

Subscription, \$2 per year.  
Single Copies, 20 Cents.

February, 1924

VOLUME VI, NO. 5

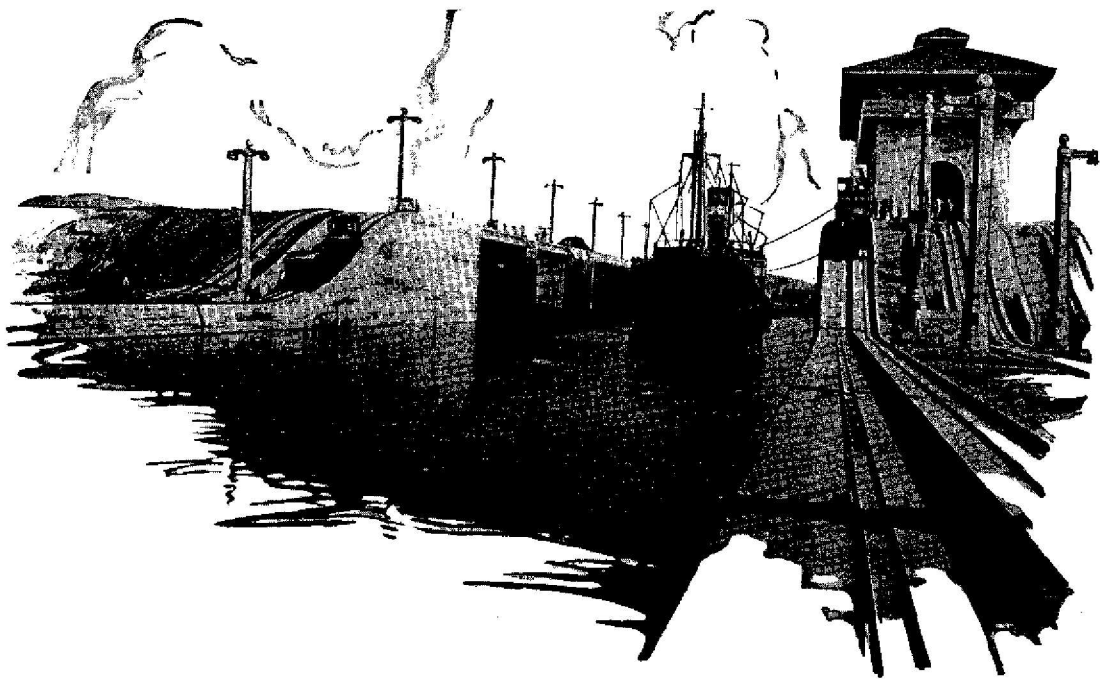
# Old Oregon

Published Monthly at the University  
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## When Old Oregon Was Young

By J. A. LAURIE, '94

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Mr. Laurie is now pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Marshalltown, Iowa. His son is a senior at Coe College, of which his wife is an alumna herself. Mr. Laurie remembers the first game of football at Oregon—he kept a diary at that time and it shows the events of the great day of March 24, 1894. Mr. Laurie himself took tickets at the grounds. His recollection of the University and of Eugene at that time will be found an interesting supplement to previous accounts of the Oregon of the '90's.

**T**HIS CAPTION may seem to some of the earlier graduates of Oregon a bit presumptuous, especially since the writer still wears his own hair, has never donned glasses and possesses abounding health and vigor. Yet the fact remains that '94 was the 17th class graduated from the University and this year's class will be the 47th. So with all deference to my highly esteemed elders in the Alumni association, I venture to make use of it.

It was in September, 1890, that I entered Oregon as a freshman, coming from the bustling city of Seattle, which was rapidly rebuilding after the big fire of the year before. Probably Eugene never harbored a more homesick, dissatisfied student than I was during the first four months.

I had never known that any part of Uncle Sam's domain had such a surplussage of rain and mist and moss and mud and mouldy weather as were experienced that semester. Hermon Robe, '95, and I were quartered far from the campus, away out at the foot of College Hill.

### Classics and Pink-Eye

The elective system was not introduced until three years later and students had to choose one of four courses that were offered.

Influenced by my father, by Professor Straub, and perhaps by the impressive name applied to it, I chose the classical course. At the University of Washington, where they then had a three-year sub-freshman course, I had taken first-year Greek, and now had to double up in that branch in order to get "regular," so at first mine was a heavy, ill-balanced course, and an epidemic of pink-eye that had my name on its visiting list did anything but make the outlook rosier.

When finally the Christmas vacation arrived, and I went home for two weeks, I told my father that if he would fire a Swede whom he had clearing up some acreage, I would stay at home and finish the job.

He was of a decidedly different opinion, however, and, the holidays over, I returned, remembering with some scepticism his assurance that I would look back upon these college days, as he did upon his years at old Williams, as the golden days of my life. I was determined, though, to dig dilligently for any gold that might be extracted from my environment of mud and moss, mold, mist and sore eyes.

For the heartening of other homesick freshmen, let me mention in passing that I was not discontented any more, but soon evolved the web feet, moss back and amphibian contentment of the regulation Oregonian. Students then went to college to study. There was practically nothing else to do. It was several years later that athletic activities were inaugurated. The first intercollegiate football game was in March of my senior year. Of social life, there was also little: an occasional "Walk-Around" at Villard hall, the annual Junior Exhibition, and a few homes opened to students each week: these were veritable oases in the desert. For those who danced, there was sure to be the annual Wisdom's Roberteen ball and a students' hop, at Commencement time, which was the gala week of the year.

### The Means of Social Life

There were the Laurean society for men, the Eutaxian society for women. As the student body grew, the Philologian society, glee clubs, Y. M. C. A., and Choral union were organized. Much wholesome enjoyment was found on the mill race and river, climbing Spencer's butte, hiking to the McKenzie and to the hills beyond, often in search of fossils, arrowheads or botanical specimens. Many of us found our happiest social life in the church activities of the city, for there were several flourishing student choirs, societies and Bible classes which met frequently for pleasant evenings.

Saturday was a high day in Eugene. Then the people came to town from far and near, except when the rain and mud prevented. High boots and full beards were in vogue, and since the tide of populism which later swept the state and carried Sylvester Pennoyer into the governor's chair was then rising, groups were frequently heard discussing the demonetization of silver, which was described as the Crime of '73. A little later Coin's Financial School furnished ammuni-



The football in the arms of the man in the second row identifies the above group as having been engaged in the great collegiate game in the year 1894. However, this is not precisely the group of men referred to by Lawrence T. Harris, '93, in his account of the first game of football, played March 24, 1894. (OLD OREGON for April 1923). Neither is it the group described as the second football team, 1895, pictured in the November, 1923, OLD OREGON. The players above are marked as follows on the picture: Top row: Robe, Hurley, Bonney, Gilliland, Davis, Templeton. Second row: Hanson, Templeton, Buchanan, Shattuck, Stewart (holding the ball), Herbold, Huston. Lower row: Brown, Adams, Mathews, Bruson. OLD OREGON would welcome an explanation as to why the above players, apparently an official group, do not correspond to that which played the first game.

tion for many a battle of words. The A. P. A. was also in the spotlight in Oregon then, as the K. K. K. is today, and the thrillers provided by ex-priests and other speakers and organizers of that well-nigh forgotten association, furnished grist for many a street-corner debate-mill.

#### Down Town on Saturday Afternoon

Even the busiest book-worm found time to walk the board sidewalks of Main and Willamette streets on Saturday afternoon. There was no paving in the city and at times the mud was awful. One Saturday afternoon the marshal was trying to take a refractory drunk to jail by way of the middle of the hoggy street, and much to the amusement of the gallery that filled the sidewalks, he was finding the task too much for him. Suddenly the officer singled me out from the throng of spectators and bade me come to his assistance. At first I was strongly inclined neither to hear nor see, but the second summons was of such preemptory nature as to brook no delay, whereupon, I fell in alongside the prisoner and up the middle of the street we marched midst much hilarity from the onlookers. I am happy to record that this was my first and only trip to the hoosgow during my four years in Eugene.

There were other lively days when some frisky heifer would cause Ira McFarland's town herd to stampepe on its way to pasture. Midst clouds of dust, there were glimpses of flying tails and tossing heads, and above the medley of bawling cows, barking dogs and jangling bells could be heard Ira's frantic, "Hi there! Whoa there!"

Perhaps it should be explained that Ira was an interesting town character, who, for lack of wit, had never, I believe, attended school, but was always at Sunday school, his right coat pocket full of peanuts which he munched in class, depositing the shells carefully in the pocket on the other side. One Sunday, while Professor Collier was superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday school, he showed the school a handful of money taken from the weekly collections. Some coins

were plugged, some otherwise mutilated and some all stained black from laboratory tests. "Now, young men and women," the superintendent asked, "what do you think of giving money like that, which you couldn't use anywhere else, to the Lord?" Instantly Ira replied, in the stentorian voice with which he was accustomed to guide his cows, "I think, Prof., that it's plenty good enough." The superintendent's homily was quite spoiled and he announced a song. One evening at a revival meeting in the M. E. church, I observed a good sister approach Ira and, putting her arm about him, she asked him if he were a Christian. "No marm," he replied. "I've always been a Presbyterium."

#### Notice of Impounded Cows

Quite frequently somebody's cow would get into the pound and notice would be stuck up in the post office, whither students and citizens resorted daily, as there was no mail delivery throughout the city then.

To the description of the unfortunate bovine some of the students seemed to deem it a very funny thing to affix the name "John Straub, Secy. Facy.," after the manner of the red-ink-signed bulletins posted in Villard Hall.

But when Wiley and his mule arrived from somewhere in Texas to operate the newly-constructed Eugene street railway system, the old town was fairly stirred from its wonted somnolence. Sometimes on the down trip from the campus, Wiley forgot all speed limits. The old mule generally jogged along in intermediate, but when Wiley suddenly released the brake at the wrong time, it was equivalent to throwing the careening car into high, and several times the mule was telescoped by the car. All hands would rally to Wiley's assistance and heave together in lifting the ear from the unfortunate beast, which never, in these mixups, seemed to suffer so much as a puncture of his outer casing.

#### Penance by Thesis

Once a month "Public Hystericals," were held in Villard Hall, at which every student had, so many times a year, to do penance either by delivering a recitation or presenting a thesis before the assembly. These occasions we took very seriously indeed. Sometimes we emerged quite proud of ourselves and there were other times when I felt fully as assinine as I used to during the last months of our senior year, when we men ventured to don stovepipe hats.

We had no physical director then, though there was a gym with some apparatus, whither we resorted at times, chiefly for solitary rehearsals of our oratorical efforts.

The nearest we had to physical culture was the foot-work and shadow-boxing preliminary to these Public Rhetoricals. Each shift of foot or gesticulation of hand was indicated by the proper hieroglyphics on the broad margin of the thesis paper, the sheets of which were carefully bound together by the regulation red tape and every word penned upon said sheets was carefully counted and totalled at the bottom of the page.

We used to "throw the voice against the register at the far end of the hall." What gas attacks and heavy bombardments with many-syllabled verbal whiz-bangs that inoffensive old register has survived as class after class has volleyed and thundered at it.

From the conversations carried on after classes, one might have inferred that recitations were conducted at Oregon according to Marquis of Queensbury Rules, for we never "flunked." We knew nothing about flunking. We got "knocked out," if we failed to make a good recitation. Alas, how often, when we thought we had developed an impenetrable defense during study hours, we heard Professor Johnson's ultimatum; "Look it up!"

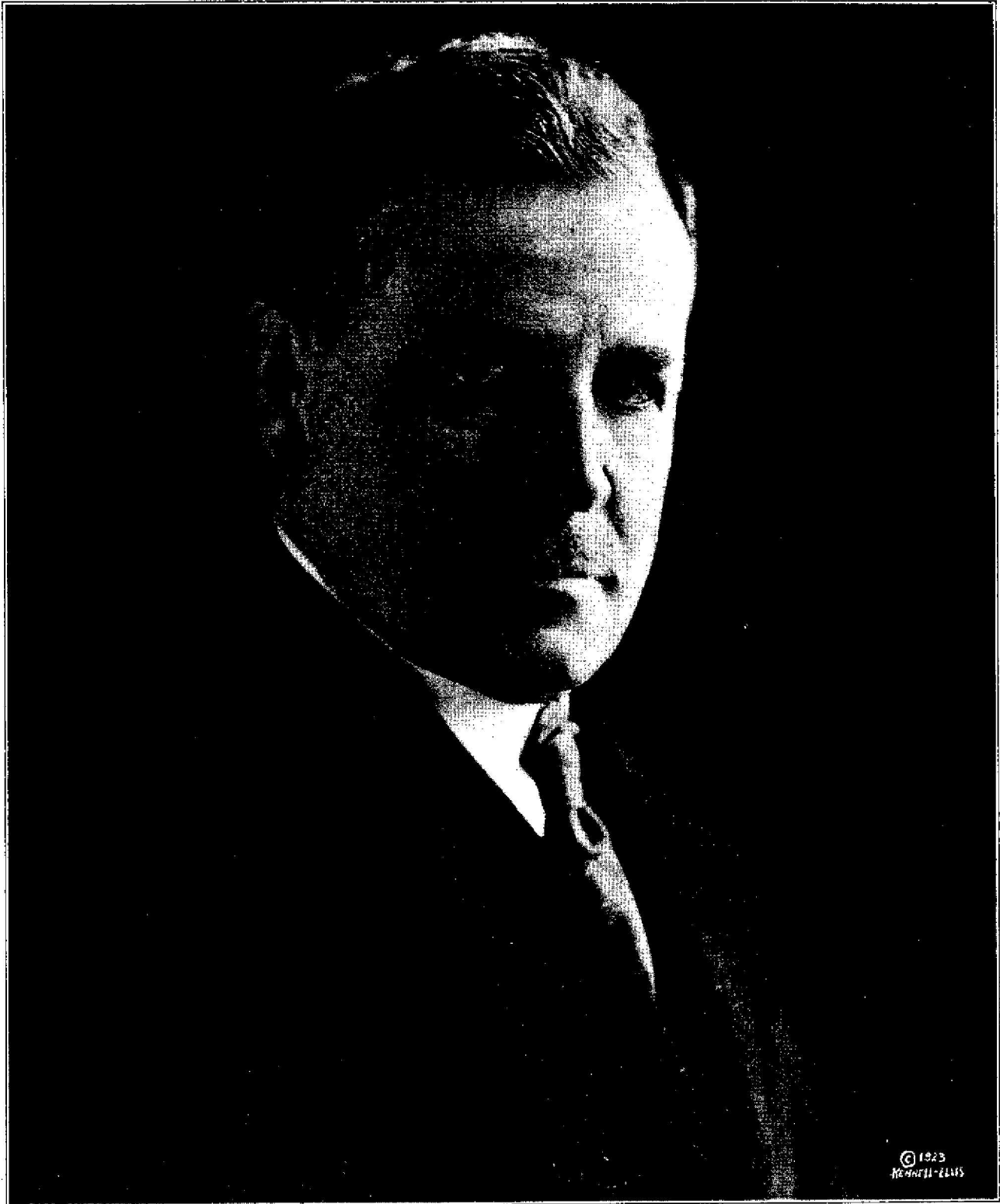


Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene  
*P. L. Campbell has completed twenty-one years of service at the University of Oregon, during which he has been increasingly esteemed and beloved by those who have had the chance to know him. He is not an inaccessible man. A person with a load of trouble can penetrate to his desk as quickly as one who desires to do him a kindness. His recent illness set not only the campus but the whole state worrying. He is able to be out again, however.*

I recall an occasion when Clifton Stevens did not have his Greek prepared and several of the nimblest brains in the class united in the "framing," of a most remarkable translation for him, just before entering Professor Straub's recitation room. Perhaps they had not counted on his being called upon to translate, but he was, and with his ebullient countenance radiating smiles and sunshine, he glibly began.

Professor Straub looked up with surprise after listening a moment and several students looked down with guilty confusion, but that astonishing translation went on to its ridiculous termination, and Clifton looked up, expectantly, for his, "Very good. That will do." But he heard, "Why, Mr. Stevens! That was a very extraordinary rendering. Where did you get it? I'm afraid you have had some assistance."

Once, too, Orville Mount confided to some upperclassmen who were boarding with him at Morgan's, his worries about a freshman essay that he must prepare for Professor Carson about some bird of America. Some one suggested that the Harpy, a noble American bird, long extinct, had never had fitting honor done its memory and that he might well make amends for this shameful neglect. Orville had never heard of the Harpy and was much interested, so he took copious notes as each student in turn gave rare and expert

*(Continued on page 34)*

data in such abundance that there was really nothing more to add.

What need to consult reference books when erudite minds were furnishing more material than one could use. Alas! Professor Carson got that composite word painting of the Harpy and in righteous wrath demanded an explanation which brought Mount's editorial staff into something of the same embarrassing predicament as that in which Stevens' helpers had found themselves.

President Johnson was a kindly, quiet man, whom the students highly respected for his thoroughness as an instructor and his worth as a man and friend. Many a poor student was helped by him to stay through hard times and finish his course.

And there were hard times after Harrison's administration. "Cleveland badges" adorned the seats of many an Oregonian's trousers. Mutton and wool were so near worthless that staunch Republican farmers were reputed to dip their sheep head-first, to avoid looking them in the face. Farm hands worked from sunrise to sunset through harvest and threshing for 50c a day.

President Johnson generally wore a suit of rusty brown and, in chilly weather, a red handkerchief about his neck.

## Under the Gargoyles

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

"HE WALKS as if he were almighty," remarked a bystander, watching Dean Dymont of the college of literature, science and the arts enter the brassy-bright, marble-formal portals of Johnson hall.

The man who walks as if he were almighty would not be offended by the charge. Probably he is seldom offended. A cool million things lie cradled in his mind—but they lie softly.

Once another student of his said he was like a priest and looked like one, too.

Last month a young woman exclaimed on hearing him called Dean Dymont. She had long believed him the head gardener.

One of his soccer boys used to call him Little Father.

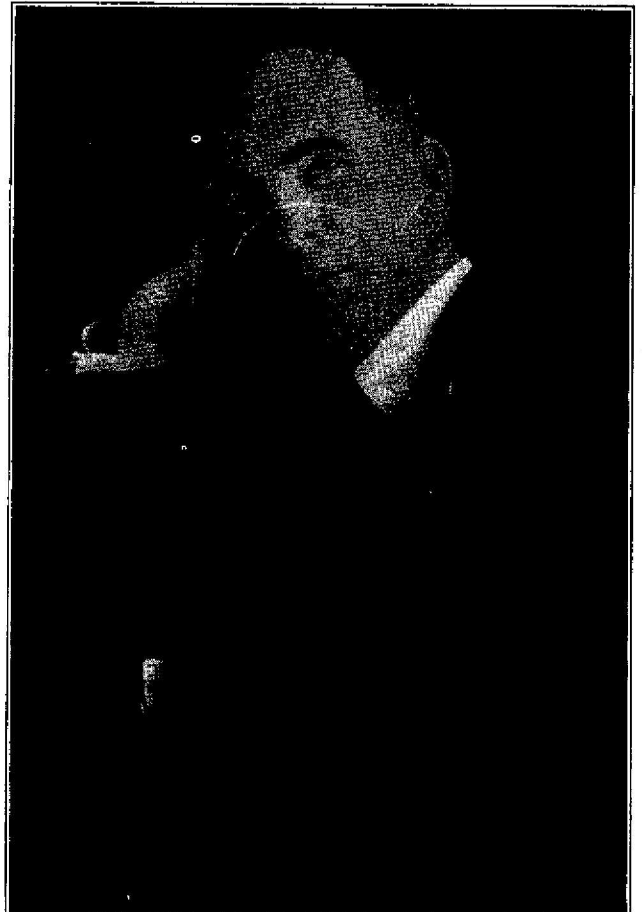
"I couldn't have told anybody—except him," said a girl student back in 1915. "I couldn't even tell my mother, but I had to tell somebody."

His Washington students in journalism always begged the man who walks as if he were almighty to come to the Daily Bast in his red-plaid, knitted vest, the one he never wears any more.

His Washington country editors always left his desk and floor heaped with cigarette ends after the harrowing three days and nights of a "Newspaper Institute." It took a good many cigarette ends to cover a man's family troubles, wife sick, baby sick, hospital bills, linotype not paid for, sick himself.

So the man who walks as if he were almighty, and who would smile if he were told so, appears to wear many aspects. From the popular but mystifying professor of journalism back in 1913 to the aloof, heavenly-gaited dean of the college of 1920 is but a few years. Where is the reconciliation?

When he returned from France in 1919, where for nine months he had been a searcher for wounded with the American Red Cross, he became one of the busiest and saddest men in Seattle. Everybody who had a son with the 91st must see him and take his hand. And if that son had not come



*Colin V. Dymont, dean of the College of Literature, Science and the Arts.*



back, they wanted to know at the foot of which hill had occurred that rendezvous with death, where the piece of shrapnel had struck him and if he suffered very long.

Widows and rich men, simple country girls and timid foreigners crowded the little office down town, out of which, night after night, the long written accounts continued to go to the relatives: the complete story of what had happened to the fighting 91st. They were graphic accounts, accurate to the smallest detail. It made a difference, Lieutenant Dymont said, whether a direction was given as north from a little French town or northeast from it. A story of comfort—it is a little comfort to know that all was over quickly and that the body had military burial—any story told to a man's family must be so right in unimportant detail they would never have to question any detail.

How a man's mind could hold so many terrible facts—a name was enough to elicit the complete story—and not break under the recital, month after month, is queer to contemplate; but how he could go on laughing at the world's jokes is a stranger thing. Letters from men's families followed him from Seattle. He still gets them. Some one has just learned that he saw their boy the night before he was last heard from. Does he credit the story they received? It is a long time ago, but they are wistful to know exactly. The Red Cross searcher remembers.

Back in 1917, the year he was summoned to head the school of journalism at Washington, girls used to scheme to be put next "Professor" Dymont at dinner parties. His office was full of conversations, and his desk covered with men's feet, one pair his own. The man who walks like almighty wasn't above greeting the McClure hall janitor, old Mr. Tracy, with, "Tracy, you old horse-thief, how are you this morning?" The old horse-thief improved perceptibly.

He still asks a professor's wife how the baby is, the baby having burned its finger yesterday, and his tone is the same he would use if the heir apparent to the throne of emperors stood on death's threshold.

The man who walks like almighty has become a little sad since 1913. It may have tragic aspects, the constant dis-

covery that people you have rescued at some personal sacrifice didn't wish to be rescued. The present college generation may be gaining a respect for Oregon's higher standards, but respect comes slowly. Often it comes ten years after graduation.

God, it will be remembered, rested on the seventh; but it was not a scholarly university he was making.

One cannot go on being the beloved confidant of an endless procession of boys and girls avid about things, but mainly avid about themselves, and at the same time help put a university into the front row scholastically. Words do not seem to make universities scholarly. Some one must have a hardy and a true ideal, the courage to fight for it into and through the last ditch, the toughness to sacrifice friendships, and the patience of a stone image.

The dean has a passion for music, for outdoor activity, and for studying people and events. When he asks questions, it isn't information he wants. Probably he has long had that. He wants a tone, an attitude. He is smaller than he looks, his ruddy skin and compactness suggesting stature. The physical hardness in which he has a noticeable vanity and which he, no doubt, credits to handball, soccer and golf, has been temporarily damaged by illness, and he is now away recuperating.

Besides being small, intense and so quiet of speech as to pass for the gardener, the dean has less hair on top of his head than deity commonly rates. Bald men are usually comical or serious or formidable. Dean Dymont relates a story about a member of parliament who dreamed he was making a speech on the floor, and who waked up and found that he was. Still this does not identify him as comical. He likes Stephen Leacock, but he lives by the classics. Everything the Greeks and Latins said, wrote and fought for is holy. This seems both serious and formidable, but it is only background for qualities felt but impenetrable.

Once a man went to see him about a position on the faculty. Afterwards he was asked for a description of the dean. "Well," said the man, "he's all right, I guess, but not what you'd call chatty."

## Maddock, Oregon's New Football Coach

By VIRGIL EARL, '06, Director of Athletics.

**A**FTER looking over the long list of applicants for the position of football coach at the University of Oregon, I have decided that it is just as difficult to pick a winning football coach as it is to pick a winning race horse. If I were somehow certain that I possessed the peculiar ability to pick a winning coach, my fortune would be assured. Every university and college in the country is looking for a winning coach and most of the universities and colleges are willing to pay the price if they can but find a winning one.

I have felt quite keenly the responsibility assumed in recommending Mr. Maddock to the University for the position of head football coach. In so doing I do not say that Mr. Maddock is the best coach that it has been my pleasure to negotiate with, nor do I prophesy that he will produce a winning team as if by magic. I do believe, however, that Mr. Maddock is well qualified, both by training and experience, for the coaching job, and that with anything like an even break in material he will produce a team that will be truly representative of Oregon.

Mr. Maddock's playing experience was under the coaching of the famous Yost. He played two years as half-back

and two years as tackle. He was selected repeatedly on the All-Western team and by some critics on the All-American team. After graduating at the University of Michigan, he enjoyed six years of successful coaching at the University of Utah. Mr. Maddock then engaged in business and has been quite successful. At present he is interested in a chain of stores in Idaho. Without giving up his business, Mr. Maddock found time to do scouting for his old coach for several years. In 1920 and 1921 he acted as first assistant coach to Yost.

In 1922 and 1923 his community interest prompted him to coach the Idaho Falls high school football team without compensation. This team won the state championship. In both business and coaching Mr. Maddock has been successful, and I predict that he will be one of Oregon's most successful coaches.

Mr. Earl's find is six feet tall and weighs about 215. He has a quiet manner. When he began speaking, the day he was introduced to the students at a general assembly, his voice seemed low. But it carried to the back of the room.



Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene

*Joseph Maddock newly elected head football coach at the University of Oregon.*

He spoke slowly, unhurriedly. He looked the audience in the eye a while before he commenced.

The Oregon Emerald spoke of Maddock as follows:

"Maddock's collegiate athletic career was at Albion college (Michigan) at which institution he was a member of the football, track, baseball, and wrestling teams. He won the intercollegiate championship in wrestling for two years in the Michigan intercollegiate athletic association which included seven colleges. He was half back on the Albion football team.

"Entering the University of Michigan in 1902, he was a member of the championship football and track teams of that

year, and he retained his title of intercollegiate wrestling champion of the state. As a football man, he was without a peer, as a lineman. Not only was he chosen by Walter Camp as All-Western tackle, but he was named by Yost and Casper Whitney as All-American tackle in 1903. He had the reputation of being the best all-round athlete at Ann Arbor in his time.

"Coach Maddock in 42 years old. He is ready to report to the University for spring football practice. Members of the executive council express great confidence in the new coach."

## Details of the Trip To Bezdek's Headquarters

By RALPH CAKE, '13.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—What proportion of the alumni would have been dissatisfied had Bezdek not been approached will never be known. Some insist that while the alumni in general had enormous confidence in Bez, they had no hope of being able to interest him in returning to Oregon, and accordingly were willing to consider any coach with the right reputation and history, and around whom the very difficult and complicated conditions attending the Oregon appointment could be arranged.

However, Mr. Cake agreed to write an account of his trip, and this has proved very interesting. Not only does he discuss certain significant impressions of coaching and football, but his visit to the camp of one so picturesquely and affectionately remembered as Bezdek has its own peculiar interest.

Mr. Cake was asked by President Kuykendall to make the Eastern trip. It was, thus, an official visit.

**T**HERE is little point in mentioning in detail here the matters that led up to my departure for Harrisburg, Pa., to see Hugo Bezdek. There was a strong sentiment among the alumni that an effort should be made to secure the services of Bezdek as football coach, principally because it was known that he could turn out the kind of a fighting team that we all liked to see play, and a team that would uphold the honor of Oregon on the athletic field. Not that it was felt he alone could handle the job, but he was a *known quantity* out here. He had the confidence of all who knew him. This sentiment was conveyed to President Campbell by Bob Kuykendall, president of the alumni association. President Campbell himself believed in Bezdek, and in his ability to deliver the goods, and as a consequence, after the usual course of such matters, an agreement was reached satisfactory to every one, that if possible, Bezdek should be secured.

Virgil Earl was already in the East scouting for a coach. Kuykendall requested me to join Virgil Earl and see Bezdek, and, representing the alumni, use all my efforts to convince Bez that he belonged to the West and Oregon. Several of the older fellows, myself included, had received letters from Bez stating that he was under contract, but not giving the length of time thereof. Also, he reiterated his love for Oregon and his desire to return some day. That was what gave hope.

After a conference with President Campbell and Bob, I left for Harrisburg, Sunday morning, January 19, over the N. P.

### It's a Great State

It was cool when I left Portland, cold when I reached Spokane and icy from thereon. It was twenty-eight below in certain places in Montana and around twenty below in the Dakotas. The more I get away from Oregon on trips, the more reasons I find for wanting to live here, and the more I see and hear of other colleges and universities, the prouder I am of my own university. You can't beat either the state or the University.

In Chicago I met Virgil Earl covered with icicles. I don't wonder, either. He had been in Chicago for three days waiting for me, and the thermometer was flirting with zero all the time. He convinced me that he had one thing in mind, and only one, the good of the University. He was working as an alumnus of the school as well as athletic director, and wanted to see the University first in every thing. He put aside any personal feelings. "Virg," let it be understood here, was not opposed to Bezdek; he recognized his ability as well as any of us.

I left Chicago the same afternoon, glad to get out of the biting wind and cold, and reached Harrisburg the next morning. In any direction east, north or south of Chicago, the trains certainly travel. They are about as much faster than our Shasta as the Shasta is of the famous Wendling Bullet. Bob was to meet me in Harrisburg that morning, but had been unexpectedly called back to Penn. State, and left word for me that he would meet me the next day. I spent considerable time trying to get a room at the Penn Harris but could not. I could have a cot but no place for Virg, who arrived shortly after noon. We finally located a room in an hotel that was first class about the time of Lincoln. We felt, however, that we were amply repaid for any lack of modern conveniences by the unique elevator with which the hotel was equipped. At first Virg and I assumed that it was a parrot's cage left there by some old maid and used as a lift since that time. We were assured, however, that it was the attraction of the hotel and without it patronage would have been small. The elevator boy (colored) insisted it would hold five, that is, until he saw Virg, after which he said he would bring up our grips later.

### A Talk Alone With Bezdek

I met Bez the next day, and, as was agreed beforehand, had a talk with him alone. From that conversation I knew the situation was a difficult one. At 3:30 Virg and I saw him together. The sum and substance of our talk was that he had a contract at Penn. State with eight years yet to run, and without any possibility of a release at this time for any future date. What we could have paid him was sufficient, if he had had no contract. But Bezdek has been at Penn. State for five years. He has been successful in a school of 3200 students, 2900 of them men, not only as a football coach, but as a part of the institution, and one of those contributing greatly to the growth of the school.

Bez was showered with telegrams from our own alumni, but at the same time he received telephone and telegraph messages from influential men, alumni and trustees of Penn. State, who thought an offer was to be made to him, and they

told him he had to stay. He had a contract signed two years ago, with 8 unexpired years. He told us he still had a warm place in his heart for Oregon; that he never had seen a team anywhere that compared with our '16 team; that we were playing big league football here on the coast, and anyone who doubted it was speaking without knowledge of the situation, and he thought our material was as good or better than any place in the country. Bez was sincere in these statements.

One matter that I heard of I want to clear now. Killinger was never offered the opportunity of coaching Oregon. I saw the report in the paper. Where it came from I do not know. Earl never saw Killinger. I met him that evening at the hotel, but never mentioned the coaching situation to him.

#### The Situation Definite at Least

I spent the entire night with Bez after the alumni state dinner. At 7:00 A. M. he left and that ended the effort to have him return. One thing at least was accomplished: we know the situation definitely so far as Bez is concerned. Virg went on to New York and Boston and returned to Chicago by way of Rochester. I went to Washington for a couple of days then to Chicago where I met Earl Wednesday morning and left for Indianapolis with him to see "Pat" Page of Butler College. I had spent the day before in Chicago seeing some men and getting their views on different coaches.

Leaving Indianapolis, Earl wanted me to return over the U. P. with him to stop at Grinnell and at Pocatello, to see Joe Maddock. However, my return ticket was over the N. P. and it is almost impossible to change a routing; so I could not make it. I arrived here Sunday a. m. tired but mighty glad to get back. I appreciate the honor of being chosen to make the trip; I am sorry that I was not successful.

In closing I want to mention a few of the things that impressed me on this trip. One is the phenomenal growth of

interest in football and the large attendance at all games. It is not unusual at all to have a crowd of from 35,000 to 50,000, and at the big games 65,000 to 75,000. The attendance seems to be limited only by the capacity of the field. Because of this condition it is possible for the smaller schools to pay large salaries to their coaches, and I think there is no question but that the salaries of the coaches have jumped very much in the last few years. The net gate receipts, and not the universities, pay the coaches' salaries. I look for the same conditions in regard to the attendance in the future for the Oregon teams, and believe that they will be playing to 50,000 people in California if we have a successful team, 30,000 people in Portland, and probably 20,000 at the homecoming game at Eugene.

#### Few Coaches and Long Contracts

Another impression I gathered on the trip was that good coaches are not multitudinous and that the majority are signed up for long contracts. In addition thereto, I was impressed strongly that Stagg of Chicago was considered the dean of all coaches. He is not referred to by name but is called the "old man," not as one who has run his course, but with all the respect and admiration one can give to a leader and a friend. It may be that this impression was gathered because of the fact that a good part of the time spent was in and around Chicago, but men well versed in football in other parts of the country speak in the same manner of him.

I talked enough with Earl to know that he would not recommend any one as coach for the University unless he felt satisfied the man he recommended would be able to handle the job, and I rave confidence in his judgment. I am strong for Maddock, and believe this to be the opinion of all the other alumni who have met him. He will have the absolute cooperation of all, and we are looking forward to a very successful year.

## Recollections of C. N. McArthur, Father of Oregon Athletics

By C. E. WAGNER, '01

EDITOR'S NOTE—Although Charley Wagner, who last saw Pat McArthur at Homecoming, hurried this affectionate account to OLD OREGON immediately after McArthur's passing, it has not been possible until now to present it in full in OLD OREGON. To cut it was not to be considered.

**A** GAIN the grim reaper has appeared in our midst, and our honored and beloved classmate has "traveled upon the level of time to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." It was a great shock to learn of his sudden death, especially after being associated with him so closely during the two days of our recent Homecoming.

It was in the fall of 1896, that I first met "Pat." We were in the sub-freshman class together. It was my first year at the University and I am quite sure it was his also. Even as a sub-freshman, he had a marked personality, was well known by all, and was always present when an opportunity offered to advance the cause of the University, especially the welfare of the football and track teams. It seemed that he knew everyone even during his sub-freshman year.

As he told us at the Homecoming Rally, he was inclined to be "wild" and he had many narrow escapes from faculty discipline during his first year, but these escapades were in the nature of boyish pranks and mischief-making, without any evidence of viciousness of character. They were the natural

result of an active disposition and pent-up energy. I don't believe Pat ever did a really dishonest thing, and I have never known him to do anything in an underhanded way. His honesty was one of the things that made a very profound impression on me, and long before we left the U. of O., I would have trusted him with anything I might have had. Pat had a wonderful mother, and he thought a great deal of her—more than most boys do, it seemed to me.

#### The Joke Could Come Either Way

During our freshman year, many opportunities of University endeavor afforded an outlet for his surplus energy, and he rapidly settled down to become a model student, but he was always full of fun and a hail fellow well met. He liked to tell a joke on someone and was always willing that someone should tell a joke on him—which frequently happened.

He has been called the "father of athletics at the University of Oregon," and the title fits him well. My own first recollection of him was in connection with his enthusiasm for our football team of 1896. I have a picture of the '96 football squad and Pat is in it with the rest of us old-timers. He could play pretty well for his weight, but he was very light in those days—nothing like when we saw him last. He soon turned his attention to the managerial end of athletics, rather

than to active participation in the game. He always liked to kick a goal and when he asked me to go on the field with him between halves at our last Homecoming game and hold the ball for him so he could kick a goal, it was done with remembrance of similar occasions twenty-three or more years ago.

#### The Enrollment of Roy Heater

Pat was manager of the track teams and assistant manager of the football teams during his junior and senior years. To him fell the honor of taking the first track team out of the state. It was the 1900 team which went to Seattle and defeated a team far superior to ours with a score of 62 to 60, by simply out-generaling them, thus becoming the champion of three states. It was this same team which so badly defeated the O. A. C. team at the inter-collegiate meet at Salem at which the Oregon contingent won all the money the O. A. C. students could get together. As a result, athletics was abolished at the Agricultural College for several years, the reason given being that college athletics was conducive to gambling.

Pat was largely responsible for the enrollment of Roy Heater, the greatest track athlete the University ever had, in the fall of 1900, and it was his presence on the 1901 track team, which Pat managed, that enabled us to defeat the University of Washington's champion team by the score of 66½ to 55½, and to win 42 points against the University of California's greatest track team, as against their 75 points. Finances would not permit taking the assistant manager to California with the '99 and '00 football teams, but Pat went along anyway, paying his own expenses, and his presence was a great help to the team. It was Pat who saw to it that the folks at home were kept posted by telegraph as to the progress and results of the game.

It was in the game with the Ashland Normal School, at Ashland, Oregon, on our return from the 1900 trip, that Pat won his football "O." The team was pretty badly crippled as a result of the games with Stanford and Berkeley, and Pat played a halfback position in the Ashland game. In those days, playing was considerably different from what it now is. Mass plays and line bucks were the principal offense. Very frequently, a play would resolve itself into a solid mass, each team trying to push the other towards its goal line.

#### Pat Gets Directions Mixed

Pat was given the ball for a line buck and it resulted in one of these mass formations, but our team being stronger, Pat was pulled from the crowd to an open field. As a result of being pulled, shoved, and turned around, he became confused as to direction. It was necessary to run and run quickly, so Pat started, but he started toward the wrong goal line. Some of our boys straightened him out, and, if I remember rightly, he ran about sixty-five yards for a touchdown. True to form, he also kicked the goal. That evening, while we were waiting for the train to take us to Eugene, some of the boys went over to the telegraph office and sent the following telegram to Pat's lady friend at Eugene: "Played a star game. Am uninjured. Will be home tonight. Pat."

Athletics was not the only thing Pat was interested in. He was a good student and a very good orator and debater. During his junior and senior years, he was editor of the "Oregon Weekly," a student publication similar to "The Emerald," except that it was published weekly instead of daily. It was a very creditable publication. Pat also acted as Eugene correspondent for Portland newspapers. He was a natural politician and was always active in the Varsity Republican club. He was a member of the Laurean Literary Society and active in its debates. He was also one of the charter members of the first fraternity to receive a charter at the University. He was active in nearly all student enter-

prises and held many offices of trust, both in his class and in the Student Body. He was the principal organizer of the Associated Students.

To the old graduates and former students, it will not seem like Homecoming any more to go back to the old University with Pat missing. No longer can we welcome his outstretched hand and genial smile. No longer will he march with us in the lettermen's parade. We will ever honor his memory and cherish the remembrance of long years of association with him. The University's great friend has passed beyond and can no longer answer the roll call of her finest sons.

#### E. R. Moon, ex-'14, Describes Life in Africa

By CATHERINE SPALL, '25.

**E**LEPHANT hunts in dense tropical forests, a swim in the Congo interrupted by a convention of the crocodile association holding its daily rendezvous, and adventures among cannibals, are but a few of the reasons why the life of a missionary in the Belgian Congo region of Africa is far from monotonous. But the Rev. E. R. Moon, ex-'03, who recently visited in Eugene while on his furlough in this country, was very enthusiastic regarding African life.

The distant sound of a tom-tom beaten with fateful regularity as paddles dipped rhythmically into the waters, accompanied by weird chanting of Bantu natives, one in either end of the boat. Rays from the intense tropical sun beating down upon low-thatched huts, or the fury of a heavy tropical rain dashing against the same little huts. Trees covered with thick moss and draped with vines, tangled into a dense growth providing shelter for chattering chimpanzees, gorillas, and immense pythons. Such scenes are characteristics of the environment which every day envelopes the residence of Rev. Mr. Moon and his family.

Equatorville, a name particularly apropos for a town situated on the equator, was his first station. It is one thousand miles from the mouth of the Congo. Here he resided twelve years. For the last three years, however, Bolenge, a base station, has been his home.

A remarkable achievement for an uncivilized land is the system of telegraphy, originated by the natives and in extensive use there today. A large section of log hollowed like a drum with one side thicker than the other to cause two distinct tones, is beaten upon with great force, using a code system that is widely known in that region. Sometimes the natives can hear and interpret the code at a distance of ten or fifteen miles. It is more difficult for the untrained ear of the white man to catch the sound.

Mr. Moon is fond of hunting. The animals most sought are the buffalo, which is one of the most dangerous; lions, leopards, gorillas, crocodiles shot often from the deck of boats, and the elephant. "I killed five elephants out there. One was charging on us," Mr. Moon said. "My first elephant frightened me very much, but that soon wore off."

"Our steamboat was bought with money donated by the Oregon people. It arrived all fitted ready to put together. We reassembled the boat at the head of the rapids around which the boat had to be taken, and we had the biggest toot on the river. It was a real American whistle."

The climate is remarkably equable. Heavy rains are frequent, but it seldom gets colder than 64 degrees above.

The three children of Rev. and Mrs. Moon, were born in Africa. The older two were not reared there, but the youngest, a very few months old, will return with its parents next fall when the furlough is over. It has now been found possible to rear white children in the equatorial zone.



EDITED BY MARGARET SKAVLAN, '25

**A**LUMNI contributions are really beginning to come in, we are glad to say. In them we find that a sensitiveness to the changing aspects of nature, a curiosity for the unknown, and a sense of the beautiful find varying expression.

From Oakland, California, comes "Desiderata" by Vio M. Powell, who was a sophomore here in 1921-22. She has meantime graduated from the University of California, and is a professional story-teller. Though her work means going about instructing other people how to tell them, we can be glad that her expression of her own thought and emotion has found its way to poetry. In this we find a realization of the beauty of life—beauty that is fleeting. The lines are free verse, rising and falling like little tongues of the flames themselves.

#### DESIDERATA

Let me be a brand  
 On life's majestic fire  
 That brightly burns  
 Cheering the hearts of all who pass.  
 Let no chill or sudden draft  
 Of adversity  
 Diminish my glow  
 Or dampen the ardor of my burning.  
 Let my spirit rise  
 Ever upward  
 In blue wreathed tendrils  
 Windwafted into the azure,  
 And let at last there be  
 But glowing embers  
 For remembrance  
 Of a brand that once burned brightly  
 Upon a great fire.

With the same sense of the briefness of all things is "Futility," by Juliette Claire Gibson, '26. Yet in her poem we find more of the bitter strength of rebellion, and less of the fragile sweetness of "Desiderata." It is a sob instead of a sigh. The last line end-rhymes carried over to the next stanza give the sense of inevitability. There is something of the same thought in "Brief beauty and much weariness," in "The Book of Susan."

What use is it for us to try to flee  
 Beyond the cruel scourge of gods or fate?  
 They only sit and laugh at you and me,  
 And keep on writing, writing on the slate  
 Of our existence.

When in the grip of grief or pain,  
 What use to pray? We pray in vain.  
 We know not whence we came, nor where we go,  
 We are but puppets, juggled to and fro;  
 What use resistance?

We are as helpless as the red leaves blown  
 By wintry winds, like blood drops thrown  
 Upon the breast of earth, where we shall be  
 Scattered, and lie, like those drenched sodden leaves eternally,  
 The world unheeding.

Therefore keep back thy tears, try not to flee  
 Beyond the cruel scourge of gods or fate.  
 They only sit and laugh at you and me,  
 And keep on writing, writing on the slate,  
 Deaf to our pleading.

The sense of drama in an interlude, the momentary dream preceded and followed by the struggles of life, is ever a tempting theme for poets. It is as if on a long climb one stops to dance and forget the path ahead. This is what we have in "The Wedding Invitation" by Jaunita Wilkins Crews. She has been living in the south since 1916, and the poem comes to us from Columbia, South Carolina. The rhymed couplet at the end is peculiarly poignant.

#### THE WEDDING INVITATION.

The weary postman climbed my path today,  
 Laid down his load and sifted through his pile  
 To hand me this—  
 Your wedding invitation!  
 I thanked him with a smile  
 The while my heart stood still  
 And all the summer earth turned to despair.

There came a vision—  
 Of a moonlit glen  
 Where fairies madly dance to tinkling music  
 'Neath buttercups of gold—  
 Slipping back into their flowery petals  
 As you and I came down the path.  
 A vast stillness with naught  
 But the flutter of night birds.

This was long ago—  
 Just you and I in a bit of Paradise  
 With all the world outside.

You have forgotten and the glen is still.  
 The postman trudges slowly down the hill.

With the return of tender green things to the world, and the breathless pauses between rain and sun hanging like tremulous rainbows, we have "Spring," submitted in response to the "intimation that more men of Oregon should be contributing to the poetry page of OLD OREGON." They certainly should! Especially when they see pussy-willows with "their gray coats . . . fattening Sleek."

**SPRING.**

It is still winter,  
 But must be spring too.  
 Pussy-willows are out,  
 And their gray coats are fattening  
 Sleek,  
 Brown grass is greening;  
 Folks are fertilizing their flower beds.  
 Spring is near,  
 If not  
 Here.

Three night moods, conquering, tranquil and happy in turn are expressed in three short closely related poems by a Portland alumnus. A sense of darkness is successfully maintained as a background for the lightning, the bird's song, and the poet himself. Vividness of sense impression gives a certain sweep.

**NIGHT STORM**

At a word,  
 The veil of clouds  
 Is torn asunder  
 As Thor's lightning rushes to destroying victory.  
 Echoing through these hills—forward and back,  
 On-and-on,  
 Of great Thor's voice  
 Bellowing in the night.

**AT NIGHT**

Night in her garments  
 So dark and mysterious,  
 Brings magic to the earth.

The day-signs fade, one by one  
 Into the enfolding gloom,  
 Even as sadness follows mirth.

The stars grow bright  
 And a breeze rises on the horizon.  
 Then, oh what splendor life holds!  
 A bird's song finds birth.

**NOCTURNE**

The happy constellations unwaveringly shine;  
 Bold Orion struts across the dome of velvet, purple, and Ursa  
 swings steadfastly.  
 In the house a child coughs and murmurs in its sleep;  
 Across the water of the river flash an hundred little lights;  
 Under the happy constellations, I stride.

From a man who is also a journalist of recognized ability we gratefully receive poetic expression of the pen. Mr. Stanard has had much poetry published in current American periodicals. Of his journalistic work much concerns his own town of Brownsville, which he has made his special field.

**THE SPECTRE FOGS**

Moonrise found the spectre fogs assembled,  
 Hovering dimly in the glimmering night;  
 Wandering shreds of shimmering vapor trembled,  
 Curling mists found nowhere to alight;  
 Banks of cloud-like sheeted apparitions  
 Hung in silence on the mountain crest,  
 Shifted not their wondrous, wierd positions,  
 Clung there, awayed there, without change or rest.

But the dawn-time came, the early dew time,  
 In the East a flush of light appeared;  
 And as when the cock speaks out the true time,  
 Startled goblins leave their cauldrons wierd,  
 This fog army shuddered into motion,  
 Bidden by the sun's commanding word,  
 In disastrous flight it sought the ocean.  
 By the sun-heat strangely moved and stirred.

Vapors that hung o'er the meadows level,  
 Clouds that kept their tryst about the peak,  
 Mists that in the canyons kept their revel  
 Where the echoes in the daytime speak,—  
 All these fog-hosts of the glimmering moontime,  
 By the morning breezes radiant fanned,  
 All are vanished, and in heat of noontime  
 Reigns the Sun, proud master of the land!

**Old Oregon to Open Department of  
Humor**

**O**LD OREGON desires to open up a department of college humor. It wants jokes and art work. It desires suggestions also, for an editor for this page. This person should be a student.

For the ten most usable jokes, light verse, or prose, preferably accompanied by drawings, submitted for the March issue, OLD OREGON will pay \$2.50 each. It will feel free to use the "less usable" as well, without payment, but with credit.

It makes the reservations common to those who announce prizes of taking liberties with the terms if the product doesn't seem to have understood the expectations.

Copy does not have to deal with college subjects, but it is expected to reveal the college viewpoint—assuming there is such a thing.

**Los Angeles Alumni Association Is  
Booming**

**P**ERMANENT officers, four meetings a year, a stunt committee, plans for dances, picnics, hikes and swims, and dues of one dollar a throw seem to show that the recently organized Los Angeles alumni are quite alive.

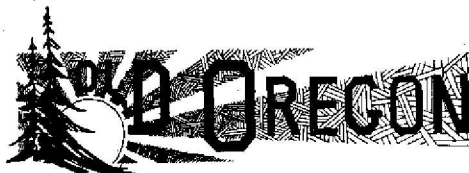
The first meeting occurred in November, when Walter Morton, former dean of the Oregon school of commerce, was elected president. Dean Morton wished to be succeeded by an Oregon alumnus, however, and at the second meeting, January 15, with forty members present, Eugene S. Kelly, '23, was made president. Allan Carnecross, '22, of Long Beach, is vice-president, Rosalind Bates, '17, secretary, and Rachel Husband, '21, is chairman of the membership committee.

Mrs. Bates, sending an account of the festivities, records the names of 83 Oregon alumni in Los Angeles, and promises an early roster of the whole group, with the activities of each.

Fred Tostevin, ex-'18, is chairman of stunts for the Los Angeles association. At the meeting of January 15, all of the old Oregon songs were tried out and a quantity of ice cream and cake was disposed of. Dean and Mrs. Morton were given a vote of thanks for their kindness in opening their home to Oregon students.

The president of the association can be reached at 947 Venango avenue; the secretary at 646 Chamber of Commerce, where she is manager of the Home Builders' and Furnishers' Guide; the membership chairman at Los Angeles Museum, Exposition Park. The stunt committee chairman, Fred Tostevin, is at 4464 Santa Monica boulevard.

The dean of the school of business administration at the University of Texas makes note of the success women graduates are meeting. Practically every one of them has married after making a success in business. Many have continued their work after marriage.



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 and Manager  
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. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage pro-  
vided for in section 1103. Act of October 3, 1917.

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All persons whose letters remain unanswered, all persons who subscribed for OLD OREGON last September and have had nothing to show for it since, and finally all boarding-house keepers desiring us to forward letters to forgetfully departing guests who had Oregon stickers on their suitcases—all these are asked to be patient.

#### BUT THEN

IF THE constitutional amendment proposed at the last alumni meeting goes into effect in June, the election occurring at that time will have but temporary significance. A new annual election will be held in November, at Homecoming.

Presumably the June officers will be re-elected in November. Still, we anticipate no uneasy summer moments for the honored. The honor of being an alumni servant is like the oyster in a very economically made patty: sometimes hard to discover amid the foreign substance surrounding it.

#### THE HAZARDS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR

THE University of Wisconsin has established an English clinic, but it was a number of years ago that Oregon's first "English Hospital" flourished. This hospital course is now designated as English A, and until such time as it becomes possible to determine by an entrance examination whether a student is really positive or negative in his accumulation of skill in English grammar, English A is probably a humane if not illuminating name for this establishment.

We were astonished three months ago to find immured in English A a young woman who had previously written a signed article in our publication. We had printed it whole without alteration. But we were also surprised to find that a young man in our composition class whom we flunked and consigned to English A proudly claimed graduation from that institution.

We know other cases, and it seems pretty clear that there are such fine nuances in composition that even authorities cannot agree on whether a freshman's English is abominable-intolerable or abominable-passable. The result is that a successful student in English not only has to learn the standards and preferred uses of his various faculty members but he has also to provide himself with a standard that will in some manner satisfy and placate them all.

#### THE CURE-ALL

MANY COLLEGE students are so young when they graduate that, obliged to pick a life vocation, they pick the wrong one. Five years afterward they have fixed themselves into their groove perhaps with pain, misgiving and final resignation—but it is clear to them they might have waited longer and chosen better.

Thomas Arkle Clark, dean of deans of men, speaking at Oregon Agricultural College recently, is quoted as saying college students had better borrow money than attempt to work their way through college. We subscribe to that, but it is better yet if the student begins paying on his debt before his four years are over. If he remains out a year or two, either before he ever enrolls in college or after he has been in long enough to realize the value of training, he attacks a smaller mountain on graduation—and he is older.

Dropping out between years he sacrifices some of his chances for college honors, political positions and special favors. But he must be philosophical enough to find his own compensation for that loss. He will have spread over a wider period his informed reflections about what college is doing or might do for him.

Vol. VI

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 5

#### ROUTINE REMARKS

THIS ISSUE of Old Oregon arrives late and hastily assembled. The reason is the absence from the campus for four weeks of the editor. The proof-reading and make-up of the January issue were taken care of through the kindness of George Turnbull of the faculty in journalism, himself a publication editor and accordingly a too-busy person. It was without a single quail that the job was put upon him—we knew what kind of an old lady he is about matters editorial.

It has been a real sorrow to lose from the alumni office the services of Luella Hausler, a senior, whose gentle letters have long soothed ruffled alumni when they were not stimulating the unruffled to write news for OLD OREGON's columns. Miss Hausler had been ruffling and unruffling with us for a year and a half. She is now taking a much deserved rest at her home in Portland, but expects to return to the campus later and complete her course. Meantime a courageous freshman from Klamath falls has been conducting the alumni office several hours a day.



Too many Oregon graduates finish worn out with the struggle to combine self-support and education (not infrequently combined with strong college activity). Too many are finishing too young to know what they want to begin doing. Too many are saying at the end of their senior year that they didn't get the right stuff: they have had too many courses and too little education.

Ageing was always known to add a quality of its own.

#### PERHAPS THEY BUILD THE FIRES WITH IT

ALL MEMBERS of the University faculty are now receiving OLD OREGON each month. This fact will not restrain this publication from attempts to educate the faculty to their duty on all occasions, the humorlessness of themselves and the humanness of their colleagues.

Their numbness under previous attack may have been due to their failure to see what was said about them. A continued silence will now put us to the labor of inventing a new explanation.

#### A COMMENDABLE PERFORMANCE

A GOOD spirit animates the Oregon student body. Sometimes somebody gets off on the wrong foot, but though the consequences are amusing they are almost never fatal.

"College Night," engineered by University students for the entertainment of the convention for high school editors and officers in January, was an example of both good spirit and happy results.

The day had furnished its serious side for the guests. The night was not serious, but it was vastly more than mere diversion. Many interesting and important sides of college life were shown, with color and without tediousness. It would be worth the time of the alumni and of the faculty to observe, even at twenty-five cents per, the excellence of this performance.

As for the conference itself, we should like to praise those who planned its thousand details. The groan that rises from the houses to whom the guests are allotted is real, but it is not very indignant. This feature of the conference will, in time, be accepted just as is the faint smell of gasoline that attends the starting of a royal-looking and noble-going motor car.

#### THE FOOD IS TOO GOOD

IS THE alumni luncheon at commencement getting too populous? To be sure, that occasion is away down the calendar, quite in sunny June whereas this is foggy February. But if certain classes of individuals should be discouraged from attending it, gentle chopping into nearly solid ivory might be started at once.

It is a delightful occasion, that noon luncheon in the men's gymnasium. Luncheon is indeed a slanderous title for it: it is the kind of dinner that Edna Prescott Davis, alone in all the world, seems to know just how to put up.

The alumni council was asked to discuss the question at its last meeting, and it did so. But it declared itself for a dinner served in a place with better acoustics, rather than for a smaller guest list.

The faculty, it said, must come. The graduating class must be there. All the returned alumni must be seated. The parents of graduates should be taken care of.

Relatives, it seemed, might be limited a little. Of course if the whole family came to see candidate through the great event, it would be too bad to exclude them, and probably this wouldn't happen often anyhow. But why, said one member

of the council, should people uninterested in the graduates or the alumni think up a friend on the faculty and insist on accompanying him.

It is not that food or hospitality is limited. But space is becoming so. And since it has become impossible to hear the toastmaster and the less robust speakers, better acoustics or fewer guests seems the solution. The Woman's building has been suggested.

Some think the more silent foods could be served, strictly avoiding potato chips and celery, and with a rule against crushing crackers in the soup and chiseling the olive seeds too close.

#### INTELLIGENT IDLE- NESS! WHAT NEXT?

LEISURE is becoming the Oregon cry. Some voice it because they have an idea what they are asking for, and some because it is well always to be asking for something. But the chorus is strong and still growing.

Intelligent idleness, The Dartmouth, undergraduate sheet at Dartmouth, calls it. "We mean," The Dartmouth explains, "relief from chores often enough that one may have time to stalk an occasional idea and to salt it down with careful reflection, to get a glimpse into the thoughts of other people, to read everything worth reading, to develop a personal philosophy—in short we mean idleness making for growth."

#### HOW THEY SEE IT IN OHIO

WHY comparisons must be odious we never knew. It distinctly is not an odious comparison that one desires to throw out in contrasting the attitude of certain Oregon alumni with that of the Cleveland alumni of Ohio State on the matter of their attitude toward football coaching at their alma mater.

The Cleveland alumni had been so aroused by arrogant newspaper criticism of coaching at Ohio State that they went on record with the following resolution:

"So long as her (Ohio State's) teams fight cleanly and to the end, her alumni will continue in loyal and unswerving devotion to stand united, hoping for but not dependent upon eternal victories, proud and happy when they win, but still proud in defeat."

The Oregon attitude toward which we refer was voiced by one alumnus when he said Oregon students had got so they couldn't tell the difference on the football field between a real and a moral victory. This is clever but a little harsh. Also, it isn't true.

#### TWENTY-FOUR COVERS IT

THE average Dartmouth undergraduate works nine hours daily, sleeps eight and one-half hours and spends four hours in recreation each week day. The schedule was arrived at by tabulation of records kept for a week by two hundred students.

Oregon students could boast just as good a record. Footnotes could be used to explain that sleep included time spent in committee meetings, and that recreation comprised not only recreation proper but eating, telephone duty, minor laundry activities and sessions for determining new honor society members.

#### THANKS A LOT

FIFTEEN or twenty alumni have returned their copies of the November issue of this publication. Such copies have become very valuable, owing to the complete exhaustion of the issue. Donald Onthank, '16, was the first to contribute. Then came J. H. Bond, '09, and H. W. Fredericksen, '12. After that we lost the order.

The "Modified Dix" Reunion Plan

WHEN does my class come in for a bust? That is the first inquiry of the visitor who stands before the newly mounted "modified-Dix" plan hanging on the wall in the Oregon alumni office. A copy of that plan is presented in this issue of OLD OREGON.

The Dix plan is any plan that provides for the reunion of college classes at "regularly irregular" intervals so that when a reunion does come it is held simultaneously with people who were in college at the same time, whether in the same class or not.

A graduate's best friends are frequently not in his own class. Moreover, class rivalries make it interesting to bring back to the campus old rivals. There is opportunity for ample class-spirit revival under the new plan.

The ten, twenty-five and forty year reunions already favored by the Oregon association are also taken care of, it will be noted.

For example, in June 1924 the class of 1914 will be having its ten year reunion, and it will no doubt hold the center of the stage, since more of its members will be back than for the twenty-five or forty year celebrations. However, the classes of '99 and '84 will also be assembled.

Lesser but still important reunions of the following classes will be staged: '09, '08, '07, '06, '90, '89, '88, '87. Their permanent secretaries are expected to begin organizing for this purpose.

The present college generation, it will be observed from the chart, will be represented in the reunions of 1929.

The modified Dix plan was first presented at the June meeting 1923. It was adopted at the Homecoming meeting last November.

Admission to Vassar College, after the year 1929, will depend entirely on merit and not on priority of application.



Official sweaters have been awarded to women the past two years on completion of 1000 points in interclass and do-mut contests. Winners under this ruling occupy the lower row above: Mildred Crane, Harriett Veazie, Theresa Robinett and Florence Baker. The back row, wearing blue sweaters, won these under a previous varsity ruling for making places in class teams in basketball, baseball and swimming. They are Lucy Vandersterre, Christine Heckman, Grace Sullivan, Mary Hathaway and Maude Schroeder. The last presentation was made on College Night, by Miss Florence Alden, head of the women's physical department.

CLASS	YEAR OF REUNION										
	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933
1930	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
1929	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
1928	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
1927	...	...	...	...	...	...	27	...	...	...	...
1926	...	...	...	...	...	...	26	...	...	...	...
1925	...	...	...	...	...	...	25	...	...	...	...
1924	...	24	...	...	...	...	24	...	...	...	...
1923	...	23	...	...	...	...	23	...	...	23	...
1922	...	22	...	...	...	...	22	...	22	...	...
1921	...	21	...	...	...	...	21	21	...	...	...
1920	...	...	20	...	...	...	20	...	...	...	...
1919	...	...	19	...	...	...	19	19	...	...	...
1918	...	...	18	...	18	...	...	18	...	...	...
1917	...	...	17	17	...	...	...	17	...	...	...
1916	...	...	16	16	...	...	...	16	...	...	...
1915	...	...	15	15	...	...	...	15	...	...	...
1914	...	...	14	...	14	...	...	14	...	...	...
1913 10 yr.	13	...	...	...	13	...	...	13	...	...	...
1912	12	...	...	...	...	12	...	12	...	...	...
1911	11	...	...	...	...	11	...	11	...	...	...
1910	10	...	...	...	...	10	...	10	...	...	...
1909	...	09	...	...	...	09	...	...	...	...	09
1908	...	08	...	...	...	...	08	...	...	...	08
1907	...	07	...	...	...	...	07	...	...	07	...
1906	...	06	...	...	...	...	06	...	06	...	...
1905	...	05	...	...	...	...	05	05	...	...	...
1904	...	04	...	...	...	...	04	04	...	...	...
1903	...	03	...	...	...	03	...	03	...	...	...
1902	...	02	...	02	...	...	02	...	...	...	...
1901	...	...	01	...	...	...	01	...	...	...	...
1900	...	00	00	...	...	...	...	00	...	...	...
1899	...	99	...	99	...	...	...	99	...	...	...
1898 25 yr.	98	...	...	98	...	...	...	98	...	...	...
1897	...	...	...	...	97	...	...	97	...	...	...
1896	...	...	...	...	96	...	...	96	...	...	...
1895	...	...	...	...	95	...	...	95	...	...	...
1894	94	...	...	94	...	...	...	94	...	...	...
1893	93	...	...	...	93	...	...	93	93	...	...
1892	92	...	...	...	92	...	...	92	...	92	92
1891	91	...	...	...	91	...	...	91	91	...	91
1890	...	90	...	...	90	...	...	90	...	...	90
1889	...	89	...	...	...	89	...	...	...	...	89
1888	...	88	...	...	88	88	...	...	...	...	...
1887	...	87	...	...	87	87	...	...	...	...	...
1886	...	...	86	86	...	...	...	86	...	...	...
1885	...	...	85	...	...	...	...	85	...	...	...
1884	...	84	84	...	...	...	...	84	...	...	...
1883 40 yr.	83	...	83	...	...	...	...	83	...	...	...
1882	...	...	82	...	...	...	...	82	...	...	...
1881	...	...	81	...	...	...	...	81	...	...	...
1880	...	...	80	...	...	...	...	80	...	...	...
1879	...	...	79	...	...	...	...	79	...	...	...
1878	...	...	...	78	...	...	...	78	...	...	...

Scott Stalker Met Death During Summer

SCOTT STALKER, who was on the campus in 1920-21, was drowned during the summer, according to information recently received from his parents in Cleveland, Idaho. Stalker was expecting to come to Eugene to get a job and enter the University in the fall. He stopped in Spokane and made arrangements with a companion to canoe to Portland. Their craft was upset in rapids only a few miles below Spokane, and, though Stalker could swim, he was caught in a whirlpool and went down.

Stalker had just completed teaching a school at Freedom, Wyoming. His parents first learned of his death through the newspaper accounts.

The New England Hotel Men's association is urging university training for hotel men in every department of the industry.

# The Oregon Campus a Decade Ago

By GEORGE W. DAVIS, ex-'18

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—George Davis, ex-'18, was on the campus ten years ago. Then he left Oregon and has not seen the place since. We asked him what the campus was like in his day. Here is his reply.

**N**INETY days, and up to tonight your cordial letter has adorned my mantle. For the sake of simplified house-keeping I must answer it. I am sorry you can't visualize me as I was. Few of my friends would know me now anyway, with so little hair and with two boys in tow. You were interested particularly in my "point of view". I present it extemporaneously, forewarning you that I was once dubbed "Moll" Davis for my effeminate views, and that while changes have altered me, I'm still at heart inclined toward the conservative and ideal side of things.

I took a needle book to Oregon. 'Twas made by my grandmother. The cover and pages were of yellow cloth and the edges were featherstitched in green. Buttons adorned one page, needles another, etc., and when the fellows saw that, it was all off. Most of the buttons were sewed to other fellows' togs by me at that, but I was "Moll" Davis to all those who learned of my profession and ability as a seamstress.

## No Money Spent In Springfield

I never once spent five cents in Springfield. My views on quenching thirst with beer also put me in line as not being strictly "he". I didn't smoke either. I did swear—I even joined in at the town hall to teach Eugene's second girls and cooks the college dance steps.

If Oregon or part of Oregon "works its way" as it did in my day, it's still a pretty stable place. Men and women financially bent get more out of college experience, and I think a college gets more out of them. I'm not far wrong when I say that one fifth of Oregon's students worked their way—at least in part. I've often said that there are too many motor cars parked on California's campus. I'll leave it to you if Oregon's ways compare with Cal.

Oregon walked when I was there. Some of the "bloods" hired a horse and buggy for state occasions and toward the last of my stay a twenty-cent taxi was inaugurated which, with the dance-night corsage bouquet, comprised a most frivolous man's offering to his evening's partner. Canoes plied the race, and the more adept navigators cruised the "sewer" or landed on the "island". Most of us floated down the mill stream listening to the town clock ring forth the hours that approach 10:30 and I guess all of us have cursed inwardly, at least, at the town boys who dropped rocks into our boats from the foot bridges.

Skinner's and Spencer's sides were continually being scaled by hikers. The cemetery paths appealed to the lovers, and the long board walk down high school way had its share of foot work. Can any member of the 1927 or '28 class suggest a more delightful outing than sirloin steak and baked potatoes cooked over an open fire at the river's bank? That form of amusement was most current.

Oregon danced and put on great style compared with some University "creeps" that I have attended of late. The roughneck of the evening was the one-stepper who wound himself up to the point of doing a spiral fantasy. Some of us are now wearing false teeth due to this type of pest. He would clutch his partner to him, rush forth at great speed, and at the most crowded spot on the floor go round and round, left arm straight out, coat tails on the same plane. And when his partner's hair began to loosen, he'd rush on for the next spasm. They did the "grape-vine" too and used to be real rough by bending the partner way back. But so much for that.

## What Was Correct Socially

We used programs, white leather, engraved, silk cord and pencils; and we arrived at 8:30, not at 10, in order to enjoy the evening frolic. Grand march with men in white kid gloves; and, as I recall it, nearly all the girls' dresses had a sleeve or two in them. It was while I was at Oregon that the monocle came into use—and disuse—also the silk bow tie in lieu of pique, and the black braid came to adorn the outer seam of the full dress trouser legs. I called on nearly every embalmer in Eugene to get enough black braid to fix me up.

Oregon dances broke up at 12 to the tune of "Home Sweet Home", and after the unengaged maids had been left on their door step, the men gathered at their respective fire-sides and settled all differences as to "class"—and there were a lot of charming women at Oregon then. Later the debaters were joined by the engaged men, and waffles at the downtown joint were partaken of. Or a serenade was arranged which was rendered to all the sororities who would be respectful enough to stay awake and applaud.

Speaking of Oregon women: Do the men still refer to calling on the ladies as "pigging"? In California the girls speak of "expecting a suitor" and Stanford men announce that they're going "queening".

"Hello" was a great word when I trod the campus. We said it to everyone. And due to the traditional training, we said it and conveyed real cordiality with it. Knowing everyone on the campus, at least well enough to speak to, is the redeeming advantage of a small college. It insures good spirit: team work, thoughtfulness. And Oregon was strong for tradition. Each upper classman led his under mates as he had been led. Seldom did men in classes ten years apart find things entirely uncommon, due to the spirit which was conveyed and re-conveyed from man to man. It was for the sake of the University that men adhered to rule or forced a classmate to get into step if he were out. Studying Oregon's past traditions, her ideals, her codes, can materially help the oncoming class. Basically, Oregon was right. It built real men and true women. In fact they built each other. If that trait of passing on the experiences and precedents has survived the war and the interruptions which befell all institutions of learning, Oregon will look the same to me on my return as it did when I left.

Since being in business I've often been placed in an embarrassing position for having shaken some fellow's hand too heartily. Small as I am, I learned the "shake" at Oregon. In keeping with Oregon cordiality, the school has been classified in my mind as the world's foremost handshaking college. Everybody "shook" every place—going away, coming back, before breakfast, on the campus, down town. Even the girls gripped hands as aptly as the men, a fact which is confirmed by having sensed that Oregon grasp when meeting an Oregon girl of my day on Market Street only last week. And that cordiality is great. It makes a college big. It holds alumni together, builds ties that last.

You asked for a "view point" and I have waxed reminiscent. I've demonstrated that simple things made Oregon a most wondrous place to me. Working, talking, dancing. Law and spirit. Isn't that a fair code? Isn't the center road the safest? I feel that extremists will ultimately see the point. If Oregon has wandered, tradition and spirit will bring her back. Fact is, it's up to you and me and all of us so-called old-timers to hold the mould. It's up to seniors and juniors to weigh their responsibilities and guide their steps to paths their successors must follow.

## Are You Among the Cultured?

**T**HE EMBARRASSMENT of having to admit it has no record of former students at the University causes the alumni office to continue printing the names of ex-students, listing them by counties. The hope, of course, is to draw corrections and additions.

In the following lists (Clackamas and Clatsop county), a "v" before a name means that a recent verification has been received and that the office feels confident of the rightness of the address.

### UNIVERSITY OF OREGON ALUMNI IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY

BORING		CANBY
Dorcas Hedin, R. F. D 1	vMaude A. MacDonald, Route 3,	vRoyce Brown, 1733 Belmont Ave.
Box 91	vWallace R. Tilford	vLucile Cogswell
		vMrs. Mary A. Criteser
		vDr. H. A. Dedman
		Myrtle King
		vEmily Bell Spulak
		vHelen A. Spulak
BULL RUN		
vEugene Norton		

(Continued on page 33)



# MEDICAL SCHOOL NEWS

DEPARTMENT BY JOY GROSS, '18



## Graduate Instruction Developing in the Medical School

**G**RADUATE instruction in the medical school has been offered for several years. Up to the present time it has consisted almost entirely of advanced work and research in the medical sciences as represented by the laboratory departments. Many members of the clinical faculty, however, have carried on research individually, in their respective fields. With the better clinical advantages which are developing in connection with the medical school, such research will be facilitated, and with this will come a strong demand for instruction of graduate grade in the clinical branches. An opportunity for properly qualified medical graduates to carry on original investigation in the clinical laboratory will undoubtedly be sought.

Graduate study in the laboratory sciences has been conducted with the aim of giving the student an opportunity to achieve a certain degree of mastery of the subject of his major department. For the degree of Master of Arts or Master of Science, which are the only advanced degrees so far conferred on graduate students from the medical school, a thesis based upon original research has been required, in addition to requirements regarding proper completion of a certain amount of work in major and minor subjects. It is the intention to carry on the graduate work at the medical school in conformity with the spirit of the high standards established by the graduate council of the University. To this end a committee on graduate study has been appointed, whose duty it is to organize and correlate the work of this type, and to keep in touch with the graduate council of the University.

This year ten students are registered for graduate study in the medical sciences, most of whom expect to complete the requirements for the master's degree. Some already have this degree and are working toward the doctorate of philosophy.



*This is the way Martin Howard, '22, looks now, as a student in the medical school. In 1921 Mart was captain of the football team, rounding out three valuable years as a Varsity end.*

The candidates presented for examination have been exceedingly well qualified in their fields of study, and have been a credit to the institution. The medical school faculty aims primarily to inculcate a spirit of real scholarship in connection with this work, and to lay broad foundations upon which an ever nobler edifice of scientific medicine may be reared.

## New Roadway Will Make Medical School Easily Accessible

**O**LD grads and busy doctors, now scattered over Oregon and the whole United States, in fact everyone who has ever climbed or been propelled up the steep, sharp curves of Marquam Road, will be interested in the passing of that old, historical thoroughfare. With it will go the last hope of those pessimistic as to the realization of Dr. K. A. J. MacKenzie's dream of a great medical center overlooking the city of Portland.

The Multnomah County budget for 1924 carries an appropriation for an improved roadway leading from Sixth Street to the County Hospital and the Medical School, and already the old road and the hillside are bedecked with surveyors' stakes carrying mysterious markings. A short stretch of the old road may be regraded, widened and incorporated into the new survey, which is to carry a maximum grade of at least one-third less than the old one.

With this improvement, Marquam Hill will take its position as a leading show place for tourists and visitors. No other route leads so quickly to a sweeping panorama of Portland business and residential districts with all the mountain peaks

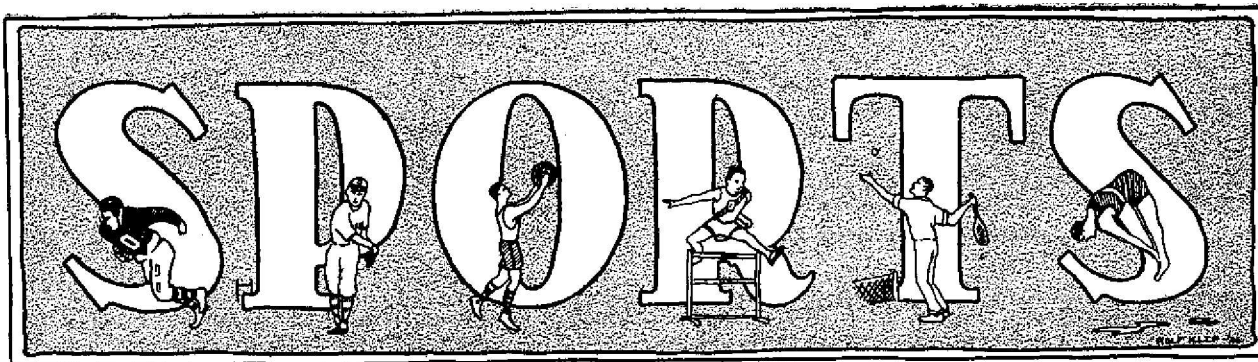
*(Continued on page 24)*

*Thirty years of cooperation*

We Never Close

**F**OR thirty years the ready cooperation and willingness of our organization, coupled with the skill and experience of our trained prescription force have won for us the confidence of the medical fraternity.

**Frank Nau**  
**Prescription Druggist**  
 SIXTH AND ALDER STS.  
 Portland — Oregon



EDITED BY WEBSTER A. JONES  
(Copy closes 10 days before Publication.)

## Basketball Season to February 25 Reviewed In Detail

### Idaho Defeat Shakes Lemon Yellow Chances

Oregon's basketball hopes took a decided slump with the defeat of the lemon yellow by the Idaho team at Eugene, February 23. Up to that time the Oregon quintet was going in fine style and showed promise of keeping its place at the top of the list in the northern division of the Pacific Coast conference. A vital factor in the defeat of the Oregon team was the loss of Earl Shafer, who with his three years of basketball experience was one of the main stays of the team. The day before the game he was operated on for appendicitis and was unable to play. He will be out for the season.

The team left on the second northern trip after the Idaho game to play Washington State College and Washington. These two games north will decide the fate of the aggregation. Honors now rest among Oregon, Washington and O. A. C. Washington is one of the strongest bidders and although the Oregon team has defeated them once in the early part of the season they have shown up wonderfully well since then and now they occupy the top of the list. Washington State, second opponent of the varsity north, is practically out of the running for any conference position but they might prove a stumbling block. Oregon has defeated them.

#### Last Game with Aggies March 1

The last game with the Aggies is on March 1. The Aggies are out and fighting for a place at the top of the ladder. They are second in conference standing. They have been bowling over conference teams with clock-like regularity and should finish well up. The three remaining games will definitely decide Oregon's place but the team must win all three of the games in order to be first in the conference standing. The defeat by Idaho does not finally eliminate the varsity but it makes a lot of hard going for them.

Coach Bill Reinhart had a difficult time selecting the best scoring combination out of the group of fast, experienced

men he had out at the beginning of the season. Perhaps the biggest find of the year was in Ted Gillenwaters. At the start of the season Ted sat on the bench and it looked like he would sit there for the biggest part of the season, since the rest of the second strong men were getting the call. He was placed in as guard in the second half of the Washington game and he showed so much speed and fight that he has been playing as regular guard in every game since then. He takes Chapman's place like an old hand.

#### Gillenwaters Proves Find

Chappie was out of the majority of the contests because of an injured leg. However the combination of Shafer and Gillenwaters as guards makes Oregon's defense one of the distinguishing features of the team. Gillenwaters has fight and he sticks to his man like a leech so that very seldom in any game has his man been able to score noticeably. This is his first year but he works into the combination smoothly. He will be back next year as one of the three regulars.

Howard Hobson is another player who at first groomed for a guard position but in the first conference games and the pre-season games he showed up so well as a forward that he has been playing that place in every game. He has accounted for himself by being near the top in the number of points scored in every game. He played on the Frosh team last year and this experience has made him one of the most reliable players on the team. Hobson plays a hard game and has an abundance of fight.

Big "Hunk" Latham is living up to his reputation by being high point man in almost two-thirds of the games. He is the big gun of the team and it is around him that the defensive and offensive is played. His height gives him the tip-off on the other centers of the conference and his experience makes him the pivot of the whole team. He has been guarded especially hard all season and has been regarded as the most formidable player on the team. But in spite of this he has been either high point man or runner up for high point honors in almost every game played this season. Hunk is playing the same brand of ball that gave him

the position of center on the mythical All-Pacific coast team.

Russ Gowans has come back stronger than ever this year and with a lot more fight and experience. His game has been consistent—not flashy at times and rotten at other times. However he has accounted for his share of the points. Russ is an accurate shot besides his fast floor work. His position at forward is a cog in the machine that would upset the whole offensive work of the team if it were missing.

#### Shafer's Loss Felt Keenly

Earl Shafer, playing his third year for the varsity, was unable to play in the Idaho game because of his illness. Shafer is perhaps the surest shot on the team and what he lacks in size he makes up in speed. Although he has had to guard some of the strongest players of the conference they have escaped with a few points or none. He works equally as well on the offensive as on the defense. It is his favorite trick to jump through the air to catch a tip off and slip under the basket for points. He is one of the old combination of last year, and his position cannot be filled by any of the other men. His absence from the team is liable to shatter the prospects for the championship.

Hal Chapman played in all the pre-conference games but just before the first big game he hurt his leg—the one that he had injured during the football season, and he had been unable to play since. But with his knee encased in bandages he re-entered the team in the Idaho game and played a full game at guard. His absence has noticeably slowed him up and he was not playing like the Chapman of the first part of the season. His leg bothers him. Because of the absence of Shafer, he will play in all the games on the northern trip and the Aggie game.

#### Chappie King Developing

Among the second string men who have been getting the call regularly is Chappie King of the Frosh squad two years ago. He alternated with Hobson in the first games. Charlie Jost is the best alternate for the guard or center positions—his height makes him an ideal player for

them but he is not as finished as either of the regulars.

Haddon Rockhey, a letterman in basketball, was going in regularly until he injured his ankle in the middle of the season. He is back in the harness again and will, no doubt, get in some of the games on the northern trip.

Coach Reinhart has developed a defense in the Oregon team that has been the stumbling block of the conference fives. The five-man defense spreads out under the opponents' basket and checks so well that they have to work to break through it. The defense of the Oregon team has progressed farther than the offense—it has been the strong part of the team. It has either kept the opposition guessing or has completely broken up their attack.

### Conference Games Net Large Per Cent of Victories

In the first conference contest with the University of Washington, February 5 at Eugene, the Oregon team came off with the victory by the narrow margin of one point—the final score being 29 to 28. It was a thrilling starter for the conference schedule. For the entire game the score alternated between the Oregon team and the visitors, but within the last few seconds of play a Washington player was given two free throws on a foul with the score standing 29 to 28 in Oregon's favor. It was a tense moment, but the ball rolled harmlessly over the rim of the basket two times.

Results first began to look doubtful when the Husky team rolled up a two

point lead in the second half. Then Hobson bumped into his opponent and had to be taken out of the game. Thus with the score fluctuating between the two teams, both played with all the speed that they could muster. It was in this game that Gillenwaters showed up so well. Frayne of the Washington team was high point man with 13, and Latham was runner up with 12 counters.

In the first of the two-game series with O. A. C. at Eugene, February 8, the Oregon team came out on top 25 to 20. The Aggie spread formation and waiting offensive was of no avail against the close checking of the Oregon team. The five-man defense worked to perfection and was as easily turned into an offensive that worked the ball down the floor and through the Aggie guards for points many times. Every man on the team was going strong,—playing real basketball all the time. Gillenwaters was taking Chapman's place very efficiently. At the end of the first half the score stood 11 all and the game was to be had by either team for the taking.

#### Oregon 25; O. A. C. 20

In the second half the score went back and forth between the two—neither gaining a very large lead until Latham converted a couple of fouls and in the last few seconds chalked up two more points which ended the game 25 to 20. Gill, O. A. C. forward, was high point man with 10 while Gowans was runner up with 9.

The second Aggie-Oregon game the following night was practically a repetition of the first with the final score being 27 to 20. The lemon yellow quintet at no time in the game was in serious

danger of losing. The spread formation of the Beavers was as useless as on the previous night for the five-man defense of the Oregon team kept them out of scoring distance. Both teams checked efficiently. Latham took the offensive for the Oregon team and Gill managed the Beavers. Oregon obtained a safe lead in the early part of the game and raised it to 17 to 8 at the end of the half. In the second half the visitors could not come with in striking distance. Shafer starred in the game by being high point man with 9 counters. Besides this he had to guard Gill, the strong man on the Aggie team.

The first defeat of the Oregon quintet was on February 13 at Moscow when the University of Idaho took them into camp by the score of 30 to 24. The varsity was unaccustomed to the small basketball floor. The game was hard fought but the tricky fast passing Vandal aggregation was too much for the Webfooters. In spite of this defeat the Oregon team rested at the top of the conference.

#### Rallies From Idaho Loss

The varsity came back on February 15 and took the measure of the Washington State College team at Pullman by the score of 38 to 31. Several times the losers came within one point of tying the score, but the Oregon team drew away each time and maintained their lead. At the end of the first half the score stood 24 to 18 in Oregon's favor. The Cougars took the lead in the first part of the game but were unable to hold it. Long shots by Latham and Hobson made their defense useless. This game placed Oregon on the top rung of the conference ladder and practically eliminated



Bill Reinhart's basketball squad which, while not a champion, has been giving other-teams something to think about. In the center is big Hunk Latham, who fills the tip-off position so capably. The two end men are Earl Shafer (left), speed boy of the 1924 team, and "Chappie" King (right), who has been a capable sub at forward. Next to Shafer is Hobson. "Hobby" in his first year on the Varsity gives promise of big things for next season. Next to "Chappie" is Ted Gillenwater, who has been a life-saver at guard when Hal Chapman, watchdog of the Oregon basket was injured. Between Hunk and Hobby stands Jost, who does a good job at guard when called on to fill in. On the other side of Latham stands Russ Gowans, whose floor work and eye for the basket have been helpful in the big games.

the Cougars from any hope for the championship. Hunk Latham distinguished himself, being high point man with 11. The game was featured by roughness and sensational long shots.

The varsity triumphed over Whitman college at Walla Walla, February 16, by the score of 51 to 18. The game was slow and marred by roughness. The Oregon combination was specializing in long shots in the first part of the game and Whitman was able to pile up a lead in the first seven or eight minutes. However it was soon broken and at the end of the first half Oregon led with the score of 27 to 16. Hunk Latham again was high point man of the game with 18 points.

#### Second Idaho Defeat

February 22, Oregon again defeated Whitman by the lopsided score of 41 to 15. The varsity was noticeably superior to the visitors and easily piled up points, even in the absence of Shafer. Rockhey took Shafer's place as guard. Latham was high point man with a total of 24 points.

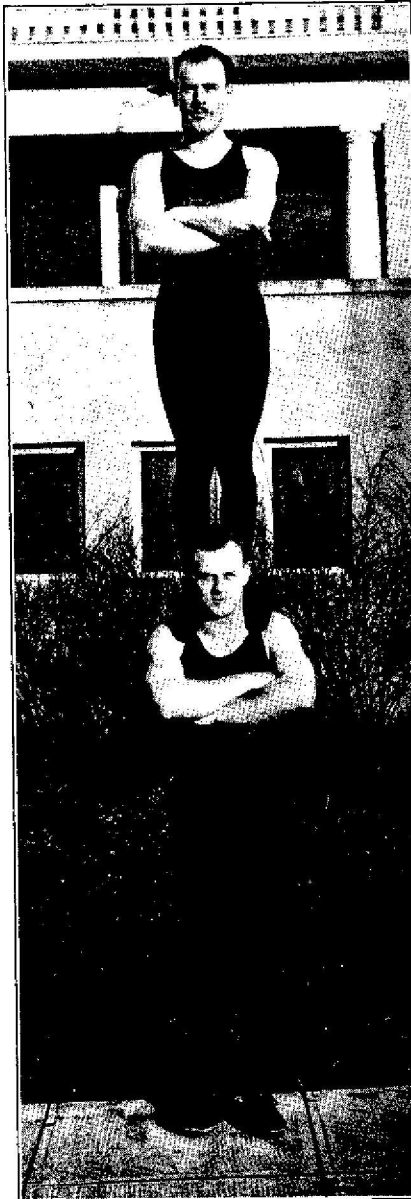
The second defeat of the season and the one that tumbled Oregon off the top of the list in conference standing was the 27 to 25 defeat that Idaho handed the varsity February 23 in Eugene. The two teams were evenly matched but with vastly different styles of play. They fought for 40 minutes with a tie score and an over time period was necessary to decide the score. It was undoubtedly the strongest team that Oregon has encountered on her own floor.

The shifting offense of the Vandals was effective and several times went through the Oregon guards for points. Their defense was working as well. The score see-sawed between the two teams and at the end of the first half it was tied. In the second half the Vandals took the lead, but a spurt of the Oregon team reduced that and the score stood 25 to 24 in Oregon's favor. A free throw by an Idaho forward tied the score and the two teams struggled for three minutes until the final whistle without a score. In the extra period an Idaho player slipped through the Oregon guards and scored the winning two points. Latham and Gowans tied for high point honors with 9 each. Chapman took Shafer's place at guard but he was noticeably slowed up by his leg. Shafer's absence was felt badly.

### Practice Season Shows Victories

In the initial game of the season the varsity defeated Pacific University, January 10 by the score of 44 to 14 at Eugene. The varsity was never in any danger except for the first 5 minutes. For five minutes the teams played without either making a score. Then a Pacific player looped a basket and things began to look doubtful for Oregon. However the Oregon team began to find the basket and at the close of the half the score was 20 to 7. The visitors played clean, fast, basketball but the varsity, in spite of lack of practice, was too much for them. Hobson was high point man of the game with 10 points.

Williamette University fell before the varsity by the score of 47 to 13 in the second game of the season on January 12,



One of the surprises of College Night, during the high school editors' and officers' conference, was the finished tumbling work put on by students in the school of physical education. Above are MacMillean McLean and Cecil Thomas, McLean being the most above of the two. Besides the cleverness of their work, these two men disclosed a stage presence that should do them professional credit.

at Eugene. The Bearcats started out with a great deal of speed and soon had brought the score up to within one point of the Oregon team. Their closeness was soon broken, for the Oregon five started the offensive down the floor like a steam roller. The passing of the Oregon team was beginning to show itself and the defense was becoming stronger. Earl Shafer starred with his wonderful defensive work and his accurate shooting. Hunk Latham was high point man with 18 counters.

North Pacific Dental college was the next aggregation to take the count by a

score of 62 to 24 on January 18, at Eugene. Oregon's team composed of the combination of Hobson, Gowans, forwards; Latham, center; Chapman and Shafer, guards had made 35 points in the first half of the game to 12 for the tooth pullers. Coach Reinhart sent in several second string men who kept up the scoring for the rest of the game. Hunk Latham was again high point man with 21 counters.

In the second of the two game series with the North Pacific team the Oregon squad came out on top with a score of 57 to 22. Reinhart used the same combination as the previous night and in order to give the men experience sent in Jost and King. The five-man defense was in action so much that the visitors were unable to shoot with any degree of accuracy at all. Hunk Latham copped high point honors with 19 points.

In a return game with Pacific University on January 25 at Forest Grove the Oregon team rolled up a score of 41 to 18. Hunk Latham was not playing his usual game of basketball. For the first period the Badgers held the Oregon team down to a very small lead by close defensive work. At the end of the first half the score stood 12 to 6. In the second period the lemon yellow team turned the tables. Hobson was high point man with 19 markers.

Oregon wound up her practice season by defeating the North Pacific Dental college, January 26, for the third time, by the lopsided score of 33 to 10. The game was featured by its roughness and was considerably slowed up by this. The Dentists never rallied enough to take advantage of the poor shooting of the Oregon team. Latham again grabbed off the high point honors with 11 points.

### Swimming Team Loses to Multnomah

The varsity swimming team lost the first meet of the season to Multnomah club, February 23, by the score of 23 to 43. The visitors took every event, with the exception of the dive, by a safe margin. The feature of the meet was the speed swimming of Peterson of the Multnomah club team. He broke the state record formerly held by Norman Ross for the 100 yard dash, which he swam in 1:00 4-5 beating the time of 1:01 held by the clubman.

Peterson was also high point man of the meet—annexing 11 1-4 points with first in the 100-yard dash, first in the 40-yard dash and a member of the winning relay team. Horsfall was the high point man on the Oregon team taking first in the dive and second in the 220.

Louis (Happy) Kuehn, amateur champion fancy diver of the world, entertained the crowd by a series of fancy dives on the three foot diving board. He is used to diving on a ten foot board and was unable to show his best. However he had the packed house up on their toes by his perfect form.

The results:

40-yard dash—Peterson (M), Burke (M), McCabe (O); time, 20 4-5 seconds.

100-yard backstroke—Bushnell (M), Ringle (M), Yorán (O); time, 1:17 4-5.

100-yard breaststroke—Egan (M), Sinclair (O); time, 1:18 2-5.

220-yard dash—Boggs (M), Horsfall (O); time, 2:40.

100-yard dash—Peterson (M), Burke (M), Palmer (O); time, 1:00 4-5 (state record).

Plunge—Wiswall (O), Samuels (O), Bushnell (M); distance, 57 feet.

Diving—Horsfall (O), Kalunki (M), McCabe (O).

Relay—The Multnomah club team composed of Farrel, Boggs, Burke and Peterson beat the Oregon team composed of Herron, McCabe, Horsfall and Palmer; time, 1:26.

The Oregon team will go up against some of the strongest swimmers of the state in the all state meet to be held in Corvallis, March 8. The season will be closed with a couple of dual meets with O. A. C. March 1 the team goes to Portland for a return meet with Multnomah club.

Coach Rudolph Fahl has been drilling his men in the pool in the Women's gymnasium for the last month, and he has some very promising material. Practically all of it is new. Fahl has had to develop a diver, and Horsfall has been showing up fine.

In order to stimulate interest there have been several meets between the varsity swimmers and the Frosh team. Don Parks, who is coaching the Frosh, has a likely lot of men out. The team lost its first meet, which was with a professional team. It is uncertain what they will do against a college team. Much interest has been aroused in swimming since it has become a letter sport.

The members of the Varsity swimming team who have been turning out regularly are: Lyle Palmer, George Horsfall, Bob McCabe, York Herron, Al Sinclair, Robert Gardner, Calvin Yoran, Henry Wiswall, Hymen Samuels, Lowell Angel and Clare Heider.

### Frosh Lose One Game in Ten

Coach Dave Evans has developed one of the cleanest, fastest freshman teams that has been seen in action here for a long time. They have played ten games, including two with the Rooks, and have won them all easily and by large scores with the exception of the 30 to 26 defeat that the team suffered at the hands of Ashland high school on their trip south.

On this trip the Frosh played three high school teams, Roseburg, Medford and Ashland. They went into a hole when they let the Ashland quintet take the long end of the score, for Roseburg and Medford had both defeated Ashland. The Frosh have two stiff battles ahead of them when they tangle with the Rooks at Corvallis. The games promise to be hard fought for the Rooks are smarting from the two defeats the Frosh have already given them.

Out of the twenty-five or thirty men turning out at the beginning of the season Coach Evans reduced the squad to half that number in order to work with it better. He had a group of players that were almost on a par with each other and it was difficult to select the best scoring combination. The object that Evans had in mind was to develop the men for the varsity next year. Thus he has kept the squad large and has given them all an opportunity to play.

The squad composed of Westerman and Westergren, forwards, Flynn, center,

Kiminki and Reinhart at the guard positions has played in the majority of the games—they have been the cause of the biggest part of the formidable list of victories that the Frosh quintet has piled up. Westerman is a tricky forward whose speed is superior to most of the other forwards. He works down the floor and under the basket for points regularly. He seldom fails to make his shots. Westergren, the other forward, is fast and is characterized by his fight—he is made up of fight. Flynn, center, gets the tip-off on the other centers, and besides this he is an exceptionally accurate shot. As for the guards, Kiminki and Reinhart, they are both fast, hard fighting players.

Alternating with the first string men are Chiles and Okerberg in the forward berths. Okerberg is also sub center. Hughes and Schulte take care of the extra guard positions when called upon.

The outcome of the series of games with the Rooks looks doubtful with Westergren out of the lineup with an injured foot. Either Chiles or Okerberg will get the chance to take his place—both are good men.

The freshman team has become a short-passing team of remarkable efficiency. The value of the two extra fast forwards is shown by the fact that they have run up scores in all the games nearly twice that of their opponents.

#### The Freshmen Games

Jefferson High	22	Frosh	51
Franklin High	19	Frosh	40
Lincoln High	20	Frosh	41
Medford	20	Frosh	43
Eugene	27	Frosh	41
Rooks	15	Frosh	25
Rooks	22	Frosh	31
Roseburg	21	Frosh	34
Medford	20	Frosh	28
Ashland	30	Frosh	26

### Handball Intramural Sport

Nineteen teams entered the intramural handball tournament at the beginning of the do-nut sport near the first of the winter term. The nineteen teams were divided into four leagues. Each league played a round robin and the two highest teams in each league went into a new division called league A while the remaining losing teams were placed in a lower division or league B. The teams in league A are scheduled to play a round robin for the championship of the tournament while those in league B play straight elimination for the remaining places in the event.

Several games have been played in the upper division already and before the end of the term all will be played off. The teams in the upper division are Phi Kappa Psi, Sigma Pi Tau, Bachelordon, Oregon Club, Sigma Chi, Alpha Beta Chi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and Friendly Hall.

### Sigma Chi Wins Penthalon Third Consecutive Time

The third event on the intra-mural program to be completed was the physical ability pentathlon which was won by the Sigma Chi team. Delta Tau Delta and Phi Kappa Psi finished in second and third places respectively. This is

the third consecutive time that the Sigma Chi team has won the pentathlon.

The physical ability pentathlon consisting of the rope climb, bar vault, high jump, 200 yard run, and the 100 yard swim, was divided into two parts this year in order to run off the events with the smallest amount of time. The bar vault and swim were given one night and the other three events the night following.

Some exceptionally high scores were made in the meet. Lyle Palmer and Al Hills tied for first place with 127 points each. Bob McCabe was third with 122, Lamont Stone with 115 and Fred Harrison with 113. Eleven men finished with 100 points or over.

Three records were made. Don Woodward set a new record on the bar vault at 6 feet 10 inches. Alvin Hills made a new record in the rope climb by going up in 8.2 seconds, and Hermance ran the 200 yard indoor track in the exceptional time of 22 and one fifth seconds. The highest mark for the swim in the meet was made by Lyle Palmer at 1:11. Cleaver and Dills cleared the high jump at 5 feet 6 inches.

The house teams finished in the following order:

1	Sigma Chi	453
2	Delta Tau Delta	421
3	Phi Kappa Psi	378
4	Sigma Pi Tau	361
5	Phi Sigma Pi	357
6	Phi Gamma Delta	357
7	S. A. E.	329
8	Bachelordon	273
9	Beta Theta Pi	270
10	Kappa Delta Phi	265
11	Friendly Hall	227
12	Alpha Tau Omega	169



Dr. Fred Zeigler, '02, member of the alumni council. The doc always comes to Homecoming, his extensive practice in Portland just having to wait until he takes a notion to go back to it.



# CAMPUS NEWS



## Mathematical Society Chooses Eugene

The San Francisco section of the American Mathematical society will meet in Eugene next year. Resolutions adopted at the meeting held at Seattle at Christmas urged the changing of the name San Francisco to Pacific, in order to recognize the increasing size and importance of the colleges of the northern part of the coast.

## Visiting Scientist Uses Laboratory

Dr. Alfred Tingle, brother of Miss Lillian Tingle of the University faculty, has been offered laboratory space at the University during his stay in Eugene so that he may further develop his researches in paper pulp.

## Newman Club Sells

The Newman club, University Catholic students organization, has sold its clubhouse on Kincaid and will move into the L. G. Hulin home at 1062 Charnelton street.

## Marshfield Man Wins Annual Prize

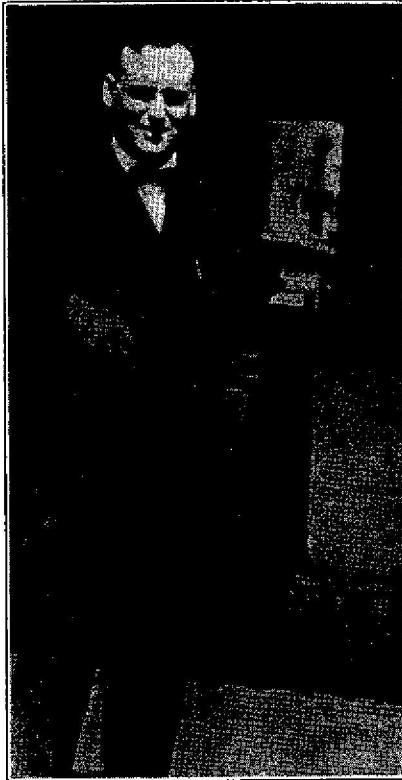
Shirley Edwards of Marshfield won the prize offered annually to the student in business administration displaying the best salesmanship in selling life insurance. First prize is \$15. Second and third prizes, \$10 and \$5, are also awarded.

## Ralph Hoeber Honored at Harvard

Ralph C. Hoeber, now in his first year in the Harvard law school, is winner of the William Cheney Brown, jr., scholarship given there. Hoeber was an assistant in the department of economics in the University last year.

## Dean Ehrmann Married

Louise Ehrmann, dean of women at Oregon from April 1918 until June 1919, while Dean Elizabeth Fox was in France, is married. Her name is now Titus. It is understood she is engaged in educational work in California.



*If it hadn't been for his wife, OLD OREGON would still be waiting at doomsday for a picture of Jimmy Johns, '12. Only once in ten years has James been led before the photographer—and there was only one very precious copy of that left. Hence, the snapshot above, taken at the fountain in front of the office building—he is with the Hartman Abstract company in Pendleton. Johns is newly elected president of the Pendleton Chamber of Commerce.*

## Rare Legal Papers Presented to Law School

Several rare old legal documents have been presented to the Oregon law school by Richard H. Thornton, former dean of the law school. The papers are English bills of conveyance of property and are dated in the years 1674, 1689, 1733 and 1749. They are hand printed on parchment and very legible.

Dr. Frank Campbell, '21, is company physician for Smith-Powers Lumber Company at Powers, Oregon.

## Chandler-Bartholomew Engagement

THE ENGAGEMENT of Lyle Bartholomew, '22, and Vivian Chandler, '21, has been announced. Bartholomew was president of the student body and otherwise prominent in student activities. He was a member of Bachelor-don and is now connected with a firm of architects in Portland.

Miss Chandler has been on the faculty of Oregon Normal School in the department of physical education since leaving Oregon. On the campus she was president of Women's league and held other student offices. She was a member of Delta Gamma. The engagement was announced at Monmouth recently.

## Literary Digest Prints Almack Poem

JOHN C. Almack, '21, formerly assistant director of the University extension division, has a poem in the Literary Digest, issue of January 5, reprinted from the Extension Monitor. The title is "The road to Miramar". Almack is now a member of the education faculty at Stanford.

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## Frances Schenk Is Landed Proprietor

FRANCES W. Schenk, '18, is owner and manager of a good looking resort place in Colorado, called Harding-in-the-Canyon, at Colorado Springs. The picture of it shows a lot of trees, and the house generally wears a tucked-away and cosy atmosphere.

## MEDICAL SCHOOL NEWS

(Continued from page 18)

towering in the background. Moreover, the County Hospital with its grounds and driveways, the Medical school building, the Doernbecher Hospital soon to be erected, as well as other hospitals sure to follow—all will constitute a magnet drawing visiting doctors and laymen up to the Portland campus of the University of Oregon.

Beta Nu of Nu Sigma entertained with an informal dance on January 12th at the new home of the fraternity at 29th and Belmont.

Dr. Albert T. Morrison, '22, is now with the U. S. Public Health Service at Port Townsend, Washington.

Word has just been received from Dr. Wilford Belknap, '22, that he has accepted an appointment and taken up his duties as assistant resident physician in the Lying-In hospital in New York City. Dr. Belknap, more familiarly known as "Peg", was the hustling little house fanager for Alpha Kappa Kappa fraternity during his senior year.



Members of the Oregon State Retail Merchants' association that met in annual session on the campus in February. L. L. Thomas of Marshfield was reelected president of the group. The association voted to accept the invitation of Dean E. C. Robbins of the school of business administration to hold its next year session on the campus again. Large numbers of students attended the meetings in Willard.

Dr. Carl Emmons, '23, who recently finished an internship at the Good Samaritan Hospital, is now in Chicago taking post graduate work with Dr. DeLee at Chicago Lying-In Hospital and Dispensary.

Dr. Mae H. Cardwell, '85, has accepted the position of Medical Adviser to Reed College and is caring for the health of the 160 co-eds of that institution.

Dr. Lillian E. Dempsey, '96, of Vallejo, California, spent the Christmas holidays in Portland and was a guest at the wedding of her niece, Miss Zilpha Dempsey, who became the bride of Mr. Walter Roberts, a business man of California.

Dr. Esther Clayton Jovejoy, '96, of New York and Europe, now world famous because of her work among the war sufferers on the continent, as head of the American Women's Hospitals, has again been honored by France and decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which is the highest decoration of the French government.

H. V. Adix, '07, is practicing at Gresham.

Dr. E. A. Sommer, '90, chief surgeon of the Portland Railway Light and Power company, was elected first vice-president of the American Association of Surgeons last month at their annual convention.

## If Women's Minds Could be Read

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# NEWS OF THE CLASSES



## Permanent Class Secretaries

- 1378—Ellen Condon McCornack, R. F. D. 1, Eugene.  
 1379—Carrie Cornelius McQuinn, 473 Simpson street, Portland.  
 1380—Edward P. Geary, 643 Holly street, Portland.  
 1381—Claiborne M. Hill, 2509 Hillegass avenue, Berkeley, Cal.  
 1382—Mary E. McCornack, 715 Lincoln street, Eugene.  
 1383—W. T. Slater, 150 Mirimar street, Portland.  
 1384—Caspar W. Sharples, Burke building, Seattle.  
 1385—Daniel W. Bass, Hotel Frye, Seattle.  
 1386—No secretary.  
 1387—Herbert S. Johnson, 164 Bay State Road, Boston.  
 1388—Mark Bailey, 1553 Grand avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.  
 1389—L. J. Davis, 555 East 40th street, North, Portland.  
 1390—Fletcher Linn, 574 Laurel street, Portland.  
 1391—J. C. Veazie, 745 Overton street, Portland.  
 1392—Frederick S. Dunn, Campus.  
 1393—Myra Norris Johnson, 1284 East 13th street, Eugene.  
 1394—Melissa E. Hill, Washington High School, Portland.  
 1395—Louise Yorán Whitton, 1262 Mill Street, Eugene.  
 1396—Edith Kerns Chambers, 1259 Hilyard street, Eugene.  
 1397—Edith Veazie Bryson, 715 16th avenue East, Eugene.  
 1398—Lillian Ackerman Carleton, 1237 Ferry street, Eugene.  
 1399—C. L. Templeton, 2501 Cascadia avenue, Seattle.  
 1400—Homer D. Angell, 514-517 Lewis building, Portland.  
 1401—Richard Shore Smith, 910 Washington street, Eugene.  
 1402—Amy M. Holmes, 792 Hancock street, Portland.  
 1403—James H. Gilbert, Campus.  
 1404—J. O. Russell, Wasco.  
 1405—A. R. Tiffany, 675 13th avenue East, Eugene.  
 1406—Camille Carroll Bovard, 236 13th avenue East, Eugene.  
 1407—Mary Rothrock Culbertson, Hood River.  
 1408—Mozelle Hair, Extension Division, Campus.  
 1409—Merle Chessman, 385 9th street, Astoria.  
 1410—Ralph Dodson, 398 East 16th street, North, Portland.  
 1411—Jessie Calkins Morgan, R. F. D., Nyssa.  
 1412—Celia V. Hager, 1366 Beech street, Eugene.  
 1413—Carlton E. Spencer, Registrar, University of Oregon, Eugene.  
 1414—F. H. Young, 420 East 46th street, North, Portland.  
 1415—Bertrand Jerard, Box 252, Pendleton.  
 1416—Beatrice Locke, The Spectator, Portland, Ore.  
 1418—James Sheehy, 413 10th street, North, Portland.  
 1417—Nicholas Jaureguy, 491 East Broadway, Portland.  
 1419—Helen McDonald, The Chronicle, Oakland, Cal.  
 1420—Dorothy Duniway, Registrar's Office, Reed College, Portland.  
 1421—Jack Benefiel, Hood River.  
 1422—Helen Carson, Hood River.  
 1423—Aulis Anderson, Tillamook.

### 1881

Harry B. Cosper, ex-81, was county treasurer of Polk county at the time of his death, which occurred a few weeks ago.

### 1889

Milton F. Davis, ex-'89, continues as superintendent of the New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.

### 1893

Mrs. Walter Florence, who was on the Oregon campus in 1889 and 1890, is employed by the government, her address being Box 23, Brentwood, Md.

### 1896

Fanny Hemenway Brumfield has gone to Coronado Beach, California to spend the remainder of the winter.

Henrietta Owen Mansfield is advertiser for the firm of H. C. Capwell & Co., Oakland, Calif., and is developing forty acres of almonds and olives in the Sacramento valley. She spent several days in Eugene on personal business in December.

Verna Millican is at home at Walterville, Oregon.

### 1898

J. J. Nicolle, who took work at the University in 1894-95, is proprietor of the Ferndale Fruit Farm, Motor Route A, Eugene.

### 1904

Ralph Shelley is in the United States Forestry service and is located in Eugene, almost within the shadow of the University itself. Mr. Shelley boasts of a neat little family of five.

Miss Lulu Currin is still teaching at Ashland high school. (Editor's note—Part of this item, as sent in by the class secretary, was much too personal, both about Miss Currin and about the alumni secretary, who used to teach school under Mr. Russell to permit publication. Charming, but kind of personal.)

J. O. Russell, secretary of his class, was on the campus in January accompanied by two of his students at Wasco high school, delegates to the annual student officers' and editors' conference. His son Elmo is editor of the high school paper at Wasco, the Purple and Gold.

### 1905

Mary A. Gray, who is teaching in Portland, can be reached at the Nob Hill apartments

### 1907

Faith Johnson, who is nursing in Portland, can be reached at 255 North 19th street.

John Penland of Albany died recently.

### 1908

Benjamin Huntington, jr., is in the drug business in Lebanon.

### 1909

H. R. Patterson, jr., is professor of logging engineering at O. A. C. His address in Corvallis is 2713 Arnold way.

R. E. (Bob) Hickson was commended in a recent newspaper article by Major R. Park, corps of engineers, United States army, under whose direction the work of keeping the Columbia river open to navigation is carried on. The article appeared in the Oregonian of December 30. After describing in detail the work of the army engineers on the river, Major Park says: "All of the field work I have described above is laid out and personally supervised by R. E. Hickson, principal assistant engineer in the second Portland district, and the efficient manner in which this work is handled for Uncle Sam is largely due to him. Mr. Hickson graduated from the University of Oregon in 1909 and soon thereafter entered the engineer department, where he has rapidly advanced to a position of great responsibility. Mr. Hickson is considered by those best qualified to judge as one of the most competent river engineers in the country, and is certainly the best qualified man in the country to solve the Columbia river problem."

### 1910

Mrs. Gordon B. Fish, who previous to last August was Kathleen Henderson, is living in Eugene, at 56 East 6th street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McCarthy (Mabel Kuykendall) are living in Portland, having owned a store on Hawthorne avenue for several years.

Mrs. Ross Robinson (Adah Allen) is in Portland this winter with her sister Mrs. Ormund Bean recovering from a serious illness.

Ben Williams has told Theodore Struck, '11, and he has told OLD OREGON that Williams has joined the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh. They met in Harrisburg.

### 1911

Melvin P. Ogden, who can be reached at Post office box 136, Venice, Calif., is employed as an organist.

Mrs. George Fetterolf is living at 2010 Spruce street, Philadelphia. In college she was Delilah C. Prosser.

Myron W. Getchell continues to be library cataloger at the University of Illinois library. His residence address is 403 South Coler, Urbana.

Lloyd O. Mayer, ex-'11, may be reached at Box 160, Route 1, Palo Alto, Calif. He was formerly in San Francisco.

D. S. Lamm is a member of the firm of Lamm and Lamm, attorneys and counselors, at Sedalia, Mo. After leaving Oregon, Mr. Lamm had a varied career, both academically and otherwise. He attended the Missouri Valley College one year and Washington University law school in St. Louis a year. His A. B. degree was obtained later at Missouri Valley College. He had three months' law work in Cambridge (England), after the war. He was first admitted to practice law in 1913, becoming a member of the firm of Lamm, Bohling and Lamm. In service he was captain with the 340th field artillery. From 1921 to 1923 he was prosecuting attorney of Pettis county, Missouri. He is referee in bankruptcy for the Central division western district of Missouri. Mr. Lamm is married and has one child.

course all the athletic paraphernalia. Last summer "Ad" swam the Columbia at Hood River, the first woman to accomplish this feat. She covered a distance of a mile and a quarter to reach the Washington side.

Walter Myers is on the faculty at the Eugene Bible University. He and Mrs. Myers can be reached at Motor Route A, Eugene.

A. C. Hampton is superintendent of city schools at La Grande.

Margaret Crim, known more widely as "Peggy," is now Mrs. R. P. Baker. Her address is 848 Clarmont Drive, Pasadena, Calif. On the campus she was a physical education major, and she taught that subject widely and with great enthusiasm up and down the coast, with a slight preference for the state of California. During the summer session of 1921 she taught at Oregon. Miss Crim had a certain well-known skill in making over small cars into "bugs," whereupon they became very attractive to her friends. The names of her creations were many and imaginative.

### 1919

Daisy Thomas Halleck is teaching at Newport.

John ("Skinny") Newton, who helped with relief work in Japan following the earthquake and fire of last September, wrote of it as follows: "Picture a catastrophe which, in the period of a very few hours, killed more persons than the Civil War and the Americans killed in the World War combined. and you have an idea of the misery and suffering. The relief work was an experience of a life time, but it will be the cause of many unpleasant recollections for those of us who had the opportunity and honor of serving."

Helen Purington Dillman reports periodically from Burns. There are few Oregon alumni in that part of the state, but in loyalty they make up for quantity.

### 1920

Jeannette H. Moss who was formerly in Waiohinu, Hawaii, is now teaching in Kohala, and may be addressed in care of Honamakan School, Kohala post office, Hawaii.

Francis Jacobberger has been coaching the North Pacific Dental college basketball quintet.

### 1921

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Elsworth have moved to Corvallis. Recently they visited in Eugene.

Spencer R. Collins has been placed in charge of an office which he has recently opened in Eugene for Whitcomb, Piepenbrink and company, an accounting firm with offices in many coast cities. Collins is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. He is a certified public accountant.

The illustrated Daily News of Los Angeles recently carried a picture of Rachel Husband, '21, graduate in geology. Her present work is with the Exposition Park museum, sorting and cataloging bones and reconstructing fossil remains of extinct birds and animals. The year following her graduation Miss Husband assisted Dr. E. L. Packard in the geology department.

Laura Rand was married February 11 in Portland to Clarence Terril of Bend. Miss Rand taught in Bend following her graduation. Mr. Terril is an attorney. In college Miss Rand was a music major and a member of Pi Beta Phi.

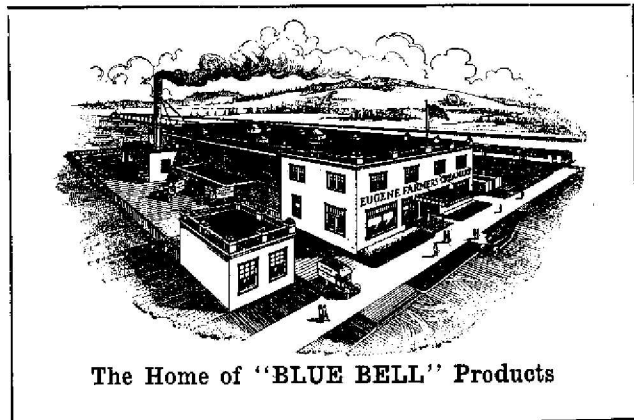
Ollie Stoltenberg Ogle writes that she has enjoyed one round of pleasure since going east, her present address being 1146 Barnum avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. After a three weeks stay in Boston she and Dr. Ogle lived in New York all a summer, Ollie attending school. Dr. Ogle is now fifty miles away, in the Brooklyn hospital, but that is much better than a whole continent away. Mrs. Ogle is a physical education secretary for the Bridgeport Y. W. C. A. and likes her work vastly.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester C. Gunther (Blanche Wilson, ex-'21) and daughter Jean are living in Montclair, N. J. Mr. Gunther is European advertising manager of the Carnation milk company.

Don J. Fecnaughty writes casually that he was married November 10 to Miss Bertha Williams of Seattle. The Fecnaughtys can be reached at 1028 6th avenue south, Seattle.

### 1922

Miss Mary Brownell, who is a registered nurse, can be reached at 303 Fitzpatrick building, Portland.



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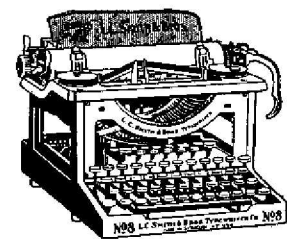
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Roxie Hall is in Portland, teaching. She can be reached in care of the Nortonia hotel.

Archie (Tiny) Shields, football star of two years ago, underwent a bone-grafting operation in Portland recently to correct an injury of football days. While playing against Idaho in 1921 he has kicked in the spine, and the bruise resulting had never healed. Bone from his leg was grafted onto a vertebra. It is expected he will have to spend three months in the hospital. George Varnell chose Shields on the all-coast eleven of 1922.

### 1923

Miss Marion G. Crowe, superintendent of the Portland visiting Nurses association, may be reached at 303 Fitzpatrick building.

Vio Powell, who was on the campus in 1921-22, is teaching dramatics in Oakland, Calif., and taking graduate work at the University of California. Miss Powell is a professional teller-of-stories, and when she tells them, in costume, to the foreign children on the streets of California cities, her audience is nearly as largely adult as it is infant. Some of her poems are included in the present number of OLD OREGON.

Leith Abbott, who is western advertising representative for the Long-Bell company, with his base of operations in the new mushroom city of Longview, is now editor of a handsome eight-page monthly called Longview Progress. It is illustrated with pen and ink drawings and photographs and is very attractively put together.

Dorothy Chausse, who spent most of the autumn in California visiting in the family of her brother, is now in Astoria. She is assisting Marion Bowen, '20, executive secretary of the Clatsop county Red Cross.

Henry C. Judd, ex-'23, recently suffered the loss by death of his father, Fred E. Judd, wool merchant of Portland. The elder Mr. Judd was formerly a banker at Pendleton. His death was due to appendicitis.

Edna Scott, who was on the campus for a year of graduate work, may be reached at 315 Eleventh street, Portland.

George H. Royer can be reached at 323 West Polk street, Portland. He was formerly at Wauna.

### 1925

Frederike Schilke is leaving the campus to take a position in Boston in the Seapine school for girls. Enroute she stopped in LaGrande to visit her parents. Her major on the campus has been music, and she was recently presented in a song recital in Alumni hall.

## THE FAMILY MAIL BOX

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.

### R. M. Elliott Finds New Work Interesting

R. M. Elliott, who did graduate work in mathematics at Oregon, and acted as an assistant in that department last year, writes from 510 Sheldon building, San Francisco: "My work here is becoming very interesting and enjoyable now. I am assigned to the carrier department. This, as you probably know, is the department in charge of the sending of a number of telephone or telegraph messages over the same circuit. By super-imposing the voice frequency currents on various higher frequency alternating currents it is possible to separate the various messages at the receiving end by means of tuned circuits very similar to radio.

"I expect to be sent north to Spokane and Walla Walla to assist in the installation of a new carrier system between Spokane and Seattle in the near future. Mrs. Elliott and Jean Lois are thriving quite well on California sunshine."

### Zahl Shows It All To His Mother

A. C. Zahl, ex-'18, writes from 1433 Warren avenue, Long Beach, Calif. "I drove north to B. C. last August and in Eugene I enjoyed lunch once more at the old Rainbow and took my mother all over the campus. It was with much sentiment and interest that I stood again gazing at the old bronze seal at the entrance to Villard. I was certainly sur-

prised at the splendid growth, the beauty of the campus, and the new buildings. I felt proud of the old school and sad to think it was my ill-fortune to be able to attend such a short time."

#### Gilles Now Camping In St. Paul

V. A. Gilles, '11, writes, "After roaming about the world for 13 years like a stray cat I have shifted my tooth brush from my suit case to a flat, accepted a steady job as geologist for the N. P. Railroad Land department, and have established a permanent address.

"I have immensely enjoyed the few copies of OLD OREGON I have received. The wider the bald spot on the top of my head gets, the more I enjoy hearing about the affairs of the friends of my youth." Mr. Gilles' present address is 368 North Lexington avenue, St. Paul.

#### Cash Can't Resist Philippine Lure

Harry L. Cash, ex-14, is teaching again in the Philippines, and may be addressed in care of the bureau of education, Manila, P. I. His present station is Dumaguete, Oriental Negros. He went by way of China this time and found it exceedingly interesting. He writes: "We were in Shanghai just after the last election and there seemed considerable difference of opinion as to the outcome of affairs. No one seemed to pay very much attention to the bandit stories, as tourists and business men continued to go inland as usual.

"Hongkong is typically British: The shops (not stores), the bank holidays, men about in their shorts, cricket, Rugby, bowls, trams instead of streetcars.

"We have a fine twenty-room concrete building with a student body of a little more than 500 in the high school and 150 in the intermediate. We are situated on a wonderful beach where we have fine swimming, and near the mountains where several people have cottages.

"Unlike most American stations, we have quite a crowd of Americans here. Aside from the few in the government school, there is a large Presbyterian Mission school, Silliman Institute with a bunch of Americans. This adds considerably to the place, and we get together quite often, especially Thanksgiving, Christmas, etc."

#### In New York Oberteuffer Talks Eugene

Del Oberteuffer, '23, writes from Columbia University (Furnald hall): "This evening for dinner I enjoyed Ned Fowler, and Peggy Gross Fowler out at their house in Brooklyn, and they gave me their copy of OLD OREGON to read coming home on the subway. I have memorized all but the ads.

"There are only a few of us here at the University. Lyle Bryson, '22, is studying journalism, and we meet on the campus every so often. Dr. Lancefield, who was at Oregon last year, is on the staff here and is very cordial. In the city there is Joe Ingram, '21, and Pauline Coad Ingram, and the addition to their household of little Joe. Joe and Plinky have done a lot of traveling since they left the campus but have finally settled here in an apartment up near Yonkers, and Joe has a position with the telephone company that is very worth while. Miller Bruhn, ex-'26, is also here in the city.

"It's great to see all those people so recently from Eugene, and the air is always filled with those sweet reminiscences about God's front yard. I'm trying to keep my head above water in Teachers College, studying Health Education with Dr. Thomas D. Wood. I am taking graduate work for the most part, leading to an M. A. I am also teaching two classes a week in Columbia college in general hygiene."

#### Doesn't Anyone Remember Mildred?

Mildred G. Brown, '17, writes from Haddonfield, N. J., where she is secretary and librarian for the Camden County library: "Here is my long overdue two dollars, lest the horrid threat of one Oregon Alumni Penny Post be put into actual practice. And now I can feel that the New Year is starting right. Please give my greetings to anyone there may still be on the campus that I know—it's been such a long time that there will not be many, I fancy."

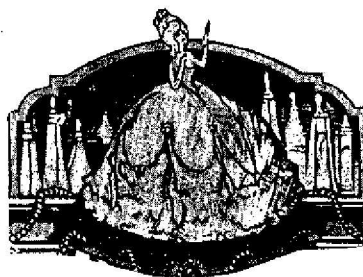
#### Nina Wiseman Has Four—But Ambitions Too

Nina Wiseman Carrier, who was on the campus in 1911-12, writes from Drewsey, Oreg.: "I have enjoyed so much the occasional copies of OLD OREGON you have sent me. When I left Oregon at the close of my first year, I fully intended to get my degree, but finances made it impossible. I studied voice for two years and began to teach in the rural schools.

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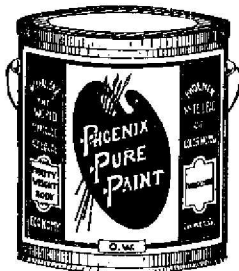
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I was married in 1914 to Robert Currier of Whitefield, N. H., a Bates college man. He had taught in Kimball Platt school at Drewsey for six years, and my job is keeping house, darning stockings and looking after the pleasure and welfare of four sturdy little kiddies, the oldest just five, and the baby five months.

"I have kept my credit cards and hope at some time to still finish my degree at Oregon."

#### Vera Derfinger Wants To See More Oregon People

Vera Derfinger Hills, '19, writes from Oakridge, Oreg.: "I have intended for three years to make myself known. I think that's long enough and I want to keep in touch from now on. I am living at Natron, and we are having the interesting experience of seeing a mere wide place in the road spring into a town in a very short season since the railroad building has been resumed. It is a beautiful location and there is plenty of fishing and hunting—when the game warden will allow.

"Mrs. Walter Allen (Nell) Southworth, ex-'22) also lives here. She was an honor student in the English department, and although she is the mother of a handsome boy, she plans to finish her course within a year or two.

"I am occupied with teaching the little high school here in winter. This country offers excellent vacation opportunities. I hope some Oregon people will take advantage of them and also look me up while here."

#### Many Oregonians in Honolulu

Elce M. Bain, ex-'15, writes from Box 594, Honolulu, T. H.: "Today, January 15, is wonderful—all the doors and windows open and summer dresses. And the football game is on. We hope to see O. A. C. come back today and win. It was a very poor game they played Christmas. We can't figure how they ever won from Oregon.

"We have had several Oregon meetings. The students we have met are Jessie Purdy, '16, a Kappa; William Bibee, a Kappa Sig; Harry Kurtz, ex-'23, a Sigma Nu; Laurel Canning Hjelte, '20, an Alpha Phi; Madaline Dallas, ex-'25, a Pi Phi; Verne Blue, '22; Helen Cake Heusner, ex-'15, a Gamma Phi; and Carolyn Cannon, '22. We saw Madaline Slotboom Emmons, '21 once on a trip over here, and it was nice to see her.

"Mr. Weatherbee of Eugene was here for a day and he had lots of news for us and we took him to a few places of interest." For several years Miss Bain was in the business office at the University—and would make a fair alumni directory all by herself.

#### Arthur Campbell Re-Enters Chorus

Arthur Campbell, '22, writes from the State University of Iowa, Iowa City:

"OLD OREGON is once more on my desk and I never receive a more welcome publication. I look forward to every copy of it.

"If I remember correctly I am the goat that started the drive for a replica of the Pioneer, and I wish once more to raise my voice in the clamor for something that we may take about with us that is characteristic of the Oregon campus. It is one of those things that a person does not have to argue himself into wanting. You want it, and that's that. That is the way I felt when I read the article about the Princeton Tiger, and I still feel that way. I am somewhat like the writer in the December number, far from the campus, and among people who think that Iowa is the West!

"I visited the Ames campus during the Christmas vacation, seeing Wanda Daggett, and Chet Adams, who probably will get his doctor's degree in the spring, but won't admit the possibility himself. Wanda came back with me, and spent the vacation visiting at the J. L. Whitman's the rest of the vacation. Wanda Daggett, J. L. and Mrs. Whitman, and myself spent one evening with the Bill Skidmores getting our last look at the old year, and a first glance at the new, while the temperature tried to see how far down the scale he could go. Yours for a Pioneer."

Rilta Hough, '19, writes from the Children's Hospital, 3700 California street, San Francisco, that she is having a very satisfactory year as an intern. The chief of staff is pleasant and the other interns congenial. Two are from Texas, two from Johns Hopkins, one from the University of Pennsylvania, one from the Women's Medical School in Philadelphia, one from Nebraska, one from Ann Arbor and one from Oregon—all women. Miss Hough's training at the Oregon medical school was as good a working basis, she thinks, as any she could have had.

From the Top of the Editor's Desk

"WHO are your most loyal alumni?" inquired a friend interested in the work of the alumni office. "Are they the ones who pay their dues?"

"Yes—no—we wouldn't like to say," we replied. But soon thereafter we took fifteen minutes out of the rush of trying to be an English teacher, trying to establish a personal relation with eight thousand alumni, trying to be a public record office, trying to edit and mail and pay the bills for OLD OREGON. With this fifteen minutes we ran our eye down the list of paid-up members of the alumni association.

Many we had loved most fondly were—missing. "They don't even read the stuff we burn upon paper with our dying breath late at night and early on Sunday," we said, facing one of our life's greatest tragedies. "And if those mortgaged to us personally don't pay their dues and read OLD OREGON," we reasoned, "why should we expect anybody else to?"

In a last rally of hope we consulted the list of student presidents who had been on the campus for Homecoming. "These," we said, "all these will be paid up—maybe years in advance."

There were eight of them. Four were in an unfinancial relation.

Just about the time Lyle F. Brown was asked for the picture that appeared in the January OLD OREGON, he decided to announce his candidacy for the republican nomination for district court judge. One event had nothing to do with the other, unless it brought it about perhaps. Brown is president of the Multnomah county alumni association.

"How avidly I consume the news about those who were in college at the same time I was," writes an alumnus. And does he contribute any of the same in his letter? Yes! Four items and one about himself getting married. Marry as often as possible, we advised him.

Eric W. Allen and one of his editing classes, so we believe, invented the name OLD OREGON. Concerning the name, Carl Stephens, editor of the Illinois Alumni News, writes us: "We always find much of interest in OLD OREGON. The name itself is a happy combination. We realize this especially because we undertook to change the name of our publication a few years ago and considered hundreds of suggestions."

With the complete renovation of the alumni lists, and the accompanying remaking of the mailing slugs, certain very faithful alumni, paid right up to the hilt in the matter of dues, have missed copies of OLD OREGON. Notification of missing copies is appreciated, especially when the letter does not imply that the secretary's office is a nest of grafters. Other persons miss OLD OREGON by reason of forsaking their home town and failing to send notification of the event.

A man who has sold thousands of school books to the University students, and whose children and grandchildren have attended Oregon, writes to thank us most sincerely for mention of a gift given by himself and his wife to the art department. "OLD OREGON and all Oregon will certainly be always dear to all my family," he writes. It smooths out the day, that "permit me to thank you most sincerely or publishing."

One girl is cleaning out the cupboards in the alumni office, unearthing a pair of auto gloves somebody without an auto lost six months ago; also great stacks of rubbish months too old to be respectable. A carpenter in the corner mails four extra shelves into the cabinet—to make it contain our still uncataloged cuts. They have been lying on the floor for two months.

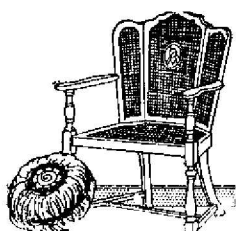
Two typewriters are going. A girl is standing up writing in mid-air trying to copy facts out of the questionnaire file—for what purpose we do not know, except that it is for somebody outside and is alleged to be respectable. Another girl stands on a box, superimposed upon a chair, and reads cards in the topmost drawer of the topmost geographical file. She has a mezzanine effect.

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**WETHERBEE  
 - POWERS**  
 EAST NINTH AND OAK



A reporter sits at our left trying to hear, above the uproar, an explanation of the new modified Dix plan.

Thus in a room approximately ten by fifteen, occupied by seven people, the alumni secretary sits trying to decide what is the most important thing to do next. OLD OREGON copy is long over due. There are between fifteen and twenty-five letters demanding immediate attention. They may get it in two or three weeks. "Let me have a reply by return mail," reads a line of the one on top of the pile. It is dated some three weeks ago.

Unable to decide, the alumni secretary begins to read the University of Toronto Monthly and strikes a paragraph urging the graduates of that institution to make more use of their secretary's office—to let it buy their tickets for University games and social functions, look up addresses for them, give information about the University, and, generally, to investigate for them anything they want investigated.

"This rubber," begins the girl who is cleaning up, "this lone rubber has been sticking out from under this desk for a month now, and it makes me nervous. I believe I'll—" a fusillade of knocks on the part of the carpenter buries her belief, and the screeching of a drawer in the mezzanine file further livens the day.

Ah for one hour in the Toronto office.

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## BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OREGON ALUMNI

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### College Days a Relief from Realism

By VIRGINIA PEARSON, '24.

"COLLEGE DAYS" by Stephen Leacock is a relief from the tension created by the very realistic and pessimistic college novels of today. The author understands colleges as well as any writer could understand this subject, and he knows how to pick out universal elements which are not only true in Upper Canada but way out here in Oregon, too.

This book is worthy of popular attention because it is written in a popular style and because it is recreational. One could not suppress the outbursts of mirth even if he cared to. It removes some of the seriousness with which we are coming more and more to regard ourselves and shows us that our very seriousness is funny. Certainly College Days does what it intends to do. Yet back of all the fun and cleverness of Mr. Leacock, there is a depth of insight and a seriousness of purpose which suffices for those who require more than just good fun in a book. (College Days, Dodd, Mead and Company, \$1.25).

### The Plastic Age

By JULIA RAYMOND, '25

TO THOSE of us that are at all interested in the growth of college fiction, the appearance of Percy Marks' The Plastic Age (Century Company) is at once challenging and reassuring. It is challenging in that it makes several serious charges against the "cream" (quoting Mr. Marks, of course) of our society; it is reassuring because it looks forward to the day when the students themselves will have found a way to clear up their difficulties.

The Plastic Age is concerned with the ideals, morals, and social life of the students of a small, privately-endowed men's college. Mr. Marks emphasizes rather well much that has been said on the college question the last few months, with the significant exception, however, that he is profoundly optimistic about the over-analyzed college-going members of the younger generation. He sees in much of their conversations about sex and religion, favorite topics of their "smut sessions" and "bull-fests," the incurable idealism of the undergraduate that looks to perfection.

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Mr. Marks has undoubtedly accumulated a mass of data on college students and his conclusions are worth listening to. His book, however, is guilty of several inexcusable vulgarities—breaches of good taste that offend even in these days of startling realism.

In spite of a certain very obvious attempt to cram his pages with modern slang, modern profanity and popular music, and in spite of several stock characters wandering through an inconsequential plot, The Plastic Age assures us that we have one friend, at least, who has made some keen observations of our problem and knows intimately our reaction to it.

### Are You Among the Cultured?

(Continued from page 17)

**CLACKAMAS**  
vElsa R. Berner  
vCora Marguerit Thomson

**ESTACADA**  
vC. Harold Cochran  
vGertrude S. Dillon  
vJoe William Erickson  
vRae Albert Erickson  
vGeorge William Harkenridge  
vHazel Lankins, Route 3  
vRaymond Frank Lovelace  
vLulu Carolyn McLaughlin  
vFrances MacMillan, Box 194  
vCharles Glen Smith

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vGladys D. Grasse, Lake Road  
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vO. P. Low (Dr.)  
vMiss Ermine L. Newcombe, Route 2, Box 177  
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vDoris E. Nash  
vMary Howe Newton, Briarwood Station  
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vPaul Pierce, R. F. D. 2  
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vMrs. Jeanie Gray Powell, "Grayhaven," Route 1  
vDonna M. Schank  
vIrva Smith  
vBessie Sharror  
vMrs. Elizabeth M. Sperr  
vOtto Stoehr, R. F. D.  
vHerman Timmer, R. F. D. 2, Box 467  
vDorothy Stryker Wissinger  
vEffie Young

vRuth Emily Young, Box 163, Route 1  
vMarcus Lincoln Youngs

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vWilliam E. Feyrer  
Isabel Zimmerman, Molalla H. S.

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vMrs. Emma K. Marshall  
vBeth Margaret Paulsen  
vOrin H. Wright

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Bess L. Gordon  
vErnest R. Harris  
vErnest August Richter  
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vR. A. Barnett, Route 6, Box 150a  
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vWallace Gaufield  
vMargaret Jane Clark  
vEdna M. Daulton  
vMrs. S. O. Dillman, 611 High St.  
vEmery C. Dye  
vMrs. J. B. Eakin, 203 Wash. St.  
vMarvin Robert Eby  
vO. D. Eby, Room 3, Andersen Building  
vThomas Deo Edwards, care of Electric Hotel  
vByron O. Garrett, Chamber of Commerce  
vJulius Goldsmith  
vMeta M. Goldsmith, Care of Julius Goldsmith  
vClinton J. Griffin, 611 Mt. Hood Street  
vPhilip Hammond  
vLloyd Ordway Harding, 511 Main Street  
vMr. and Mrs. Louis Henderson  
vEdna B. Holman, 603 Jefferson Street  
vRoswell Morris Holman, 602 Jefferson Street  
vHoward Lawrence Hull, 1108 Jackson Street  
vMildred Susanne Huntley, 916 Washington Street  
vMaud Loretta Lageson, 916 12th Street  
vE. C. Latourette, First National Bank Bldg.  
vEdna Latourette  
vMort Latourette  
vMrs. Evelyn Harding Laxton, 1006 Main Street  
vDaniel Earl Lyons, 1002 Jackson Street  
vMrs. Laura Ripley Mack  
vLawrence R. Mack, 1102 Van Buren Street  
vMary Opal Mattley, 914 7th Street  
vMrs. Hazel Hazelton Maltby, Box 173  
vFrank McAnnulty, 14th & Main Streets



Members of Delta Zeta who won for that organization both the Zeta Kappa Psi and the Tau Kappa Alpha debate cups in the recently completed do-mut series. The first cup is annually awarded to the winning women's house; the second to the winner in the final contest between men's and women's houses. Two of the women above are freshmen; two sophomores. From left to right: Dorothy Newman, Dorothy Abbott, Mary McCullough, May Helliwell.

Helena B. McCown  
vMerle S. Moore, 717 West 14th Street  
vClyde Mount  
vDr. F. R. Mount  
vDr. Guy Mount  
vDr. Hugh S. Mount, Bank of Commerce Bldg.  
vW. L. Mulvey  
vAndrew J. Naterlin, 1422 Madison Street  
vRhoda Newkirk, Box 106, Route 2  
vEmery J. Noble  
vCarlotta Pace  
vErna E. Petzold, 504 6th Street.  
vJohn Otto Pfahl, 1122 9th Street  
vAlene Philips  
vRose Marie Price  
vArne Gunderson Rae  
vHugo Rambo  
vLela Reed  
vJacob H. Rinearson  
vMr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Riseley  
vLaura M. Ross  
vCarmen Schmidli  
vLilli Schmidli  
vChristian Schubel  
vClyde Agnes Schueble, 507 Madison Street  
vRuth Schuebel, 507 Madison Street  
vGladys Shelley, R. F. D. 4  
vIrma L. Snere, 105 J. Adams Street  
vHarley C. Stevens  
vSamuel Lovejoy Stevens, 824 Center Street  
vLivy Stipp  
vCharles A. Stuart  
vG. E. Sullivan, 619 Main Street  
vCharles T. Stevers, 719 1-2 Main Street  
vGrace Tiffany, High School  
vCharles T. Tooze, 108 14th Street  
vBrenton Vedder  
vAone Louise Von der Ahe, 602 5th Street  
vK. Elizabeth Wagner  
vFred Arthur Warner  
vCordelia Wievesick, 713 Madison Street  
vKent R. Wilson, 909 5th Street

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vMary F. Huerth Hager  
vCharles Francis Lucas  
vGeorge J. Reiling  
vSister M. Alexina, Maryhurst Normal  
vDr. Albert W. Holman, R. F. D. 2  
vSister Mary Rose Alma  
vSister Mary Amelberge  
vSister Mary Antonella  
vMarion Jean Barnum, Care of P. J. Hood  
vRex M. Hopkins, Box 233  
vRuth Hopkins, Box 233, or R. F. D. 1  
vThelma Grace Hopkins, Riverwood Station, Box 233  
vSister Mary Joan, Convent of the Holy Names  
vDavid H. Leche  
vMrs. John P. O'Hara, Riverwood Station  
vVirgil E. Oliver  
vMrs. Mary Irving Patton  
vMr. & Mrs. Rosa M. Plummer  
vMr. & Mrs. Ralph Riggs Poppleton, R. F. D. 1  
vElmer D. Pouison  
vMrs. Ruth A. Connell Randall  
vRichard Thompson, Route 1, Box 278  
vMrs. Gladys T. Weadover  
vSister Frances Xavier, Convent of the Holy Names

**SANDY**  
vE. A. Collier  
vRaymond Albert Palmquist  
vMrs. Ivy Jane Vaeretti  
vAlfred Williams

**WALUGA**  
Ruth Baker

**WEST LINN**  
vMrs. Earl T. Walker

**WILSONVILLE**  
vLeah M. Wagner

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vJohn Lebeck Berger, 1222 Grand Avenue  
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vDr. Robert J. Pilkington, 619 Franklin Street  
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vMabel Powell  
vRichard G. Prael, 427 14th Street  
vGeorge Frederick Reifel  
vMrs. Birdie Wise Robison, 523 Grand  
vCharles Wm. Robison, 523 Grand  
vHelen Rose, 533 Harrison Street  
vMrs. Viola Peterson Ross, 205 Jerome  
vHelen Sandstrom, 99 Clatskanie  
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vMrs. Nelle Smith Vernon, 312 Harrison  
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vAlice Wherity, 242 6th Street  
vMelville Thomas Wire, 527 Grand  
vP. Helen Whithycombe, 523 Grand  
vAlvin F. W. Wievesick, 13 Exchange St., Biltmore Apts.  
vS. A. Wold, 303 Spexarth  
vBetsy W. Wooton, 497 16th Street  
vDorothy Wooton, 494 16th Street  
vWilliam Barker Wooton, 611 Jerome  
vSains Wuori  
vWilhelma Young  
vHoward Earl Zimmerman, 317 Kensington

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vHelen Beatrice Glanz  
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OLNEY  
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vAlice M. Sorsby

WESTPORT  
vElsie C. Conville  
vGerhard Ragnald Flood  
vDr. Edward J. Jasper  
vJohn C. Johnson  
vClarence Lewis Stoddard

## When Old Oregon Was Young

(Continued from page 6)

Until the advent of Wiley and his one-mule street car, he walked to and from his home, bringing in his pocket a little lunch that he ate at noon in his office or on the campus. Mindful of the dignity of his position and of his influence upon the youth about him, he never smoked on the campus, but chewed surreptitiously. On meeting students down town he would often hold his cigar in his hand behind him, apparently unconscious that the rising smoke floating in his wake, something like the exhaust from a modern flivver, was responsible for the sunny smile with which he was greeted.

One day George Welsh, a classmate, captured a stray



Photo by Kennel-Ellis, Eugene  
The class of '13, to which Ed Bakley, above, belongs has nearly been crowded out of the alumni council. For awhile they filled three seats and log-rolled shamelessly. But Ed still sticks. His main tent is pitched at Junction City, where he says he is an attorney. Last year, to Ed's surprise, he was elected to the legislature.

pup on the campus and some one dared him to tie it to President Johnson's office door.

He did so and, summoned by its frantic yelpings, the professor left his desk and jerked the door open with such violence as to land the pup almost in his arms. He immediately had his suspicions and the next time he met Welsh he demanded, "George, why did you tie that dog to my door?" Being taken completely by surprise, Welsh was clean bowled over, and his manifest confusion confirming the president's suspicion, an invitation to appear before the faculty closed the interview.

Before the first dormitory was built, at the close of my junior year, we lived in clubs and private families. There were few phones in the homes of Eugene, and Reams, Kubli, the McClure boys and others were connected by a telegraph system of their own installation, which gave their domiciles all the distinction of those possessing a radio outfit today.

Often groups of students met for study and there were many pleasant evenings, from time to time, and sometimes much hilarity and playing of pranks. For a semester Robe and I roomed at the Matthews home with a number of other students, of whom Stipp and Woodson were among the most studious and sedate. One night they were serenely sleeping with their hall transom wide open. Some of the others went out and got a large brindle Thomas cat from the back porch and to his tail securely taped a small tin kettle with tight-fitting lid and some pebbles inside. Then they dropped the combination over the transom of the slumbering students.

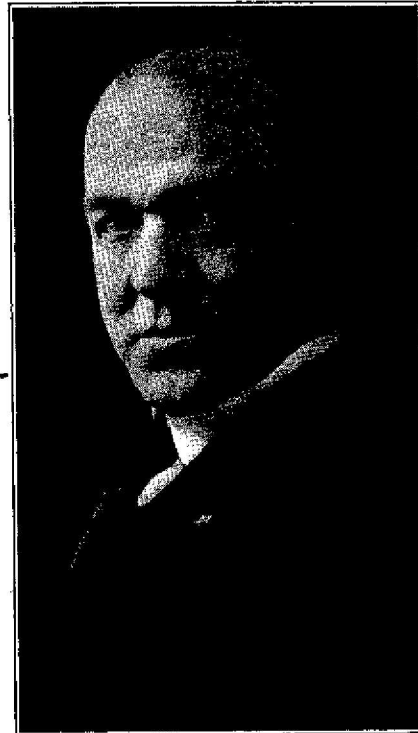
The ensuing pandemonium was everything that the joke-smiths could have desired. The next day Stipp confided to a friend that when they first woke they thought the devil himself was turned loose in their room, but when finally the din, spitting and yowling suddenly ceased, they struck a light.

When the dormitory opened in the fall of 1893, it was quickly filled. Though there was a student governing association organized, the physical director, just added to the faculty, was quartered there as a sort of guardian angel, for frequently, there were sounds of revelry by night and sometimes there was devilry, too, especially when all was as silent as King Tut's tomb.

One night a bogus telegram was delivered to the resident faculty member, asking him to meet President Chapman at the 2 a. m. train. He went on that long early morning walk, and, while he was gone, everything in his room found its way up through the scuttle in the hall ceiling, into the attic above. Then a telephone pole was braced against his door inside the room so that entrance could be gained only by a tight squeeze through the transom. Professor Weatherby was a good sport, however, and never alluded to the stacking of his room or the fool's errand upon which he had been sent.

Another occupant of the dorm came in from an evening with his best girl to find his room empty save for a hay-rake that had been assembled there. That hay rake was never re-assembled. The nearby farmer and the students who had borrowed his rake were seeking divers and sundry parts of it all the next season.

Then there was the old-cannon ball that used to be smuggled down to the furnace and heated, taken up to the top floor and then started down the stairs. If a heavily-whiskered face appeared at the bottom of the stair—well the contents of numerous wash bowls and pitchers descended like a cloudburst. If the occupant of the office rushed out to capture the thunder-producing solid shot, he was apt to drop it very suddenly. Such episodes generally marked the end of examination week.



*K. K. Kubli, '93, member of the alumni council. Incidentally Mr. Kubli intends to be next United States Senator for Oregon. He trusts that publication of his looks in OLD OREGON may tend to increase the latter's advertising and double its circulation.*

The four years that '94 spent at Oregon were years of development for the University. Intercollegiate activities were begun; the first college Y. M. C. A. convention was held at Salem in the winter of 1893, with John R. Mott and other noted leaders present, and a college Y. M. C. A. organized at Oregon. The elective system was inaugurated after the plan adopted by President Harper at Chicago and then introduced at Stanford. An athletic association was formed and work begun under a competent physical director with a better equipment of apparatus. Glen, of '94, organized men's and ladies' glee clubs and a choral union.

The first glee club concert was given in Villard Hall on December 18, 1891. In the men's club were F. S. Dunn and Hemon Robe, first tenors; F. H. Porter and Theodore Tyre, second tenors; John McClure and J. A. Laurie, first basses, and I. M. Glen and Frank Matthews, second basses.

The ladies' club consisted of May Dorris, Myra Norris, Anna Matthews and Stella Dorris, first sopranos; Cecile Dorris, Carrie Hovey and Lulu Yoran, second sopranos, and Lenna Holt, Benneta Dorris and Kate Glen, contraltos.

Glen directed several Choral union operettas and drilled the commencement choruses, also.

We residents at the dorm made the first tennis courts on the campus and staked out the field for the first football game, that of March 24, 1894.



Photo by Kennell-Ellis, Eugene  
 Mrs. L. H. Johnson (Myra Norris), '93,  
 permanent secretary for her class. With  
 only eleven living graduates to draw upon,  
 it is a little hard to say something new  
 each time, but Mrs. Johnson's space in  
 OLD OREGON is usually filled.

President Condit of Albany College had helped fit his boys by having them pitch the winter's supply of firewood into the basement of their main building. "Doc" Harris has already told the story of that first game, but I wonder if he remembers those rival yells. Yell leaders were unheard of and college yells were a new thing at Oregon, but Gen had concocted a yell for us that went like this, "U! O! U! O! Rah! O! Rah! O! Oregonensis! Rah! Rah! O."

This we deemed some humdinger until Albany unlimbered theirs, which went thus: "Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka, Bow-wow-wow! Ching-a-lacka, Ching-a-lacka, Chow, chow, chow! Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, Who are we? We're the boys from Alban-ee!"

After hearing this we were not quite so cock-sure for a while, but our team was yelled through to a memorable victory a few hours later. Never have I seen such muddy fields as some of the games were played on that season and the next fall, when I was teaching school near by and so was able to witness several of them. Never shall I forget the expressions of supreme disgust which a father who had two sons on the Oregon team gave utterance to as he watched the men wallowing in the black mud. Eventually he became quite a fan, but words well-nigh failed him at that first exhibition.

Today our boys and girls have far better early advantages in grade and high schools than most of us enjoyed.

Universities offer a much wider field of study than three decades ago. Students are not so mature when they enter college. My son will graduate four years earlier than his dad, but I doubt if any institution ever had a more studious body of young men and women or a more kindly-spirited corps of instructors than were to be found in Oregon thirty years ago. For the abounding good-will of Eugene's citizens, for the helpful, personal interest of our instructors, and for the wholesome, homelike, cultural atmosphere in which we lived during those college days, we of '94 will, I am sure, ever be deeply appreciative.

### Central and Eastern Oregon To Hear Orchestra

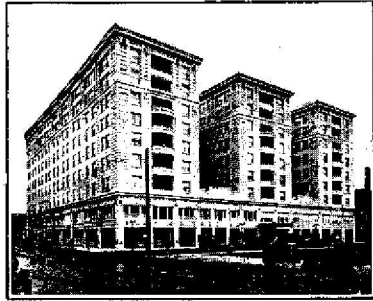
THE University orchestra will this year make its annual spring tour through a number of eastern and central Oregon towns. Under the direction of Rex Underwood of the school of music, the orchestra has been built up in the past few years from a very minor organization to one of the important student body activities. The growth is due, in the main, to the untiring efforts of the director, and to the active interest which the music students have shown in developing such an organization. The personnel numbers about thirty, all of whom possess ability and keen interest, and who play the highest grade of classic music.

The University orchestra each year makes a tour of various parts of the state, last year going to Coos bay and down the coast, and the year before going to far eastern Oregon, playing in La Grande, Baker and other towns. The purpose of the tours is to interest the high school students of the state in college activities and in attending some institution of higher learning. Of course in doing this an attempt is made to directly interest them in Oregon. For this reason, the organization plans as far as possible to travel into a different section each year.

The annual tours are taken during the spring vacation and the one this year will start Thursday, March 20. The first stop will be Thursday night in Hood River, and from there the other stops will include The Dalles, Bend, Redmond, Prineville, and Wasco. The final arrangements for the tour have all been completed, according to Lester Wade, manager of the orchestra, who just returned from an advance trip into that territory. The plan, which is followed throughout, is that of placing the concerts under the auspices of the various high schools, or in some cases, a single class in the school, and the manager reports that they all seem to be very much interested in the affair. On this trip it is also necessary to "farm" the members out among the townspeople for the night, but in most cases the Oregon alumni have taken an active part in caring for this phase of the proposition.

The members of the Orchestra have been working diligently to prepare a program of high grade, and under the leadership of Mr. Underwood some exceptionally fine numbers have been developed. The entire program, which as yet is not quite complete, will probably be the best the University orchestra has ever presented. Mr. Underwood has already worked out a number of special features which will be in the form of a surprise. Frank Jue, the Chinese tenor favorite, will accompany the orchestra as a soloist. He has prepared some special numbers for the occasion. This young singer is known by many people of the state through his broadcasting from the Oregonian radio station. He was also a soloist at the Liberty theater, Portland, last summer, after which he made a successful tour of central California.

A total of twenty-eight persons will make the trip this year, including the orchestra personnel of twenty-five, the director, the soloist and the manager. If the present plans are carried out the organization will travel in a special car. They expect to return March 27 or 28.



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