Wheeler and Morrow counties.

Virginia Cleaver Bacon, who is still in government service in Washington, D. C., can be reached at the Women's City club, 22 Jackson Place. She spent her summer vacation in Nevada, managing to get that close to Oregon.

1905

(A. B. Tiffany, 675 13th Ave. E., Eugene.)

Dr. Carl Henry Davis, who was in San Francisco during the summer to attend the meeting of the American Medical association, presented work on its program that attracted wide attention. The films that he showed are some that he has been using in extension teaching for the University of Wisconsin, his location being Milwaukee. After leaving Oregon Dr. Davis took a degree in science at the University of Chicago, and in 1909 he received his M. D. at Rush. He is married and the father of two boys. His hospital work has been of wide variety, always with specialization in obstetrics and gynecology. He is now instructor in these subjects for the University of Wisconsin extension service. During the war he was in the medical reserve.

Tom Hawthorne, son of Dr. Benjamin Hawthorne, professor emeritus of psychology, is superintendent of government irrigation work in Haiti. He went from the University school of engineering to government irrigation work in eastern Oregon and in the next dozen years learned the practical side of irrigation engineering. The Haitian government picked him up a year or so ago.

1906

(Camile Carroll Bovard, 236 13th Ave. E., Eugene.)

Seth Kerron, '06, is city physician of Eugene, and lives in the Osburn apartments.

1907

(Mary Rothrock Culbertson, 1002 Sherman Ave., Hood River.)

1908

(Mozelle Hair, Extension Division, U. of O., Eugene.)

Helene E. Hendershott, '08, writes that she and her husband, Dr. Harry M. Hendershott, are leaving for Chicago and New York, in order that the doctor may attend clinics in these cities. They will be away from Portland a couple of months.

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Unite to
eat at —

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HERSCHEL TAYLOR, Prop.

Miriam Van Waters, '08, who is now in Los Angeles continuing the work that is making her well-known among students of social reform throughout the country, contributes a chapter to a new book by Ernest Bryant Hoag, called "Crime, Abnormal Minds and the Law." It is published by Bobbs-Merrill.

Curtis Gardner and his wife, Hattie Hyde Gardner, '11, and their children, are living at Agate Beach (postoffice), near Newport, where Curtis has a contract for several miles of the coast highway. They will probably remain there a year or more.

Mrs. Jessie E. C. Eastham was asked to represent Oregon at the inauguration of the new president of Radcliffe College, Miss Ada Louise Comstock, October 20. Mrs. Eastham lives at Cambridge and has been in New England for a number of years. Last June she was on the Oregon campus for a brief visit. She was a member in college of Kappa Alpha Theta.

St. Clair Thomas, ex-'09, is an engineer in the Federal road service, with headquarters in Montana.

1909

(Merle Chessman, 385 9th St., Astoria.)

R. K. Oberteuffer, ex-'09, is now in Los Angeles, and can be reached at 5201 Granada street. He is associated with F. C. Snell in the general building game "in the greatest city on the coast" (quotes are ours). For two years Mr. Oberteuffer was with the San Joaquin light and power corporation at Fresno; one year with the California highway commission producing the wonderful California automobile roads; and one year in construction work in Los Angeles. His business address is 121 North Larchmont boulevard.

1910

(Ralph Dodson, 698 E. 16th St., N. Portland.)

Lily A. Lyster, '10, is president of San Francisco National Training School, which is conducted under the auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church. The school trains women for Christian service in various fields, giving work in sociology and psychology as well as courses of a more strictly religious nature.

Proceeding without a vast deal of publicity, Alfred Powers, '10, member of the faculty in extension, has been publishing considerable juvenile fiction in the last few years. The October St. Nicholas had his most recent story, "The Vanished Riders." The story is set in the Umpqua canyon between Jacksonville and Roseburg, and the plot concerns the manner in which two boys outwitted hostile Indians by reversing the shoes on their horses. "Hickory Bank," one of Mr. Powers' stories, is being used in a fourth reader in New York City and in some of the New England schools. Mr. Powers is said to be contemplating a collection of the stories in book form.

Martha Whealdon, who was a student on the campus in 1906-07, is now resting at home, 390 East 50th Street, North, Portland. Previously she was secretary for the Y. W. C. A. in Bombay. Miss Whealdon says she is flattered and surprised to know that she is considered a member of the alumni association from that one year of residence.

1911

Stanley P. Young, ex-'11, is with the United States biological survey, located at 212 Custom House, Denver. Young graduated at the University of Michigan and since 1915 has been in government service. In 1921 he was transferred from the Arizona district to Colorado, where as junior biologist he was put in charge of the Colorado-Kansas district on predatory animal control work. Before leaving Arizona he married Nydia Marie Ackley, an Arizona graduate with advanced work at Wellesley. For three years she was with the Arizona extension force as home demonstration agent. They have a daughter who is now nearly two years old.

1912

(Celia V. Hager, 1366 Beach St., Eugene.)

Fay Clark Hurley, who lives in Anchorage, Alaska, has had an interesting honor befall her. She is president of the Anchorage Woman's club, which has one hundred members and is the largest women's club in the whole territorial federation. Mr. Hurley is assistant United States attorney in Alaska.

F. Ford Northrup is principal of the Wilbur public school.

1913

(Carleton E. Spencer, Registrar, U. of O., Eugene.)

Harry L. Cash, ex-'13, is again in the Philippine islands, doing supervisory work in education for the Philippine bureau of education. Cash spent several years there previously and later was a member of an educational commission working for

the Peruvian government. For the last year he has been employed in the office of the Multnomah hotel in Portland.

Gladys Cartwright is teaching in the Salem high school.

1914

(Harold G. Young, 420 E. 46th St., N., Portland.)

A. H. Davies, known best as "Deak," is reported to have been married in September and to have been transferred since that event from Portland to Los Angeles by the Standard Oil company, with which he is connected. OLD OREGON'S informant declares Davies as having been the "most confirmed bachelor" in the class of '14.

1915

(Bertrand Jerard, Box 252, Pendleton.)

Marsh Goodwin was married October 15 to Myrtle Kays, formerly of Eugene, the wedding taking place in Portland, where Miss Kays is in charge of the surgery of the Portland ear, eye, nose and throat hospital. She is a graduate of the Good Samaritan training school. The Goodwins will be at home in Portland, where Mr. Goodwin is in the insurance business.

Lawrence Dinneen, ex-'15, and his wife are the parents of a new daughter. Their home is in Portland, where Dinneen is in the newspaper business.

1916

(Beatrice Locke, 694 E. Madison St., Portland.)

Mrs. Brazier C. Small (Constance Cartwright), is making her home in Salem, where her husband is practicing law.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bond, '22, are the parents of a daughter, born last month in Berkeley. Mrs. Bond was Lois Hall.

Louise Bailey Stam writes from 618 East Tiogo street, Portland, that the Stams are now at home in that city. Mr. Stam is traveling for the Clyde Equipment company, selling logging supplies.

Jo Tominaga, who has been connected with the architectural firm of McKim, Meade and White, in New York City, has returned to his native land, Japan, to help rebuild areas devastated by the earthquake and fire. He stopped off in Eugene last month enroute to Seattle, from which he sails, to see old friends at the school of architecture. Tominaga is especially interested in city planning, and has worked in New York and abroad with that in mind. His plan for a new system of traffic regulation for New York City is said to be under serious discussion in architectural circles in the East.

Martel I. Mickey, ex-'16, is one of the directors of the Orange County Home Builders Finance corporation at Santa Ana, Calif. He is municipal engineer for the city of Los Angeles. Formerly he was connected with the Pacific Gas and Electric company of San Francisco and also with the California state highway commission.

1917

(Nicholas Jaureguy, 491 E. Broadway, Portland.)

Karl Becke, '17 and Paul Hendricks, ex-'17, are associated together in the real estate business in Salem.

Edison Marshall, ex-'17, is the author of "The Land of Forgotten Men," recently published by Little, Brown and company. In the summer of 1920 his first novel, "The Voice of the Pack," appeared. Since then, in rapid succession, have come the following: "The Snowshoe Trail," "Shepherds of the Wild," "The Sky Line of Spruce," "The Heart of Little Shikara, and Other Stories," "The Isle of Retribution," and now, "The Land of Forgotten Men." Mr. Marshall appears in the last issue of Who's Who. Concerning his newest novel the Oregonian commented in part: "In the time that the Medford author has been developing his ability to tell such stories, he has never written a better one. 'The Land of Forgotten Men' has some distinctly novel twists, and, what is more unusual, practically no blood is spilled by the chief contestants for the love and affection of Dorothy Newhall."

Eyla Walker is faculty advisor to the students who put out The Ikoizan at Redwood City high school, Redwood, Calif.

Leon S. Jackson, ex-'17, is now to be addressed at 1459 E. 17th Street, Portland. "Been married; built a home in Westmoreland; taking up a little more extension work at U. of O. center; still plugging"; such is Jackson's account of himself. Incidentally his stationery reveals that he is editor of the Commercial Review, issued every Tuesday from 105 Sherlock building, Portland.

1918

(James Sheehy, 413 10th St., N., Portland.)

Will Rebec, son of Dr. George Rebec, dean of the graduate school and head of the department of philosophy, who was

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on the campus in '14-'15 and '19, and then attended the medical school in Portland one year, is now a junior in the medical school of the University of Michigan. During the war he was in army service at Camp Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vosper (Helene Delano), are the parents of a new son, William Warren, born last month. Their home is in Oakland, Calif.

Mary Hislop Kyle writes from Jamestown, N. Dak., that her immediate plans (since they were demanded of her), are to keep on feeding Mary Elizabeth, eight months old, so that she will be lusty enough to root for Oregon when the Kyle family returns in 1928 for the 10-year reunion of the best class—1918.

1919

(Helen McDonald, The Chronicle, Oakland, Calif.)

John DeWitt Gilbert and Olive Risley Gilbert are the parents of a son, William S., named for his grandfather, Chaplain Gilbert, regent of the University. The boy weighed eight pounds. He was born October 5.

1920

(Dorothy Duniway, Registrar's office, Reed College, Portland.)

Grace Knopp is teaching her second year in Eugene high school, where she dispenses Spanish. Some who know say she is contemplating skipping over to Spain some morning to spend a year or more among the language as she is spoken.

Ruth Young Beck, ex-'20, is living in Toledo, Ore., where her husband, J. Ralph Beck, an O. A. C. graduate, is county agriculturalist. Their family now includes Barbara Ann and J. Ralph, jr. Ruth was a member of Alpha Phi on the campus, and much interested in dramatics.

Wallace Carson, ex-'20, passed the state bar examination this fall and is now associated with his two brothers in the practice of law in Salem. The firm is known as Carson, Carson & Carson. Allan Carson, '20, and John Carson both completed their work at Willamette University.

M. Lucile Copenhaver, who was doing graduate work at the University of Chicago last year is now down among the warlike Oklahomans, being in Tulsa, at 1744 East 13th Place. She recently visited with Ruth Flegal, '22, who is at Sapulpa, sixteen miles from Tulsa, teaching in the science department.

Elmer Pendell is at Cornell, taking graduate work and teaching elementary economics. He has three sections in this, and finds himself mighty busy. He and Clyde Mason, '19, have found each other. Mason is giving work in chemistry.

Inga Winter is teaching in the Rogue River high school. Myrtle Magerle, '22, is also at Rogue River.

Merle Moore, who married Dorothy Bennett in September, graduates this year from Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. However, he will do graduate work for two more years, after which he expects to locate in Portland where his father and brother are both practicing physicians. An account of the Moore-Bennett wedding was contained in the October **OLD OREGON**.

Marcus O'Day and his wife, ex-'24, are now on the Berkeley campus, Mr. O'Day being an instructor in the department of physics. He received his Ph. D. in physics last June, on the thesis "Conduction of Current Through Metals."

Charles Crandall has bought The Malheur County Enterprise at Vale from Lloyd Riches. On the campus Crandall is still the occasion for heated disputes among the older co-eds and the alumnae who were here in Don Orput's time. The latter insist that Orput was the greatest yell-leader of all Oregon history, but Crandall has his violent supporters.

Gordon Fletcher is serving his internship at Pennsylvania Hospital, Eighth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia. He graduated from Jefferson Medical college in Philadelphia June 1.

1921

(Jack Benefiel, Campus.)

Fourteen trunks accompanied Claire Holdredge to the diamond mines in central Africa, according to his mother. These trunks were packed as follows, she said: one with clothes, one with books and the remaining dozen with cigarettes. Claire went up the Congo river by boat, later transferring to raft. When the river allowed no further navigation, he and his 14 trunks were taken the remainder of the distance on camel—animal, not cigarette.

Lucile Saunders McDonald ex-'21, stepped into an opening on the Portland Oregonian a week or two ago when a shift in staff was made. She says she is happy to be back on the Oregonian, and she spends her spare time sending stuff east for regular publication.

Several former Oregon law students are now located in Salem. Among these are H. J. McGill, '21, and John McCourt, '21, who are both attending law school. Kenneth Graham is getting some practical experience in the office of Robin Day, Salem attorney, and attending law school.

Marie Ridings is teaching in the high school at Pocatello, Idaho, and likes the place and her work exceedingly. Her address is 218 North Hayes avenue. Last year Miss Ridings was teaching in Asbland.

Dean Moore is again on the English faculty at Oregon Agricultural College.

Reuel S. Moore is now marine editor on the Oregon Journal, Portland. After graduation he was with the Salem Capital Journal, later handling police for the Portland paper.

Alice Thurston, B. A. '21, M. A. '22, is teaching mathematics in the high school at Klamath Falls.

Bernice Butler, who was on the campus in 1920-21, writes from 1130 19th Avenue, North, Seattle, that for the past two years she has had her own kindergarten, this year combining with another teacher. The location of their school is 20th and East Prospect. They have 38 children enrolled for the fall. On Saturdays Miss Butler also gives a class in art for high school girls. The work in the kindergarten includes: sense training, music, rhythms, eurythmics, open air gymnastics, home activities, nature study and hand work.

Maude Largent Coshow is still fond of Boise, Idaho. At any rate she is still there, where her husband is manager of the Hotel Bristol, and she writes OLD OREGON pleasant and newsy letters about the other graduates in her neck of the woods.

A wedding scheduled for December is that of James Haseltine Schmeer, ex-'21, member of Phi Gamma Delta, and Miss Ruth Hendryx of Portland.

Marian Spoeri Sipp writes from 1620 West 15th Street, Topeka, that she and Bobbie Jean, now eight months old, hope to be in Portland next summer for three months.

Genevieve Clancy and John Dundore will be married November 17 in Portland.

Barney Garrett was one of two heroes in a near-drowning accident at Hood River during the summer. He had gone there to play a tennis match and while at the bathing beach on the Columbia rescued George Smith, a young photographer, who was about to drown after failing to get to shore with Jessie Lewis, ex-'23, who was out beyond her depth. All the swimmers, including a fifth, J. W. Collier, who first attempted to save Miss Lewis, were resuscitated.

1922

(Helen Carson, Hood River.)

Muriel McKinley, ex-'22 has joined the Salem high school faculty.

Elsie Lawrence, '22, is in Portland studying X-ray work with the hopes of a South American assignment in laboratory work. She is a member of Pi Beta Phi.

Verne Blue is doing graduate work in history at the University of California.

Doris E. Pittenger writes that for the current year her address will be St. Paul's School, Walla Walla.

Grace Tigard is in San Francisco again this year, going on with the organization of new clubs for employed girls in connection with the Y. W. C. A. She has offered to do her part in organizing the Oregon alumni who live around the bay, of whom there are a good many now and more coming. During the summer she has seen Mary Lou Burton, Mabel Gilham and Margaret Scott, all of '23. The Y. W. is at 620 Sutter Street.

Lyle Bartholomew, student body president in 1921-22, is now "architecting" for a Portland firm. He was in Salem in the latter part of October superintending the erection of a portable school house. Bart's home is in Salem.

Betti Kessi, '22, is society editor for the Oregon Statesman in Salem.

Alex G. Brown has resigned his position as city editor of the Albany Herald after nine months on the job there.

Helen Manning is on the local staff of the Oregon Journal, covering the north-end Federal beat, postoffice and customs house, as well as doing Sunday feature work.

Arne G. Rae, now on the staff of the Oregon City Enterprise, was married August 29 to Cora Marie Anderson, of Condon, the ceremony taking place in the Plymouth Congregational church in Seattle. Miss Anderson was deputy county clerk of Gilliam county for a year and a half before her marriage. She and Rae met at the 1922 meeting of the state editorial association in Newport.

Katherine H. Morse is teaching mathematics in Olympia high school. Last year she was in Dallas. In Olympia she can be reached at 1908 Washington street.

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Ila Nichols has a position with the Dan Wuille company, fruit exporters, in Hood River. Last year she was teaching at Waitsburg.

Helen Carson is again teaching Latin and French at Hood River. She is busy enough, but still finds time for OLD OREGON and for the Emerald, and sends the former lots of news. She promises to be back on the campus for Homecoming.

Arnold Anderson has been reporting on the Yakima Daily Republic since September, 1922, and has no immediate plans of forsaking his job. He has been police reporter and automobile editor, and is at present sleuthing for news at the courthouse. His residence address is 406 South 6th Street.

Mary D. Largent is teaching science in the high school at Stevensville, Mont.

Dorothy Dickey is teaching again in the Gresham Union high school, where she is supervisor of music and director of the high school orchestra. She is planning as far ahead as next summer when she expects to attend the Northwestern University summer session. Her last summer was her fourth as fire outlook in the Cascade national forest, the largest national forest in the country. She was major guardian there.

1923

(Aulis Anderson, Tillamook, Ore.)

Ralph McClaflin can be reached at 1108 Hayes Street, Boise, Idaho.

Jessie Thompson started her newspaper career this fall on the Portland Oregonian, as head of the information department. She was shifted a few weeks ago and has now acquired the title, eye-shade, etc., of the editor of women's clubs. She also assists the society editor.

June Burgan, '23, is teaching in the Washington grade school in Salem.

Mrs. L. L. Vincent, summer session '23, is teaching second year in the foreign-born class in the Shaver school, Portland. The classes are held at night. Mrs. Vincent took the course in Americanization offered in the Portland Center summer session this year.

On November 27 Annamay Bronaugh will be married to Ralph Burgess, ex-'23 of Pendleton. The wedding will be in Portland. Both Miss Bronaugh and Mr. Burgess are former University students, Miss Bronaugh graduating in 1922.

Earl Coburn, a graduate in business administration, is teaching in the high school at Gold Hill. He was recently married to a girl from Dayton.

Ernest J. Haycox is reporting on the Oregonian, writing a lot of obits, he reports, and when not doing that keeping up a fiction output.

Wolcott E. Buren is enrolled in the Oregon medical school. His sister, Maxine Buren, also graduated last year.

Alpha Kappa Kappa, medical fraternity, has pledged three former members of Phi Sigma Pi. These are Ralph Poston and Wilbur Bolton, '23, and Dwight Gregg, ex-'23.

Inez King is secretary to the president of the Normal school at Lewiston, Idaho. It makes her a combination of executive secretary, campus editor, and general manager. All summer she worked with the Southern Pacific offices in Portland.

Dix Holiday, ex-'23, and R. S. Moore, '21, staged a 50-mile trip down the coast from Astoria late in the summer. The journey took two weeks.

Mabel Gilham is reporting and doing advertising for the Richmond Banner, a community newspaper in San Francisco.

John W. Anderson is on the staff of the Coos Bay Times at Marshfield.

Margaret Scott writes from San Luis Obispo, where she is working on the Morning Herald, that she covers the federal and county buildings, chamber of commerce, merchants' association, county farm bureau, automobile clubs, city and county schools, banks and the city council and board of supervisors meetings. Miss Scott says she didn't know a mortgage from a divorce suit when she first set out to cover the county offices.

Alberta Carson, ex-'24, who withdrew from school the spring term on account of illness, has recovered fully and will probably re-enter college the winter quarter.

Harry Sherman, graduate in economics, is in the banking business with his father at Dayton. He was recently married to Sophie Dettinger, a Dayton girl.

Alice McCurdy, ex-'23, was married September 19 to Julius Jacobsen of Walla Walla, the wedding taking place in the Episcopal church at Hood River. Miss McCurdy was a member of Delta Delta Delta at Oregon; Mr. Jacobsen of Beta Theta Pi at Whitman. They will live in Walla Walla.

Raymond (Curly) Lawrence, ex-'23, a member of the Oregonian copydesk staff for several months, resigned in October to join the United Press staff in Los Angeles.

Ruth Tuck is teaching physical education in the Boise high school.

Helen M. Addison is teaching Spanish and French in the Bandon high school.

Stanley S. Stickle, ex-'23, has been for two years with the Edwards laboratory in Lansing, Mich., with part time and summer schools at the Michigan Agricultural College in East Lansing. His address is 2332 South Chestnut Street, Lansing. For the present he is fully intending to "stick with the ship," Stickle writes.

Delight Verdenius, ex-'23, of Portland, was married at the new Pi Beta Phi house in Eugene, October 27, to Edward Kolar of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by the bride's grandmother, the Reverend Maggie T. Elliott, who had journeyed from the East especially to officiate. She had also performed the ceremony for her own daughter, the mother of Miss Verdenius, twenty-two years previously. Miss Verdenius came to Oregon from Knox college, Ill. She and Mr. Kolar will live in Portland.

Marian Lawrence and Thomas (Nish) Chapman, '21, will be married November 17 in Portland. Miss Lawrence will be attended by her sister, Henryetta, now a senior on the campus; and Mr. Chapman will have for his best man his brother, Hal Chapman, captain of the 1923 football team. On the campus Miss Lawrence was a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, and Chapman of Beta Theta Pi.

Harold V. Simpson is with the Oregon Export-Import company at 402 Wilcox building, Portland. Simpson was a member of Delta Tau Delta and president of the senior class. He graduated in business administration.

The mathematics and physics taken by Richard M. Elliott as major and minor, respectively, for the M. A. degree ('23) now stand him in good stead in industrial life, for Mr. Elliott, having declined two offers to enter college teaching in mathematics, went into the service of the Bell Telephone company. He is now attending an observational school on San Francisco bay, and about January 1 will join the staff of the transmission in a capacity in which his mathematics will be employed. Mr. Elliott's present address is 2925 Wheeler St., Berkeley.

Mary Parkinson is spending the winter on the beach at Ilwaco, Wash. With three other teachers she has a cottage at Seaview. An institute at South Bend will prevent her from making Eugene for Homecoming.

1924

Jay C. Allen, ex-'24, who spent about a year in Portland with the Oregonian, has gone to Cambridge, Mass., intending to take on a high shine at Harvard. He is taking part graduate work, and he writes that easterners and westerners are much alike.

Edwin Sonichsen, ex-'24, is working with the Hood River News.

Dorothe Castello, ex-'24, writes that she is now at Grand Junction, Iowa, Box 278.

Elwyn Craven, a member of Phi Psi, was married in October to Miss Dorothy Dick, the wedding taking place in Portland. The bride is a former Reed College student.

Mauna Loa Fallis Wharton, ex-'24, with her husband, Wallace Wharton, has left Portland for Washington, D.C., where they will make their home.

1925

Alta Chenowith, ex-'25, who is working with the Travelers' Aid society in the San Francisco office, says that she likes her work immensely and finds it full of interest.

Lucy Hoover was married last month to Charles O. Pick of Portland. In college Miss Hoover was a member of Alpha Phi. Mr. Pick is in business in Portland.

1926

After one year at the University, Margaret Livesley, ex-'26, is doing stenographic work in Salem, and is making plans to attend the University again next fall.

Ralph Livenspire, ex-'26, who was on the campus last year, is a major in geology at California. His address is the White-cotton hotel, Berkeley.

Chancellor Lindley of the University of Kansas sent a letter during the summer to students' parents in which he discouraged the use of automobiles unless absolutely necessary on the campus.

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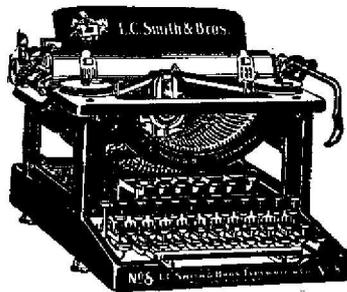
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EDITOR'S NOTE—Alumni letters are used in this department without getting permission from the writers, and, it is hoped, without incurring displeasure. We think there is no more popular department in OLD OREGON. Alumni are asked to pardon the trimming down that shortage of space requires.

The Solves Pleased With Michigan

Melvin and Norma Dobie Solve are safely established at the University of Michigan, and when Mr. Solve last wrote were just about ready to consume a Sunday roast. They were having the roast at 918 Packard avenue, Ann Arbor, and they also read their letters there.

"The campus is rather satisfactory to the eye," writes Mr. Solve. "It has several buildings that are really beautiful, connected by fine shaded walks, but of course the total effect is marred by the gaunt frames of huge buildings under construction. The professors with whom we work are both scholarly and unpretentious. They don't seem to have gone in much for mannerisms or the other well-known evidences of genius. The strictly graduate classes are small and usually sit around tables. The library is fine, and even twelve thousand students do not make it crowded. We have seen little of undergraduate life yet, but we shall probably soon hear a lot, for we live only two blocks from the stadium.

"We see Will Rebec, Gerald Barnes and Reed Bain often."

Don Belding Improved in Health

Don Belding, '19, writes from Camp Kearny, Calif., to a friend at the University:

"I broke down completely at Bakersfield just about a year ago. When they took me to the hospital I was just about as near to nothing as you could imagine. The government took care of me, however, and sent me to the United States Veterans Hospital at Camp Kearny in December, 1922. For the first few months they wouldn't let me get out of bed, but about that time we beat the tuberculosis bugs and the recovery was quite rapid. They will let me out probably before the first of November and the government has awarded me training."

Louise Davis is in Massachusetts

Louise Davis, '20, writes from Groveland, Mass., where she can be addressed care of Rev. Henry Weiss: "Perhaps you are amazed to find me 'way back here. I am rather surprised myself. I am reference librarian in the Haverhill Public Library and am enjoying my work very much.

"New England is beautiful. I have certainly come to a very interesting spot and am looking forward with pleasure to the idea of becoming more acquainted with it and with the wonderful history surrounding me on all sides." Last year Miss Davis was doing secretarial work on the campus until an illness obliged her to give it up.

Ruth Sears at Georgia College

Ruth W. Sears, '15, writes from Piedmont College, Demorest, Ga., where she is secretary to the president: "Many thanks for the alumni letter. We are way up in the north-east corner of Georgia, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. The college is a small one, with an enrollment of about 150 of the very finest quality of young people, native Anglo-Saxons of the highlands and lowlands, in a section where education is not stressed to any great extent, for the state law requires school attendance for only four months in the year.

"Many of these young people come to us with little or no encouragement from home, or even in spite of parental opposition, and of course under such circumstances with no financial assistance. But they are willing to do all kinds of work to earn their education: as janitors, in the kitchen, dining rooms, print shop, laundry, sawmill, about the campus, or on the farm. Many are very fine students, and will make their mark some day. Almost all are good singers and right at home on the stage in acting or speaking. I am enjoying the new experience immensely, and the new friends.

Look at Bill Boone's Travelogue

William R. Boone, '15, writes from Orlando, Fla.: "I am developing a farm near Orlando, and hold the position of head of the science department of Memorial Junior high school in Orlando. Since leaving Oregon I have lived in Kansas, Illinois, Utah, Kansas, West Virginia, Pennsylvania,

North Carolina, Pennsylvania (again), Kansas (again), North Carolina (again), Florida, North Carolina (once more), and Florida (repeat). So I am ready to settle down. Since leaving Oregon I have taken work from the University of Kansas and the University of Florida, and I intend to enter the University of South Carolina next summer."

Boone was a member of Sigma Chi at Oregon. He has not met an Oregon student since graduating.

Another Oregonian At Michigan

Earl E. Fleischman, '17, writes from Jewett Ave., Packard Road, Ann Arbor, Mich.: "I am now at the University of Michigan as an instructor in the department of public speaking. I am also doing graduate work and expect to hang up my M. A. in June and then to go on for a Ph. D.

"There are 9,000 students on the campus, and it is truly inspiring to be connected with a powerful, progressive and rapidly growing institution like this one.

"I spent part of the summer teaching in the summer session at Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge. I met Dr. Henry Howe, '16, head of geology there. He was embarking on an auto specimen hunting trip to the west.

"I am looking forward to the time when I can get back to Oregon."

Last year Fleischman was head of the department of public speaking at the University of Kentucky.

Will Get Mail Thrice Annually

Peter H. Vander Sterre, ex-'24, wrote from Nome, Alaska, in June: "Greetings from Nome to you, and all Oregon alumni. Are we buried in snow? No. Have we been? I'll say. Just at this time we are having an Oregon mist like we frequently have in Eugene, and immense Bering Sea breakers are clearing away the familiar piles of tin cans and dead dogs that have accumulated on the beach during the last seven months.

"Do we like the North? Indeed we do. We? Who do you mean? Why, the four of us who are representing U. of O. here in Alaska. My sister, Lucy Vander Sterre, Clistie Meek, Jim Whitaker and myself.

"Miss Meek has been teaching in the territorial school here; Whitaker is going to the Naval Oil reserve along the Arctic shore near Barrow, with the United States Geological survey; and my sister and I have been with the bureau of education, teaching Eskimos. Miss Vander Sterre is going on the next boat, back to her alma mater. I am acting superintendent of schools for Seward peninsula district while the superintendent has been called to Anchorage to meet the presidential party there. When he returns I will leave for Barrow, where I will be stationed for one year, in charge of the northernmost school and postoffice in North America. At the end of that time I shall be financially able to return to school and continue with pre-medics.

"At Barrow we get mail only three times a year, but I shall be glad to write to anyone who is interested in Arctic life and conditions or cares to correspond with me."

J. O. Russell Says He'll Work

J. O. Russell, '04, of Wasco, new permanent secretary for his class writes: "It is my earnest desire to make good on the obligation imposed on me as secretary. I always have at heart the best interests of the University and its alumni, and will spare no efforts to be of special service to it and them."

Hoyt Likes Mexico and the Bullfights

Wilbur K. Hoyt, '22, writes from Apartado 2097, Mexico, D. F., Mexico: "When I used to work in the office with Charlie Fenton, five years ago, and saw her sending out letter after letter to 'lost' alumni, I vowed I would send in any change of address immediately after moving. But so far I haven't kept my vow very well.

"Perhaps I should say, for the records, that I was sent down here by the department of commerce as secretary to the commercial attache, and that I'm not in the consular service.

"So far I like Mexico, but I'm not raving about it. One thing I don't like is the filth—and the fleas! The latter of course are worse than anything else, but everybody has them down here and it's quite good form to scratch. There are many quaint customs here and all in all it's a very interesting city. I don't know whether I'm 'off,' or whether most other Americans are—but I must confess I like bullfights. Of course they can't compare to a football game, but they have a certain fascination and I'm in a fair way to become a fan.

"I hope to be among those present for Homecoming 1925."

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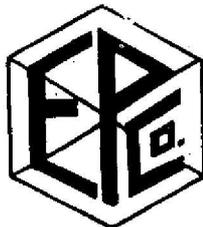
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Ian Campbell and George Houck Make Long Motorcycle Trip

Ian Campbell, '22, who is doing graduate work this year at Northwestern on a geology fellowship, made the trip to Chicago by motorcycle. The distance, 3,080 miles, was made in 14 days of travel, on 57 gallons of gasoline, and with but one hour and twenty minutes out for repairs. These consisted of mending a puncture and adjusting a chain.

Campbell writes so interestingly of the trip that his letter, almost in toto and without apologies, is included below. George Houck, '23, who is now attending Harvard, drove with him, continuing from Chicago alone:

"It was a great trip. I suppose the test of any such stunt is the answer to the question, 'Would you do it over again?' Yes, I sure would and, maybe I will—next summer. It really was a valuable experience. I'd crossed on the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line twice and never realized quite what the country was like. With every mile of the way, too, my respect for the old pioneer increased. What a journey that must have been across the sage brush hills and the lava desert with Indians and hunger and thirst to face. But what a promised land Oregon must have seemed like at the end of the journey. I realize now, as never before, why people who have been away for a time always refer feelingly to Oregon (Western Oregon, that is), as God's country.' It is. There is not a place I'd think of comparing with it except perhaps the region around Denver. There are some pretty places in the foot hills of the Rockies there, and a person might be able to enjoy life by getting a sight of mountains and forests and a decent drink of water.

"The weather was pretty favorable most of the time. It was terribly hot along the Snake River plains in Idaho. What wind there was, to use the old Biblical phrase, might have come out of the jaws of hell, and that doesn't give an air-cooled motor much chance. But the Harley kept chugging right along, even when the cylinder got hot enough to leave a burn on my leg clear through a high top boot and a pair of army pants. A few days later we were almost freezing to death in Wyoming. We crossed the continental divide about 6 a.m. and had to stop about every half hour to warm up, even though the sun was shining. A thunder storm blew up the evening we reached Salina, Kansas. But we found shelter in a big auditorium near the auto park. Stopping at those auto camps is lots of fun, and through the great plains it's the only way you can get wood to cook a meal with. You get gossip from all four quarters of the country. Nothing but road gossip though, and most of that is conflicting. You can't tell which route to take after you get through listening to all the advice that's proffered you. Road news is all they live on. Most of them haven't seen a newspaper for weeks.

"The general average of the roads was really much better than I'd expected. My opinion, based on personal experience, is that Oregon has the best roads, with Illinois a close second. Kansas and Missouri are the worst in these states, the only parts that are graveled are the railroad crossings—the rest is just dirt. They scrape off a strip of prairie, and from time to time surface it by ploughing up clods and mud from along the sides of the road and putting them into the center for autos to break up and pack down. If you happen to have to travel over a stretch (as we did several times) that has recently been subjected to one of these 'surfacing' machines—you're certainly out of luck.

"It's not alone the surface of the roads that deserves criticism. They build all their roads along section lines, and never stick to the same line. Then, to go 50 miles east you'll probably have to go 10 miles north and south. Also they cross the railroad at every opportunity. (See diagram.) Kansas has some paved roads around Topeka, but even those follow that principle. All the turns are right angles and almost none of them is dished, so you have to get down to about five miles per hour to get around. Honest Injun, on more than one occasion I've seen a paved road (costing perhaps \$25,000 or \$30,000 per mile) go around three sides of a field, just to save someone's sacred corn patch. Also if the section line happens to climb the top of the steepest hill and down to the bottom of the deepest valley, so does the road. They seem never to have heard of 'cut and fill.' What wouldn't I give to see the Oregon State Highway commission turned loose in Kansas. Well, I don't know; but I should think the people of Kansas would give a lot. In a sparsely settled state like Wyoming, one would forgive bad roads, but in a populous state like Missouri, the roads are a surprise and a disappointment. It's an actual fact that I used second or low gear more going through those states than during all the rest of the trip. That's partly because the roads were so rough and chiefly because

they're so poorly graded. In contrast to that let me record that I didn't have to shift out of high gear to climb a hill till this side of Boise, Idaho.

"There are some stretches of road that I look back on with real pleasure, and a desire to retravel them. The Pacific Highway is very perfect, of course and so are some of those new concrete state highways in Illinois, but there's something about a fine piece of macadam that appeals to me far more than a hard surfaced road. One of the best stretches is along Old Oregon Trail through Pendleton and La Grande. This road winds over the Blue mountains and along the North Powder canyon, part of the way through wheat fields, and part through one of the national forests, and all of it is a beautiful new macadam. (It was dedicated by Harding July 4, at Meacham, you know.) Between Ontario and Caldwell, Idaho, the Oregon Trail is also in very fine shape, but the stretch that I enjoyed the most was the 120 miles on the Lincoln Highway between Rawlins and Laramie, Wyoming. This road winds over the Laramie Hills, you can see it ahead of you for miles at times. It's built of a decomposed granite and scarifiers are at work all the time keeping it in shape. Perhaps its appeal was partly because it followed shortly after a terrible 18-mile detour (the Eugene Oakridge road was as nothing to it). But it was an excellent trail nevertheless, and something I wasn't looking for in the wilds of Wyoming. Our best time was made out of Oregon on the U. P. Trail, where we covered the 220 miles to across the Kansas line in six hours.

"I have no thrilling adventures to record. As I already indicated the weather, roads and machine all favored us. We didn't even camp over a rattlesnake den, saw no bears and didn't eat enough of our own cooking to get dyspeptic. We never had to go long without gas or water. Gas incidentally ranged from 29 cents at Yale, Idaho, to 15 cents at Ft. Collins, Colorado. (It's 16 here).

"From the time we left Pendleton (where we saw Jack Beck of Lemon Punch), till we reached Chicago, we saw but one familiar face. That one belonged to Geo. Riggs. He is going to the Colorado School of Mines at Golden, eight miles from Denver, and during our two-day stay there, we managed to get together for a powwow and Oregon reunion. I got to see a little of the campus at Golden, and from George's account, there's one place superior, in some respects to Oregon. For instance, no one is allowed to wear a necktie on the campus. (They don't wear army blouses either). And only seniors are permitted to have creases in their trousers. Students say seniors never use their privilege.

"Since landing here I've had a chance to see Carl and Dorothy Miller, Wilbur Hulin and Bill Rebec.

"I suppose you'll want some dope on Northwestern. I really haven't got well enough acquainted yet, though to give much. They have a pretty campus, and a large one. Lake Michigan borders it along one side for over a mile and is quite an attraction. They have a pretty good set of buildings, but like Oregon, crowded. One strange thing is that while they have dormitories for the men and a good many frat houses, they have none for the women.

"The student body, depending on how many of the medical school, law school, etc., you count in, amounts to between four and six thousand, with the female of the species, I regret to say, predominating.

"The geology department is very well equipped here, and I'm looking forward to a profitable year.

"Seems like I've said far more than enough for one letter. People usually state, though, what they miss most. In my case it's the evergreen forests, good drinking water—I always was a great water drinker, you know—and the Oregon 'hello.' I know it will sound trite as everything to say that last; but it's true nevertheless. I have made a few breaks and greeted some to whom I hadn't been introduced. Fortunately, none of them were girls, so I'm not in jail; but I am becoming very staid and dignified—the more so when half the youngsters in the department say, 'Good morning, sir'."

She Entered the Day Oregon Opened

Mae Underwood McClaine, who was one of the students who entered Oregon the day its doors were first opened, writes from 1212 Summit boulevard, Spokane: "I am anxious to procure a copy of the April Old Oregon containing the article, 'The Oregon of 1890.'"

"The University is very dear to my heart, and OLD OREGON is a great pleasure to me."

Shinn Had Trouble With Spelling

George H. Shinn writes from St. Helens, where he is president of the Columbia County Abstract company: "I am not a graduate of the University, although I took a course in spelling therein some time in the early eighties. I believe it was termed a preparatory course. I expected to study Latin, but the late J. W. Johnson, who was president as well as instructor in Latin, soon found that I could not spell. I think he found the same defect in a class of about forty. He remarked that most of us com-

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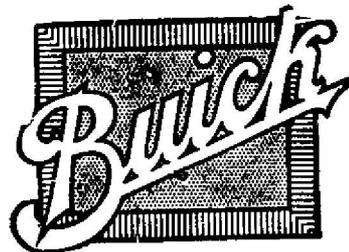
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menced in the public schools with astronomy and that very few ever got down to spelling. After the study of spelling for a little over a year I went out into the wide, wide world to seek my fortune—and I am still seeking it. My spelling is about as poor as ever, but I conceal it with illegible writing.”

Charlotte Sears Takes Her Buildings Tall

Charlotte S. Sears, '15, writes from Rocky Hill, Conn.: “I am a reporter for ‘The Travelers Beacon,’ published by the Travelers Insurance company, and I know just what it is to hunt for news. Most of the time I am to be found in the tallest building in New England, which is located at 700 Main street, Hartford. Since I last wrote I have done many things, from looking down from the top of the Woolworth building in New York city to adopting six 10-year-old children for a week-end trip, and coming home alive.

“My daily work is insurance. Hartford is the insurance city of the world, and The Travelers is the insurance company of Hartford. We are a city within a city, with a hospital and corps of doctors, nurses and dentist; club rooms, furnished with everything from an electric sewing machine to a library; lunch rooms, recreation grounds and houses; an extension school; and our own publications. We have over 3,000 employees in the home office alone.

“I intend to save enough money to return to Oregon for the tenth anniversary of the class of 1915, so I can say ‘Hello’ instead of writing it.”

LAPSING INTO VANITY

I consider the October issue of OLD OREGON rattling good—Adelaide Lake, '20, Portland.

Thanks for the October issue—thoroughly enjoyed it.—George H. Royer, '23, Wauna, Oregon.

Congratulations on the handsome and entertaining magazine.—Augusta Osburn McDonald, ex-'80, Corvallis.

I enjoy OLD OREGON immensely, especially as it pertains to many of my old classmates and what became of them.—Stanley P. Young, ex-'11, Denver.

Carnegie has set aside Father's Day for November 3. The game with Lehigh features the occasion.

WANTED—A young woman, preferably an Oregon graduate, with stenographic training, to take a full time position at the University. There might be opportunity for taking some college work. Write President's Office.

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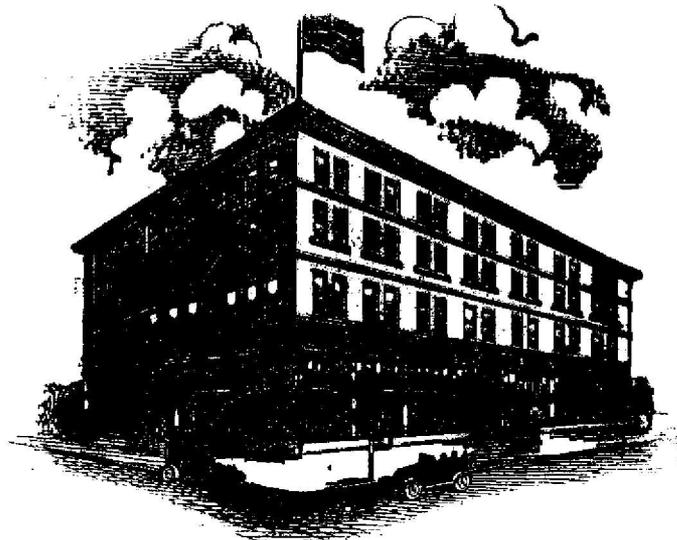
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