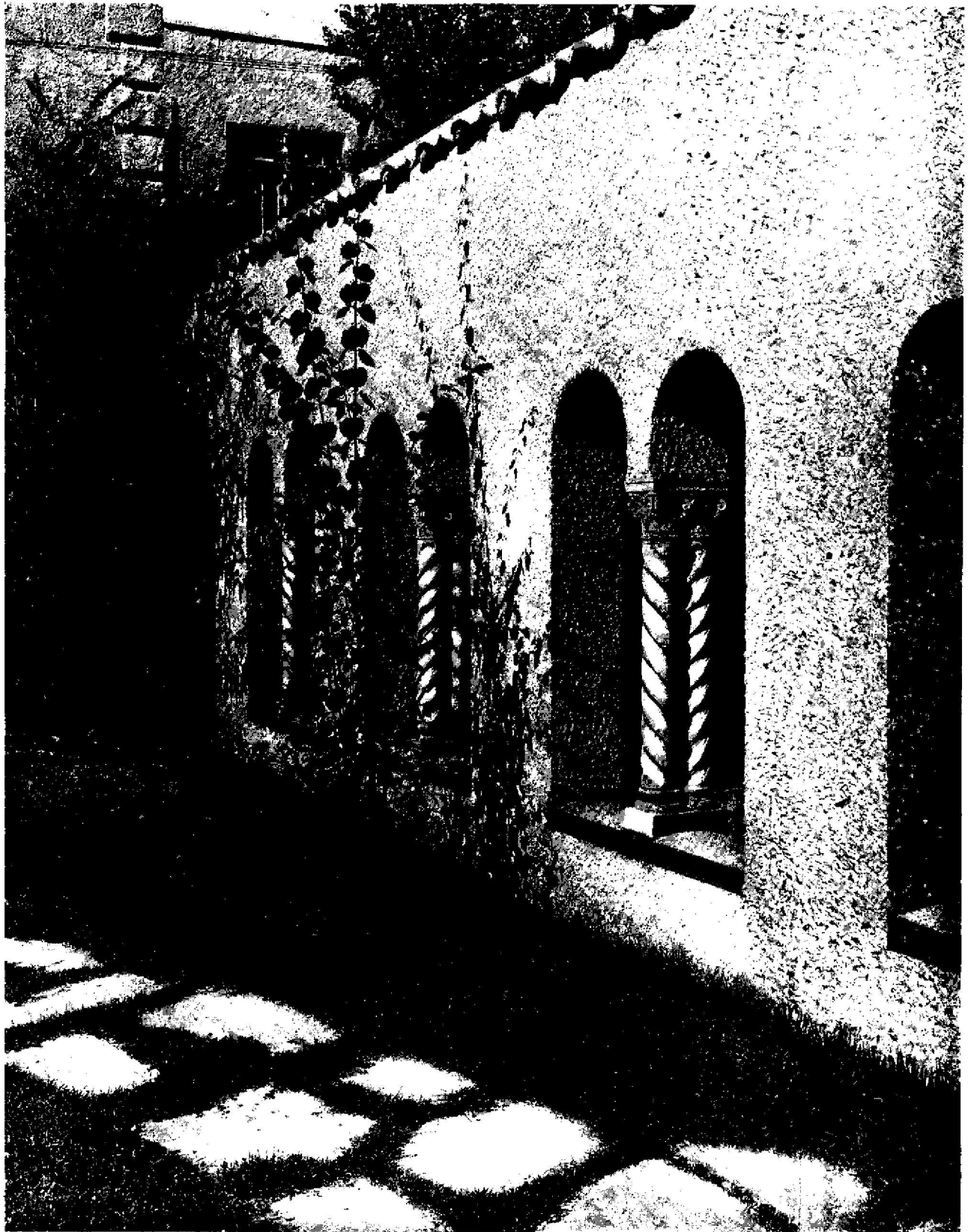


# IDAHO OREGON



Vol. XIII, No. 7

APRIL, 1931

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# "AND WHEN I AM QUITE OLD I SHALL REMEMBER ALL THIS"



Peak twinkle on and off like stars in the sky—so high. They beckon . . . So on with our dinner clothes and off to the smart Hong Kong Hotel. What a British atmosphere. Pink-cheeked girls dancing with athletic looking men. Sitting in this deep armchair I could very well be in London. But it's far more fascinating to be in Hong Kong. (He, made a date for a trip to the Peak in the morning.)

**Wednesday**—Strange conveyances in this Anglo-Chinese city. Double-decker street cars, rickshas, and shiny foreign motors. We whistle—and two sedan chairs come dashing out of shadowed alleys—very cagey looking. Like Byzantine coaches with fringe around their canopies. Higher and higher we go, past timbered English homes and peaked-roofed mansions of Chinese nabobs. Hollyhocks and devil dogs side by side. Till we reach the terrace of the Peak Hotel. And have tea and crumpets. With the map of the city 2000 feet below thrown in. The bay the color of a pearl. Schooners, junks and greyhounds from every port in the world. Over there at Kowloon docks lies our President Liner. We smoke and dream . . . and drink another cup of tea. Then down we go through Flower Street where



gardenias are so cheap they're common! Our path leads into Queen's Road, the Fifth Avenue of Hong Kong. Here East and West are one. Shop windows heaped with ivory, crystal, jade and chrysoprase . . . The air is redolent with sandalwood, fried rice and temple flowers. Tomorrow night we are to meet Mei Ling Fang. Most popular of Chinese actors. (Stage vampires in China are men!—the very idea!)

**Friday**—Never dreamed that a resort could be so enchanting as Repulse Bay—and so very, very English. The Boulevard round the Island puts Corniche Drive to shame. Tomorrow we golf at Fan Ling. 'Tis whispered that barefoot

**Tuesday**—Hong Kong. Mellow as June the year around. We land on a night made for dreaming. A stunning harbor. With thousands of craft bobbing their colored lanterns over the water. The lights of Victoria

caddies help *Mini* make a good score . . . by carrying the ball between their toes to a better lie. Ha, what a card I'll bring home!

**Sunday—midnight**—Here I am back in my downy bed on the President Lincoln. It's grand to see the world—and take your comforts with you . . . What a romantic evening this has been. A picnic on a Chinese houseboat. A lavish night of stars and a little moon. Our British host a bit gray at the temples. With a nonchalant monocle. Very distingue! His China boy cook a magician! To produce the perfect supper—from hot bouillon and salted cashews—to a deep-dish English apple pie and good Stilton cheese. All from a wicker hamper. And served by the light of swaying lanterns . . . the music of the hotel orchestra drifting out across the water. What more could one ask? On the top deck of a lazy yacht, in the silver of the moon.

**Wednesday**—Isn't it grand that we stopped over two weeks between President Liners. Spent yesterday in



Macao—that lost bit of Portugal on the coast of China. Old World churches, plazas and casinos. Faded adobe houses in the soft colors of the Riviera. Fishermen mending their nets. Like an oil painting I've seen somewhere. Of course we had to see the gambling houses. We watched the game from the balcony. And lowered our bets in little baskets on a string. Paid for tiffin out of my earnings! Now what do you think of that?

**Thursday**—Today we leave on a shiny-white steamer for four days in Canton. To see how this philosophical race has lived for 3000 years. Now, even if I haven't seen Peking, I will have at least seen the heart of Old China. Let's see—some of the thrills I shall never forget—riding in a ricksha; our first exciting day in Japan, and our last, sailing out of the Inland Sea on a full moon night; eating hors d'oeuvres in a Russian cafe in Shanghai; bargaining for treasures in Pig Alley; tea at the Willow Pattern Tea House; the crazy, glorious time we had at the "Original" party on the President Wilson. . . . There is so much to write . . . what can I say? It is simply a story book of the world and life itself.

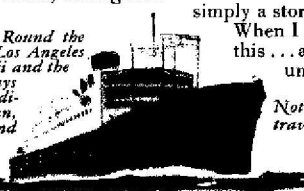
When I am quite old, I shall remember all this . . . and take it out of my memory and unfold it like a chaptered dream . . .

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Note: This is the third of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing to the nearest Passenger Office listed below.

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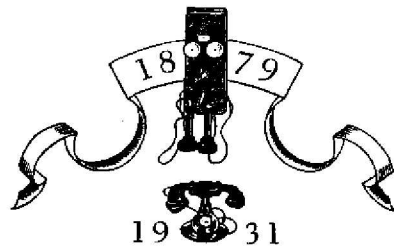
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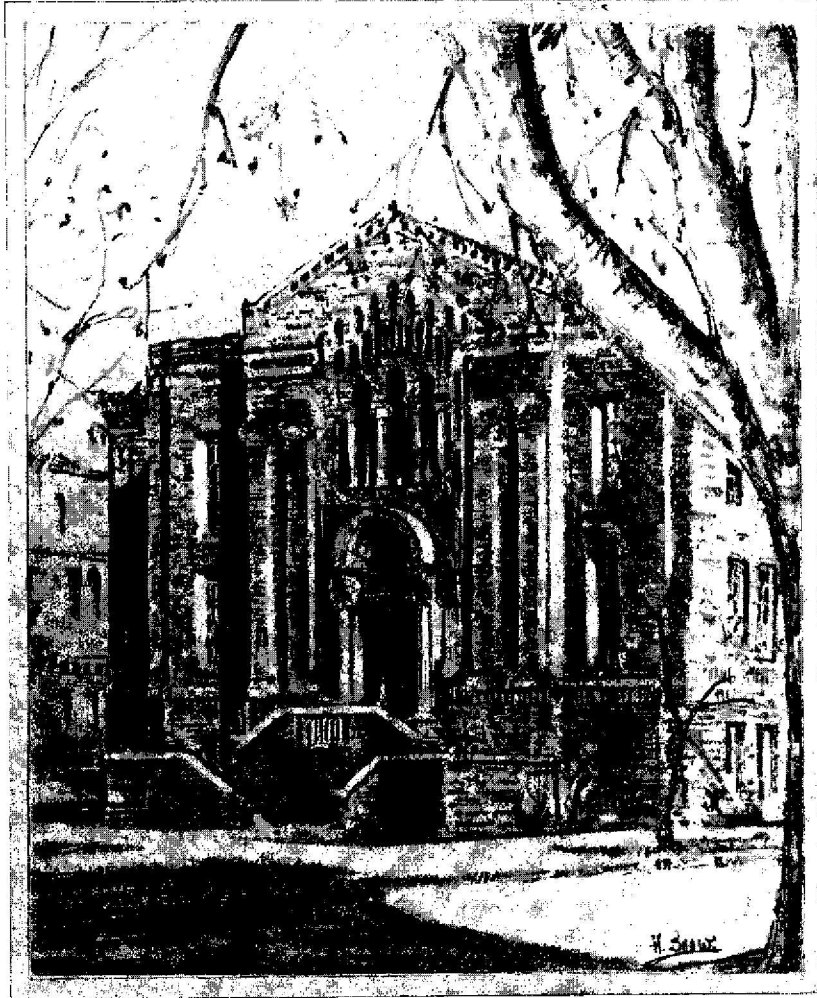
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COMMERCE HALL



# OLD OREGON



## Governor Cuts Appropriation for Higher Education ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

HIGHER education in Oregon faces a situation which to say the least is interesting. After carefully compiling a budget which the State Board and those who must work under it felt to be the very minimum, and after the legislature had passed the higher education appropriations bill with but a handful of dissenting votes, board members suddenly found their total reduced by \$500,000 as a result of a veto by Governor Meier. The governor's veto is in accordance with his economy program which he believes justified by existing business conditions.

The higher education bill as passed called for \$1,181,152, and items in it included \$251,122 for the Medical School, \$169,122 for the Doernbecher Hospital, \$157,800 for the Eastern Oregon Normal School at La Grande, \$167,700 for agricultural research work at the State College, \$70,000 for research at the University and \$70,000 for extension work.

Slashing nearly half of this fund will necessarily work hardships on all of the schools, which no doubt will be called on to share the burden equally. A ray of hope is seen in the forthcoming federal survey report, which may point out ways in which some money can be saved, but the general opinion seems to be that the Board of Higher Education should be given the chance to work these out before their funds are restricted.

News of the veto naturally caused a bit of uneasiness in University circles, but a statement to faculty and students from President Hall, pointing out in a sane and sober way the fact that the situation is not without hope, steadied the campus.

Dr. Hall's statement follows:

To the Students and Faculty of the University of Oregon:

"The recent action of the governor in vetoing a portion of the appropriation and the emergency clause attached to House Bill 408 appropriating funds for the support of higher education will unavoidably involve delays and uncertainties and shortage of revenues. This bill provides \$1,181,000 over and above the consolidated millage taxes and continuing appropriation for the support of activities under the State Board of Higher Education. While the action of the governor does not affect the millage taxes or the continuing appropriations, it does limit and tie up for a minimum period of three months the extra appropriation so necessary to continued and efficient administration of the University in all its branches. The University is now confronted with one of the many great crises that it has had to confront frequently in the past. At this time

the administration does not yet see its way through the problems of the next two years.

"As sincerely as I know how, I want to ask the students and the faculty not to be unduly alarmed. I have not given up my hope or ambition for the development of this splendid institution which I have the honor to serve and to which I have given four and a half years of the hardest toil I have ever known. A renewed spirit of cooperation is now required. A more abiding faith in the future of the University must fill our hearts. If for the time being we must bow our heads to the financial exigencies of the times, let us do so with redoubled determination that the University will triumphantly weather this storm as it has weathered other dramatic difficulties in its turbulent but heroic history.

"At the earliest possible moment the problem of working out a program in cooperation with the faculty and the State Board will be undertaken. Our greatest assets are our esprit de corps, our enthusiasm, our vision and our common loyalty and obligation to the cause of higher education. May we preserve these through the present difficulties with the full determination that these fundamental values of the University shall not be shaken by pessimism or undue alarm.

"I hope all can join me in the firm conviction that while our program may be temporarily hampered it cannot be stopped, nor our ultimate hopes thwarted. In this hour of stress the administration sincerely seeks from faculty and students alike your cooperation and your confidence."

ARNOLD BENNETT HALL.

The State Board of Higher Education made a statement a few days later, which in brief said that no action could be taken or course announced until after it had received the federal survey report. The board's statement follows:

"While the appropriations for the support of the institutions of higher learning, other than continuing appropriations, are made biennially, the budgets of the institutions are made annually for the fiscal years ending June 30. The legislative assembly of 1929, in enacting the statute which created the single board, provided that the board should have no discretion in the matter of allocation of funds, the elimination of duplication or any other changes in the operation of the institutions for the biennium ending December 31, 1930, and until the end of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931, at which time the board, using as a basis the survey report, should inaugurate its program, thereafter all moneys to be received by the several institutions, from whatever sources, were to become one general sum subject to allocation by the board.

"Because of these facts, the State Board was called upon last year to budget the work and the funds of the institutions for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931, and since its own program could not become effective until that date, it budgeted the funds on the basis of those appropriated by the legislature for the years 1929 and 1930.

"Under this budget there were certain activities for which appropriation by the Thirty-sixth Legislative Assembly was necessary if the activities are to continue, all other funds within control of the board having necessarily been budgeted for other activities up to July 1, 1931.

"The immediate effect of the non-availability of the appropriation passed by the legislature in support of these customary activities of the institutions of higher learning is to leave without any state funds whatsoever until June 5, 1931, the following activities for which the appropriations vetoed or delayed provided the following amounts:

"Medical School and Clinic, Portland, \$251,122; Doernbecher Hospital, Portland, \$169,122; Agriculture research, Corvallis, \$167,700; Eastern Oregon Normal School, La Grande, \$157,800; Extension service, Eugene, Portland and throughout the state, \$70,000; Research services, Eugene, \$70,000.

"These activities have been without any state funds since January 1, 1931. They have been carried on by the board through advancing money already budgeted for other activities in the expectation of paying back these sums to these activities as soon as the legislative appropriation became available upon the adjournment of the session, as has been customary in the past. These moneys are not now available nor will they be

available until June 5, 1931. The board now faces the problem of keeping these activities open until June 5, 1931, and of continuing their operation beyond that date on approximately one-half of the amount which they received from the state during the past biennium.

"It will be noted that in addition to the deficiency in the funds advanced for the agricultural extension service by the state of Oregon in the amount of \$24,794 there is an additional deficiency of \$62,601 which is absolutely essential if the state is to receive \$106,649 of federal money for this service which has branch offices with county agricultural agents in charge in twenty-nine counties of the state.

"While the board may be able to find funds from millage taxes and other sources with which to meet the cost of some of the activities for which the appropriation bill provided, yet it should be borne in mind that any sums so advanced now to meet the deficiency arising from the veto and delay of the appropriation must later be taken from the other activities under the control of the board during the remaining three-fourths of the biennium following July 1, 1931.

"Since the act creating the board gave the board no discretion in the matter of any reorganization plan, other than one based on the survey, no definite statement can be made now as to what would have been coordinated, consolidated or abolished had the appropriation been made immediately available. Unless the survey report when received discloses that the full amount provided in the appropriation bill can be saved during the biennium, the board will not be able, until after June 5, to tell whether or not some of the activities of the institutions can be continued."

## Cornelia Marvin Pierce Is Appointed to Board of Higher Education

THE FIRST change in personnel of the State Board of Higher Education was made on March second when the two-year term of Aubrey Watzek, Portland business man, expired, and Governor Meier appointed Cornelia Marvin Pierce of La Grande to succeed him. The Governor's appointment met the approval of the Senate necessary to make it effective.

Mrs. Pierce is peculiarly fitted for service on the board. She is an authority on matters of education and is an untiring worker. Born in Idaho, she came to Oregon in 1905. She was state librarian for twenty-three years, giving up the post in 1928 when she was married to Walter M. Pierce, ex-governor of Oregon.

Mr. Watzek has been very active on the board during his two years of service. He was for about a year temporary secretary, and as a member of the executive committee gave time to attend more than one hundred and forty meetings of the board and the executive committee. Upon his retirement from the State Board he was made a trustee of Reed College, Portland.

The State Board of Higher Education was created by act of the 1929 legislature to replace the then existing boards of regents of the state institutions of higher learning and the Board of Higher Curricula. The board took over authority July 1, 1929, but was not permitted by the bill to inaugurate any new program until January 1931. This time was allowed for the completion of a survey of the institutions and for the new directors to become familiar with the institutions and their duties.

Other members of the board, all appointed in 1929 when

the education bill was passed are: C. L. Starr, Portland, president; C. C. Colt, Portland; B. F. Irvine, Portland; E. C. Sammons, Portland; Albert Burch, Medford; E. C. Pease, The Dalles; F. E. Callister, Albany; Herman Oliver, Canyon City.

## Graduate Places Second in A. A. U. W. Award

VIRGINIA KEENEY, '27, was named alternate for the \$1,200 fellowship for advanced work and research given by the Oregon Division of the American Association of University Women. First place was awarded Kathryn Miller, a graduate of Reed College.

The Oregon Division of A. A. U. W. offered the graduate fellowship this year for the second time. When it was first offered in 1928, Beatrice Towers, '24, was named alternate, the award going to a graduate of O. S. C.

Eighteen women made application for the award. The fellowship is offered for the purpose of stimulating scholarship among the women of the state. The holder must be a woman resident of Oregon, a graduate of a standard college, and must have completed a year of graduate work or its equivalent in her chosen line of study. The fellowship must be used for one year of constructive work and not merely for the purpose of general culture.

Miss Keeney majored in the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, and after finishing the five-year course, continued her profession in Seattle and in Boston, where she is located at the present time.

# An Oration: "Eyes That See Not"

By HERBERT J. DORAN, '31

EDITOR'S NOTE—Alumni, who recall the names of many an orator who has brought honor to the University, will be pleased to know that an Oregon man has won the State Old Line Oratorical Contest which was held at Pacific University, Forest Grove, March 13. Against contestants from Oregon State College, Pacific University, Willamette University, Albany College, and Linfield College, Herbert J. Doran of Eugene placed first and won the prize of \$25. This is the third contest in the past two years in which a University speaker has won from other schools in Oregon. Last year Arthur Potwin won both the State Extempore Speaking Contest and the State Peace Contest. Mr. Doran will again represent the University of Oregon in the Pacific Forensic League contest in Seattle, April 6.

THERE is a story of a blind man, named Dikaios, who was lost in a wilderness. Nearby was a trail leading home, but with unseeing eyes, Dikaios stumbled on. The story tells us that his blindness was caused by scales which had grown over his eyes and shut out the light. These were the scales of Ignorance and Pride and Greed. At last, Dikaios came to the cave of a magician and asked that these scales might be taken from his eyes so that he might find the trail. The magician took pity on him and with the Water of Knowledge and Sympathy, he washed away the scales of Ignorance and Pride. Then he took the Lotion of Love, and as he touched it to the blind man's eyes, the scales of Greed fell away. Then it was that Dikaios saw the trail nearby and found his way from the wilderness.

It seems to me that in this myth, we may see ourselves today, a nation lost in a wilderness of economic chaos and industrial disorder; a wilderness ruled by the code of a jungle competition and haunted by the wolves of poverty and unemployment. We are the richest nation of the world, yet one worker out of seven walks the streets looking for a job. Twenty-four men have annual incomes of more than five million dollars, while half the wage earners of our land receive less than \$25.00 a week. Though an over-supply of wheat lies rotting in our elevators, men and women go hungry. A few weeks ago in Minneapolis, a great crowd surged through the streets, waving banners which read, "Your warehouses are full; our stomachs are empty." Who shall say that we are not lost in an economic wilderness when "Men starve because we have too much food, and freeze because we have too much coal"?

So like Dikaios we stumble on, searching in vain for a path from the wilderness. We, too, are blinded by scales which cover our eyes. These scales are traditional attitudes which stand in the way of our remedying the evils of our industrial system. These evils result from many complex causes, and their cure demands long study and research. Whatever may be the cure, we must first do away with these false impressions and warped attitudes. It is not my purpose tonight to point the way out of this economic wilderness. I shall endeavor only to show what are the scales which must be torn from our eyes before we may find that way.

The first is the scale of Individualism. We live in a world where no man is independent of others, but we are blinded by the attitude which says, "Every man for himself." So long as no evil directly affects you or me, we draw about us our cloak of complacency and pass by on the other side. This spirit of individualism makes of capital and labor, not partners, but enemies. The problems of a complex industrial system are not to be solved until this attitude of individualism has been replaced by the attitude of cooperation and brotherhood.

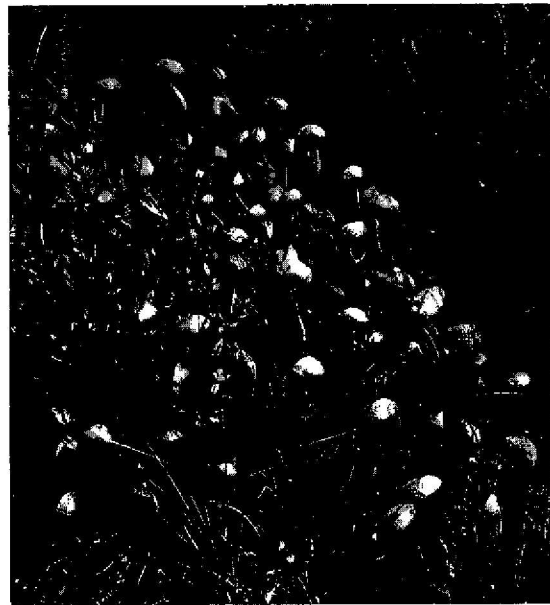
But I hear our practical-minded business man object "That is all very nice idealism, but you can't make it work

in industry." And I hear John D. Rockefeller, Jr., rise up and answer, "The only sound industrial policy is one that has just as much in mind the welfare of the workman as the making of money, and which, when human considerations demand it, subordinates profits to welfare. A spirit of cooperation and brotherhood in industry is not only idealistically right but practically workable."

And I hear William P. Haggood tell how these principles and ideals have been put to the test in the Columbia Conserve Company of Indianapolis. Here, every worker is insured against sickness and accident, pensioned in old age, and guaranteed full time employment throughout the year. For thirteen years the workers themselves have directed the policies of the company, and they have done it so efficiently that during the past year of depression and business failure, they have been able to pay themselves wages two and a half times as large as those paid by any of their competitors, and still reap a profit of thirty-nine per cent on their investment. Once we realize that cooperation is more profitable than individualism, once we are convinced that no man can prosper independently of the prosperity of others, this scale of Individualism will fall from our eyes.

Yet, if we are to find our way from the economic wilderness, in which we are lost, a second scale must fall from our eyes. It is the scale of False Values. This is the attitude that a man's success in life is to be judged by his wealth. Today, we measure a man's success, not by what he contributes to society, but by what he collects from society!

If we are to avoid the pitfalls of our present system we must renounce the belief that wealth is a badge of superiority;



FLY CATCHER PLANTS AT TEN MILE LAKE, in the Coos Bay region some twenty miles from Charleston, where the University will establish a Marine Biology Station this summer.

we must revise the educational theory which would make of every barefoot boy a little multimillionaire. We would not teach him to be less ambitious, but only change the object of his ambition so that he will seek approval for his usefulness, not for his fortune. As we learn to scorn those who rob and approve those who serve, regardless of their wealth, the scale of False Values will fall from our eyes.

The third blinding scale is Greed. It is the attitude that making a profit is more important than the welfare of the worker. Human welfare and social justice find no place on the ledger sheet of industry. Its scripture says, "Seek ye first a fortune, and all things else shall be added unto you." Its Magna Charta has made property rights more sacred than human rights. During the first half of last year, working men received \$707,000,000 less than the year before, but dividend payments were increased by \$350,000,000. In America today, forty men own more than do 50,000,000 of their fellow citizens! Blindly we stumble toward the cliff of revolution. We are not the first to have passed this way. Beside the trail lie the royal cloak and blood-stained plume of Louis XIV. At our feet are strewn the crown jewels and ermine robes of the Czars of Russia. Before us lie the chasm into which they fell. Yet we stumble on with eyes that see not, eyes blinded by the scale of Greed.

To control greed, we need not change human nature. Altruistic motives are just as deeply rooted as is selfishness. In no other sphere of our life are we ruled by greed alone. We would not abolish the old motive of wanting to provide for ourselves and our loved ones. We would merely prevent it from excluding all others. Let us create a public opinion

which will demand that human welfare be not sacrificed for private profit. Long ago we outlawed the highway robber. Though Francis Drake was knighted for being the queen's most ruthless pirate, we no longer tolerate such plunder on the sea. One step more remains. We must now outlaw the modern forms of robbers and pirates; the wolves of industry.

A few weeks ago in Washington, on one side of the street, society revelled at a \$250,000 debutante party. On the other, a long line of men stood waiting for a bowl of soup to keep them from starvation. There we have our blindness incarnate. You and I shudder at the story of a cannibal eating the flesh of his fellow man. But when a master of industry sets a \$250,000 banquet table; we bow before the dazzling splendor of that receiving line. The flash of diamonds and the gleam of precious jewels sparkle in our eyes—eyes that see not beyond the walls of wealth. Eyes that see not that phantom parade that slowly passes under the sputtering arc light. So few blocks away; that long weary procession of silent men and women, shivering and hungry,—the modern human sacrifice to the God of Industry.

It is your part and mine, as wielders of public opinion, to tear from our eyes these scales of Individualism and False Values and Greed; to do away with these false attitudes, and build in their places a spirit of cooperation, a sense of true values, and a public conscience which will demand that human welfare be not sacrificed for private gain. Until we tear from our eyes these scales, like Dikaios of old, we wander, lost in a wilderness. The promised land of justice lies just beyond waiting for the day when sight shall have come to eyes that see not. May God—and you—speed the day.

## A Tribute to Irving M. Glen

By ANTOINETTE BURDICK-OBORG, '07

**A** FEBRUARY sun is warming the earth, trying to entice the first blades of grass and shoots of flowers to peep out and see a new world. It lures me too, and the day's duties urgently demand attention.

But Memory rises before me and, with command too strong to be refused, bids me follow her. I obey. Back over the road of more than twenty years I go, to find myself once more walking the rose-bordered paths of old Oregon.

Dear old campus with its towering firs and wide-spreading oaks. Dear old Deady Hall with its four flights of stairs that must be climbed daily. With Memory still leading, I enter the Library, unpretentiously housed in one end of Friendly Hall. I pass McClure, the abode of History, with a respectful bow, nor stop at the little red brick Gymnasium, for Memory beckons on. She leads to vine-clad Villard, up its broad steps to the auditorium, seats me there and bids me wait.

As I fold my hands in mute repose, the years take wings. Divested of them, I am once more clothed with Youth. Phantom forms with familiar faces come in and sit beside me. While we chatter and laugh, a door opens and before us stands a teacher. Of medium height and erect carriage, though a bit overweight, he moves with an air of grace. The receding hair is making an already high forehead higher. The mouth is sensitive and a genial light beams from his eye.

The grace of movement is born of the music which possessed his being. He stands to sing and the full rich tones of his voice reach to our very souls. His fingers seem to draw the music from the instruments whose players he directs.

Lady Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, King Lear, live again as he verbally depicts their lives. Taking our places in the class we listen to his instruction. While exacting scholarship he mixes with book lore the principles of broad living, making a

plea for sympathetic understanding of others by his understanding of us. He knows how to rebuke without harshness, to encourage the backward, to sound a note of hope and cheer. And now, at some crude mistake of ours, his mellow laugh is heard, in which we cannot help but join. Camaraderie is here. We leave the classroom knowing that the only way to live life truly is to master detail so completely that it becomes a part unnoticed of the immensity of things.

We troop to the campus. There again we meet the man. He is never too absorbed in his own thinking to see us pass—and give us a nod of recognition. Wherever we meet him, in the street, in the market, in public gatherings, we are to him not just one of the many, we are his students, but more, we are his friends. And the worthy example follows us and helps to make life worth living.

The phantom forms have vanished. Memory releases her iron hold. I am back again with the February sun still luring to the great outdoors, and the day's work more urgently demanding attention.

The papers say Death claimed the teacher. But Death cannot rob us of the memory of him. Death cannot kill the influence which lives in the hearts of hundreds of his students. That memory, that influence will endure, enriching our lives and through us the lives about us, on and on through the years.

**I** NSTALLATION of Chi Delta, local sorority, as Alpha Gamma chapter of Beta Phi Alpha was held on March 7. Beta Phi Alpha is the nineteenth women's national on the campus, and is the only house to have its national originating on the Pacific Coast. The sorority was founded at the University of California in 1909.



# It's Up to the Ladies Now!

FOR SOME time the Circulation Manager has known that something drastic must be done. With letters, circulars, and appeals serious and humorous, the alumni have been urged to pay their alumni dues, or if you prefer to put it this way, subscribe to OLD OREGON.

And yet the mail continued to bring letters from alumni admitting that they liked OLD OREGON but *borrowed* the copy they read! Crushing thought for a Circulation Manager!

At last, in desperation, Lamar Tooze, president of the Portland alumni, was appealed to.

"How," wailed the Circulation Manager, "how can we make people pay their alumni dues!"

Lamar thought it over. Then he presented The Big Idea. The Circulation Manager beamed. The Editor cheered. Everyone congratulated everyone else. But right here we admit that the Big Idea originated with Lamar Tooze.

By next month, in the May OLD OREGON we will announce just how well it worked—and we hope that with the story we can print a picture of the Circulation Manager with a wide happy grin and a "now-I-can-go-out-and-golf" expression.

As for the Big Idea, it was just this: a subscription drive in Portland conducted by the sororities! It was promptly named the "Sorority OLD OREGON Campaign," an alumna representative from each sorority was invited to a luncheon, the plan was presented to this representative group, and with their enthusiastic acceptance rules and regulations were adopted.

"It isn't fair," decided the Circulation Manager, "to give them all this work with no reward." So a commission was decided on whereby every subscription turned in by a sorority would give the Portland alumnae chapter of that group a certain percentage of the subscription price.

In addition, two prizes have been announced. The first prize of \$15 will go to the sorority or individual turning in the greatest number of subscriptions before April 25. The second prize of \$10 will go to the sorority or individual turning in the most money for subscriptions before April 25. It was pointed out that one group might win both prizes.

In the meantime, ballots for officers of the Portland Oregon Alumni Club are being mailed from the office of the Alumni Secretary in Eugene. The ballots will go to all paid members of the Alumni Association, but a second ballot is being prepared which will be sent to all un-paid alumni in Portland. Alumni are told on this last ballot that they may vote if they pay their dues. The ballot may be sent back with a check for dues for one year (\$2), three years (\$5), or a Life Membership (\$25). Moreover, alumni may credit these mail subscriptions to any sorority they wish in the "Sorority OLD OREGON Campaign." And, of course, paid members may renew now, if they wish, and credit their renewals to one of the groups. All checks from subscribers will be posted on the alumni files one year (or three years if a five-dollar subscription) from the present expiration dates.

The interest in the election will undoubtedly be keen, according to the Alumni Secretary, for the nominees are all well-known alumni and it is anticipated that the race will be close for all three offices of president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer. The nominees are as follows:

For president, Edgar W. Smith, '09, Fred J. Ziegler, '02;

for vice-president, B. B. Beekman, '84, F. Boyce Fenton, '15, Harry A. D. Smith, '22; for secretary-treasurer, Hilda Brant Carruth, '13, Marian Neil Giger, '18, Luogene Letcher Palmer, '23.

The ballots will be counted by the Alumni Secretary and the results announced in the May issue of OLD OREGON.

As for the "Sorority OLD OREGON Campaign," it will close on April 25. On that date the Circulation Manager will compute commissions, ascertain the prize winners, and in Portland on Monday, April 27, the results will be revealed to the same group of sorority alumnae representatives who are conducting the membership campaign. "Aud," adds the Circulation Manager to this story, "we'll pay the commissions and prizes at that meeting, too."

Sororities and their representatives are as follows:

Alpha Chi Omega, Katherine Mutzig West, '28; Alpha Delta Pi, Dorothy Fitchard Segar, ex-'24; Alpha Gamma Delta, Elaine Crawford, '29; Alpha Omicron Pi, Leona Hostetter Mosher, ex-'29; Alpha Phi, Gretchen Colton Ruedy, '20; Alpha Xi Delta, Frances Beebe Fisher, '28; Beta Phi Alpha, Ruth Gough, '31; Chi Omega, Florence Hemingway Madden, ex-'20; Delta Delta Delta, Jeannette Dentler, '26; Delta Gamma, Pauline Bondurant, '25; Delta Zeta, Glenna Fisher, '27; Gamma Phi Beta, Leta Kiddle Earl, '21; Kappa Alpha Theta, Jane Campbell Krohn, '24; Kappa Kappa Gamma, Phebe Gage Hayslip, '22; Phi Mu, Alene Larimer Prairie, '26; Pi Beta Phi, Marion Mitchell Jaureguy, '22; Sigma Kappa, Lucile Larson, '30; Zeta Tau Alpha, Mary McLean, '29.

## Virgil Earl Named Dean of Men

Virgil D. Earl, a graduate of the class of 1906, and for seven years professor of physical education and director of athletics at the University, will assume the office of dean of men at the University immediately. His appointment has yet to be confirmed by the State Board of Education, which will take action upon the matter at the end of the present academic year, when Dean Hugh L. Biggs' term ends. Mr. Biggs will leave the University at the end of the year in order to go into law practice.

"Mr. Earl comes to this position with a splendid record of achievement in dealing with the type of problem with which the dean of men's office is primarily concerned," said President Arnold Bennett Hall, in announcing his appointment. Mr. Earl has been principal of the high school at Jefferson, Oregon, at Astoria, Oregon, and was an instructor and head of the mathematics department in Washington High School, Portland, for ten years, where he made a very good record. At the University he has served on the student advisory committee, which has kept him in close contact with problems that confront students here.

Speaking of the resignation of Dean Biggs, the President said, "The resignation of Dean Biggs will be regarded by everyone as a distinct loss to the University. He combined to a rare degree the enthusiasm of youth and the judgment of maturity. He fitted in with the personnel policy recently adopted at the University and won the universal respect of colleagues and students alike."

# A Room in Villard

By JULIA BURGESS

My room is made of light—  
Iridescent, sparkling, rainbow light;  
Misty, tremulous Oregon light.

My window cuts an arch upon the sky;  
The curving light pours down in waterfalls,  
In prisms waterfalls;  
Green tendrils lean o'er them in cool and free  
Virginity;  
In autumn crimson streamers toss in play—  
They play a roundelay,  
And fling their gorgeous color over me  
And cover me.

My room is vibrant light—  
Curving, tossing, prismatic light;  
Dewy, silken, Oregon light.

My room is a room of voices—  
Voices, voices,  
Remembered voices.

Vacancy is filled with sound;  
Compelling, thrilling they resound—  
Voices of youth.  
Faun-like lilt on Pan-pipe blown;  
Tremolo with overtone;  
Booming, rotund or shy—  
Light as zephyr or a sigh;  
Rockets of brilliant sound, and after  
Tumbling cataracts of laughter.

The voice of a dream girl with gold hair is of liquid music.

The voice of a tall, keen, well-set girl with a twinkle—a  
leader among her fellows—is of spiced wine of a rich  
vintage.

The voice of a shy, bird-like girl cries "O-oh!"

The voice of a roly-poly is like a burbling brook.

One voice is a humorous coquettish tremolo, and laugh of  
wicked glee—very fetching with men, and with her  
teacher.

The voice of a young poet of the nuance, reads his  
French-Canadian verses with an upward lilt that trails  
like a gossamer thread in air, and then breaks into a light  
laugh of gayment.

The voice of a suave circumflex conversationalist from  
Ashland, France, and Honolulu—persuasive and magnetic  
—strikes the "Chord of Conscience" and puts tone  
into Magazine Writing.

A Southerner's voice trickles humor and fun with ingrati-  
ating deference and politeness. With twitchin' lips he  
'lows: "'Tis amusin' that there's so little that ain't  
amusin'."

The voice of a campus cynic is booming with the joy of  
living—and writing.

The voice of a literary Hermes is rich but caustic, burst-  
ing into Bacchic quips.

The voice of blond modesty is huge masculine muscle giv-  
ing forth a zephyr of a deprecating laugh.

The vox populi of a trombone-playing "Emerald" editor  
brings echoes from a campus at white heat and a class of  
forty men debaters.

Another voice ripples in the vivacious speech of an Eng-  
lish gentlewoman.

Pleasant is the fluently murmurous voice of an Irish  
orator tossing his wild black mane.

The voice of a wise and very old youth comes from a curly  
mouth that rolls sound under its tongue, curling it into  
laughter wavier and wavier.

The musically intoning voice is heard from office adjoin-  
ing, of a Spenserian, Wordsworthian, Wellsian professor—  
a voice of cogent rotundity, within whose contemporary  
comment lurks a satirical kernel.

The voice of a lady—gentlest, sweetest, loveliest of ladies  
—young with the young, and queenly in her rule of love.

A French voice throws rockets and roman candles high in  
air and falls in dazzling cadenza.

The smooth gliding voice of an ironic esthetic professor  
pours wit and erudition, mischief and metaphysics, in one  
intermingled but uninterrupted flow.

A feminine voice is resonant as a bell, clear as a hammer  
stroke, moving as an evangelist, and snapping with epi-  
gram.

Urbanity is the note of a Chaucerian voice—the polished  
urbanity of a kindly artist in repartee and comedy  
humane.

The voice of an eager, audacious, tender hearted, stimu-  
lating poetry prize-winner rings with pride, friendship  
and challenge, as he cries:

"Six more poems placed with Harriet Monroe!"

"Here are some verses for J. B."

"Gosh! another quiz!"

"I'll go to hell before I'll take a II."

The voice of a honey-tongued young journalist, with in-  
genious guile, feeding sweets to his teacher, says:

"You know, it always seems to me as if this room were  
the heart of the University."

I sit in my room and listen to the voices.

My room is a room of faces—  
Vivid, colorful, ardent faces;  
Cool and thoughtful, studious faces,  
Remembered faces.

Sudden, without a thought, a face is here.  
What mystery compelled it to return

So strangely clear?

There is no now, or then, or time to come,

In this continuum;

And through it forms move gently to and fro

And know

Time past and present; and they sweetly wear,

Though moulded from the air,

Their well-remembered looks; and smilingly

They speak to me.

The flower face of a mystic.

A frail dryad beauty.

A Puck-like companion of kelpies, pixies and leprechauns.  
The fragile trembling person of a young poet-naturalist,  
shy as a startled deer—his long eyelashes quivering.

A nature lover drinking in beauty with beautiful eyes.

Lohengrin-Elsa in a glory of flame-colored hair.

The Poe-faced World War soldier.

A Hindu—eyes shining with the infinite.

The round and rosy countenance of Sister Benevolence.

A pert little thing like a bumble bee.

A Spanish Celtic Californian idealist.

A pure-minded Emersonian theologian.

A long-lashed young aviator with endearing ways.

The starry-eyed portrait of Jenny Lind.

The journalist with sunburst smile.

An All-Coast quarterback, confiding his fond memories  
of "Old Kincaid."

A Pendleton Round-Up track man sprinting to a  
conference with final flying leap through the open office  
window.

A boy evangelist, who touches evolution but is not defiled.

Two Dial presidents of eager soul.

A deep-eyed, scholarly-minded, classic-faced Scotch  
Presbyterian and Shakespearean.

A scholar artist whose personality is a distillation of fine  
essences from Old England and New Oregon.

A tall, stately, handsome girl in Pot and Quill smock, with  
an "Oh, I have an idea!" expression; decision and will  
blent with sweetness.

A dashing young author, with her tone-tang tale,—ink not  
yet dried.

A learned and witty Oxonian, of distinguished person,  
whose richly melodious voice is heard calling for Thalia,  
Sophia, and Sylvia.

Mademoiselle with flirtatious eyes—bronze-brown hair  
and bronze-brown eyes—with eloquent hands and smiles  
that tip.

The agile grace and alertness of a swift-minded  
encyclopaedic Phi Beta Kappa.

The slender but potent figure of a conservator of culture, a  
dispenser of kindness, and a diplomat of justice.

A Shelleyan from Norway.

Two Guild Hall actors, each the pattern of a gentleman:  
a patrician Pooh Bah with grand manner and fastidious  
speech; a yell-king Grandpa Squeers.

Grandma Squeers, who is also Cleopatra, La Malquerida,  
and a Russian Spy.

The master-magician—Beau Brummel, Disraeli, Cyrano,  
King Lear, and Peer Gynt.

A Simonetta spiritualized, within whose sprite-like being  
is a mind of Miltonic learning and elfin fancy.

A young angel with wavy gold hair who gives utterance  
to cheery damnations from his merry, ironic, indignant  
Cupid-bow lips.

The face of the maximum expression, sparkling in flex  
and flow—eyes flashing, lips parting, teeth laughing,  
hands speaking—radiating intellectual emotion.

A student mother face, looking gracious thoughts toward  
all the young faces around her. Everyone loves the  
mother face.

The dean of women professors, eminent in bearing, in  
lofty ideals, in wealth of sentiment, round whom a throng  
of the loyal and gratefully devoted cling.

And then the benignant presence, bravely wise, of him  
who made this room the heart of the University—Doer  
and Dreamer, Heaven-sent for utmost good—beloved lover  
of youth.

How can so many faces be in one small room?

I sit and regard the faces,  
The ever-arriving faces,  
The many, many faces.



My room is a house of youth.

Youth surges in; youth surges out.

I am laved in youth.

Wood and plaster do not make my room.

It is of light, vibrant light;

It is a room of voices, well-loved voices; of faces,  
remembered faces;

It is a room of thoughts, tarrying thoughts.

Empty or full, it is ever full of voices, of forms  
and faces, of thoughts, tarrying thoughts.

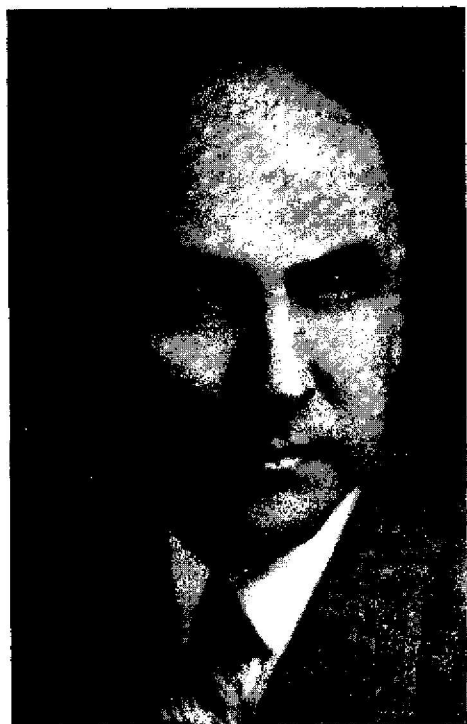


# FACULTY FACES

HERE is an alert modern personality looking out in this picture—today in the garb of yesterday. Miss Burgess, in this costume, won honorable mention in the Pioneer Pageant in Eugene three years ago, and in it she has charmed the girls at many an April Frolic. Before describing the dress, let us say a word about Miss Julia Burgess, professor of English in the University of Oregon. Miss Burgess, graduate of Wellesley with a master's degree from Radcliffe, has been on the Oregon faculty for twenty-four years, building up student interest in the good things of English and American literature. Always an eager student, Miss Burgess is rejoicing in a recent change that gives her desirable graduate seminars. But—oh, yes, the dress. For the women readers particularly—it's a pale lavender and white with a tiny black line, and it was included in the trousseau of Miss Burgess's mother. There is lavender silk pleating up and down the sleeves; and on the collar and sleeves is some exquisite embroidery, done by Miss Burgess's grandmother. In her hair is an old-fashioned high tortoise-shell back comb. The head bag, a gift from her great uncle to her grandmother, was brought from Paris about 1840—which is getting close to 100 years now. The brooch—of tightly braided hair—her grandfather's and grandmother's—is adorned with acorn designs on gold caps. On the back of the brooch is an inscription, "God bless you, Sarah," dated 1861. "Sarah" was Miss Burgess's aunt. The umbrella belongs to a different fashion period, with its twisted wood handle and wide black lace frill. The lovely old black Chantilly shawl is worth a mention even when space is short. But—whatever she's wearing, "J. B." is a delight to friends, both in and out of the student body.



JULIA BURGESS IN COSTUME



FREDERIC S. DUNN

FREDERIC STANLEY DUNN, of Oregon and Italy! This young old-timer of the University, head of department of Latin language and literature, after more than thirty years in the position, is still—perhaps more than ever—able to invest ancient things with contemporaneous freshness. When Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley stumbles over what he thinks is a wart on Cicero's nose, our Oregon classicist is the one to point out that authentic history has no record of any such nasal decoration. After his graduation from Oregon, Professor Dunn obtained advanced degrees both from his alma mater and from Harvard, and as a young instructor he taught three years in historic old Willamette University. Here is an enthusiast to whom Livy and Horace are as live as Kipling or Vachel Lindsay. Professor Dunn is busy this very minute arranging a summer tour through Italy, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany. "Trailing the Romans," it is called; and for the leader, bot on the scent, it is a joyful retracing of steps, for he knows it both from literature and from personal observation. The title of a recent lecture by Professor Dunn, "To Hell With Vergil and Dante," is referred to any who may fear a tendency of Latin to turn one into a dry-as-dust academic. This Oregon man has a real interest in scholarship; and when Phi Beta Kappa installed a chapter on the campus in 1923 he was an obvious choice among the charter members. And, finally, he rounds out the cycle of Oregon student, alumnus, and faculty member by being, besides, an Oregon Dad.

# THEN AND NOW...

In which General Creed C. Hammond, ex '96, reminisces about the Senior Walk-Around, and tells about life in the Philippines

YOU ASK me to write about my life, the Philippines, and sundry somethings. A dangerous job for me if I expect to live here or be happy ever after. I want to come back to dear old Oregon to live some day, hence I cannot give my life's history—unexpurgated. I recall how the Filipinos disagree with some American writers in describing their lives, conditions, customs, habits, politics, and so forth. So, whatever one writes may be misunderstood. While the Filipinos are not English and can understand some jokes, they do not like them unless they tell them; all other jokes have been told me by American tourists, hence, like one that Frank Chambers told me, I cannot repeat them here. Nor would my wife tell me one of Elma Hendricks' stories.

Historically and metaphorically speaking, I first came to the Philippine Islands as a boy sprout with the First Nebraska U. S. Volunteers and helped take Manila from the Spaniards, August 13, 1898. Later on my regiment was encamped at Santa Mesa, a suburb, protecting that part of Manila from invasion. On the night of February 4, 1899, the *Insurrectos* attacked us and the Philippine Insurrection was on. It seems that Aguinaldo and his boys wanted to come into Manila. They believed in Santa Claus and wanted to gather up all of the presents heretofore denied them by the Spanish. Aguinaldo, being President and Commanding General, had all of the political plums and military titles—everything except Manila, so they became peeved when the Americans would not let them play in Manila. After the first shots we kept right on shooting at each other, and just like some women, it took a very long time to stop us—along in 1902, I think it was.

My regiment went out and took the water works and the surrounding country; then we came back and were sent on an expedition northward, taking the Insurgent capital Malolos, Aguinaldo and his army leaving as we came in. We went on up the Dagupan railroad as far as San Fernando and Angeles, then were pulled back to Manila and sent out on the south line for a time, around Laguna de Bay, Pateros and Tagig. Pateros now has a thriving industry in selling unhatched eggs. Some consider an egg with a half-grown chicken in it a rare delicacy for the table on state occasions. I would rather have an Oregon prune. During the Spanish-American War and Philippine Insurrection in 1898-99 I had an opportunity to see the country, people and general conditions all around as they were at the close of the Spanish regime.

The close of 1899 found me back again in the old home town of Eugene after an absence of about five years, during which time I had been rather a wandering soldier of fortune. This wanderlust was due to an imaginary romance (on my part) back in the then gay nineties. In the family albums they now look like the gray nineties. It was all caused by a girl, of course, at the Senior Walk-Around being held in Villard Hall. The wildest, razzzy, ritzy jazzy party of all the year was that Senior Walk-Around. All students assembled in Villard Hall. The dignified and untouchable seniors were the gods and goddesses. An orchestra played, or maybe it was an organ, and the big parade started. Boys and girls, arm in arm, walked around the aisles and chatted solemnly, squeezed silently and looked longingly. The girl preferred to walk around with another student when I thought it was my turn. My life and future seemed ruined, and I quit the old U. of O.

—was not fired. Then I left the old home town and drifted afar. Looking back, I now see how impressionable and silly youthful hearts and minds seem at times. Thirty years after I saw the girl. What a change. . . . And now when I attend funerals I often think of that same ceremonious Walk-Around.

Thirty years after leaving the Philippines I returned again, and what a difference! I had served from 1920 to 1929 in Washington, D.C., on duty in the War Department. In 1925 President Coolidge appointed me a Major General and Chief of the Militia Bureau, War Department, and when my term was up in 1929 President Hoover appointed me Insular Auditor of the Philippine Islands. The changes in the Philippines have been marvelous under American control, with Filipino help. While there have been disappointments on both sides, great credit is due both, as a whole.

Mrs. Hammond and I had a wonderful trip enroute, with some lovely visits in Japan and China. When we approached the Island of Luzon the picture of thirty years ago came vividly to mind. In entering Manila Bay, Corregidor Island did not appear the same, as the top is now covered with military barracks and buildings. A military eye can notice straight green lines among the shrubbery, indicating well-placed masked batteries at strategic points. Corregidor, the Gibraltar of the Philippines, is an island rock 600 feet above sea level. Other small islands running towards the Cavite mainland are also strongly fortified. It did not look the same as when I last visited it in 1898.

To our left and opposite Corregidor is Mt. Mariveles, thirty miles from Manila. It is an extinct volcano 4,400 feet above the China Sea. Its skyline contour from Manila resembles an old lady lying on her back, hence its name, *The Lady of the Veil*. Around the base and sides of old Mariveles still live some of the Philippines' aborigines, the Negritos, a diminutive people of low mentality with but little development throughout the ages. They came unnumbered centuries before the Malays and are still pagans. Some hold that the Philippines was the original Garden of Eden and that the banana was the early apple. We also have the snakes. Some of them are large enough to be the original. The largest I have seen here was twenty-seven feet long. I did not converse with him for fear of temptation. But I think that he had talked with Herbert Thompson some thirty years ago.

From the Manila shore is seen some of the world's most gorgeous sunsets, as the tropic sun meets the China Sea behind old Mariveles, silhouetting *The Lady of the Veil* against a dazzling glare of flame, as though the whole world were a fire of golden red. The sunset passes and leaves a brilliant golden reddish glow on the opposite skies and the closing day ends in night, for here they have no twilight.

Passing Cavite some seven miles from Manila is seen the graveyard of the Spanish fleet—Dewey's doings. The American Navy yard and docks now occupy the Point to the north of Cavite. Inland some five miles, at Kawit, lives General Emilio Aguinaldo, the grand old man of the Philippines. He has a fine big home at Kawit, sixteen miles from Manila. There he has many relics and pictures of the Insurrection days. There are two shell holes through the house, fired by the Spanish and Americans at different times, which he proudly points out. There is a balcony on the front of the house from

(Continued on page 38)

# South Africa -- the Land of Unrealized Dreams

By HUGH N. McCALLUM, '26

**S**OUTH AFRICA is really the land of unrealized dreams, and for this reason is but little understood. There are many people who are totally ignorant of this country, and still others who understand something of the nature of country and people but are not conversant with the real conditions.

The conception of South Africa by this first mentioned group is that of a crude, wild, barbarous and undeveloped country where anything might happen; whose inhabitants are black and cannibalistic but who somehow or other find time to send out a few diamonds to the outer world, or gold, or copper, or is it radium?

Recently I came across a most revealing incident. A certain young lady of some fifteen summers had written to an American paper asking for friendly correspondents of her age. She received in reply over two hundred letters, coming from all parts of the States and Canada. Being thus overwhelmed and to a certain extent bewildered as to how to proceed, I, because of my Yankee blood, was called to the rescue. A perusal of these letters indicated that the young people of America thought this country wild and infested with all

sorts of ferocious animals; the people all black and living in grass huts, and eating either raw animal flesh or cooked humans; the latter being the preferable dish. One went on to say, this one from some part of Tennessee, "Although I am very dark I don't suppose I am nearly as dark as you are." Now the young lady in question happens to be as white as any Anglo-Saxon I know, as are about two million of the eight million people who inhabit South Africa.

The other group of people know something of the people of this land, their conditions of life as well as the products and industries of the country. Usually, however, they do not always understand fully the social, racial, economic and religious side of the people; these aspects of life always playing a chief part in the success or failure of any country. As they pertain to South Africa the problems that have arisen from one or a combination of these aspects has been the rock of offence upon which the

dreams of dreamers have been shattered as far as South Africa is concerned.

Racialism plays the most important role in the future of this land as it does even now in the countries thinking and living. Nothing can be started without due consideration of the effect it will have on the different racial groups. Here you have English, Dutch, Jew, Indian, Colored, and Native, and each remaining a distinct group or race. There are English schools, Dutch schools, Synagogues, Indian, Colored and Native schools, which in turn have a strong tendency to perpetuate these races as distinct from each other. The churches are in like manner constituted, with some denominations having churches in each race except of course the Jewish.

Socially the divisions are much the same but with a little overlapping. Occupationally these divisions are also maintained. The English to a large extent take the lead in professional, commercial and secretarial pursuits, the Dutch take the lead in the agricultural and stock raising pursuits, the Jew is the financier and industrial leader, the Indian is the trader and truck farmer,

the Colored is the tradesman wherever he predominates, and the Native is the menial and domestic who does seventy-five per cent of the labor of the entire land.

It is far from the possible to relate in this small article the full extent of this racial problem, but it is possible for you to see from the above facts the far reaching influence that it must have on the destiny of South Africa. Suffice it to say, that South Africa offers a real challenge to our civilization of today. Economic, social and religious workers can find in this country a full scope for their work, with every conceivable problem guaranteed to arise, and very little offered in the way of remuneration as far as results are concerned.

The English dream of Empire is unrealized although supposed to be a fact at least in respect to geography. The Dutch dream of Republic was shattered in the Boer War but is still a dream among them in a modified sense. The Jewish New Jerusalem is not a reality al-



MR. AND MRS. HUGH N. McCALLUM  
with their children, Miriam,  
Vera and Malcolm.



THE ORDEAL

Note hot bed of coals through which they are walking. The girl has a skewer through her tongue and the first man through his two cheeks. No fake about it.



CLOSE UP OF INDIAN

with weighted hooks and silver pot hanging from hooks in his flesh. No blood comes from the wounds. The scars which can be seen on the skin are due to hot fire.

though they have gone a long way while the two white races were, and still are for that matter, suspicious of each other. The Black Republic is only fiction but always a dreaded horror of certain types of white people, who are constantly reminding you that the whites are outnumbered by nearly five to one by the blacks.

Oh yes, there is beauty, plenty of it, both artificial and in the raw. Victoria Falls that compares only with the great Niagara, lakes and mountains, deserts and plains that will compare with any part of the world. The country has an appeal all its own. The native pastoral life is most wonderful, especially among the Zulu tribes far interior.

Diamonds, yes, in great quantities, and although you see them on the ground you may not pick them up. There are very strict laws about diamonds, and the industry is highly organized. Then, too, where these diamonds are lying upon the ground is very far from any habitation, and I understand, rather closely watched. The usual diamond digger at what is called the "diggings" is in very hard circumstances, it being the exception rather than the rule that one will make a fortune digging diamonds. I am sure that if you had visited these "diggings" and seen the manner of life as I have you would be willing to let them have their diamonds.

Gold mining is the other principal industry. The great mines on the Rand, east and west of Johannesburg the largest city of the country, are most fascinating upon first sight. To go underground is a simple operation. From the height of 6,000 feet when you start you are lowered to sea level and below in less than two minutes. Once down your ears feel as if they would burst. Endless cuttings and stoeps you can then traverse, see the lift engines and pumps, as well as the ore removed and taken above. On the surface there are the stamp mills to crush the ore and the numerous operations until finally the gold comes out as an ingot.

The men who do the mining underground, due to the dust created by the drills, after a certain time contract the miners' disease known as phthisis. The dust breathed into the lungs forms a coating on the walls of the lungs very much similar to cement. There is no removal of this which grows thicker each year, and finally ends in death. It is very much similar to consumption and brings on terrible fits of coughing, which raises the rock like deposit and of course a portion of the lung as well. This death which is slow and painful takes hundreds of men each year. The mining authorities are today using many preventive measures and as a result the disease is not contracted so quickly as formerly, but the results are far from satisfactory. The huge sand dumps that rise to 150 to 200 feet are in reality monuments to thousands of lives that it has taken to rear them. How much like the erection of the great pyramids?

The usual American tourist is treated to all sorts of highly seasoned things. War dances, beer drinks, wedding feasts, and even fire walking. This latter is carried on usually by Indians, although there have been two or three occasions where white men have walked through the red hot coals without physical injury. Just lately a white man claimed to have learned the secret of fire walking and challenged a Hindu priest to a contest. This was agreed to and to all indications the white man was victorious in the contest, remaining to walk through the coals after the priest had retired. Those who go through the ordeal seem to work themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that pain is not felt, being able to endure hundreds of hooks in their flesh with weights on them, and skewers through their tongues and cheeks. I was able to get some fine pictures of this, which will speak for themselves.

We do not mean to intimate that everyone who comes to

Africa does not realize his desires, for many do and have. Huge fortunes have been assembled here and greater ones yet remain, but certain it is that other fortunes have been lost and many are those who will batter themselves against the problems of this land only to be hurled back by the forces that defy them.

My own impression of the people and country is, as I stated in the beginning, that South Africa is the land of unrealized dreams. But people will dream and keep on dreaming and finally that dream will come true; sometime this country will come into its own and the dreamer will be satisfied. I do not claim to know what that dream will be, but I think it will be different from anything now sought after. There is great work and real study for any who will come to this country. She lacks big men who are willing to sacrifice for her. She has some, but not enough. Until that day of bountiful supply has arrived South Africa will be the land of unrealized dreams.



### Dean Bovard Is Co-author of Text

OFF THE press a short time, *Tests and Measurements in Physical Education*, by Dr. John F. Bovard, dean of the School of Physical Education at the University, and Dr. F. W. Cozens, of the University of California at Los Angeles, is meeting with outstanding success all over the United States according to word received from the publishers, W. B. Saunders Company, of Philadelphia. The volume has already been accepted as a text by Columbia University, New York and the University of Iowa, and has been placed on the special reading list for teachers of California.

The book, which is not only a compilation of test and measurement methods in use since 1865, but which includes much new material gathered by both authors, is expected to be one of the most popular text books in the physical education field. The volume is especially valuable to those who are regarding physical education as a career and profession, and who are doing serious research work in this field. It can readily be used as a starting point for many research projects, since it will give a reader a thorough background and furnish him with unlimited source material.



### Architect's Visit Attracts Wide Attention

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, noted architect and exponent of the modern trend in architectural design, was brought to the campus on March 7 by the School of Architecture and Allied Arts. His lecture, given in the School of Music Auditorium, was attended by more than 700 persons, and his exhibition of photographs, models and plans attracted numbers of people interested in design and in the modern school. The exhibit, which contains striking architectural designs, is to be taken soon to Europe, where it will be shown in the principal cities of six governments.

Mr. Wright's visit was regarded as one of the important events in the history of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts.



REMEMBER the man who defended his habit of talking to himself on two grounds: his enjoyment of hearing a sensible man talk, and his enjoyment of talking to a sensible man. A truly educated man loves to teach himself because he enjoys a good and eager pupil, and he loves to work because he enjoys studying under a good teacher.—PRESIDENT MOOBY, Middlebury College.

# Letters From Alumni--a Supplement to Our Travel Issue

EDITOR'S NOTE—Months ago, when we first planned the Travel Issue of OLD OREGON, we sent out an S.O.S. to alumni living in far lands. Tell us, we said, what it is like in that country. Many were the answers that came back in time for the Travel Number, but since then, after the March issue was off the press, even more have been received. Every mail brings intriguing postage stamps and foreign postmarks. Here are just a few of the letters which we want you to enjoy, too.

February 20, 1931.

Dear Editor:

Accompanied by my wife and Robert Jr., I sailed from San Francisco on the Dollar Steamship Liner the *President Lincoln* in the fall of 1929. Our destination was Shanghai and I was to join the foreign staff of the Henningsen Produce Company, a concern established in Shanghai by my father nearly twenty years ago.

The Henningsen Produce Company has always been large exporters of egg products, principally frozen and dried eggs. In recent years the company has deemed it advisable to enter the manufacturing field here, and as a consequence we have now under the management a fairly nice ice cream plant, and a candy factory which was installed last year. Besides manufacturing, the company has developed an import department which handles imported foods, such as butter, canned milk, frozen berries, cheese and numerous other commodities for Shanghai consumption.

During our flush season, from March to September, when we are actively engaged in packing eggs and manufacturing ice cream, we employ a staff of Chinese laborers numbering nearly eight hundred. The labor problems, and the conditions to which a foreigner must adapt himself in dealing with the laborers are vastly different from those one is accustomed to at home. Our egg department employs three hundred Chinese women during the heavy season and their duty is to "break all the eggs in the basket." A full day's work is 1,000 baskets, and there are 1,000 eggs in the basket. Each egg must be broken and the contents dumped into large aluminum buckets. The egg meats, or the liquid eggs, are then dumped into large vats, which have revolving refrigerated coils for chilling the eggs to low temperatures. After being chilled properly, the eggs are then packed into different-sized tins, and sent to the sharp freezing room, where the temperature is maintained well below freezing until the eggs are thoroughly hardened. The frozen eggs are shipped to the United States and European countries by refrigerated steamer, to be used in bakeries, candy manufacturing plants and other manufacturing concerns that use eggs as an ingredient in edible products.

It is a well-established fact that one's first year in the Orient does not meet with one's great approval. And so it was with us. It was rather hard to become accustomed to the living conditions here, but now we have passed all that, and we have become great boosters for Shanghai. Every new building that is erected and each new city improvement is a source of pride to us now.

For those who have the responsibility of caring for small children Shanghai is an ideal place to live. The employment of servants is within the means of all foreigners, and it is nothing unusual for one to have

four or five servants in the household. They are more or less reliable if properly supervised. For the housewife there is practically nothing to do—no cooking, no dish-washing, no house cleaning and plenty of time to play bridge, if one is so inclined. As for the master of the house, there is no wood-chopping or gardening to do after working hours.

The social life of Shanghai is centered around the various clubs. Each nationality has its own club, such as the British, American, French, German, etc. After office hours the clubs are rather active, as dinner is usually served after eight o'clock, and the people are usually at the clubs until that time. There is nothing like prohibition in Shanghai, and there is no reason to believe that there ever should be.

We will be coming back to Oregon in 1932, and it will be a pleasure visiting in Eugene, and seeing the good friends we left behind. A good picnic up the McKenzie and a week or two at the beach are dreams to us just now.

Yours sincerely,

**Robert A. Henningsen, ex-'28,**  
Henningsen Produce Company,  
Box 498,  
Shanghai, China.

February 18, 1931.

Dear Editor:

Your card asking for a letter to include in the "Family Mail" section arrived yesterday. This answer will not reach you in time for the March Travel Issue I fear, but I shall get it off as soon as possible, anyway.

Yesterday was Chinese New Year. Because of the government's adoption of the sun calendar rather than the moon calendar the celebrations yesterday were not elaborate. Nevertheless, most people paid their debts, visited their relatives and friends, and feasted just the same. On New Year's Eve, February 16, I attended a feast in a large Chinese home—a feast of over twenty courses, not to mention the tea, coffee, and sweets.

On July 27, 1930, the Red armies looted and pillaged our delightful city of Changsha. Our compound suffered tremendous losses. Our school building, dormitories, gymnasium, and residences were looted clean, and all woodwork, windows, doors, and electric light fixtures were carried away. We were unable to reopen school in September of 1930, but now that political conditions are more favorable, necessary repairs have been made and we are ready to begin school next Saturday. Our libraries



II. D. McDONALD AND LUCILE SAUNDERS McDONALD  
at the Pyramid of Cheops near Cairo, Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald are at the left. The dusky gentlemen in nightgowns are camel drivers and the gay lad on the Arabian horse is that species of highwayman dignified by the title of dragoman.



(Chinese and English) and laboratory equipment are still a minus quantity.

Fu Siang is a girls' boarding school consisting of junior and senior high school grades. This spring we shall be able to accommodate 150 of our former 200 students. I have all the senior high school English classes—each class meets six hours a week. Besides teaching and outside activities, I study Chinese ten hours a week.

I am returning to the States this summer on furlough for a year of study. My way home will include a trip by rail from Hankow on the Yangtze to Peiping, and after a two weeks' visit there a journey across Korea and Japan by rail to Yokohama.

Sincerely yours,  
Helen E. Whitaker, '20,  
Fu Siang Girls School,  
Changsha,  
Hunan, China.

February 16, 1931.

Dear Editor:

Your letter of January 13 was received about a week ago. I had intended to get a letter off to you on last Saturday's boat for New York, but on second thought decided to send it by today's air mail.

As I write, Rio de Janeiro is in the midst of Carnival. All business is practically at a standstill, with the exception of that which has to do with selling carnival materials. These consist of serpentine, confetti, costumes and costume material, and last, but by no means least, a little squirt-gun affair known as *lança perfume*. This instrument is made of either a tin or glass cylindrical container which holds perfumed ether which is so light that it shoots out in a fine stream the instant the trigger-like valve is opened. There is nothing which will attract your attention quicker than a shot of this ether behind the ears. It is extremely cold, and if someone were to hold a piece of ice against your skin, the reaction would not be quicker. This effective little gun is extensively used during Carnival, and no one objects to its use, as it is part of the fun.

Carnival is considerably lacking in animation this year, due principally, I suppose, to the general lack of money. The streets are not so packed with people and automobiles as formerly and one can get a taxi without reserving it two or three weeks ahead of time. One of the popular forms of amusement during Carnival is to hire a taxi, which in this country is an open car, and join in the *Curso*. You put on your costume and get into your taxi with as many of your friends as possible. It is not uncommon to pack as many as ten persons into a five-passenger car—and of course, you must be well armed with a goodly supply of *lança perfumes*, serpentine and confetti. The cars follow each other so closely that they may be tied together with serpentine, confetti is thrown on those along the line of march, and a shot from the *lança perfume* attracts the attention of any "senhorita" whom you want to look your way. Last night six of us took a taxi and went into the *Curso*. It took three hours to get from one end of it to the other and return, a distance of about three miles, so you can imagine the crowd.

During Carnival most of the folks sleep all day and stay up the best part of the night. Dances start at 10 P. M. and last until 4:30 in the morning. The working class have numerous Carnival Clubs where they dance every night during Carnival. These folks save their money during the

entire year and spend it all during three days of Carnival. In former years money was given to these Clubs to prepare floats for the big parade, but this year, due to the shortage of money, the parade has been abandoned.

Although I have been in Brazil nearly four years, I am not well acquainted outside of Rio de Janeiro. But I like what I have seen of it and do not find Rio a bad place to live, in spite of its many shortcomings. The weather is not tropical, and a few days of heat are always followed by cooling showers. The water system in Rio is rather antiquated. Each dwelling has its own tank which is filled each day, barring accidents. If for some reason the water is not turned on, or you use all the water in your tank, you are just out of luck for the time being. Fresh vegetables and fruits are plentiful most of the year. Every now and then I am reminded of home by the sight of a box of Medford pears or Wenatchee apples. American canned goods may be obtained, but at about three or four times the going prices in the States. One thing I miss greatly is sweet cream, which just doesn't seem to exist down here. They have thick cream which they call "sweet," but it has already turned. The Brazilians mix a little sugar with it and think it fine. Many a time I've had them stare at me with a look in their eyes which indicates that they doubt my being sane, when I tell them their cream is *amargo* (sour).

Sincerely,  
Clyde W. Zollars, '30,  
c/o Standard Oil Company of Brazil,  
Caixa Postal 970,  
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.



#### AN ALUMNI TRIO

Two of these alums, Clifford L. Constance, '25, (left), and Ronald H. Beattie, '26, (right), took almost a 6,000 mile automobile trip during their vacation last summer. The third alumnus, Dale Leslie, '28, (center), they met at Yellowstone, where he is a park ranger, and this snap was taken after they had finished a talk-fest. Mr. Constance and Mr. Beattie drove from Eugene north to Canada, visiting Banff and Lake Louise, and then following down the Rockies to Phoenix, Arizona. They visited Glacier National Park, Yellowstone, Bryce Canyon National Park, Zion National Park, and the Grand Canyon, stopping at all cities enroute. From Phoenix they swung over to Tijuana and San Diego and then north back to Eugene, completing what they enthusiastically commend as an ideal vacation drive.



ALLAN HOOVER AND JOHN N. HAMLIN  
in front of the American Embassy,  
Buenos Aires, Argentina, during President-elect Hoover's South American trip.  
Mr. Hamlin (right) is in the diplomatic service. He is an ex-member  
of the class of 1919.

February 19, 1931.

Dear Editor:

Your letter of January 15 has just reached me and I presume the information I might now send will not be of much use to you. You ask for my picture. Unfortunately, being the photographer of the family, I never get into the pictures. The enclosed is the best I can produce.

Going back a bit into history, we left Turkey last August. I had been the *New York Times* correspondent there for the past year and Mac, of course, is still at the old business of being district representative for the Caterpillar Tractor Company. We went to the Island of Rhodes for a month, thence to Alexandria, Egypt, intending to stay there through the winter. However, Mac had previously asked for a transfer to a more temperate clime and it came unexpectedly just after the first of the year. We are now headed for Budapest to make that place headquarters for the next twelve months. Instead of the far flung borders of Persia and the Sudan, Mac will have a more compact territory, including Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the Balkan States, Turkey and Greece. I don't expect to do much writing for the present, except to try to whip a brief case full of notes into form—for rejection slips.

In the past few months we've certainly been chalking up the mileage. While my husband made a business trip through his new territory, Dick (our offspring) and I took a regular Mediterranean cruise, boarding a German East Africa line steamer at Port Said and spending twenty days between there and Rotterdam. The boat called at Genoa, Marseilles, Palma de Majorca, Malaga and Ceuta and allowance was made for shore trips. We had a chance to motor clear across the Island of Majorca, we drove to Granada to see the Alhambra and from Ceuta we went in to Tetuan, a Moorish village which Abd el Krim made famous a few years ago. After coming out of the blue Mediterranean it seemed strange to encounter six inches of snow at Brussels, where we are visiting friends. It was the first snow our youngster had ever seen outside of picture books.

About impressions, we have one that is unanimous. We're glad to get away from Arabs, insects and heat. The mosquitoes were still making nights miserable in January in Alexandria. Every country out in the Near East has some hard luck story—Turkey can't pay its Ottoman debt, Iraq couldn't sell its wheat crop, Egypt couldn't

sell its cotton crop, Palestine had its Arab-Jewish troubles. Trouble makes news, so out in Istanbul it was a splendid year from that point of view. We had a whole Kurdish revolt last summer, plus a new political party and a near-financial panic. After I left they kept right on, staged some riots and when Mae was in Turkey two weeks ago they had a necktie party for something like twenty-seven indiscreet gentlemen. While all of this sounds turbulent, actually living in Turkey was a most passive and peaceful existence, punctuated mainly by arguments as to whether the milk man was short changing the cook or whether the grocer had put chicory in the coffee. In June just before

the Kurdish revolt broke out, I was over toward that region myself and found that the country people knew nothing about such troubles.

In spite of all its drawbacks, Turkey is a fascinating place. If there were decent hotels in Anatolia people would find some regions enchanting. They are so rich in antiquities and natural beauty. But who wants to hunt Hittite ruins and Seljukian mosques if he has to subsist on rice soaked in olive oil, greasy mutton and cucumbers served with sour cream?

Well, 'nuf sed. I'm afraid I'm not the interesting one of the family. I stay at home and bake pies and build block houses

for the youngster while my husband has all the adventures—heaps of them. Our slogan is, "why join the navy to see the world—join Caterpillar." Mae has a passport with so many additional pages sealed to it that he has to keep it closed with a rubber band. I think he has travelled on everything from an airplane to racing camel and water buffalo.

Our future address, if you want it for your alumni list, is care of American Consul, Budapest, Hungary.

With best regards,

Lucile Saunders McDonald, ex-'19,  
Brussels, Belgium.

## The Oregon Daily Emerald On the Air

By VINTON HALL, '31

**C**O-OPERATING with the University in its unceasing attempt to keep in stride with the accelerating progress of education, the *Oregon Daily Emerald* has inaugurated a plan which links the Eugene radio station with the institution.

After nearly three years' efforts on the part of the *Emerald* the plan is beginning to receive support among the members of the faculty. Success depends largely upon their cooperation. They are realizing that the radio is much more than a mere toy.

The comparatively boundless sources of knowledge on the campus can be tapped for the benefit of those other than students. Some of the greatest intellectual leaders of the state may always find a message for interested listeners. Authorities, who perhaps understand the facts in state affairs as well as do many political leaders, should be heard. Radio will make this possible. The University's chief means of communication with the citizens of the state is through written works. A greater means might be the spoken word.

Popularity of the radio as a means of education cannot be born. We must prove its worth—that is what the *Emerald* is attempting to do. It is organizing short programs each afternoon. Increasing popularity and evidence of demand will make it possible to secure a most desirable hour over the air.

Frank Hill, manager of station KORE, declares that he is willing to assist in "exposing," we might say, the enormous value of the air as a disseminator of knowledge. His attitude is exemplified by the sincere cooperation which he has shown.

The *Emerald* succeeded last year in arousing intense interest among students by the *Emerald-KORE* contest. Each living organization on the campus arranged and broadcast an half hour program. The best were awarded prizes. First prize for men went to Phi Sigma Kappa, while the women's prize was won by Kappa Alpha Theta. This year a similar contest was sponsored, merchants of Eugene cooperating to the fullest extent by offering valuable prizes to five winners. The grand prize, a large Majestic radio offered by McMorran and Washburne, was donated to the members of Phi Sigma Kappa, who were successful for the second time. Delta Gamma Sorority was named best opposite prize winner and awarded a Birchfield-Cogswell chair by



FROM STATION KORE

Wayne L. Morse, associate professor of law, sat down before the KORE microphone to tell the people of Oregon a few facts uncovered recently while making his crime survey. He was among the first lecturers of the University of Oregon to be heard over the air during the "*Emerald*" editorial program. Seated at the left in the picture is Ralph David, director of the "*Emerald*" daily programs, and standing in the rear is Vinton Hall, editor of the "*Emerald*."

Powers Furniture Company. Winners of the second prize, a large table lamp, were members of Sigma Pi Tau. The lamp was donated by the White-Marlatt Electric Company. Third and fourth prizes winners were Oregon Yeomen and Alpha Beta Chi. Through the courtesy of Russell Brown at the Fox-McDonald Theatre a line party was given each. Harold Ayres, member of Phi Sigma Kappa, was awarded a silver loving cup by Paul D. Green for his place as best

individual man entertainer and Sally Addleman, member of Delta Gamma, was given a cup by Densmore-Leonard as best individual girl entertainer. As an additional prize the Oregon Pharmacy presented the winners of the grand prizes with a leather wall piece bearing the insignia of the fraternity.

Student interest ran exceedingly high during winter term while the programs were given. A studio was equipped in the rear of the College Side Inn and students not participating were privileged to listen to the many programs. Laraway's Music House installed a new Kimball piano in the studio. The programs were scheduled each Sunday evening between the hours of five and seven. Each was introduced at its appointed hour by Art Potwin, manager of the contest.

Beginning last term the *Emerald* editorial hour made its debut. Ralph David, an editorial writer on the staff, has been in charge of the fifteen minute daily programs. Consisting of editorials, editorials clipped from exchanges, news notes, and University announcements, the program evolved into regular lectures and educational talks by various members of the faculty.

Wayne L. Morse, associate professor of law, was featured among the first. His talk on the facts of his recent Oregon crime survey met with undeniable success. He is placing his efforts wholeheartedly behind the *Emerald's* move to bind the University and the radio. Preceding his talk was one by W. E. Hempstead, Jr., instructor in public speaking, who spoke on Oregon power.

Other lecturers who were heard over the air were Dr. Warren D. Smith, professor of geology and geography, John T. Ganoe, associate professor of history, and Eric W. Allen, dean of the School of Journalism. Plans for next term are organized to include many other well-informed men on the campus.

The *Emerald's* radio plan is more than it seems on the surface. There are unlimited possibilities. Think of the boundless advantages of complete coordination of the University's dramatic, musical, and intellectual talent! Think of what a studio on the campus would mean! There are chances that the power of KORE can be enormously increased. There are possibilities that a more satisfactory wave length can be secured.

Both the University and the state should benefit from such a program.

# World Problems From an Immature Viewpoint

By GLEN GODFREY, '32

**B**RAVE men and bold from the time of the ancients have dared to throw the dictates of common sense to the winds and set their hand to paper and espouse their views on sundry and various questions. In many cases their way was fraught with perils and they sustained deep bodily hurt and mortification for their pains in the attempt to enlighten the humanity of their time.

Socrates drank of the hemlock cup and God knows what other writers have suffered in like cause. Urged and goaded by thoughts of this long line of men who have suffered in the cause of truth, I resolved to do my bit. Thereupon I take my pen in hand to discuss problems facing the world today from the viewpoint of immaturity.

Now take the Russian situation. There is something that from all reports is going to set the entire world by the ears in the not too distant future. It seems that the Russians have formulated an idea called the "Five year plan." They all gang up together and produce wheat and other products which the old master uses to crack world markets. We have a parallel in America but it is not called a plan. When you get five years in this country you serve it out in a penal institution.

Next you can hear the mouth-filling phrase, "Economic depression." Any girl on the Oregon campus knows what that means. Near the close of every month prior to the time the allowance arrives her boy friend disguises it with the following remark, "Gee I don't feel like dancing tonight. Let's just sit home by the old fireplace." About that time the only co-ed that gets a date is the one who can contain her appetite while in a restaurant booth and orders only a "Lemon Coke, please."

I understand that at last President Harding is to get his memorial dedicated by President Hoover. It seems that the former chief executives of these great United States have avoided this task for political reasons. Why here at school a little scandal like that oil business is a "mere bag-of-shells." After a few little skirmishes in the open the entire business

is forgotten. We have political cabals on the campus that compare very favorably with those in Washington. For instance, just the other day the faculty got smart and selected three students to act on the discipline board. Have they got the students? Think of this angle. When a student comes up before the board for discipline he is confronted with three of his playmates that know the entire dope on him. Has he got a chance? I leave it to you.

The building trades are all shot. But we got it here too. Not a single fraternity or sorority has built a new dwelling this year. And as yet nobody has got around to start construction on a new library or infirmary. We still crowd in the old library like sardines in a can, and wait in line at the dispensary for about an hour when our noses need spraying.

The unions go on record for a six hour day and a five day week. But at dear old Oregon a student can study any time, and classes are held on six days of the week. And take it from me the professors have not shut down on production. If they have taken any action at all it is to demand that more and more work should be done. Competition is fierce. Why in the old days a student could get along with only a few hours of concentrated study near the close of every term, but now with every one hitting the books you haven't got a chance unless you come up with the assignment every day.

A peace conference is considered pretty important business, but it can't be any worse than a good close conference with the dean. Especially when he points out pertinent facts about one's scholastic standing.

Every time there is a conference or a meeting on the campus the rumor gets out that men in the business world not only require a diploma but inquire into the grades as well. And does this make the boys bear down? Why after one of those business men's get-togethers you can't get near a library.

Over in India they are fighting for Dominion status and want the British to let them alone. The only thing that bothers us here is who is going to be the next student body president. Already plans are being laid and the different fraternity houses are going in for political dating. They practice passive resistance in India but here it is a tooth and nail proposition.

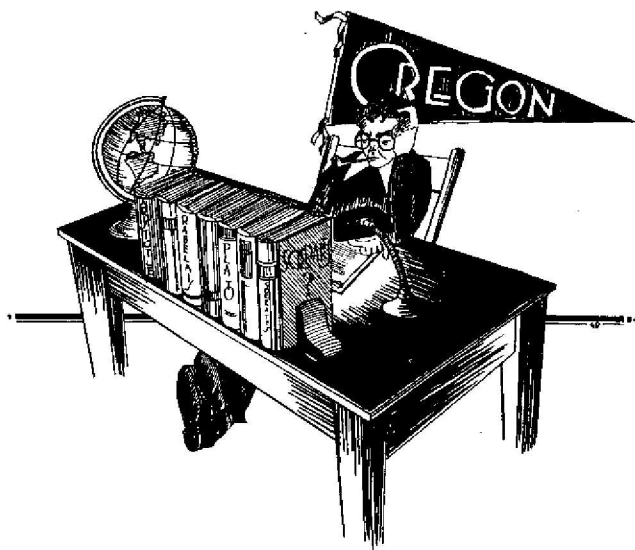
Many states are demanding the government to start immediate construction on their favorite canals, or dredge their harbors. All we want at Oregon is for some one to install heat on the old mill race so we can have canoe dates on cold nights.

You hear of prices coming down and all about the exceptionally fine buys on the market today. But still the price of a package of cigarettes remains at fifteen cents. And did you ever hear of a university that reduced its fees? Neither have I.

You would think that a football player who had put in a couple of months at his favorite game during a year would have enough. But "Doc" Spears, Oregon mentor, has convinced the athletes that football is fun and especially a jolly thing in the spring.

They say that political corruption is rife in the land. But you can't corrupt a college professor. To cite a typical case, a professor in a certain school flunked his own brother in a course. Who said blood was thicker than water?

P.S.—It was my own brother.





# OLD OREGON



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## Facing a Difficult Problem

FOR TWO years the State Board of Higher Education has been studying the problems of the University, the State College and the Normal Schools, all of which come under its jurisdiction. The board has listened to the needs, plans, dreams, and pleas of the presidents of these institutions. It has considered the problems that confront each one of them.

When the needs were summed up, as presented to the board by the presidents, the total special appropriation needed from the legislature to cover them was \$4,395,893.

Then the State Board, which is made up of successful men of affairs, began to prune the appropriation requests. "We will cut this," they said, "and we will cut that, in line with the economy program which conditions make necessary."

When they got through, the sum of over four millions had been reduced to \$1,181,173. And the State Board asked the legislature for that sum.

The legislature passed this appropriation request. And Governor Meier, prompted by considerations of economy, cut \$500,000 from the bill, and left the balance open to the threat of a referendum.

Overlooking the question of the Governor's authority to use his executive veto to cut a portion of a lump sum appropriation, the slash still appears to be a rather direct handicap, to say the least, to the State Board.

The board, awaiting the findings of the survey ordered by the legislature, has given every indication that it is in accord with an economy program. As the matter stands now, the board confronts a difficult situation.

There are three ways, the board members pointed out, in which economies might be effected. First, by more efficient management of the educational plant; second, by avoiding unnecessary duplication; and third, by eliminating some of the existing educational work of the institutions. All of these have been considered in the survey made under the direction of Dr. Arthur J. Klein, of the United States Office of Education at Washington, D. C. We assume that the board has felt, and we believe rightly, that no drastic economies should be attempted until that survey is in their hands. The wisdom of their policy, and the intelligence of their conservative, carefully-studied decisions, should be evident to every citizen of the state.

After all, institutions of higher education, colleges and universities and normal schools, like Rome, are not built in a day!

## State Board Appointment

THE APPOINTMENT of Mrs. Walter M. Pierce to a place on the State Board of Higher Education, and the retirement of Aubrey Watzek at the end of his two-year term brought forth varying comment from the press. We quote

from the *Oregon Voter*, which, we believe, has paid nice tribute to both Mrs. Pierce and Mr. Watzek.

"Cornelia Marvin Pierce is unusually qualified for membership of the State Board of Higher Education," says the *Oregon Voter* for March 21. "Endowed with extraordinary mental capacity, experienced in affairs, informed on educational subjects, peculiarly in touch with rural conditions, she has a background and a personality which are certain to make her effective. The masculine members of the board may find it a bit difficult to keep up with her, for she knows what she wants and usually keeps at it until she gets it. Fortunately, what she wants is likely to be constructive and of genuine educational benefit. During the last few years she may have acquired some of the viewpoint of the taxpayer, a circumstance which will be a distinct gain."

Speaking so favorably of Mrs. Pierce, the *Voter* still does not forget to mention the good work done by Aubrey Watzek, whose place on the board she takes. "It is regrettable," says the same issue, "that Aubrey Watzek had to be retired in order to make place for so worthy a successor. Watzek was a young man of great wealth and a splendidly developed sense of responsibility. Inured to the handling of large affairs, loyally willing to do his share and hold up his end, energetic and forceful in public work, he is one of the outstanding men of the state in competence and service. The thanks of the commonwealth are due to him for the immense amount of time he gave to the work of the State Board. He did his work intelligently and well."

## Oregon Professor Receives Honor

IT IS with real pleasure that OLD OREGON extends congratulations to Dr. George Williamson, department of English, who has received announcement that he has been awarded one of the travelling fellowships offered by the Guggenheim Foundation. These fellowships are much sought after, and are conferred only on those whose work is outstanding and who show great promise of future achievement.

The international recognition accorded to Dr. Williamson's book, *The Donne Tradition*, was largely instrumental as a deciding factor in the award, it is understood. He was recently asked to contribute an essay, *The Donne Tradition of Today*, for publication in a volume to be written by English, Italian and American literary authorities to commemorate the tercentenary of the death of John Donne.

## Survey of Higher Education in Oregon

Although the important and long anticipated report of the survey of the institutions of higher education in Oregon is momentarily expected, OLD OREGON must close its forms this month without waiting longer for that report. It is felt that it is preferable to give the alumni a careful analysis of the report in the May issue, rather than attempting to hold this issue for a hurried preliminary statement.

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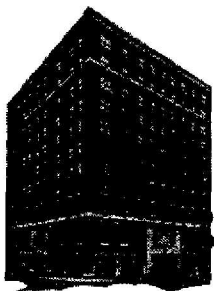
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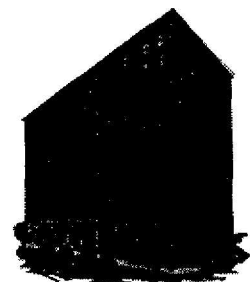
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# News of the Classes

## 1884

For the second winter **Susan W. Moore** of Baker is spending the bad-weather months in San Diego, California. She expected to leave San Diego the eighteenth of March, but planned to take another month travelling and visiting before returning to her home at 1713 Valley Avenue, Baker.

## 1887

**Jessie McClung Friedel** (Mrs. Charles Friedel) of Vancouver, Washington, visited in Eugene the middle of March with Mrs. Louis E. Bean. Dr. Friedel was for many years head of the physics department at the University.

## 1894

**Jesse E. Caples**, who was granted his LL.B. from the University in 1894, gives his occupation as "builder." He and his wife live in Portland. Their two daughters, Helen and Gail, are both grown.

OLD OREGON recently received news of the death of **Elias M. Underwood** of Portland. Mr. Underwood received his B. A. degree from the University in 1894 and his M.A. degree in 1897. For five years he was a teacher, holding positions in the public schools of Oregon and Washington. In 1896 he became assistant cashier of the First National Bank of McMinnville, remaining in that position three years. Afterwards he became associated with the Failing McCalman Company, a hardware concern in Portland, of which he was later made treasurer and director. He was president of the Portland Association of Credit Men from 1910 to 1911 and was one of the founders of its adjustment bureau. He later became a director of the National Association of Credit Men. Mr. Underwood is survived by his widow, Mrs. Minnie Underwood, and by a brother and a sister.

## 1895

The director of the Older Girls' Conference held in Eugene during the first part of March was **Ella Fisher Day**, ex-'95, (Mrs. R. M. Day). She is state superintendent of young peoples' missionary work in Oregon, a position which she has held for three years. She is also supervisor of student work for the First Christian Church on the University campus. She teaches the class of University men and women at the church. Mrs. Day has her home at 270 West Eighth Street.

## 1897

The law business occupies the time of **John C. Higgins**. He has his office at 48 Wall Street, New York City.

## 1901

An appointment to the general staff of the army has been given **Lieutenant Colonel Condon C. McCornack** of the United States army medical corps. Colonel McCornack is stationed at the medical school at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, and is assistant commandant of the army medical school. On August 14 he will be relieved of duty and will go to Washing-

ton, D. C., to report to the chief of staff. He is a brother of Representative E. A. McCornack, ex-'04, of Eugene. Colonel McCornack received his M.D. degree at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, in 1904. In 1898 and 1899 he served as private in the Second Oregon Volunteer Infantry, and in 1906 to 1909 as first assistant surgeon in the Oregon National Guard. He was commissioned as first lieutenant, medical reserve, in 1909, and as first lieutenant, medical corps, regular army, 1910, being promoted to a captaincy in 1913, to major in 1917, and to lieutenant colonel in 1930. He was instructor at the war college in 1926, 1927, 1928, and 1929.

**Wiley J. Huddle**, instructor in chemistry at the University of Oregon in 1906 and 1907, died in Chicago recently, according to word received at the Alumni Office, March 18. He is survived by his widow, **Harriett Warfield Huddle**, and four children. One son, John, is an instructor in geology in the University of Indiana. Mr. Huddle was a consulting engineer in utilities in Chicago.

**Frank E. Harlow**, ex-'01, still resides on his farm near Eugene. It is located four miles north of the Ferry Street bridge and consists of 300 acres, 80 of which are in orchard, eight in asparagus, and most of the balance devoted to raising grain and hay. He and his wife have one son, Clifton F. Harlow.

## 1902

**Leston L. Lewis**, sales manager of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company in Portland, was in Eugene during the first part of March. Eugene was his home for many years.

## 1905

**Judge Walter H. Evans**, who received his LL.B. from the University in 1905, has been appointed by President Hoover as one of the nine judges of the United States Customs Court at New York City. The appointment was confirmed by the United States Senate during the middle of February. Judge Evans is the first judge from the Pacific Coast to be named to the position, which is for term of life and carries an annual salary of \$10,000.

## 1906

**Frederick Steiwer** has had conferred on him an honorary commission as colonel of the marines, according to a dispatch from Washington, D. C. The commission carries membership in the advisory staff of the twentieth marines, a reserve regiment stationed at the capitol.

## 1907

**James W. Mott**, ex-'07, was appointed state corporation commissioner by Governor Meier of Oregon on March 23. He was named to fill the office left vacant by the resignation of the former incumbent, Mark D. McCallister. Mr. Mott attended the University of Oregon from 1903 to 1904, being graduated from Columbia University, New York. Journalistic work then engaged his time for several years. Later he attended the law department of Willamette University, being

graduated in 1917. He practiced law in Astoria after his graduation and resided there until January 1929, when he returned to Salem. In 1922 he was elected a member of the legislature from Clatsop County, and in 1926 he was re-elected. He also served as city attorney of Astoria and in 1928 was a Republican candidate for representative in congress against Willis C. Hawley.

## 1909

**Greta Bristow Tryon** (Mrs. John T. Tryon) and her husband of Vancouver, Washington, accompanied by **Helen K. Bristow**, '26, of Salem, were in Eugene February 21 to visit **Darwin Bristow**, '90, father of Mrs. Tryon and Miss Bristow. Mr. Tryon is assistant cashier of the Vancouver National Bank.

## 1910

"Time," weekly newsmagazine, carries in its February 16 issue a story about **Louise Bryant Reed**, widow of "Communist John Reed," formerly a reporter in Russia, who is buried in Moscow's Red Square. Mrs. Reed is a member of the cast of the opera, "John Reed," now being produced in the Moscow Imperial Opera House. Said to be freely biographical of John Reed, and highly revolutionary, the opera deals with ten days of Mr. Reed's life, days he spent in Russia watching the Kerensky regime fall. Mrs. Reed, who as Anna Louise Bryant transferred to the University of Oregon, attended Oregon from 1906 to 1908.

**Mrs. Ruth Hansen Word** instructs in the English department of the Franklin High School in Portland. She and her daughter, Mary, who is ten, live at 680 East Seventeenth Street North.

## 1911

**Elmer E. Young** is assistant manager of the Portland store of Sears, Roebuck & Company. He lives at number 771, The Alameda.

**Leelanau**, a summer camp for boys on Sleeping Bear Bay of Lake Michigan, is maintained by **William Beals**. The camp property, which consists of 200 acres, is about one mile from the village of Glen Arbor. Only boys from Christian Science homes are admitted. The eleventh season of the camp, 1931, begins June 29 and ends August 23. During the summer the boys partake in water sports, tennis, volleyball, overnight hikes and trips, horseback riding, and also camp activities of various kinds. Instruction in grade school and high school subjects is given if desired.

## 1912

**Wilfred L. Pemberton**, who received his medical degree from Willamette before its medical department was merged with the University of Oregon Medical School, is practicing in Dallas. He and his wife and one son, Wilfred, who is fifteen, have their home at 220 Church Street.

Every summer for eight years **Maude Beals Turner** (Mrs. Harold W. Turner) has left St. Louis, Missouri, and gone out to Maple City, Michigan, to take charge of Camp Kohahna, a summer camp for



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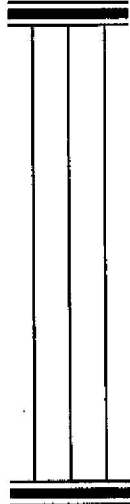


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girls from Christian Science homes, of which she is director. The camp is located in the north woods, overlooking Lake Michigan. The 1931 season opens July 4 and lasts until August 28. The girls at the camp maintained by Mrs. Turner pass the summer in all forms of sport and recreation, horseback riding, tennis, water sports, archery, music and dramatics, dancing and crafts.

### 1913

**Edith Mickelson Jones**, ex-'13, (Mrs. Leon L. Jones) makes her home in Portland, at 1461 East Seventeenth Street.

Three children and a home to take care of fill up the days of **Marjorie Holcomb Failing**, ex-'13, (Mrs. Edward J. Failing). The Failing residence is at 417 Montgomery Place, Portland. The children are Jean, who is grown, Mary, twelve, and James, who is eleven.

### 1914

"My husband's work as Alaska manager for the San Juan Fishing and Packing Company, with plants from southeastern Alaska to Kodiak Island," writes **Maude Kincaid Henderson** (Mrs. Clair Henderson) from Seattle, "takes us North for about six months of the year. Then we are in Seattle and elsewhere for the other six, so we keep our home here, but our mail sometimes travels considerably before it catches up with us."

### 1915

**Nina W. Wiseman Currier**, ex-'15, (Mrs. Robert Currier) and her husband are at Gardiner, Oregon, where Mr. Currier is principal of the Gardiner high school and grade school. Mr. Currier attended the University for the 1930 summer session. There are six children in the family, Mildred, who is fourteen, Elizabeth, who is twelve, Wendell, ten, Alfred, eight, John, seven, and Dorothy, who is six.

**Luton Ackerson**, research psychologist with the Institute of Juvenile Research in Chicago, read a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Cleveland, Ohio, on January 3. His paper had to do with the behavior traits of children. Dr. Ackerson will be remembered as a Rhodes Scholar from the University in 1916.

### 1916

Captain in the United States Army is the title which **Loren F. Parmley**, ex-'16, can place before his name. He and his wife and three children, Loren, Bernice, and James, are at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Mr. Parmley's mail should be addressed to Headquarters, Eighth Corps Area.

Agent for the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company of Connecticut in Portland is the occupation of **Thomas D. Stoughton**, who received his LL.B. degree from the University in 1916. He has his office at 207 United States National Bank Building in that city.

### 1917

**Mr. and Mrs. John M. Childers** (Cecilia F. Armstrong, ex-'17) are in Portland, where Mr. Childers is principal of one of the elementary schools. He received his degree in 1929. Rex Avenue, number 604, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Childers.

### 1919

**Cecil J. Ross**, ex-'19, physician and surgeon, recently moved into new offices in the Medical Arts Building in Portland. He and his wife have two children.

**Ruth E. Green** is now Mrs. Fred H. Colter. She and her husband make their home in Ogden, Utah, at 709 Twenty-second Street.

### 1920

**Walter S. Kennen** and Mrs. Kennen (Blanche P. Anderson, ex-'23) have their home in Fresno, California. Mr. Kennen is sales manager of the Sugar Pine Lumber Company there. Their residence number is 1561 North Van Ness.

**Kent R. Wilson, M.D.**, is practicing in Santa Barbara, California. His office is in the Carrillo Building there.

### 1921

Keeping up her home, taking care of her four-year-old son, Rex John, and teaching piano three afternoons a week at the University School of Music keeps **Aurora Potter Underwood** (Mrs. Rex Underwood) very busy indeed. Recently she was soloist with the University Symphony Orchestra in a concert given at the School of Music. She played Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasie," with orchestra accompaniment. Mr. Underwood is head of the violin department at the University.

Her home is her profession to **Gertrude Whitton Mickelson** (Mrs. Odine Mickelson). Her "business" address is 1864 Charnelton Street, Eugene. Mr. and Mrs. Mickelson have one daughter, Margaret, who is eight years old.

### 1922

On the second floor of the journalism "shack" at the University is a door with the sign "Office of the State Editorial Association" and inside, at the desk, sits **Arne G. Rae**, field manager for the Association. Mr. Rae, as part of his duties, makes a visit, once a year or more, to every one of the 170 newspaper offices in the state of Oregon. He also teaches a class in newspaper management and shop problems at the University.

One of our "foreign grads" is **Carolyn Cannon**, who is living in England. Her address in London is 83 Gower Street.

A daughter, Elizabeth Louise, was born March 3 to **Lillian Auld Stelle** (Mrs. Edward Stelle) at the Pacific Christian Hospital in Eugene. Mrs. Stelle has been visiting for several months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Auld.

A Stanford University fellowship for advanced study during 1931-32 has been awarded to **Arthur C. Hicks**, according to information given the Alumni Office. Mr. Hicks recently passed with high honors his "comprehensive examination," a four-hour examination which determines the candidate's ability to go on with Ph.D. work.

**Mary Campbell** and **Dean C. Hurd**, ex-'22, were married February 28 at the home of the bride's parents in Salt Lake City. The ceremony took place at noon. Mr. and Mrs. Hurd, who are both graduates of the University of Utah, will make their home in Salt Lake City.

**Anna Grace Pallett Lyon** (Mrs. Roger R. Lyon) sends in her subscription from Seattle, Washington, and asks to have OLD OREGON sent to her at 5005 Phinney Avenue, Apartment 302.



**Vera Fuller Leavitt**, ex-'22, (Mrs. Maynard Leavitt) has taken the position of secretary to Dr. S. E. Childers, pastor of the First Christian Church in Eugene. She arrived from Newberg about the middle of March. Her office will be in the church building.

**Mildred Brauer Cochran**, ex-'22, and her two small children came to Eugene from Oakland, California, to be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brauer, after her husband's death.

**Charles A. Irle** and his wife are in Lima, Peru, where Mr. Irle is an architect and builder for the board of foreign missions of the Methodist Church. Their address is Apartado 2144, Lima. They have three children, Darline, who is ten, Margaret, who is nine, and Orpha, aged seven.

**Margaret Conklin Covey**, ex-'22, (Mrs. Fred A. Covey) and her husband are residents of Berkeley, California. Mrs. Covey teaches music in Berkeley and Mr. Covey is an engineer with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company there. Mrs. Covey attended the University through 1920, but transferred to the University of California and received her degree there in 1922.

**Richard Shim** is now manager of the Asia Life Insurance Company at Hong-kong. He resigned his position as principal of Ying Wa College at the beginning of the year. Mr. and Mrs. Shim have a son who is three and a half years old.

One of the department heads in the Montgomery Ward Store at Portland is **James Lawrence O'Donnell**, ex-'22. Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell have two little girls, Rosemary, who is three, and Maureen Ann, who is only a month old.

### 1923

**Lora Teshner**, ex-'23, who is a cellist with the Portland Symphony Orchestra, was in Eugene for the week-end of February 21 and 22, when the Symphony gave a performance at McArthur Court on the campus.

**Fred Guyon**, ex-'23, is editor and vice-president of the "Eugene Record," a new weekly paper in Eugene. H. E. Maxey of Springfield is president of the company which has been formed to print the paper. The first number of the paper is an eight-column sheet, carrying an editorial column by Mr. Guyon, called "Editorial Views on the News," in the left-hand column of the front page. A serial, "My Best Girl," by Kathleen Norris, is another feature of the paper. Other features are county news, "The Way of Life," by Bruce Barton, "The Family Doctor," by J. J. Gaines, M.D., and "This Week in Washington," by Bradford Mobley.

After three years of work in surgery at the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota, **Leslie L. Nunn**, is now practicing in Vancouver, Washington. His office is at 521 Arts Building. "I see many old-timers among the Bachelordon brothers around Portland from time to time," he writes. "I have also in the past few years met brothers in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago." Mr. and Mrs. Nunn (Marion Gillis) have a small daughter, Barbara Claire, who is three.

**Meltrude Coe Adams** (Mrs. Leland Adams) was in Eugene from San Francisco during the middle of March to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Coe.

The principalship of the Jackson School at Medford is held by **H. W. Gustin**, ex-'23. Mr. Gustin attended summer school at the University in 1919, 1920, 1921,

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1930, and stayed for the post session of the latter year. He and his wife have two boys, Stanley and Strauss, who are seven and two. The mail address of Mr. Gustin is Route 2, Box 103 I.

A member of the Eugene police force is **Charles A. Mahany**, ex-'23. He and Mrs. Mahany (Ethel M. Reeves, ex-'25) have three children, Patricia Jane, who is six; Mary Ellen, who is four; and Shirley Ann, who is one year old. The Mahany home is on West Fifth, at number 1375.

The real estate business engages the attention of **George W. Oberg**. He and Mrs. Oberg live at Jamaica, Long Island, New York, and have their home at 150-16 Eighty-eighth Avenue.

**Donald F. McDonald** of Eugene has been appointed second lieutenant, quartermaster reserves, of the local national guard unit. Mr. McDonald lives at the Osburn Apartments in Eugene.

**Cleo W. Kirk**, ex-'23, is in the law business for himself in Portland and is no longer connected with the district attorney's office there.

The first day of March ushered in a new member—a daughter—in the **Eugene S. Kelty** family. Mr. and Mrs. Kelty (Marion Gilstrap) are living in Portland.

**John W. Anderson** of Portland has been assisting the "On to Oregon" campaign with publicity. He also fills in on the Associated Press at night. Mrs. Anderson's maiden name was Katherine Watson and she is an ex-member of the class of 1925.

## 1924

**Gladys Bucknum Criteser**, ex-'24, (Mrs. George B. Criteser) and her husband live in Oakland, California, where they have their residence at 2110 Vicksburg Avenue.

Two papers were read by **Edward "Ted" D. McAlister** before the American Physical Society at a three-day meeting held at Columbia University in New York during the first part of March. One paper had to do with a new test he has devised to measure the intensity of ultra-violet radiation, and the other concerned the measurement of intensities of different wave lengths of vapour of mercury. Mr. McAlister is in the research department of the Smithsonian Institute.

**Dr. Raymond E. Baker** of Fairfield, Iowa, died March 12. He was on the faculty of Parsons College in Fairfield. Dr. Baker taught in the School of Education at the University while he was working toward his advanced degrees. He received his master's degree from the University in 1924 and his Ph.D. in 1928.

**Wenona C. Dyer** teaches in Honolulu, Hawaii. Before taking her teaching position she worked for a while with the Honolulu "Star-Bulletin."

## 1925

**Alice J. Dorman**, '27 and **Arnold E. Southwell** were married March 19 in Tacoma, Washington. They passed through Eugene and stopped on the campus March 23 on their way to Miami, Florida, where Mr. Southwell will be employed as an architect. Mrs. Southwell was a member of Alpha Ormicon Pi at the University, and Mr. Southwell of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Previous to her marriage, Mrs. Southwell was in New York, working as assistant in the children's department of the New York Public Library at Hunt's Point, and more recently in Seattle, working as a librarian. Mr. Southwell also formerly was in New York, with Shreve and Lamb, architects.

Practicing law at San Angelo, Texas, is the occupation engaged in by **Reese C. Wingard**, who received his LL.B. degree

in 1929. Mr. Wingard was admitted to the Texas state bar in December of last year. One of his cases, according to newspaper accounts, is a breach of promise suit against a prominent oil man in which the plaintiff seeks \$50,000.

Students in the Dallas high school learn all about the history of the United States and about its government from **Jammie Farmer Whitworth** (Mrs. Sidney E. Whitworth), who teaches American history and civics there. She and her husband are both connected with the school, Mr. Whitworth being principal there. The street address of the Whitworths is 128 Levens.

Born just two days too late to be a Valentine's present was Diane, daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. Robert Huntress**, who was born on February 16. Mr. Huntress is auditor for the Oakland branch of Montgomery Ward and Company.

**Berdell O. Sloper**, ex-'25, is executive secretary of the Campfire Girls in Sacramento, California. She is a graduate of the Oregon Normal School. Miss Sloper's street address is 409 Park Mansions.

**Cecilia Rosser Richards** (Mrs. Oscar W. Richards) was in Eugene from New Haven, Connecticut, the early part of March and was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Shumaker (Florence Couch). Mr. Richards is on the staff of Yale University.

Teller at the First National Bank of Longview is the position filled by **Donald Paine Goodrich**, ex-'25. Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich are the parents of two small girls, Barbara, aged five, and Patricia, who is four.

**A. Ted Goodwin**, ex-'25, and Mrs. Goodwin (Miriam Williams, ex-'23) are in Bellingham, Washington, where Mr. Goodwin is a minister and evangelist of the Christian Church. They have four children, Ted, who is eight, James, who is six, John, three, and Ruth, who is a year old. Their mail address is Silver Beach Station, Bellingham.

**Raymond M. McKeown, M.D.**, is connected with the Department of Surgery at Yale Medical School, New Haven, Connecticut. "Yale University is a very attractive institution," he writes, enclosing a newspaper clipping showing an airplane view of the campus there.

**Penelope Gehr Hull** (Mrs. Lawrence Hull) of La Grande spent the week-end of February 21 and 22 in Eugene.

**Augusta DeWitt Godfrey** (Mrs. George Godfrey) was initiated as associate member of Gamma Alpha Chi, national advertising fraternity for women, during the last part of February. She is also patroness for the group at the University. Mr. Godfrey is director of the bureau of public relations at the University.

**Harry B. Blough** is principal of the Portsmouth School in Portland. He and his wife live at 321 East Twenty-second Street.

## 1926

**David L. E. Borenstein** and Mrs. Borenstein are living at 160 North Twentieth Street, Portland.

**Mr. and Mrs. Bert W. Holloway** (Ruth Akers) are in Boston, Massachusetts, where Mr. Holloway is connected with the Associated Press.

**Sonia Wilderman** is librarian and history teacher at Milwaukie Union High School. On February 20 she entertained her library student assistants at her home with an afternoon tea.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, is the home of **Mrs. Eleanor Houk Grant**, ex-'26. She can be reached at 192 North Florence Avenue.

Little Mary, the drunkard's child, in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" will be the next role of **Florence Couch Shumaker**

(Mrs. Kenneth Shumaker) who is active in the Little Theater movement in Eugene. The play will be given sometime the middle of April. Mrs. Shumaker is a member of the Very Little Theater group in Eugene, an organization of persons interested in amateur theatricals and community drama. The role she played last was the part of Bobbie, the wife who tried to get along on her husband's small salary, in "Saturday's Children," staged by the group last spring. "Dramatics and dogs" are her hobbies, she says. Mr. Shumaker is supervisor of English at the University. The Shumakers make their home at 1369 Emerald Street in Eugene.

**Calvin M. Yoran** and his wife of Madison, Wisconsin, are the parents of a son, born February 10. The baby has been named for his grandfather, Darwin E. Yoran of Eugene.

Head of the department of biology at Albany College is the position held by **Daniel Freeman**, who was a graduate student at the University in 1926. He receives his mail in care of the college.

**Vera Hunziker**, ex-'26, is living at Tomahawk, Wisconsin.

**Cora P. Moore** is very active in Eugene's musical affairs, being assistant at the piano for the Eugene Oratorio Society, accompanist for the Eugene Gleemen, director of the choir at St. Mary's Catholic Church, and in addition teaching piano at her studio at her home, 372 Twelfth Avenue West. She also teaches piano outside of Eugene, in Cottage Grove and Creswell. She is a member of Mu Phi Epsilon, national music honorary for women, and of the Eugene chapter of the Oregon State Music Teachers' Association.

**Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Bieghler** (Margaret A. Jackman, '28) are living in Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Bieghler is instructor in Romance Languages at Ohio State University. Their home address is 165½ West Northwood Avenue. Mrs. Bieghler before her marriage was secretary of the University of Oregon Summer Sessions, with offices in the Oregon Building, Portland.

**1927**

**Marjerry Thompson Reynolds**, ex-'27, (Mrs. J. Laurin Reynolds) is librarian at the School of Business Administration on the campus. She lives at 1344 Alder Street, Eugene.

Executive secretary of the Portland Executives Association is the official capacity of **George W. Mimnaugh**. The organization, Mr. Mimnaugh explains, is a business men's club. He and Mrs. Mimnaugh (Lois LaRoche, ex-'27) are the parents of a daughter, Joan, who is two years old. Sixty-second Street, Southeast, number 2849, is the address of the Mimnaugh family.

**Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Reinhart** (Mary West) are now living on the River Road, outside of Eugene, having moved there during the last part of February. Both are ex-members of the class of 1927. Mr. Reinhart is a salesman with DeNeffe's Men's Clothing Store in Eugene.

**Maurice M. Collings** is to receive his M.D. degree from the University of Oregon Medical School at Portland this coming June. He plans to serve his internship at the Good Samaritan Hospital in the same city. Mr. Collings' home address is 1904 Washington Street, Vancouver, Washington.

**Tyra Rylander** has been re-elected to teach next year in the Santa Clara high school, about five miles from Eugene.



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Paul Sletton is connected with the Crown Willamette Paper Company. Offices of the company are in the Pittock Block, Portland.

Marian Phy Ager (Mrs. Paul Ager), her sister, Margaret Phy, ex-'24, and their brother, Dr. Mark Phy, assistant University physician, went to Union to attend the funeral of their father, Dr. William T. Phy, whose death occurred March 14. Dr. Phy was the owner of Hot Lake Sanatorium, nine miles east of La Grande, and a member of the Oregon State Board of Health. A third daughter, Marcia Phy Spencer, ex-'29, (Mrs. Paul R. Spencer) lives in Denver, Colorado.

Melville E. Bush, ex-'27, is employed in the offices of the Union Pacific Railroad in Portland. He is in the draftsman division of the engineer's office. Mr. and Mrs. Bush live at 1161 Cleveland Avenue, and their apartment number is 3.

Albert H. Sinclair, football coach at the Klamath Union High School in Klamath Falls, resigned his position on February 25. He had been coach at the school for the past four years.

Robert "Bob" T. Mautz has moved his law offices from the American Bank Building to 812 Failing Building, Portland.

Clerk for the Pacific Finance Corporation in San Francisco is the business title of Raymond E. Moeser. Mr. and Mrs. Moeser and their little daughter, Alice Louise, who is six months old, live at 3124 Octavia Street.

Geneva Drum Manning, ex-'27, (Mrs. James Manning) has been filling in with journalistic work on the Silverton "Appeal-Tribune" during February. Mr. Manning is social science teacher at the Silverton high school.

Dr. H. J. Capell, who received his M.D. degree from the University, has his practice at Kennewick, Washington.

William E. Buell, ex-'27, with his wife and three children, Pauline, Fred and Evelyn, live at Springfield, about four miles from Eugene. Their home is on E Street, at number 833.

Hugh Biggs, dean of men on the campus, and Alice Elra Warr of Seattle, Washington, were married March 25 at 9 o'clock in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Seattle. Clifford Powers, '27, was best man. The couple returned to Eugene after the wedding, where they are living at the Peterson Apartments. Mrs. Biggs is a graduate of the University of Washington with the class of 1930 and a member of Phi Mu there. Mr. Biggs is a member of Alpha Tau Omega, Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Delta Phi, Delta Sigma Rho, and Friars.

### 1928

Ruth DeNeffe had as her guests for a week-end in the last part of January, Marion Grosseup and Mina Grosseup, of Portland, both ex-members of the class of 1931.

Edith Bain, with her cousin, Barbara Bain of Oakland, California, left March 14 for an extended visit to Europe.

News of the engagement of Carl Dobler and Beatrice Phipps, ex-'32, has been received on the campus. Miss Phipps is a member of Alpha Gamma Delta and Mr. Dobler of Bachelordon. He is secretary for the Guardian Building and Loan Association in Portland, with offices in the Guardian Building.

Florence "Tot" Jones, who received her master's degree in January of this year, is now teaching in the southern branch of the

University of Idaho, at Pocatello. Her teaching schedule includes freshman and sophomore composition, and she is also assisting in a course in contemporary civilization.

Glen C. Barnes, ex-'28, is employed in the ice refrigeration department of Barker Brothers in Los Angeles. The firm is located on Seventh and Flower Streets. His home address is 5329 Delaware Avenue, Eagle Rock, Los Angeles.

Lavina Honey (Mrs. Sydney Honey) has a son, born March 9 at the Pacific Christian Hospital in Eugene. Mr. and Mrs. Honey have their home at 1670 Thirteenth Avenue West.

Oregon City is the teaching location of Lucille Jackson. Her home address is 607 Monroe Street.

Herbert Lundy, ex-'28, is now doing general reporting on the Medford "News." He and Mrs. Lundy have been in Medford about a month.

The principal of the McMinnville Junior High School is Guy L. Lee, ex-'28. He attended the University summer sessions in 1924, 1926, 1928, and 1930. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee and their two sons, Allen and Roland, is on West Tenth Street, at number 205.

"Pharmacist" in Medford is the occupation given by Kieth C. Fennell, ex-'28. His street address there is 115 North Oakdale Avenue.

George H. Mason, ex-'28, and his wife are the parents of a daughter born February 21 in Seattle. She has been named Sharon Yvonne. Mr. Mason is a pharmacist with the Bartell Drug Company in Seattle and he and Mrs. Mason live at 3642 Interlake Avenue.

Justine Ackerson is teaching at Hartline, Washington. Her twin sister, Joanne, is still unable to teach since the automobile accident last summer in which they were both injured. Joanne's knee-cap has not yet healed.

A wedding which has been announced for early spring is that of Ruby E. Russell and Phillips E. Sullivan of San Francisco. Miss Russell is a member of Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority.

The classes in Latin and the social sciences in Vale High School are taught by Juanita Bigelow Jungquist (Mrs. Carl Jungquist). Mr. and Mrs. Jungquist can be addressed at Box 353, Vale.

### 1929

Teresa Mae Cooper lives on Del Monte Avenue at Ocean Beach, California. Her house number is 4868.

Sigvald "Sig" Skavlan, Jr., ex-'29, recently became associated with C. J. Fulton of Fulton's Tailor-made Clothes Shop in

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Eugene. He has been with the shop for some time.

**Marion "Pod" Sten** is doing general reporting on the San Pedro "News Pilot," California. She has held her present position about a month, having resigned her job with the Oakland Chamber of Commerce.

**Marguerite Kathryn Fishwood**, ex-'29, and **Kenneth Abel** were married March 17 in Redwood City, California. The ceremony took place in the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city. Mrs. Abel's home was formerly in Creswell. At the University of Oregon she was a member of Alpha Xi Delta Sorority. San Francisco will be the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Abel.

**Ruth Hansen**, ex-'29, has accepted a position on the staff of the "Oregonian" in Portland. She will be "information girl" and assistant to the society editor, a position that offers scope for rapid promotion. She assumed her new duties on the thirtieth of March. For the past four months Miss Hansen has been secretary of the University of Oregon Summer Sessions, with offices in the Oregon Building in Portland.

**Yoshi Otsuka**, who was on the campus in 1929 doing graduate work, is in Dayton, Ohio, doing social research work. He is making an investigation of factories and American social systems. He writes "I very much like Dayton, as it is like Eugene."

**Cecil H. Frum**, who has been working on the highway surveying crew, has been transferred to Salem temporarily.

**Raymond E. McCormack**, ex-'29, is principal of Bend High School. He has been on the University campus for summer ses-

sions in 1927, 1928, and 1929. He and his wife and three children, Mary, who is seven, Phyllis, who is six, and John, aged two, live on West First Street, at 1704.

On the teaching staff of the Franklin High School in Portland is **William A. Dewhirst**, who received his M.A. degree from the University in 1929. He and Mrs. Dewhirst live at 170 East Seventy-first Street.

**David L. Foulkes** is now in Ahwaz, Persia, where he is in charge of design and construction of all buildings to be erected by the Persian government in a large railroad project, extending from the north to the south end of the land. The work is under the direct supervision of the general contractor of the project. Mr. Foulkes receives his mail in care of C. J. Carroll, Ahwaz, Persia.

**Laurence J. deRycke** has been named instructor in the department of economics at Pomona College, Claremont, California. He will assume his duties next fall. His teaching schedule will include accounting, public utilities, statistics and finance subjects.

**Grace Sylvana Edmonds** dropped into the Alumni Office the last part of February with the news that she is back on the campus "learning how to be a school teacher." She is taking all her work in education, and is doing practice teaching at Roosevelt High School. She entered school at the beginning of winter term. Her home address is 217 East Eleventh.

A fellowship in law at Columbia University, won in competition against representatives of thirty-one other schools of law in the United States, has been awarded to **Francis E. Coad**, third-year law student at the University of Oregon. The fellowship

carries with it a value of \$1,800 in cash, and in addition grants the recipient unusual privileges in the law school there. Mr. Coad has served as student editor on the "Oregon Law Review" published at the University by the law school, and it was his excellent work on the journal that won him the appointment, wrote the chairman of the Columbia graduate work in law, in notifying Mr. Coad of his selection.

The various duties which are on the schedule of a county health nurse engage the time and attention of **Maisie Verna Wetzel**, who received her public health nursing certificate in 1929. Her territory is Klamath County, and her office is in the court house at Klamath Falls.

**Jessie Powell**, ex-'29, and her father, W. E. Powell, were in Eugene from Portland during the week-end of February 28 and March 1. Miss Powell recently returned from a year's stay in Honolulu.

**Francis "Frank" P. Robinson** is at the University of Iowa doing advanced work toward his Ph.D. in psychology, which he expects to receive in the spring of next year. His investigation has to do with the improvement of reading ability of college students, and is quite a large research, in which five or six other graduate students in the psychology department there are collaborating.

Graduate work at Harvard toward his Ph.D. degree in English occupies the time of **Charles Tenney**. Mr. Tenney was granted his masters' degree from the University in 1929 and plans to come back to Oregon to receive his doctor's degree in June. His friends will be interested to learn that there is now a Mrs. Tenney, an Idaho girl, and that they have been married about four months.

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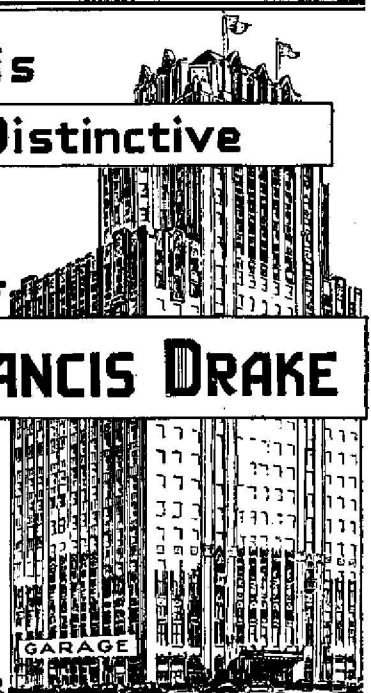
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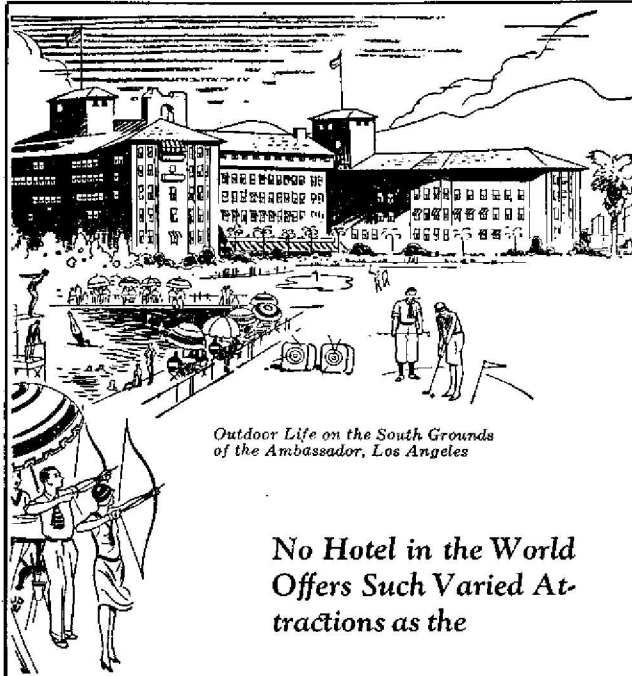
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## THEN AND NOW...

(Continued from page 11)

which the declaration of Independence was read. General Aguinaldo is still in his early sixties and is hale and hearty and is a leading and respected citizen. We have visited and dined with him many times, and he is a lovable character.

When one approaches Manila from the bay it presents an almost entirely different view from that of thirty years ago. The bay has been dredged out and the shore filled in, extending out several hundred feet for a distance of almost two miles—from the mouth of the Pasig River to old Fort Abad San Antonio. New buildings of clubs, hotels, residences, docks, terminals, and so forth, line the entire new front. The old Luneta park is extended on out seaward, but the water-front docks completely hide the walls of the old walled city from view. The new buildings change the old skyline.

There are many new office buildings all over the city, except in the old walled city, which remains practically the same as in Spanish days. All of the suburbs around Manila have grown immensely. The moat in front of the old walls around the walled city has been filled in and is now a beautiful park and municipal golf course. The old Spanish bridge across the Pasig River is torn down and a new one called the Jones bridge crosses just below the site of the old one (Puente de España). There are many changes along the river front. In the old Binondo and Tondo districts buildings and conditions are pretty much the same, except everywhere all is cleaner and more sanitary-looking. Manila is one of the prettiest, cleanest and most attractive cities in the Orient.

Out in the country everywhere wonderful changes of improvement are noted. Fine auto roads cover almost all of the Island of Luzon and there are good roads in most all of the important Islands, although limited. Fine new school houses are noted everywhere. About 5,000 artesian wells are in use over the Islands, giving good fresh water. Sanitation has vastly improved everywhere. All of these things are making a stronger and more healthy race of the Filipinos. English and Spanish are the official languages here. The old-timers use the Spanish and most of the new generations use English, although all well-to-do natives speak both languages beside their native dialects, of which there are about eighty-five in all of the Islands. There are 7,083 Islands in the entire group, of which about 400 are inhabited. The total area of the Islands is a little less than 115,000 square miles, or about the size of New Mexico, yet it has a population of around 13,000,000 people. The Philippines are enjoying a condition of prosperity far in excess of any of their Oriental neighbors. Due to their trade relationship with the United States, with no tariff, and due to the fact that the United States takes about seventy-five per cent of all of their exports.

The Auditor of the Philippine Islands has duties similar to those of the Comptroller General and Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, only more complicated, as we do all of the auditing for the Insular (National) Government, 49 Provincial (State), and 900 Municipal Governments, as well as all of their accountings for cash and all of their Government-owned properties. It is the biggest, hardest, and most responsible job I have ever tackled. I have 750 assistants and all are Filipinos.

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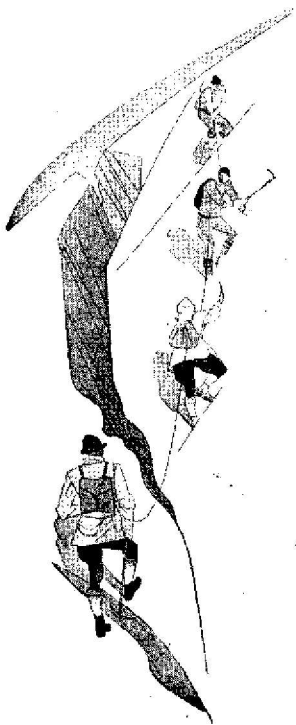
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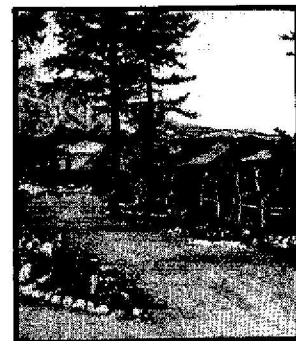


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