

# Old Oregon

February  
March  
1958

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*A former campus  
Editor tells why*

**I'll Take  
New York!**

*Oregon's star end  
Ron Stover gives you  
A detailed account*

**"The Day We  
Played in the  
Rose Bowl"**

**A Cheer for Mighty Oregon**

See Page 1

*Massachusetts Mutual announces*

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—*Lower Rates for Larger Policies*  
—*Additional Savings for Women*



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# To and From

# Old Oregon

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ROSE BOWL APPEARANCES for Oregon may occur only once in every 37 years but if they are as outstanding as this year's game they are worth the long wait. No event in Oregon's history has brought the praise, the recognition, and in a way, the recompense to equal this one game. The praise and recognition have been obvious from the report by Mel Allen on TV and the glowing accounts of the game as recorded by the nation's newspapers. The recompense was a little more obscure.

Seven years ago the University embarked on an athletic program devoid of any rules evasions which may have existed in the past. It was a new era. It was an era which had many opportunities for failure and only the hard work and fortitude of the coaches and the administration on which to hinge its success. There were times when coaches and alumni felt that ours was an impossible situation. But to their honor and credit, as proved on January 1, they remained adamant.

During this time there were developments in the Pacific Coast Conference which resulted in the enforcement of penalties against certain schools in the conference. For the most part the penalties were for illegal financial aid to athletes. Defenders of these chastised institutions claimed that they had been wronged, that there was a jealous discrimination against them by such "pure" institutions as Oregon. But the coaches and directors of athletics at these schools had reason to know otherwise. In their competition with Oregon for outstanding athletes it was simple to determine that Oregon had not cast up a smoke screen to hide unauthorized activity. On the contrary Oregon's reputation was for adhering to the rules.

Coach Len Casanova faced the 1957 season with the experts predicting a seventh place finish for his Ducks. The rest is history.

Certainly no Oregon team has ever performed more brilliantly nor exhibited more grim determination to succeed. No Oregon team has ever received the equal of inspired coaching or the determined leadership of its team captains. No team, Oregon or otherwise, ever achieved a greater "victory."

Once and for all it has been proven that "nice guys do win." Now others can see that it is possible to build an athletic team on a foundation of honesty and integrity and still succeed. Perhaps others will see that tremendous gate receipts are not the essential ingredients for a successful athletic program.

Recompense? With a capital R. For the team and for the coaches. And we can't overlook the reward for all those who be-

(Continued on Page 27)



## COVER

Back in 1947, an inspired copywriter for the Oregonian declared flatly that "the backbone of Oregon morale this year reposed in the enthusiastic hands of Yell King Tom Hazzard and his energetic noise crew..." That was the year the Ducks won four games and tied one up to mid-season—and then proceeded to lose four straight, never scoring once. Well, that's football. Anyway, the same Tom Hazzard '48, still enthusiastic, is the fellow you see on the cover this month, cheering the Webfoots on to victory (well, almost) at the Rose Bowl last January 1.

(Photo by Ken Metzler.)

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# The Day We Played In the Rose Bowl

*Sure we're proud . . . but we should  
have won the game, says the author*

By Ron Stover

As told to Ken Metzler

WE—THE MEMBERS of Oregon's 1958 Rose Bowl team—didn't exactly whoop it up on New Year's Eve. Quite the opposite.

We gathered at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles that evening, passing around hot chocolate. The place was quiet—dead quiet. Even so, anyone stepping into the room could tell there was excitement in the air. For one thing, our trainer, Bob Officer—we call him "Two Gun" because he hails from cowboy country in Eastern Oregon—couldn't remember our names. He never can when he's excited. He just calls everyone "Buddy," even guys who've been around for years.

"All you guys who want sleeping pills speak up," said Two Gun. "Hey, Buddy," he said to Harry Mondale, "you want a sleeping pill?"

Harry shook his head, but some of the

other fellows took pills. And that was our New Year's Eve.

We were in our rooms and in bed by 9:30. Jim Shanley and I roomed together and for at least an hour we just lay in bed, discussing various plays and our blocking assignments. We had worked out a couple of new plays, and Jim wanted to know under what specific situations I'd block out the man directly in front of me.

We slept light, waking up a couple of times during the night. A pin dropping on the carpet would have awakened us.

Shanley and I were up early. "Hey, Ron," he said, "let's go to church."

It seemed like a good way to start the New Year. "Sure," I said, "which one do you want to go to?"

"Aw, I don't care—just so we go to church."

We walked to a Presbyterian Church

*Oregon Fullback Jack Morris, No. 40, makes solid gain in Rose Bowl game. Other Oregon players in photo are Quarterback Paul Grover (18) Tackle Jim Linden (71) and End Ron Stover (83).*

Photos: Associated Press



about a block away and were disappointed to find it closed. The only other church within walking distance was a Catholic Church. We knew our coach, Len Casanova, and several of the players would be there, but we also knew we'd be late for services when we got there.

"Let's go anyway," Jim said.

Walking down the street, we were hailed by Bill Hammer, our line coach, who was driving by. When we told him we were going to church, he said, "So am I. Hop in." We attended services that morning at the Episcopal Church, and afterward the minister greeted us with the wry admission that he was from UCLA. "Even so," he added with a smile, "I wish you fellows the best luck in the world."

Our New Year's Day breakfast was at 9:30. We had steak, vegetables, a baked potato, hot tea, honey and toast. Most of us weren't very hungry. I ate the steak, but let the other things go. Shanley and Jack Morris gave up after eating only half of their steaks.

There were a few ripples of conversation during breakfast.

Jim Shanley commented, to no one in particular, "We just gotta win this game. They're not so damn tough."

"I think," said Jack Crabtree, picking at his breakfast steak, "that I'm going to have a good day today."

I was happy to hear him say that. When he says he's going to have a good day, he usually does. And so do I. He'd said that just before the UCLA game and we won 21 to 0.

Harry Mondale and Joe Schaffeld, who both played left guard, kidded each other about the Ohio State man who would oppose them on the line—All American Aurelius Thomas.

"I guess I'm gonna have to take care of ol' Aurelius all by myself," grinned Mondale. It was common knowledge that Mondale would play almost the entire game, Schaffeld replacing him for maybe five minutes.

"If I ever get in there," said Joe, "I'll rip him apart!"

The fact that most of the California newspapers were freely predicting that we'd get steamrollered clear into the turf by Ohio State didn't particularly concern us at this moment. Most of us had found the solution to this newspaper business—we'd just quit reading them after the first three or four days. Once Jim Shanley was reading the



*"I can't believe it," says author upon seeing these pictures showing him jumping for pass and being immediately undercut by Ohio State's Joe Cannavino. "I landed on my head," Stover remembers.*

*Los Angeles Times.* He jumped up and said "Aw, hell!" I don't think he read another paper until after the game.

But the papers made us mad, all right. I think each of us personally wanted to go out and wipe up the stadium with Ohio State—just to show 'em. And we were pretty optimistic. After all, they couldn't put more than 11 guys on the field at one time, and each guy had only two arms and two legs. A little bigger arms and legs, perhaps, but no matter.

**Y**OU CAN ALWAYS TELL when it's the day of a game. Our backfield coach, Johnny McKay, always has his pockets bulging with four-foot-long (well, almost) cigars. That morning McKay was puffing on a cigar and coaches Roche, Hammer and Casanova were smoking cigarettes. They were in a room by themselves and the smoke was so thick that you could tear off a chunk and put it in your pocket.

McKay told us, "Whatever you do, don't make any mistakes on defense. All they need is a couple of good breaks and they'll run us right off the field. And if that happens, we'll be lucky to hold the score below 60."

Our defenses were set up on the basis of speed. We knew that we'd have to get in there and really hustle or they'd run right through us.

Casanova came in. "All right," he said, "you've had your breakfast. Now go back to your rooms and take it easy until the bus leaves for the stadium."

"You know, Ron," said Shanley as we returned to our rooms, "the next time we eat a meal, it'll be all over." For some reason, this comment kind of shook me. I think the idea of the huge crowd and millions more watching on TV made us more nervous than the Ohio State team.

Jack Morris went to each player, asking how he felt. To a man, we all felt fine. "Let's really get 'em," Jack said. A little later Morris found Mondale reading the comics in the paper. "How do you feel, Harry? You ready to go?"

"Yep," drawled Mondale, laying aside the paper. "Today is Aurelius Thomas Day."

Shanley and I watched the Rose Parade on television. Jim spotted his girl friend, Mary Jo Fourier, riding on one of the floats. "Stupid cameras," he muttered, "why don't they show her face?"

At 11 o'clock we boarded the bus to the

game. As he got on the bus, Mondale was singing "Mighty Oregon." Most of the rest of us were quiet. Enroute to the bowl, the motorcycle escort got lost. Twice they made wrong turns—I could hardly believe it. "These guys have been working the city for 10 years," chuckled Assistant Coach Jack Roche, "and they still don't know their way around."

Up ahead loomed the Rose Bowl stadium. It was the first time I'd ever seen it. As we got off the bus, Charlie Tourville quipped, "So this is where the slaughter is supposed to begin."

We walked out to examine the field. "Really a fast turf," Shanley said. Morris walked across the goal line, commenting that the next time he crossed that line, he hoped to have the football in his hands.

Returning to the dressing rooms, we began suiting up. Overhead, I could hear the spectators walking to their seats. This was the moment that the whole frightening prospect of playing in the Rose Bowl really hit me. The Rose Bowl! Up to now, it had always seemed like a sort of dream.

But not now. There were more and more footsteps—people who had paid \$5.50 each to watch us play a football game against Ohio State. What would they think of us after the game? In just a few minutes now, a hundred thousand people would see us in action, not to mention the TV viewers.

At a moment like this, my worst fear is of doing something stupid in the game. I sometimes have a nightmarish vision of myself 20 yards in the clear. I catch a pass and I'm on my way to a touchdown. Then, for no reason at all, I drop the ball. Or maybe trip over my shoelace.

No one says anything much in the dressing room. You look at the other fellows and you know pretty much what they're thinking, too. One of them grabs you by the arm or pats you on the back and your eyes meet, but nothing is said.

"Well, Buddy, how do you feel?" asked Bob "Two Gun" Officer.

"Swell, Two Gun."

"Beautiful day for a game, isn't it, son?"

"Sure, Two Gun."

"You ready to go?"

"Yeah, I'm ready."

Casanova came in, his necktie loosened, a cigarette in his hand. He talked a little about football, but less than he usually does. Then he said:

"Well, today is the day. After this game is over, I want to be able to come back in

here and tell you guys I'm proud of you."

He looked at his watch. "Well, we won't have time on the field, so we'd better do it here."

We bowed our heads and repeated the Lord's Prayer, something we do before each game.

**O**HIO STATE TOOK the opening kickoff. On the very first play from scrimmage, Harry Mondale said to his opponent across the line, "Okay, Thomas, today we're just gonna see what kind of football player you are." Unfortunately, Harry never got the chance. Minutes later he was out of the game with an injured knee.

Joe Schaffeld, limping a little from a previous ankle injury, came in as replacement. Joe hadn't played a lot in previous games, and the loss of Mondale, our best lineman, was a blow. But after we found Joe on the bottom of the pile about four times, we didn't have a worry in the world.

I guess you know what happened next. Ohio State's Halfback Don Clark got away for a good run and that together with a good pass play set up the first score for Ohio in just seven minutes. To be sure, the touchdown took some of the starch out of us. Our offense was untried at this point and that seven points loomed fantastically large.

Our first few plays were run without a huddle. Quarterback Crabtree calling the plays from scrimmage. The idea of this was to try to throw their defense off balance. We tried a couple of line plays that got nowhere in particular, and Crabtree threw a pass to me that was good for 11 yards and our first first down. We racked up a second first down—and that was what I'd consider the turning point of the game.

"Hey, these guys aren't so tough," quipped Bob Peterson enroute to a huddle. "Let's get 'em."

Things got progressively better, even though Ohio State's Joe Cannavino intercepted one of Crabtree's passes intended for Shanley. We soon had the ball back when Ohio State was forced to punt. Enroute up the field, we started making some startling discoveries. For instance, it was obvious that to win this game we'd have to rely to some extent on passing. We knew it, and Ohio State knew it. But what wasn't generally suspected was that our line could give Crabtree such good protection. Those guys on the line—Grottkau, Schaffeld, Linden and Kershner—did a magnificent job.

## Casanova, before the game . . .



*Grim-faced Coach Casanova (right) leaves for game with Dave Powell and Jack Roche.*

Given sufficient time, one of us—Shanley, Wheeler, Tourville or myself—could usually get in the clear to receive a pass.

Even more amazing, perhaps, was that we could make yardage up the middle, too—through the reputedly solid Ohio State line. Morris got through once for 13 yards.

And at this point we were confident. We knew that we could move the ball against them, and we also knew that—given a reasonable amount of luck—we could win the game. In just nine plays we had the ball on Ohio State's five-yard line. In huddle, Crabtree asked if it looked all right to run the option play. Kershner, Wheeler, Tourville and Shanley, guys who had key roles in this play, all agreed that it would work. Tourville flanked wide to the left, drawing out an Ohio State defender. The play went to the left, Crabtree flipping the ball to Shanley. Tourville laid a beautiful block and Shanley was over. Morris' kick was good and the score was tied. The half ended with the score still tied, after we had twice forced Ohio State to give up the ball on downs, on the Oregon 12 yard line and again on the Oregon 30. Our line was rushing fast, and their quarterback, Frank Kremblas simply didn't have time to get passes away.

In the dressing room at the half, Casanova reminded us that after the game was over he wanted to say he was proud of us. "So far," he said, "I'm very proud." The score, so far as he was concerned, was still "nothing to nothing," just as though we hadn't started to play yet.

**R**ECEIVING THE THIRD QUARTER kickoff, we lost the ball on a pass interception, but soon had it back again after the line held on a fourth-and-two-to-go situation. We racked up a couple of first downs and

got the ball to the Ohio State 18 yard line where, on fourth and eight to go, Morris tried his field goal. We were disappointed, of course, that the ball went wide, but not especially concerned, because we felt we could score again. Even when Don Sutherin made the Ohio State field goal early in the fourth quarter, we were confident—fired up, in fact, to take the kickoff and go all the way. Our passes were clicking, we were gaining up the middle, and the option play was working perfect. We even tried a double reverse, the first one all season, and Tourville got nine yards on it.

But my biggest disappointment was when I dropped the ball. I had taken a pass from Crabtree on about the 30-yard line of Ohio State. I was past Ohio State's Joe Cannavino, the halfback who had been clobbering me all afternoon on these pass plays. The only thing that stood between me and the goal line was Ohio State's safety man—or so I thought. The safety was standing

## . . . during . . .



*Harried coach gets report from press box via field telephone and Line Coach Hammer.*

dead still, and I was running hard. I figured that by cutting to the left I might get past him. Just as I was shifting the ball to my left hand, where it would be more secure when I met the safety man, Ohio State's end, Leo Brown, hit me about as hard as I'd been hit all afternoon. I hadn't even seen him. I lost the ball, and Cannavino had it.

We had the ball once more that afternoon after Ohio State had been forced to punt. This was where we played the double reverses with Tourville throwing me a pass on the end of the second reverse. A clipping penalty set us back, and even though I caught one more pass, good for 19 yards, we had to give up the ball on downs.

Ohio State ran three plays, to run out the few remaining seconds. The gun sounded and our Rose Bowl dream was over—and so were our hopes of winning the game. We lost, 10 to 7.

We should have won it. We'd given it everything we had. Every single player on the squad was "up" for this game. We'd done our very best, which was what our coaches had asked of us, but which was still a few points short of victory.

Ohio State's Cannavino grabbed me by the arm as I walked back to the dressing room. "Stover," he said, "I don't know how you did it. I don't know how you held onto that ball. I hit you the hardest of anybody I've ever hit. Still you hung onto that ball."

I can vouch for that. Even as I write this, two weeks later, I'm still sore all over. I shook hands with Cannavino, mumbled something about it being a great game and let it go at that. I felt sort of choked up, and frankly I wasn't in much of a mood to talk. The next day Cannavino was quoted by the papers as saying I was "a helluva fine guy." How about that?

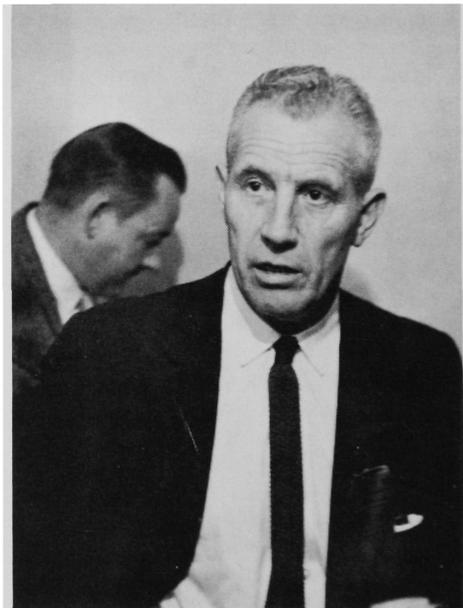
The only other Ohio State player I talked to was End Jim Houston who said he'd "sure like to take some pass catching lessons from me." These comments made me feel good, but not as good as I would have felt if we'd won.

We didn't win. But we were still a proud bunch of guys. I threw my arm around Crabtree and congratulated him for winning the "Player of the Game" award, but he was all choked up, too, and didn't say anything. I remember Darrel Ashbacher mumbling something to the effect that "I can't tell you guys how proud I am to be a member of this team."

Then Casanova came in. He closed the door to the dressing room, and locked it. I'll never forget his words.

"Before the game," he said, "all I wanted to tell you guys was that I wanted to be proud of you after the game. Well, I want to tell you now—I'm damn proud. Damn proud."

## . . . and after



*Stern Casanova tells L. A. sportswriters, "You guys helped a helluva lot—thanks!"*

# Webfoots in Rose Bowl Land

For most of those loyal Oregon rooters making the trip south for the Rose Bowl, the event offered an excellent opportunity to greet old friends, make new ones and soak up some of the Southern California atmosphere. On this and the next page are photos of some of the members of the Oregon delegation in southern California's land of the Rose Bowl.

Photo: Ken Metzler

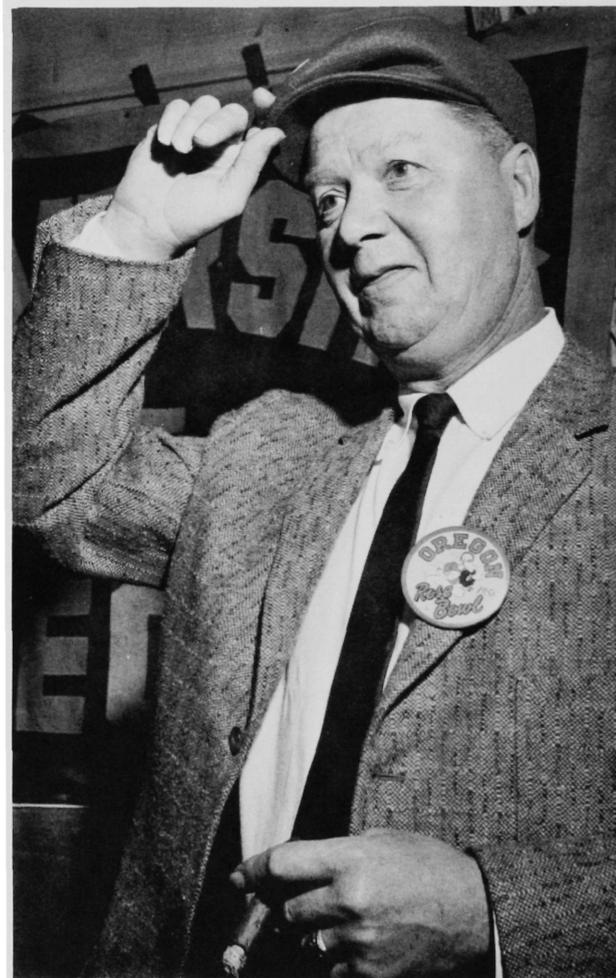


*Youngest Oregon "alumnus" to attend pre-game alumni party was Jim Austin, age 4, class of '72. With him are parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Austin, of Atherton, California. She's a 1929 Oregon grad.*

Photo: Irv Antler



*Prior to Rose Bowl game, Ted and Pat Pilip ('42 and '46) brought numerous chuckles from the Los Angeles citizenry by wearing "Under Dog" headgear.*



*Set for the Rose Bowl game is Johnny Kitzmiller '31, better known as the "Flying Dutchman" when he played halfback for Oregon.*

*A secret play? University President O. M. Wilson (left) whispers a few confidential words to Mr. and Mrs. Len Casanova. In on the secret is Oregon's governor, Robert D. Holmes.*



*Alumnus who traveled the greatest distance to attend Rose Bowl game is Bob Hackney, who works for Pan American Airways in Pakistan.*

*Wearry, but happy, wives of Oregon football players relax during tour of Disneyland. From left, they're Mrs. Harry Mondale, Mrs. LeRoy Phelps, Mrs. Len Read, Mrs. Norm Chapman, Mrs. Charlie Tourville and Mrs. Jack Crabtree.*



*John R. Richards, chancellor of state system of higher education, and Mrs. Richards are enroute to take a ride on miniature train at Disneyland.*



*Oregon rooters pause a moment in front of Disneylana castle. They're Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Nelson ('44 and '46) and their children, Chas., age 12, and Diane, 10.*

# Rose Bowl Comments By Sportswriters

## Examiner SPORTS

Sports, 1-8; Mort Olshan, 7; Racing, 6-7;  
Two Pages of Rose Bowl Pictures, 2 and 3.

### Melvin Durslag

## Sideline Coaching



Mr. Woody Hayes is no relation to Helen, but he turned in a pretty slick piece of acting on the sidelines at the Rose Bowl yesterday, getting away with a foul which, if detected, would have kept Oregon in the ball game in the closing minutes.

Mr. Hayes' performance entailed no lines, just a few significant gestures which might have won him first prize in the friendly parlor sport of charades.

Oregon was driving towards the Ohio State goal line late in the fourth quarter, at which stage Ohio was clinging nervously to a 10-7 lead.

The Coast team had started on its own 17 and had smashed steadily to its 48, when on a play involving a one-yard loss, Oregon was called for clipping.

While the Ohio State captain stood out there scratching his head, undecided whether to accept the penalty or take the advance of the down, Mr. Hayes was motioning frantically with his arm, beckoning his captain to take the penalty.

### It Wasn't the First Time

It was the clearest case of coaching from the sideline we've ever beheld, and if the officials didn't see it, they numbered distinctly among the minority in the stadium.

It was an obvious foul, flagrant, unmistakable and, of course, illegal. And if the cameras shooting films of the game had enough depth to catch the sidelines, those pictures will plainly show Hayes using his arm to signal his captain.

Had this infraction been called, it would have equalized the clipping penalty against Oregon, which, with a first and 10 on the 48, would have had an infinitely better chance to score.

It wasn't the first time in the game that Mr. Hayes was actively communicating from the sidelines.

In the third quarter, Ohio State had a fourth down and two to go on the Oregon 39. With a stiff left arm, Hayes motioned vigorously towards the Oregon goal line, giving the signal to try for yardage.

Ohio State did, but failed to make it. If the motion picture cameras were able to catch the sidelines, the films will show this violation, too.

It was pretty plain that the officials out there yesterday weren't as alert as those two years ago in the game between UCLA and Michigan State.

A coaching from the sideline penalty against UCLA late in the fourth quarter was largely responsible for UCLA's defeat, also, by a field goal, 17-14.

Giving some hard thought to yesterday's game, one concludes that two awards are in order.

One goes to Oregon for an absolutely magnificent game against such sizable odds. Losing has become infectious among Coast teams in the Rose Bowl, but no school has gone down as grudgingly as Oregon did yesterday.

The second award goes to Ohio State for perhaps the most mulish and obstinate effort ever dispensed here.

### Devoid of Flexibility

Never have we seen a team so devoid of flexibility in a football game. The Buckeyes appeared to be possessed of a strange fixation. They were going to run that ball down Oregon's throat or take the gas pipe, trying.

What's more, they were going to run through the middle — not around the end, or off tackle, but up the middle between the guards.

The fact that Oregon did a fine job thwarting this ridiculous strategy made no impression on Ohio. It was going to plough like a draft horse into the middle, and that was that.

It wasn't going to pass, either. Ohio threw only six times in the first half, and not at all in the second half.

It was absurd, block-headed stubbornness. And such shocking absence of resourcefulness hardly reflects credit on what is rated the No. 1 college team in America this season, tutored by the "Coach of the Year."

Even if Ohio State was successful this season with precisely the attack it showed yesterday, there is no excuse for a first-rate team to come into an important game so rigidly set in its offense that it can't adjust to meet emergencies.

Football is more than just a game of head-busting line smashes. It is a combat of wits, as illustrated by the astonishing way in which Oregon outsmarted Ohio. With less than its share of manpower, Oregon not only held within bounds the Ohio ground game, but attacked so cunningly itself that it never had to punt the entire afternoon.

And were it not for a freak fumble in the fourth quarter, in which the ball rolled over the shoulder of End Ron Stover as he was being tackled on the Ohio 24, Oregon quite conceivably would have won.

Reflecting the persistence of Coach Hayes, trying repeatedly to ram the ball down Oregon's gullet, we somehow recall the words of that eminent prophet, Mr. Joe E. Lewis. Says Joe: "You can lead a horse to water—but if you teach him to float you've got something."

Ohio obviously has never been taught to float.

## Great Personal 'Victory'

### Casanova Fighter---Not Lover

By MORTON MOSS

We were going to use this lead: The Rose Bowl is the only turkey that can sell out after Thanksgiving Day.

But tear it up and substitute this one: Casanova is a fighter, not a lover. Ohio State's players went on many a ride at Disneyland, but none of them were half so harrowing as the ride they were taken on yesterday by contemptibly dismissed Oregon at Pasadena before 98,202 thunderstruck patrons.

The Buckeyes, figured to crumple the Ducks, instead barely extracted a lucky 10-7 victory from Coach Len Casanova's boisterous, brilliant football militia.

Yes, Ohio State won and it was the 11th success for the Big Ten out of 12 games with the dissolving Pacific Coast Conference.

But Ohio State, favored by 19 points, needed an Oregon fumble in the fourth quarter, when the Ducks were apparently well en route to a winning touchdown, to emerge with its skin intact.

The Buckeyes had the belly series and also had the belly ache. It was 7-7 entering the third quarter and Oregon was still a peril up until 39 seconds from the game's end.

Watching the incredible panorama unroll itself on the green bottom of the bowl, the impression one got was that Ohio State had brute strength and a minimum of football brains.

This dove-tailed with another impression—that Oregon was smart, swift and was urged forward by an elan that was not even a little bit discouraged by the overwhelming superiority that had been attributed to the Buckeyes. It was a great personal triumph for Casanova. He had a severe problem in morale. A different handling of the Ducks might have found them embarking on their great adventure close to panic.

Yet, there was no such sign. They recoiled for a touchdown of their own after the Buckeyes opened festivities with a quick score.

So great was the unbelief throughout the contest that imminent collapse was seen for the Ducks. But it never happened.

It never happened mainly because of Oregon's senior quarterback from Lakewood, California, Jack Crabtree.

He was the vital spring of the Ducks. His calling of plays was superb. He used a various repertoire and was continually outguessing the Buckeyes.

There was no comparison between the Oregon strategy and that of Ohio State. The first was creative, came from a reflective estimate of strengths and weakness, while the second was almost a straightaway resort to the big rig, concentrated in Fullback Bob White.

That the Buckeyes managed to win on the 34-yard field goal of Don Sutherland hardly proved that Ohio State was the better team yesterday afternoon. It was merely the winning team.

### NED CRONIN'S COMMENT

## Can't Cash Moral Victory Ticket

By NED CRONIN

The Pacific Coast Conference's Cinderella team didn't exactly get 17 different kinds of Satan's hacienda kicked out of it yesterday in the Rose Bowl, as was confidently predicted by a lot of people who wish they could back off and take another guess at the outcome.

It did, however, manage to add considerable weight to the contention that folklore and fairy tales spun out of the literary laxae will never take the place of realism in the modern manner of looking at things. That's the way the old mop flops and there just much anyone can do about it.

To clarify this thing a bit, it should be pointed out that Ohio State scored a 10-10-7 squeaker over the University of Oregon in the annual Arroyo Seco football festival, which, by now, is a fact well known to everyone except two graduate students of the Needlepoint School of Arts who got a vodka counter

in their Christmas stocking, became lost in an old mine shaft while searching for some uranium over the rocks near the Mt. Baldy Pump Room and don't expect to be out much before June 10, if at all.

Jubilant Rooters Although the cashier's window hasn't been built where one can cash a moral victory ticket, the Oregonians were a mighty jubilant gang of rooters as they filed out of the Pasadena mixmaster, even though their heroes wound up on the short end of the count.

Judging by the dichela registered on the applause meter during Oregon's tremendous showing against a club that was supposed to blast it out of the Arroyo Seco, the Webfoot bandwagon held just about every resident in the State and posed the question of how they staved home to watch the store.

The difference between the two teams was not so much one of weight, agili-

ty and masterful strategy as it was a case of Ohio State making no mistakes and Oregon committing enough errors to halt every goal-line march save one.

Monumental Job Coach Len Casanova performed a monumental job in getting his Webfoots ready for the main event. It was the biggest crowd that any Oregon team had ever performed before, and in the opinion of the experts, Ohio State was so much superior to the Webfoots in every department of the game that the invitation came pretty close to being a bid to a claughtenhouse cocktail party.

White Varies Attack As a football spectacle it was about as exciting as spending four hours trapped in Wild Red Berry's wrestling trunks. The Ohio State offense, by and large, consisted of a 19-year-old bulldozer named Bob White, who played fullback all afternoon.

He varied his attack. Sometimes he ran straight ahead, then he would run slightly to the right and once in a while, when Coach Woody Hayes would send in a dream play, White would cut out over left guard.

Outside of that, there wasn't much dash and derring-do in the Buckeye offense. It all adds up to the fact that whatever White is getting out of Ohio State he's earning it.

If he's ever out of work, he can always get a job as the wheel horse on the Budweiser beer truck.

These intrepid warriors did the middle of the road down the middle of the road. The Oregon footballers did a tremendous job, all things considered. Much better than anyone, with the possible exception of themselves, believed possible.

## THE INSIDE TRACK

By SID ZIFF

MIRROR NEWS SPORTS EDITOR

### OHIO 'FUN' NEARLY BACKFIRES

Ohio State came out to the Rose Bowl game this year to have fun but got few laughs out of yesterday's rugged melee with the Oregon Webfoots.

The Big Ten champions, who were never favored by less than 19 points, were lucky to scrape through with a 10-7 victory.

An untimely fumble when the Coast team was racing for a touchdown was the turning point of the game.

Oregon won the statistics.

There'll be a question from now on whether Ohio State took the game seriously. The Buckeyes never missed a party arranged by the Tournament of Roses.

They did not have a single tackling scrimmage at home or here for the game.

Coach Woody Hayes took a calculated risk because he sincerely wanted his men to enjoy the trip. Branded a crank and a sportsman in 1955 when the Buckeyes whipped SC, 20 to 7.

Hayes would have won handsily in a popularity contest this time.

He threw the Ohio State dressing room wide open to the entire press after the game, something that rarely has happened with either East or West teams in the past.

He was pleased with his three-point win as he would have been with a 20-point landslide.

"Look at all the other teams that got upset in the past few days," he purred contentedly. "At least we didn't get upset—only in points, and I warned everyone from the start that anyone who gave 19 points on a football game has holes in his head."

### OREGON LOOKED LIKE WINNER

Oregon looked like the winner until the end of the game.

### OHIO TOOK NO CHANCES

Ohio State is probably the only team in college football that can advertise its plays and still get away with it. Yesterday Ohio netted 153 yards running in the second half and zero passing. Nevertheless, it won the second half 10 to 0, and the ball game, 10 to 7.

Ohio run straight into an eight-man line rather than risk a pass. Bob White carried the ball on five straight plays (4, 6, 4, 8 and 11) in the fourth quarter, and Galen Givens carried it on six straight plays (1, 7, 6, 3, 1, 2) in the same period.

Ordinarily this type of football is for the birds but the closeness of the game resulted in a thrilling battle.

### 'WE WERE BEST'—CASANOVA

Len Casanova was so disappointed by the defeat that he momentarily lost his composure and revealed his heartache to the world.

"We were the best team," he whispered. "Divided by everybody, I'm prouder of this team than any I ever coached," he went on so softly that reporters begged him to raise his voice.

Casanova recovered himself a moment later when a photographer asked him to put on a smile for his paper. "You never smile when you lose," Casanova reminded him. But he did anyway.

The Oregon coach then turning to the reporters said: "I think you writers helped us out a helluva lot if you don't mind my telling you. Nobody can be humiliated like that and not react. Thanks a lot."

Funny how the writers can't win. Favor one team and you're responsible for getting them overconfident. Look down on the other and it's your work that got 'em angry and fired them up.

Probably Ohio State would skin the Webfoots alive 9 out of 10 times but they didn't yesterday.

"We knew it was going to be tough," said End Jim Houston, who went the whole 60 minutes. "It worked out that way every time one team wins."

## Rose Bowl Fans Still Looking For 'Mismatch'

By PAUL HARVEY III

ROSE BOWL, Pasadena—Oregon may have lost the Rose Bowl game to Ohio State, but thousands of football fans are still looking for that "mismatch."

The Webfoots were billed as the worst Pacific Coast Conference team to appear in the annual clash since the Big Ten-PCC pact was inaugurated in 1947.

But they almost did what only one other PCC team has done—beat the Big Ten representative. No club has come closer to the Big Ten representative in losing.

"Nobody can be humiliated and take it," Oregon Coach Len Casanova said after the game. He was referring to the barrage of uncomplimentary remarks hurled at the Webfoots.

"We were derided by almost everyone," and looking at members of the Los Angeles press, he added, "but you guys helped us. Thanks."

"I'm prouder of this team than any I've ever coached," Casanova continued. They played on heart."

Oregon Quarterback Jack Crabtree, voted the game's outstanding player, remarked that "they may be the No. 1 team but we're No. 2."

## Ohio State Edges Oregon, 10-7

(Two full pages of game pictures in sports section.)

By VINCENT X. FLAHERTY

For a tremendously protracted spell it seemed as if the condemned man was going to throw the switch on the executioner yesterday in Pasadena.

But the executioner, after a frightening ordeal, escaped with his life as Ohio State narrowly defeated gallant Oregon by a score of 10 to 7 in the 44th Rose Bowl game.

It was an inspiring spectacle because Oregon, embattled and out-manned, made it so.

Straight up until the last dwindling seconds of play there wasn't one of the 98,202 people on hand who didn't have a feeling Oregon was going to come on and win. There wasn't a member of this vast throng, upon leaving, that didn't go away convinced Oregon deserved no worse than a tie.

Ohio State's big Buckeyes won it on Don Sutherland's 34-yard field goal and they deserved to win as much as Oregon did. The Ducks who flew down from the north weren't sitting ducks. The miracle of it was all the way Oregon out-fought, out-played, out-gained and out-first-downed Ohio State.

Remember, Oregon was lowly regarded. Its record of seven victories and three losses was something less than scintillating.

You must also remember Ohio State was hailed as America's No. 1 collegiate football team. So it was like

umid, wizened little fellow standing on his tiptoes so he could reach up and slug the heavyweight champ with a barrage of paralyzing blows.

Yep, Oregon, the 19-point underdog, had a ferocious bite. So while Ohio State won with a last-period field goal, the story of this 1958 Rose Bowl game necessarily must be one of Oregon and its glorious fight and its red-blooded eagerness to take the initiative.

The Oregonians put on an astounding display and, surprisingly enough, even seemed to be the superior team a great part of the way.

Oregon really was "up" for this one-way up. When the Oregon coach, Len Casanova, arrived here with his squad a few days ago and was asked how he thought his team would make out, he said:

"We came here to play a football game."

He could have embellished that quite a little, but per- haps modestly prevented him from saying "A whole of a football game."

Casanova undoubtedly performed the greatest coaching miracle of the season for the Rose Bowl classic. His boys were never "conditioned." They were crisp, sharp and well-drilled. There couldn't have been a Bowl team in America yesterday that dazzled with more spectacular finesse.

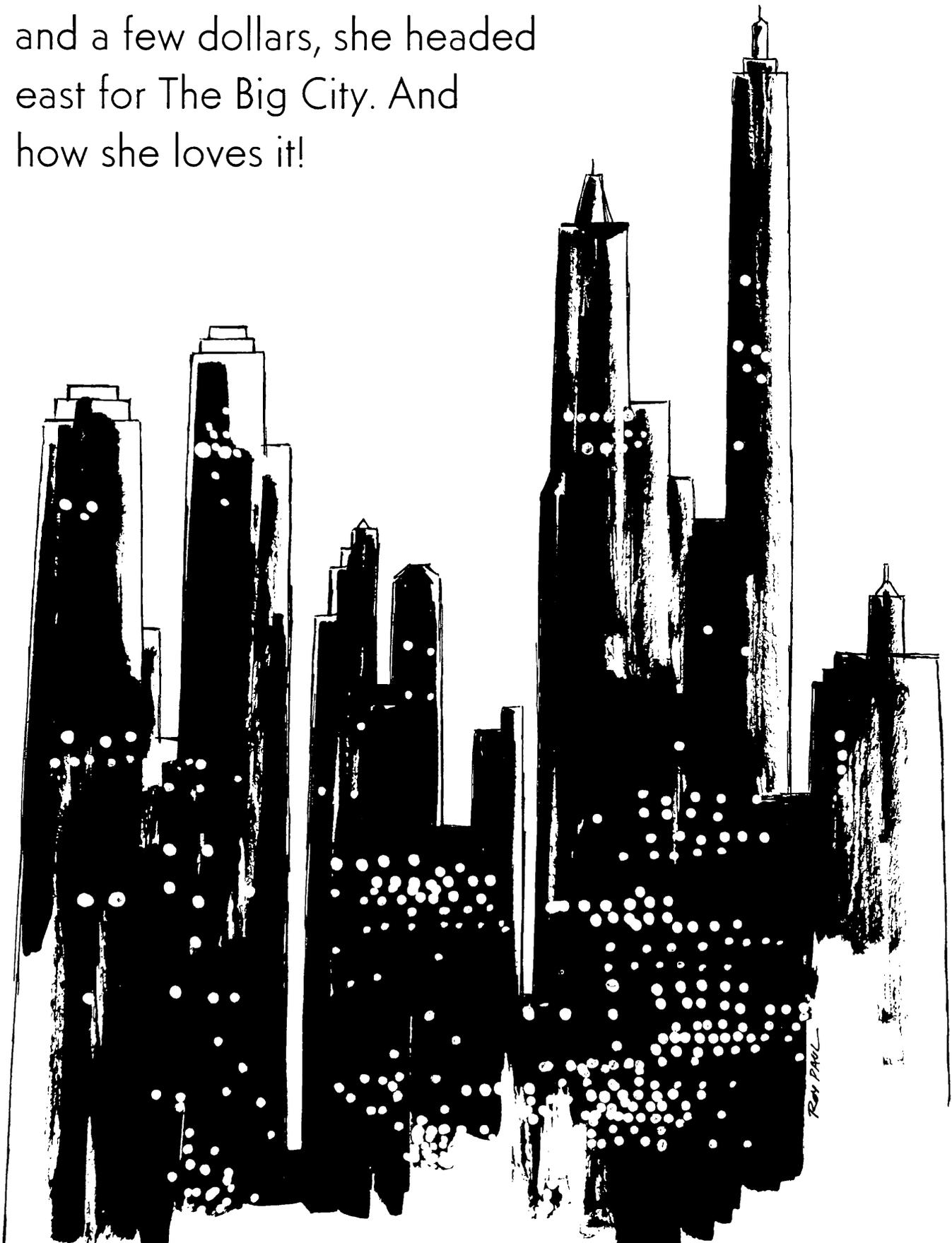
Oregon's line was supposed to be crushed and decimated by the Ohio State line. The Buckeye line came to Pasadena ready as the most powerful in America. Per- haps this reputation was entirely deserved throughout Ohio State's regular season.

But yesterday that doughy, fast-moving Oregon line out-played the Buckeye line every inch of the way. Those white-jerseyed Oregon linemen all but made it possible for Oregon to spring the mightiest upset of the season.

However, the most outstanding individual star on the field had to be Jack Crabtree, Oregon quarter- back by Lakewood.

*IU*

With a post-graduation dream  
and a few dollars, she headed  
east for The Big City. And  
how she loves it!



# Take

# New York

By Anne Ritchey '56

ACCORDING TO E. B. WHITE, who knows such things, "there are roughly three New Yorks" . . . that of the native who was born here; that of the commuter who comes in daily for his business; and "the New York of the person who was born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something. Of these three trembling cities," he continues, "the greatest is the last—the city of final destination, the city that is a goal."

Something in the famous *New Yorker* writer's words strikes a universal chord in the very being of someone like myself—who has come here knowing full well that there are thousands of other young would-be writers, hope-to-be artists, and I-jolly-well-can-be actors with the same idea.

We come usually with less than \$200 to our name, and often immediately after graduating from college. We don't know, really, what to expect yet we know somehow that "things will work out." After lots of discouraging hunting, we find an apartment, and learn that "security"—or an extra month's rent—must be paid immediately upon signing a lease, and that Consolidated Edison—the gigantic monopoly that runs all utilities in New York, expects a good-sized deposit. So does the telephone company. This dwindles the cash reserve to nearly nothing, or less. It doesn't make for peaceful sleep or three-course meals right

at first, but the important thing is *being* in New York. We're in worse circumstances, it would appear, than we would find anywhere else. Yet we must come to New York.

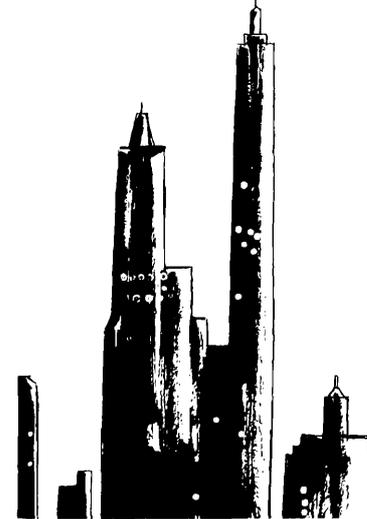
Why? Because, for some reason, New York itself *is* a goal.

Perhaps it's a trick the fiction writers, advertising men, movie producers, television stars, and all those glamorous people currently lumped together as "symbol manipulators" play upon the unwary, adventurous young person in search of a Place to Go After College.

Perhaps it's the lure of competition; the prospect of exciting night life complete with the brightest bright lights anywhere; a vague desire to "meet famous people;" an urge to lose one's self in the anonymity of the world's biggest city; the anticipation of eating in foreign restaurants and strolling through quaint districts, or of meeting arty, Bohemian types under unlikely circumstances.

Probably it is all of these, and more.

Starting at the bottom of a very real and very high ladder, professionally speaking, is no overworked cliché here. It's literally too true to be funny. My job, for example, is that of "editorial assistant"—a nebulous category covering a range of duties from pencil-sharpening to thinking up titles for articles—at the *New York Herald Tribune's* year-old local magazine, *Today's Living*.



When I began, the duties ran far more to the pencil-sharpening line than the title-thinking part. I was "lower," probably, than I would have been starting anywhere else. And I'm not *much* above that now! Yet I love it.

It's hard to be depressed, I find—and I know I speak for a good share of White's third category—when one idle gaze out the window can encompass New York harbor, the Empire State Building, and millions of people scurrying below on the streets. The "Great White Way" of Times Square, viewed through a depressing rainstorm after work at night, somehow makes the rain less wet and cold. And just watching the *Queen Mary* sail down the Hudson makes Europe seem within the reach of even a "nobody."

If the hopeful young nobody finds himself an underdog at the office, he gets no change of status when he goes home at night. My apartment, for example, is humble in every sense of the word. As do most unmarried females in White's third category, I share it—with two other girls. We cook, clean, empty our own garbage, and take a plunger to the sink when it gets stopped up. We shop at a miserably crowded supermarket, but save precious pennies by not patronizing the specialty stores nearby. We save more pennies by using the pay telephone outside our apartment in the front hall, rather than having a phone of our own inside. We pay rent that would provide a very comfortable apartment in a city like Portland—yet we don't mind the extra expense, for less, in New York. It's because we know that the plush Manhattan Towers of song and story are right around the corner—for a price. Somehow sweeping off a shabby front step is exciting, when it's done practically in the shadow of a great building.

One of the wonderful things about Manhattan's physical arrangement is this great disparity within a few blocks. Some of the world's worst tenements are to be found in the same block with 60-story office or apartment buildings. Such variety does not make for boredom!

The same principle applies to shopping for something like a \$10 orlon sweater in a huge department store. It's not at all unusual, when spending a Saturday afternoon this way, to brush shoulders with, say,



*The author views her favorite city from atop Rockefeller Center, an 850-foot high vantage point. Empire State Building dominates background. On campus Miss Rütchey was Emerald news editor, member of the student senate and editor of the Pigger's Guide twice.*

Ethel Merman—on her way to the fifth floor beauty salon. A friend of mine came rushing excitedly into my apartment one evening, carrying a pint of ice cream she'd bought at a nearby delicatessen. "I just saw Walter Pidgeon," she gushed—"and he was buying *green olives*." I laughed with her, but knew too the exalted feeling of walking the same streets and breathing the same air with nearly all of the greats and near-greats of our time.

I was very impressed, upon first starting to work at the *Trib.* to learn that Herb Philbrick, famous author of *I Led Three Lives*, occupied the office right next to ours. For weeks I tried to contrive a way to meet him "accidentally;" then one day I ran an errand in his office and found him to be cordial and humble, and fully as friendly as one of my professors at Oregon. This discovery lent an aura of majesty to my trivial chores for many days afterward.

Sometimes, though, the stimulus of New York's people is not in the famous names at all, but in the unimportant but oh-so-vital "nobodies" that native New Yorkers take so much for granted. Bearded bicyclists, singing blind people, and literally millions of faceless, nameless people rush by in the course of an ordinary day in midtown. Their

presence doesn't exert a tangible influence—yet somehow it makes for a new outlook on humanity, just knowing they're there. After awhile I learned to control my urge to hit subway starters who shoved me into trains like an animal; and to resist the temptation to give five dollars to every dirty, pathetic seven-year-old begging on the streetcorner for pennies. With so many extreme human situations going on routinely, a philosophical attitude is the only tenable one.

It would be hard to say what I really had expected of the city, but New York is strange in that most people believe anything and everything they've heard about it. Surprisingly enough, it's probably all true. If slums can exist in the shadow of new skyscrapers, and if beggars rub shoulders with millionaires, it follows naturally that anything can, and does, happen within this tiny island.

Almost every day in Manhattan people attempt suicide, and window washers fall from thousands of feet, and big-syndicate crimes take place, and pet squirrels get stranded on top of billboards. Millions line Fifth Avenue for Queen Elizabeth's appearance and for that annual all-city occasion, the St. Patrick's Day parade. A terrible

apathy exists here as elsewhere when election day rolls around; yet a streetcorner political rally attracts millions of people who won't bother to vote, but who "don't want to miss anything" because the Crowd will be there.

And how does one feel as part of the Crowd? Lonely? Despite the commonly-held attitude, I for one do not. It's part of the E. B. White Third City concept again—we who are members of it make fast friends with one another and establish a sort of group identity. We meet under all sorts of circumstances, sometimes in the classes many of us take at universities and museums. We find friends at the office, and make friends of *their* friends. We do things together...things native New Yorkers would never bother with. We attend free concerts in Central Park on hot summer evenings, and walk around the Lower East Side (one of the world's worst slum areas) to soak up the "atmosphere." We know there are Native New Yorkers around, but for us in many ways they don't exist.

They're the people in the apartment building who are home all day and who sign for packages. They're the same ones who have children who skate on the sidewalk and play baseball in the street, and who have a dog and a car. They're the ones who've never been to the Statue of Liberty, or the Empire State Building. They don't believe you when you tell them that delicatessens and corner newsstands aren't found just everywhere, and that your father actually goes home for lunch. Most of us, I think, sum them up as "unappreciative of their city."

White's second category, that of the commuters, is even farther from our reach. Many of them have been dreamers for whom New York was a goal... only they settled down and moved to the suburbs where they lead a strangely composite life. We read the current flood of sociological and psychological novels about them, and are as confused as they about their status. In the final analysis we know them as the people at the office who have to leave early each night to catch the 5:10.

So they "leave town" at night in a great exodus of trains, buses and automobiles; and the city is ours. It belongs to the Dreamers.

Who, least of all us, can know where we'll end up? Some simple reasoning indicates that we'll either "go back home," "make good in New York," become domesticated suburbanites or stay here and *not* make good. But who's to dwell on these prosaic alternatives when there's a whole world around us, little more than a mile wide, and only a few miles long, just waiting to be explored? Surely a lifetime could not be long enough to take it all in. Not wanting to look ahead as far as a lifetime, I look forward mostly to the next corner. Who knows, in this crazy town, what's just around it?

# The Natives Are Friendly!

*A foreign exchange student from Italy  
Records her first impressions  
Of life at the University of Oregon*

*A journalism student on  
foreign exchange scholar-  
ship at the University,  
Elena Lunardoni is from  
Rome, Italy.*



## By Elena Lunardoni

I WAS 10,000 MILES away from my home in Italy, and naturally I expected things to be a bit different. But I wasn't prepared, really, to have all the doors locked. It seemed that every door in the U.S. was locked. It was some time before I discovered the simple "key" to this mystery—a twist of the door handle to the left, instead of the right as we do in Italy.

Indeed, since the first day I left home to embark on a new adventure as a foreign exchange student in a new and sometimes mysterious land, I felt the excitement of discovery not less than Columbus did; after all, he had not to be so concerned with the natives' manners as I was.

My arrival in Eugene last fall was by bus and, because of missing a connection with the plane, very late on a dark, gloomy night. I even wondered if perhaps my reception party had decided to wait no longer and gone home. Imagine my surprise, then, to find waiting for *me* some 30 girls! I shook 30 hands, they told me 30 names which I tried hard to remember in the confusion of everyone talking at once.

Then they sang "Down By the Old Mill Stream," even though there was no stream

in sight, and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," although there could hardly have been a moon in such weather as this. Really, I was not quite sure to be awake.

The following morning I had to register for classes. I was walking with my eyes on the map of the campus and when, at a certain moment I raised my head, I was a girl smiling pleasantly. I hadn't realized that someone was behind me. Instinctively I turned to see who it was—but nobody was following me.

So she had smiled at *me*! And I hadn't even the time to say "hello." Certainly, I thought, she was a girl of my sorority. What was she to think of me now? Maybe she was the president of the house and I hadn't even recognized her. But the smiles of the second and the third girl I passed relieved me from this worrying. I realized that *everybody* was smiling at me, even if we hadn't met before.

This episode reminds me of a Brazilian girl friend of mine who said about registration: "It's the best organized confusion I have ever seen!"

I think that this witty remark is fitted for many other aspects of American life—from the great stores to the Port of New York. Even the most complicated things turn out to be simple. Everyone knows his job—his little part of the whole—and feels



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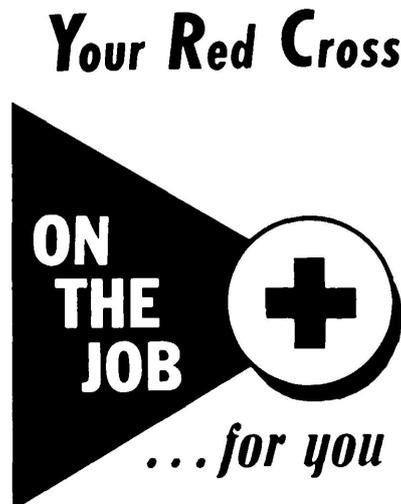
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and makes you feel completely at ease everywhere.

One of the things which impresses me more is the behavior of children in the elementary schools. In the clean, comfortable classrooms, with large windows and proper furniture of *House Beautiful* style, all kids seem to be quite at home. Often they raise their arms asking or answering questions to a young teacher who treats them as small brothers.

None of them has this look of apprehension, close to self-defense, that I have noticed so often among the youngest pupils in Europe. School in the U.S. seems to be perfect; children seem to enjoy it, learn in a pleasant way and work seriously. All of them. Their grades can be more or less good, but I haven't seen the really outstanding pupil, or the "Tom Sawyer" type who entertains and frightens the whole class with his horrible jokes, or the girl who is so shy that she doesn't dare to lift her eyes, but has a wonderful, rich inside world of her own.

Here they seem to grow with greater uniformity. College provides so much social life, besides studying, that no time is left to personal initiative. There is little extra room for the "different one." And can it be possible that there is another, like myself, who does not go to football games? It is an immense, and lonely, campus on Saturday afternoons when everybody else is out cheering for the green and yellow.

In Greece, some four or five centuries B.C., it was a game "a la mode" for a philosopher to demonstrate one day a certain subject and to refute it the following day. From this apparently ridiculous game, it appears at least that there are always two aspects to the same question.

So it is, for instance, with the supposed lack of excitement—the "sophisticated" attitude—that American young people have nowadays in affairs of the heart. The "girl friends" or "boy friends" have become a sort of national institution. But this gives, perhaps, on the other side, a more quiet and serene relationship between boys and girls. The life of young people in the U.S. seems to be—on the whole—more steady and well balanced than in Europe; and I think the sound compound of study and sport may be a reason.

And speaking of sport, I was intrigued during registration to find a course offered in trampoline as I glanced down at the list of classes in physical education. But for one letter, the word was the Italian *trampolino*. Eagerly, I signed up.

Now I know why—at my great astonishment—we had to wear tennis shoes, shorts and blouse. And now I know that there's only a slight resemblance between a trampoline and *trampolino*. It can be fun to bounce up and down on a trampoline, but I really had my heart set on learning swan dives and back flips off the *trampolino*—diving board!

# OLD OREGON ROUNDUP

## ADVANCED PLACEMENT

The University became one of the first institutions of higher education on the west coast to adopt the Advanced Placement Program for outstanding high school students.

The basic plan to be followed will permit advanced students to take college-level courses while still in high school, thus enabling them to avoid repetition of courses in college which they have had previously. Upon completion of the courses the students will take the yearly examinations given by the College Entrance Examination Board. Those successfully passing the exams will receive college credit in subject areas covered, the amount to be determined by the institution in which they enroll.

The new program will include 12 available courses in the fields of English, History, Romance Languages and German, science and mathematics. However, this does not mean that each high school participating in the plan will offer all 12 college-level courses. Each school will establish courses in accordance with its faculty strengths and physical facilities.

While the program is designed for students who enroll in the special courses in high school, this does not limit exceptional students in other high schools. These students, after private study and on recommendation of the principal, may also take the exams and will receive college credit upon their success.

According to Howard Dean, associate professor of political science, the plan gives gifted students an opportunity to "break the rigid chronological pattern which characterizes their education from kindergarten to college, by allowing them to do challenging college-level work while still in high school."

## DEATH OF THE DRY ZONE

The so-called "Dry Zone" around the campus, in which the sale of beer and other alcoholic drinks was prohibited, is now legally dead.

The zone, which had been in effect since 1951, was declared by the state attorney general's office to have no legal foundation. The opinion was rendered by the attorney general at the request of the Oregon Liquor Control Commission.

In the past few months the zone had been subject to considerable criticism on behalf of grocery stores that were within the zone but did not cater to student trade. It now appears likely that as a result of the attorney general's ruling, most, perhaps all of the four groceries within the old zone will be granted licenses to sell beer. A special committee has been appointed to study each

application for an alcoholic beverage sales license from stores and taverns near the University campus. The committee, consisting of three representatives of the Eugene City Council and three of the University, will render its recommendation to the council on the basis of each application.

The original establishment of the zone came at the request of parent groups in an attempt to curb the amount of beer getting into the hands of under-age students. The Eugene Council cooperated by refusing to approve beer license applications within the zone.

University members of the special committee are Dr. Fred Miller, director of the University Health Service; A. A. Esslinger, dean of the Health and Physical Education School, and Dean of Men Ray Hawk. The committee has held two meetings so far.

## NEW LOOK IN YEARBOOKS

Something different in yearbooks is promised this year by the staff of the *Oregana*. In the first place, the yearbook staff figures that the biggest story of the year was the

Rose Bowl game—something that Oregon hasn't participated in for nearly 40 years. A full-page color photo of Oregon and Ohio State in action will start the *Oregana* ball rolling. Secondly, says Editor Larrilyn Carr, the book will depict "the year as we saw it," making heavy use of picture essays, key photos and picture sets. What they're aiming for, adds Editor Carr, is "that magazine look."

And besides, Miss Carr and a staff of 30 are working toward the goal of "All-American" rating, something the yearbook hasn't achieved since 1949. The staff expects to meet its final deadline March 24, and the yearbook will be distributed during spring term.

## PICKED UP A HOT ONE

A University law student, Lloyd A. Domaschofsky, was undoubtedly the happiest motorist ever halted by a roadblock when, in December, he picked up a hitchhiker who turned out to be armed ex-convict Wesley Ritchie. Ritchie was being sought for shooting and wounding a deputy sheriff in Tacoma, Washington on December 1.

Domaschofsky, who had been enroute to Roseburg, said that the wanted man had flagged him down south of Goshen. During the ride Ritchie didn't talk much but seemed to want to sleep and made no threats. He was carrying a black overcoat

*But he wore an orange and black tie . . .*



*A little painful, perhaps, but it fits. Bob Knoll, alumni director at Oregon State College, tries on an Oregon Rose Bowl cap in preparation for the big game at Pasadena. Knoll provided able assistance to Oregon alumni officials in Los Angeles.*

**"I never smile when I lose . . ."**



. . . But he tried. Coach Len Casanova, during after-game press conference at Pasadena, had just finished "thanking" the sportswriters for getting his boys fired up for Rose Bowl game. A photographer asked for a smile, and though Cas never smiles when he loses, this is his wan attempt.

which was found later to conceal a sawed-off shotgun.

The student, who was not aware of possible roadblocks, said he became suspicious when his passenger said he had walked all the way from the other side of Eugene and mentioned he was from Seattle. Domaschofsky had heard of the search for Ritchie in Eugene and increased his speed, looking for a policeman throughout the 70-mile trip to northern Roseburg, where the roadblock was stationed.

As soon as he saw the police, he pulled to the side of the road and jumped from the car. Ritchie offered no resistance to the several officers present, and dropped the shotgun to the ground.

Final comment on the experience by Domaschofsky was: "I'm happy to have it finished."

## **SURGERY HEAD RESIGNS**

Dr. William K. Livingston, head of the University of Oregon Medical School's surgery department for the past 10 years, has resigned his office. He will remain on the staff on a part-time basis and will continue his research studies on "the cause of pain." While he will continue some teaching, he also plans to complete a book and travel to other medical centers in connection with his research.

Dr. Livingston is a 1920 graduate of Harvard's Medical School and is a native of Sparta, Wisconsin. He has practiced in Eugene and in 1947 gave the Lord Moynihan lecturer at the royal college of surgeons in London.

He has published numerous scientific articles and papers and has authored two books, *The Clinical Aspects of Visceral Neurology* and *Pain Mechanisms*. He is a past president of the Portland Art Museum and an active member in many medical and surgical associations.

## **NEWS OF THE FACULTY**

Glenn Starlin, head of the Speech Department, and Scott Nobles, assistant professor of speech, have been elected to positions in the Western Speech Association. Starlin was installed as a member of the executive council and will act as chairman of the organization's mass media committee; Nobles was elected governor of the Western Forensics Association.

A paper written by Norman Sundberg, associate professor of psychology, has been incorporated into Volume 12 of *Progress in Neurology and Psychiatry; an Annual Review*. Sundberg's paper, entitled "Projective Methods," summarizes the findings of more than 130 research studies dealing with projective tests of personality and analyzes main trends in this field of work. He has been invited to prepare a similar chapter for the next volume of the publication.

Six faculty members are among the 55 Oregon authors listed in the recently published "Who's Who Among Pacific Northwest Authors." They are: Homer G. Barnett, professor of anthropology; Mrs. Alice H. Ernst, associate professor emerita of English; Earl S. Pomeroy, professor of history; Martin F. Schmitt, curator of special collections in the library; and George S. Turnbull, professor emeritus of journalism. Also listed is Burt Brown Barker, vice president emeritus of the University. The book is printed by the University of Oregon press and will be distributed by Eugene Salmon, circulation librarian of the University.

Terrell L. Hill, professor of chemistry, has been awarded a research grant by the National Science Foundation. He will combine the grant with one received last sum-

mer from the Public Health Service for a study of biology and chemistry through molecular physics. Assisting Dr. Hill in his study will be Egor Plesner, from Denmark, Frank Krasc, from England, and Dick Stigter, from Holland.

Homer G. Barnett, professor of anthropology, has written *Indian Shakers*, a book on the messianic cult of the Pacific Northwest. The study traces the history of the cult, which started near Olympia, Washington, from late in the last century up to its present form.

W. M. Graven, assistant professor of chemistry, has been awarded a \$2,600 renewal of the Frederick Gardner Cottrell grant. This second grant is being used to complete a two-year study in the investigation of the kinetics of rapid gas-phase reactions at high temperatures. The Cottrell Grants, which are a part of Research Corporation, have totaled \$305,344 this quarter, and are awarded to scientists here and abroad for basic research for its own sake rather than to fulfill some practical objective.

C. Ward Macy, head of the Economics Department, has been awarded a faculty research fellowship by the Ford Foundation for a nine-month research project in the field of local government finance. He is on sabbatical leave during winter and spring terms. Macy will work out of Eugene, consulting with tax officials in several states.

Leavitt O. Wright, professor of romance languages, has accepted a position with Hamilton College in Clinton, New York, as visiting professor of modern languages for winter and spring quarters. He and Mrs. Wright left Eugene shortly after Christmas for New York via California and Florida, where they visited relatives before the opening of the winter session. They will return to Eugene early in June.

## **NEW B. A. DEAN**

Richard Wadsworth Lindholm, professor of economics in the school of business and public services of Michigan State University, has been appointed the new dean of the School of Business Administration.

A graduate of Gustavus Adolphus College, Lindholm has been a member of the Michigan faculty since 1948. He received his master's degree from the University of Minnesota and his doctorate from the University of Texas. He had been assistant professor of economics and finance at Ohio State University and also at Texas A. and M. College and was an instructor at the University of Texas and Minnesota College of St. Thomas.

In 1950 Lindholm was granted a year's leave of absence to serve as fiscal economist with the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, D. C. and in 1953 he was a Fulbright lecturer in economics at the University of

ACTION SHOT OF A  
NEW ENGLAND LIFE AGENT



L. to R., Tom Parker and Howard Soper of Parker-Soper, Architects; Dick Weldon

## Dick Weldon discusses a \$50,000 increase in business insurance for Parker-Soper, Architects

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### NEW ENGLAND

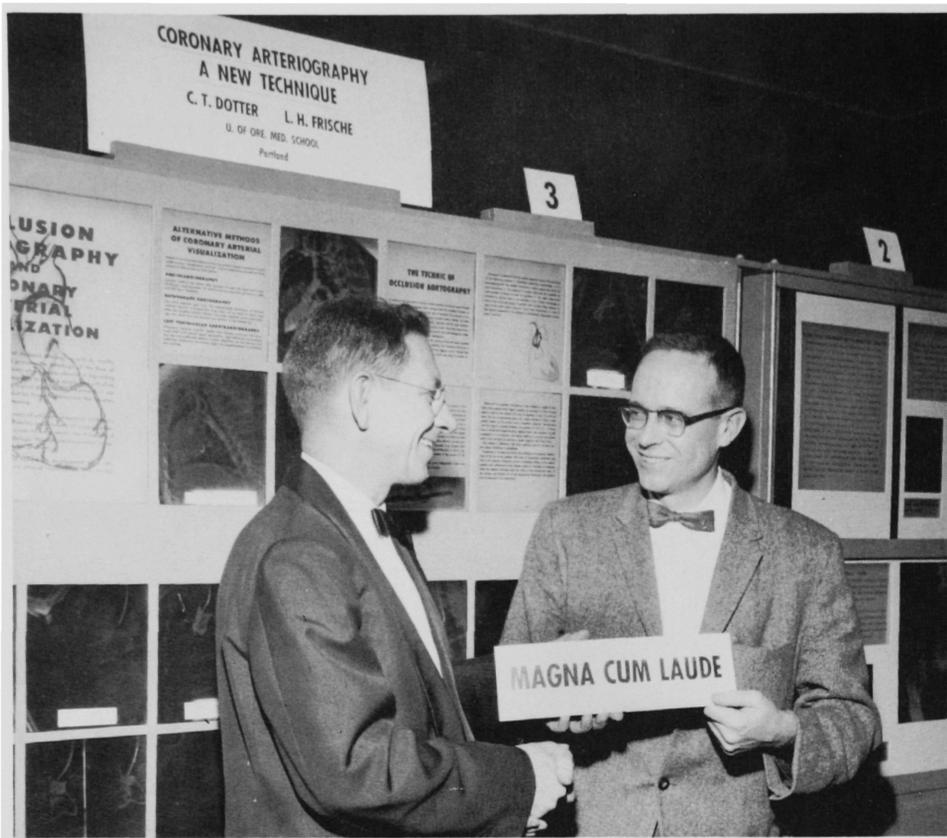
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JOHN R. KELTY, Gen. Agt., '47, Portland, Oregon

ALBERT R. "DICK" ALLEN, '43, Portland, Oregon



Dr. Louis H. Frische, right, University Medical School radiologist, receives congratulations from Dr. Ivan J. Miller for prize winning exhibits at annual meeting of Radiological Society of North America at Chicago last November. Exhibit was prepared by Dr. Frische and Dr. Charles T. Dotter, chairman of Medical School's Department of Radiology.

Punjab in Pakistan. During this time he served as financial advisor to the government of Pakistan. He held the position of fiscal economist of the Republic of Vietnam in Saigon in 1955-56.

The professor is the author of a number of books on economics, including *Principles of Money and Banking Related to National Income and Fiscal Policy*, and co-author of *The Michigan Economy to 1970, a Study in Growth* in 1955. A book of his lectures was published while he was in Vietnam.

Lindholm will take over his new position next July 1, filling the post vacated by the retirement of Dean Victor P. Morris who had been dean of the school since 1926. Morris was appointed first holder of the Miner chair in business administration following his resignation.

## FASHION FLASHES

The University School of Business Administration made a recent excursion into the fashion world as reported by the *Oregon Business Review*. A 1957 survey looked for the fashion preferences of women in shoes and of men in what they covered the torso with in the springtime. The survey found that weather, more than fashion authority, dictated the customary pattern for apparel and shoes.

The results indicated that men wore more unusual get-ups than anything else, these classified as "other" in the survey. Altogether 44 per cent of the men surveyed

fell into this category, which could be anything from T-shirts to sweaters to shirt-sleeves. Only 16 per cent on the average wore suits and only 16 per cent wore sport coats. Evening wear consisted of an increase in the number of jackets worn while suits and other styles decreased. The warmer the weather, the fewer coats of any kind in evidence.

Observations of women's shoe styles revealed that flats were worn more than any other type of shoe, though pumps ran a close second. However, these percentages were found to vary quite widely from one day to the next and were accounted for by the influence of the weather. Pumps ranged from 28 per cent on a warm day in April to 42 per cent in May on a cool, showery day.

The survey points out the Oregonians tend to ignore fashion dictators and that Eugene is a far cry from the style-conscious centers of the world.

"From the survey, it would seem that our main interest is in just being plain, old comfortable," noted the *Eugene Register-Guard*. "And that's not so bad at that."

## FOR A 'GREATER OREGON'

The following article was written by Wally Slocum for the *Oregon Daily Emerald*:

Oregon student leaders are facing an uncomfortable fact: High school students are beginning to shy away from the University. Not only is the "country club" myth begin-

ning to be believed, but also, Oregon State College has been "scouting" better than we have.

Two things have brought the problem to attention. One is the re-examination of Oregon students' accomplishments in selling the University. This was brought on by the end of Duck Preview.

Second, OSC students have during the past few years carried on an informal rush-type program to get the best high school seniors. OSC has been selling itself better each year. This year's figures on percentage change in freshman enrollment are dramatic proof: OSC, up 13 per cent; UO down 5 per cent.

The ASUO senate has made somewhat of a "crash" program—the year-old Greater Oregon Committee has begun. A kickoff dinner for the district chairmen has been held. The purpose of the committee says Chairman Duncan Ferguson, "... is to contact and encourage campus visits by the outstanding senior students of the state's high schools. The college prospects among the best athletes, scholars, and leaders are to be invited here to see what Oregon really is like. This approach is to be more personal and friendlier than was Duck Preview. This kind of personal selling has paid off handsomely for OSC, and it is time we at least made up our recent losses in freshman enrollment."

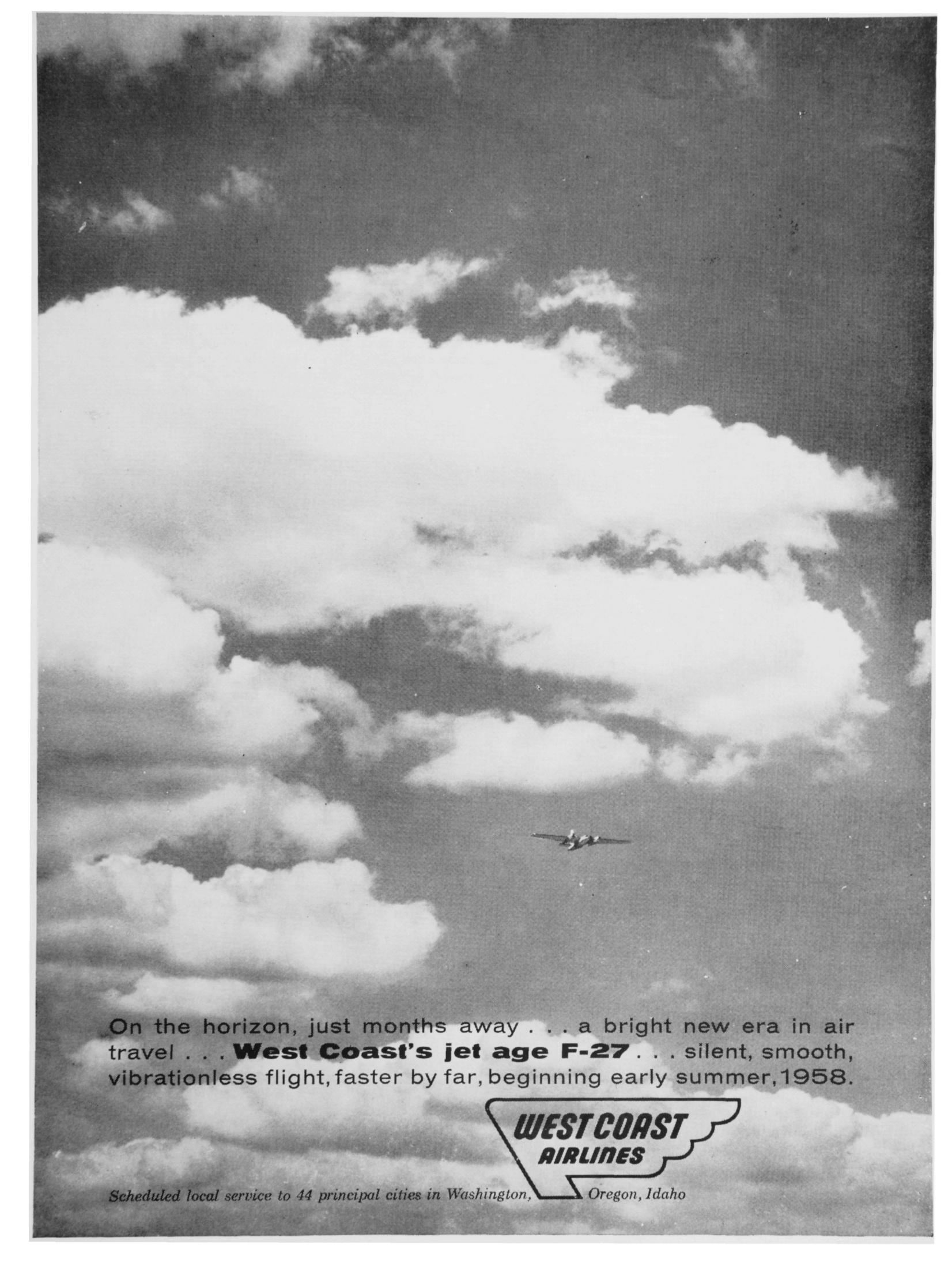
The G.O.C. central planning board numbers five under the chairmanship of Ferguson. A boy and girl are chairmen of the men's and women's "visitation and contact" committees, of which there are eight working in eight geographical districts. This makes a total of 16 students (a boy and girl per district) attempting to contact as many high schools in their districts as possible.

The word "contact" here is vitally important and is where the campus must enter the program. The first contact the committee makes with high schools is through students already here at Oregon from those schools. Once the contact persons are chosen, they will receive full committee backing by means of various publications, mailings, and arrangements for visitations.

The contact persons, preferably underclassmen, theoretically should number 225, the number of high schools in Oregon. They will gather names of possible college students from high school leaders in citizenship, scholarship, and athletics. This is the ground work; after it the real job begins—salesmanship by the students.

Once the prospects are known, they will receive a flow of mailings, visitation invitations, and letters. The contact person works on the more personal angles such as Coke dates and other individual meetings designed to sell Oregon.

Revival is planned of the Oregon Days picnic, an affair that was very successful for 10 times during and shortly before World War II. Some prospects will get letters from the department heads encouraging students to visit Oregon.



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Two loyal Oregon supporters at Rose Bowl game are University President O. Meredith Wilson (left) and Gov. Robert D. Holmes.

Most important in Greater Oregon is the visitation program. A year-round flow of high school seniors to the campus is planned. They must see an Oregon different from the one that Duck Preview showed. The Preview made the visitors go on a high-pressure social marathon of dances, assemblies, games, dramas and other activities.

The committee fears that two problems may arise. The first is that the visitors, boys especially, will find their visit to be more a drinking party than a serious look at Oregon. Drinking more than anything else gives (and has given) the "country club" impression. Getting liquor is not a problem to students of any college and the high school students know it.

"The student who remembers Oregon as a party and not as a college, isn't likely to come back. Only if the living groups, especially the fraternities, realize this will they find themselves with better members next year," commented Chairman Ferguson.

There may develop the problem that the Greeks will sell themselves instead of the college. On this point Ferguson urged the houses to ponder the question: "Would you enroll in a college just because a group you had visited for a day or two was there?"

## OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY?

While all the football and Rose Bowl excitement has been holding our attention during the past few months, there's been a certain amount of chatter up north in Corvallis.

They've been talking "liberal arts" up yonder, talking so hard that they're beginning to call themselves "Oregon State University." The latest tidbit appears in a recent issue of the *Oregon Stater*, OSC alumni magazine, and so that you may get an idea of their line of thinking, we're glad to reprint the article herewith:

"Don't turn in your Oregon Agricultural

College pennants yet, but there is more and more sentiment sweeping over the campus and among alumni ranks for a change in name of the institution to 'Oregon State University.'

"Even President Strand, who until now generally thought the idea had merit but was reluctant to push for the name change, came out the other day at a meeting of professors and said he thought it would be a good thing for the institution.

"Oregon State's administration is faced with the challenge of adequately meeting the rapid rise in enrollment. Planning must be done today for the future years. President Strand met with the alumni board of directors at a recent meeting and indicated that the Legislature, and therefore the State of Oregon, is failing to provide the necessary funds for the job that must be done to provide for the education of the state's young people.

"Within a few years, perhaps even as early as next year, there will come a time when even the chance to enter college will not be available to some students. Selectivity will be practiced. It will have to be, the college knowing that the facilities and teachers are just not available.

"This is in direct contrast to Oregon State's land grant concept of at least allowing students to try for a college education.

"One thing President Strand can do, and will be doing in the months to come, is to let the people of Oregon know about the dilemma now being faced by the units of the state system of higher education and particularly Oregon State."

## ROSE BOWL LESSONS

The following was written by John Gustafson '60, a sophomore in business administration, and appeared in the *Oregon Daily Emerald* as a letter to the editor:

"The 1958 Rose Bowl game is over. The Southern California skeptics have forgotten pre-game predictions as best they can; the performances of Crabtree, Stover, Morris, Shanley, Schaffeld, Kimbrough, Linden and the rest have been publicly acclaimed, and now the coaches, team and the University



Milton W. Rice '28, vice president of the Oregon Alumni Association, receives official Rose Bowl button from Laurie Whitten.

look back on one of the greatest days in Oregon football history. But before the effects of the moral victory and trance completely wear off let's stop for a moment to see the lessons that can be learned from January 1, 1958.

"The pride we all feel regarding the Rose Bowl comes from at least two sources. First, we and the rest of the nation are delighted when we see any underdog do well. But when an unfavored team has so much guts that it won't give up when it loses a captain, is scored upon immediately, gets crucial passes intercepted, closely misses a field goal and loses the ball twice on fumbles, that is a club that all America can be proud of. But the pride we at the University feel is much stronger because these players go to school with us. Thus comes the second source of our pride.

"Each of us here at Oregon feels a bit of personal pride for the performance of the team at the Rose Bowl because through the University we can identify ourselves with them. We feel that somehow we each played a little part in our team's success; most of us to the extent of saying to friends that 'we' looked great. In victory we actually feel that we are a part of the team. However we are justified in believing this. Maybe we don't block or kick or pass, but the support we give our team at games and even more the attitude toward winning we display on campus to the individual team members can affect winning as much as if we were on the field. This is because we affect the team attitude and mental attitude usually determines who wins.

"But heretofore we have been fair weather fans. We, the University of Oregon, won the ball-games but they, the team, lost. We would not share in the defeat. So remember the first lesson from the Rose Bowl: You are a part of the Oregon team. You helped the team so well this season, didn't you? You shared in its moral victory over Ohio State, didn't you? Then, if in the future, any Oregon team loses shouldn't you be willing to take a part in its defeat instead of blaming it on the club and the coaching staff? This leads to the second lesson.

"If in the future we should get bad breaks and lose a few ball games in a row, why not do just like the Rose Bowl team did? Pour it on all the harder. Do your part by showing the team on the field, court, or diamond that you care who wins. It's when a team is down that it needs the most support, and by caring you improve the all-important attitudes of the team. The Rose Bowl game is evidence of what attitudes can do for a team.

"The last lesson from the Rose Bowl is that when Oregon almost defeated Ohio State on TV we did defeat apathy here at the University. Each of us is now a part of a school that has gained a national reputation for fighting to win no matter what the odds. This could be the start of a great Oregon tradition, but the choice is up to us."

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And an attitude and spirit of service that our customers have come to know as a most important part of the Bell System idea.

## Bell Telephone System



'04

Dr. Leon Patrick, recognized health authority, has had a new book published recently. *How to Eat Well and Live Longer* tells how to apply fundamental medical-scientific knowledge of the human body and nutrition to everyday living. In the past Dr. Patrick has been an associate editor of such magazines as *Diet and Health*, *Right Living*, *The Ignoramus* and *West Coast Magazine*.

'11

Secretary: Mrs. Olive Donnell Vinton, 261 S.W. Kingston, Portland.

Tom Burke spent much of last year traveling in Europe and Turkey where he conferred with safety leaders on the ways and means of doing a better accident prevention job, particularly in the industrial safety field. After this trip for the National Safety Council, he returned to the United States and is now living in retirement in San Francisco.

'15

Secretary: Sam F. Michael, 1406 N.E. Ainsworth St., Portland.

At Pendleton Henry W. Dickson has retired after 17 years as manager of the U. S. National Bank, Pendleton Branch. He will continue in his office as city treasurer.

'20

Secretary: Mrs. Dorothy Duniway Ryan, 20 Overlook Rd., Hastings-On-Hudson, NY

New housemother on campus this year is Mrs. Bernice Callison, who has charge of two new dorms, Adams and Dan Clark Halls.

'22

Secretary: Mrs. Helen Carson Plumb, 3312 Hunter Blvd., Seattle 44, Wash.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the Chemicals and Materials Corporation, Wanda L. Campbell was elected to be a member of the group, and its secretary. She has been with the company for four years in the position of chief chemist and director of research.

'24

Secretary: Georgia Benson Patterson, 326 E. Jackson St., Hillsboro.

Nancy Wilson Ross has just had her most recent book, *The Return of Lady Grace*, published by Random House. *Holiday Magazine* is running a series of three stories by her about West Coast cities.

'25

Secretary: Mrs. Marie Myers Bosworth, 2425 E. Main St., Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold McConnell (Grace Murfin McConnell) are now living in Hawaii where Mr. McConnell is with the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. Their address is 621 Kanaha St., Oahu, Territory of Hawaii. They had been living in Anchorage, Alaska.

'27

Secretary: Mrs. Anne Runes Wilson, 3230 E. Burnside St., Portland.

Recently elected president of the University Club at its 60th anniversary meeting was C. Laird McKenna.

'28

Secretary: Mrs. Alice Doubles Burns, 2235 N.E. 28th, Portland 12.

Mrs. Julia Duncan has been nominated for a citation for outstanding contribution toward the advancement of secondary education in connection with the 100th anniversary of the founding of Shattuck School, Faribault, Minnesota. Nominations have been received from every state for persons serving secondary education in varied capacities. Mrs. Duncan is a member of the State Board of Iowa Congress of Parents and Teachers and is active in local P.T.A. at Anthon, Iowa, High School, where she is teaching this year.

Harry Dutton and Opal Parkins were married August 24 in Portland. After a wedding trip to Hawaii, they moved to 11731 N. E. Fargo Court in Portland where Dutton is with the *Oregon Journal* feature department.

'29

Secretary: Mrs. Luola Benge Bengtson, 1760 E. 23rd Ave., Eugene.

William J. Crawford has been appointed by Governor Holmes as district attorney for Harney County and will practice law in Burns, Oregon.

Lt. Col. George H. Godfrey is stationed in Munich, Germany. His wife, Augusta DeWitt Godfrey ('25) is living in Claremont, California.

'30

Secretary: Mrs. Lou Ann Chase Tuft, 1938 Edgewood Rd., S.W., Portland.

Margaret E. Cuddeback is the executive director of the YWCA in San Bernardino, California. In the past she had been a missionary in Japan.

'31

Dr. Arthur L. Rogers, president of the medical staff at St. Vincent Hospital, has been named to the advisory committee for the Sommer memorial lectures. The Sommer lectures, presented each spring and fall, have attracted outstanding lecturers from many parts of the world. They are open to all members of the medical profession and students of accredited medical schools.

'32

Secretary: Mrs. Hope Shelley Miller, 1519 N. 20th, Boise, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence E. Frazier (Joan Shelley '36) are living in Chicago, where he is with the chemical research division of the University of Chicago and working toward his Ph.D. Their address is 5549 S. Dorchester, Chicago 37, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan H. Hartford are the parents of a daughter, Gale Russell, born December 4 in Portland. She joins a sister.

'33

Secretary: Mrs. Jessie Steele Robertson, 3520 S.E. Harold Ct., Portland.

Married November 30 in Hood River, Oregon, were Russell Curtis and Dorothy Meyers. They will live in Dec, Oregon, where Mr. Curtis is

with the Oregon Lumber Company.

Mr. Arthur M. Cannon, Jr. has become the executive vice-president of the Standard Insurance Company in Portland. Previously he was on the business administration faculty at the University of Washington.

Willis S. Duniway has joined the International Paper Company as public relations manager of the Long-Bell Division. For the past nine years he was publicity director for the University of California.

Living in California is Ruth Frazier Hoyt, program director for the YWCA in San Bernardino. Her address is 1319 W. 31st St.

Dr. Werner E. Zeller has taken office as the president of the Multnomah County Medical Society. He is also active in other medical groups and is assistant clinical professor in surgery at the University of Oregon Medical School.

'34

Secretary: Mrs. Frances P. Johnston Dick, 1507 E. 18th St., The Dalles, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. Hurley J. Kohlman are parents of a daughter, Lori Ann, born November 15. She joins two sisters, Karen and Janet.

Mrs. Frances F. Senescu is the head of the English Literature Department at the Los Angeles State College in the San Fernando Valley. She was previously a professor of English literature at the University of Chicago, where she received her Ph.D. in 1941.

'35

Secretary: Mrs. Pearl L. Base, 2073 S.W. Park Ave., Apt. 217, Portland.

The Paul J. Sullivans announce the birth of their fourth child, Michael Duncan, born October 29. Their address is 2303 S. E. Silver Springs Rd., Milwaukie 22, Oregon.

'37

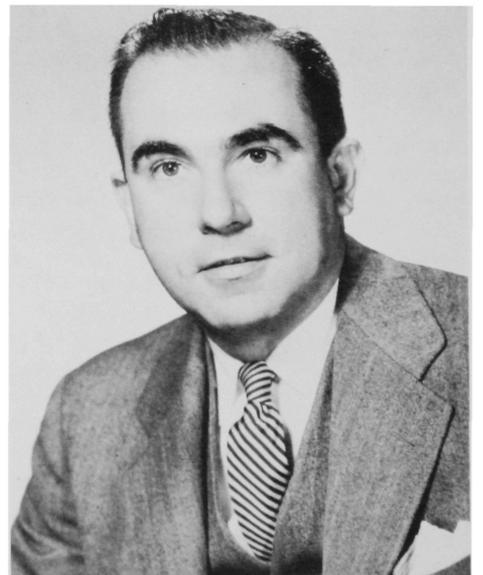
Secretary: David B. Lowry, Colver Road, Box 321, Talent, Ore.

Mrs. Dorothy Dill Mason is the author of a children's play entitled *Alphabet Town* which was published in the November issue of *The Instructor*, a publication for educators.

'38

Secretary: Mrs. Gayle Buchanan Karshner, 653 15th St., Arcata, Calif.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Drews has been appointed associate professor of teacher education at Michigan State University. She has worked in Okinawa with university students, was senior



John W. Gendron '40 is new administrative assistant to president, Tidewater Oil Company. He and his family live in Palo Alto.

psychologist with the Psychological Clinic at the University of Michigan and taught at the University of Buffalo.

'39 Secretary: Mrs. Harriet Sarazin Peterson, 6908 S.W. 8th Ave., Portland.

R. Wayne Harbert has been appointed administrative assistant to the California Youth Authority board. He is a veteran Associated Press reporter and had been on the A.P. capitol staff for 11 years.

'40 Secretary: Roy N. Vernstrom, 1933 N.E. 48th Ave., Portland 13.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. Compton (Jean Crites '41) announce the adoption of an infant daughter, Nancy Caroline. She joins an adopted brother, Thomas Daniel. Their address is 9606 S. W. Corbett, Portland 1, Oregon.

John W. Gendron has been promoted again at Tidewater Oil Company to the new post of administrative assistant to the president. He is a director and vice president of Tide Water-Iran Ltd. and the same for Iricon Agency, of which he was president in 1956-57. In the past he was manager of the oil purchase and exchange department.

'41 Secretary: Mrs. Majeane G. Werschkul, 737 S.W. Westwood Dr., Portland

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Holloway are the parents of a daughter, Jane Anne, born October 21. She is their third child.

Dr. Howard A. Hobson will be the new director of sports publications for Ronald Press in New York City beginning January 1, 1958. He is resigning his post as athletic consultant with the American Association for Health,



Dr. Abraham Carp is new technical director for personnel lab at Air Force Personnel and Training Research Center, Texas. Dr. Carp received master's degree here in 1941.

Physical Education and Recreation at Washington, where he had been since 1956.

January 1 Erling E. Jacobsen will succeed Edward A. Valentine as manager of the Portland branch of Firemen's Fund insurance. He joined the organization in 1951 and is presently a state agent.

Milton L. Levy, manager of the California

Service Agency and the California Farm Network, of Berkeley, is the editor of a handbook containing complete information on the major contests and awards in radio, television, newspapers, and magazines. The book, called the *Honor Awards Handbook* contains 175 pages of information about how to enter more than 150 contests.

'42 Secretary: Robert S. Lovell, 532 Jerome Ave., Astoria, Ore.

Buck Buchwach is one of 35 city editors in the U. S. chosen for membership in a professional seminar in New York arranged by the American Press Institute. He is presently editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser* and in his spare time has been investigating communism in Hawaii.

After 12 years with the Mail-Well Envelope Company as city sales manager and sales promotion manager, L. W. (Bill) Lord moves to Spokane as the company's district sales manager.

'46 Secretary: Lois McConkey Putnam, 4138 Marietta Ave., Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen L. Putnam have recently been transferred from Portland to Los Angeles where Mr. Putnam is vice president in charge of sales for the A. Walt Runglin Company, manufacturers representatives.

'47 Secretary: James B. Thayer, 7800 S.W. Brentwood Dr., Portland.

A son, John Mark, was born December 18 to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Farris, Jr. (Jacqueline Findlater '48).

Felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fulop on the birth of a son, David, December 4.

## SPECIAL REPORT

Mr. ROLLINS WM. MILLER, JR. NEW YORK LIFE AGENT  
at WASHINGTON, D. C.



**BORN:** June 11, 1921.

**EDUCATION:** Georgetown University, Foreign Service School, B.S., 1950.

**MILITARY:** U.S. Marine Corps--Tech. Sgt., January '42 to November '45.

**PREVIOUS EMPLOYMENT:** March '48 to Sept. '48--U.S. State Dept. Oct. '48 to June '49--Secretary, Dept. of Physics, Georgetown University. March '50 to Aug. '50--Sales Trainee, Manufacturer of Electronic Business Machines. August '50 to August '51--Salesman, Business Machines.

**REMARKS:** Rollins Wm. Miller, Jr., joined New York Life's Washington, D.C., office on August 1, 1951. Each year since, this personable ex-Marine's sales volume has qualified him for membership either in the Company's President's Council or Top Club. He is a Life and Qualifying Member of the industry-wide Million Dollar Round Table. This impressive record makes it seem certain that even greater success lies ahead for Bill Miller, as a New York Life representative.

**Note**

Bill Miller, after six years as a New York Life representative, is already well established in a career that can offer security, substantial income, and the deep satisfaction of helping others. If you'd like to know more about such a career

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College Relations Dept. E-19  
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Down from San Jose, California, to attend alumni party at Ambassador Hotel prior to Rose Bowl game are Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Everton (she's class of '50, he's '48). Mrs. Everton tries on green and yellow Oregon Rose Bowl cap as husband looks on approvingly.

**George Kikes**, manager of Irwin Brothers, Metropolitan Hotel Supply Company, Chicago, was featured in the Fall issue of the *Swift News*, the company publication. Kikes began with Swift 12 years ago, and has moved up from the Portland district office to special salesman at Portland, then Seattle; advanced to assistant manager at Seattle and was moved to Fresno as manager in 1954. He and his family have been in Chicago since last spring.

'48

Secretary: Mrs. Gloria Grenfell Mathews, 4933 S.W. Illinois, Portland.

Word received from **Robbiburr Berger** is that her husband is still stationed in Oslo, Norway with NATO. She is attending the University of Oslo where she is studying Norwegian. Their address is Hq. AF North, APO, 85 c/o PM New York.

**Roger L. Conkling** has joined H. Zinder and Associates, utility consulting firm of Washington, D. C. He will be a consultant for natural gas customers of Pacific Northwest utility and industrial accounts. Previously he was assistant to the administrator of the Bonneville power administration. Last February Conkling was named winner of one of the 10 Arthur J. Fleming awards made annually to the nation's outstanding young men in government.

**Mr. and Mrs. Jack Puffenbarger** welcomed the arrival of a daughter, Dana Ann, on September 14. Their address is 130 N. Carson, Beverly Hills, Calif.

'49

Secretary: Mrs. Olga Yevtich Peterson, 1537 Lake Street, San Francisco

New district manager for American Forest Products Industries in Portland is **John E. Benneth**. He will conduct educational activities for the tree farm program, 4-H forestry, and other forest industry programs in Oregon, Utah,

Colorado, and Wyoming. For the past two years he was assistant editorial director for AFPI in Washington, D. C.

**Robert Donald Croissant** is attending the American Institute for Foreign Trade in Phoenix, Arizona. He is specializing in Latin America and will graduate with the 1958 class.

**Edward L. Clark, Jr.** has opened his own law practice under the name of Clark and Marsh in Salem, Oregon. He was formerly with Marsh, Marsh, and Dashney of Salem.

**Eugene D. Clayton** has been selected as one of four General Electric scientists at the Hanford atomic plant to participate in a joint U. S.-French meeting on graphite-moderated nuclear reactors. The meeting will be held at the Brookhaven National Laboratory in Long Island, New York.

**Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. McLaughlin** announce the birth of a daughter, Heidi Suzanne, on November 26. She joins two brothers and a sister. Their address is 1477 Lake Drive, Eugene, Oregon.

**George Knox** is the author of a study on Kenneth Burke, published by the University of Washington Press. His book is titled *Critical Moments: Kenneth Burke's Categories and Critiques*. Knox is now on sabbatical leave from the University of California, where he is in the Division of Humanities, with a Fulbright grant to lecture on American literature at the University of Vienna during 1957-58.

**Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Vincent (Mary Jo Warrens)** are the parents of a son, Kenneth, born December 17. He joins three sisters and two brothers. Their address is 6605 S. E. 36th Ave., Portland.

'50

Secretary: Mrs. Dorothy E. Orr Cole, 7 Bellewood Circle, N. Syracuse 12, N.Y.

Word has been received of the birth of a

daughter, Laurie Louise, on November 16 to **Mr. and Mrs. Barry Bekins (Margaret McKeen)** of Denver, Colorado. Laurie Louise joins a sister, Ann.

**Jack Smith** has been transferred by the Swift Company to the home office in Chicago, where he will be in the advertising department. He was previously merchandising manager in the San Francisco office.

**Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Smith (Janet Beigal '49)** announce the birth of their third child, a daughter, Janet Beigal, November 15. Their address is 7150 S. W. Third St., Portland, Oregon.

**Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Walker (Shirley Day '53)** are the parents of a daughter, Julie Storm. She was born November 18 and joins two sisters and a brother. Their address is 2231 N. E. 80th, Portland 11, Oregon.

'51

Secretary: Florence M. Hansen, 2268 Ashby St., Berkeley 5, Calif.

**William E. Bass, Jr.** has been appointed chief of management research for the finance department of the State Tax Commission. He has been a state employee for 10 years as commission controller and accounting division director. In his new post he will direct work aimed at increasing efficiency and effectiveness of government agencies.

Recently licensed as an architect in the state of California is **Bill C. Hall**. He and his wife, (**Jean Gates '54**) and daughter Barbara are presently residing in Santa Barbara, California where they have been since 1955.

December 6 Miss Kay Jacqueline Minkler was married to **Rodney Johnson**. The couple will make their home in Portland where Mr. Johnson is employed at the First State Bank at Milwaukie. Their address is 6666 S. E. 16th St. in Portland.

A daughter, Karen Louise, was born to **Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Miller** on October 21. She joins a sister.

'52

Secretary: Ann Darby Nicholson, 2020 Newcomer St., Richland, Wash.

Joining Lederle Laboratories division of American Cyanamid as Pacific Northwest regional sales representative is **Ronald J. Anderson**. He was formerly with White Stag.

**Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Bingham (Virginia Wright)** are the parents of a daughter, Sara Lisa, born December 5 in Eugene. She joins a sister, Sheila.

**Mr. and Mrs. Richard Birkinshaw (Patricia Walsh '53)** are the parents of a son, Thomas Scott, born October 30, 1957. He joins a sister, Debbie. Their address is 4427 10th Ave., Los Angeles 43.

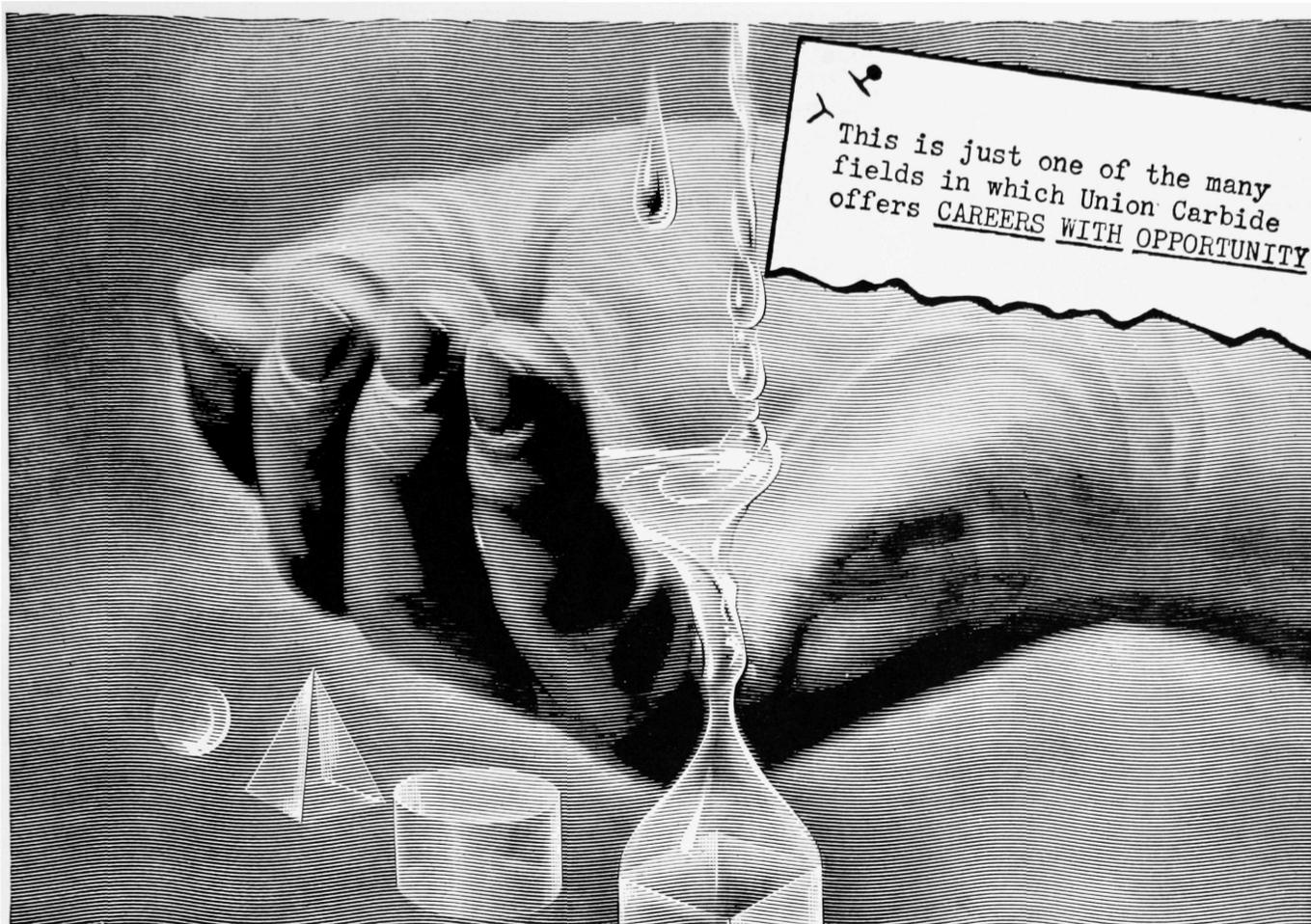
**Roger T. Doolittle** is now living at Davenport, Iowa and is legal advisor to the International Chiropractors Association. He has authored articles for the *International Review of Chiropractic*, the national publication for the association. Previously Mr. Doolittle was with the Judge Advocate Corps of the Army, at the Presidio, San Francisco.

Married November 30 in Portland were Ardis Virginia Newholm and **James Robert Loonie**. They live in San Francisco.

In an evening ceremony December 20 in Portland Janet Lee Osborn became the bride of **Roger Garnett Rose**.

**Marjorie Jeanne Tuggle** is enrolled at the American Institute of Foreign Trade, Phoenix, Arizona, where she is specializing in Latin America. She will complete her course in June 1958.

**Mr. and Mrs. Eugene F. Moody** announce



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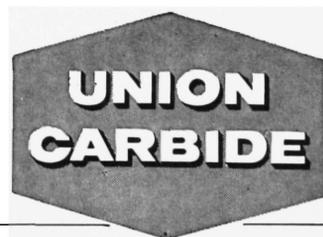
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CRAC Agricultural Chemicals   PREST-O-LITE Acetylene   EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries   ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals

the birth of their fourth child and first son, David Eugene, on October 22. Their address is 4420 S. W. 25th, Portland, Oregon.

**Mr. and Mrs. Dan F. Creary** announce the birth of their third child, a son, Kay Todd, born October 18. He joins a sister and brother.

Recently commissioned is **Captain Wayne L. Norton**, stationed at the Army Medical Service School, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He and wife, Shirley, are living in San Antonio.

**Richard L. Yost**, a 1955 Walker Cup team member, has joined MacDonald and Company in Portland as an account manager.

'53

Secretary: Jean Simpson O'Donnell, 3287 Walnut Lane, Lafayette, Calif.

**Mr. and Mrs. John C. Holmes** of South Pasadena, California announce the birth of a daughter, Janet Kathleen, on November 18.

**Dr. and Mrs. Gerald L. Cogan** announce the birth of a daughter, Deborah Lenore, December 14. She joins a sister, Laurie Michelle.

Event of December 21 was the marriage of Beverly Christensen and **Victor E. Kreick**. After a honeymoon in Southern California and Nevada they will be at home in Portland.

**Ronald V. Sigler** is a member of the 1958 class of the American Institute for Foreign Trade at Phoenix, Arizona. He is specializing in Far East in preparation for a career in American government or business abroad.

'54

Secretary: Mrs. Jean Mauro Karr, 1422 Mound St., Madison, Wisc.

**Darwin K. Allison** is now a partner in the DeBar & Allison General Insurance Agency in Eugene. He was recently discharged from the U. S. Navy as a supply officer, and now resides in Eugene with his family.

**Captain and Mrs. Warren L. Henderson** announce the arrival of their first child, a son, Warren Lee. He was born October 20 in Phoenix, Arizona, where Captain Henderson is stationed at Luke Air Force Base.

**Mr. and Mrs. William O. Bassett** are the parents of a son, Mark O'Brien, born November 11. He joins two sisters. Their address is 7623 S. E. 20th, Portland, Oregon.

**Mitzi Asai** is now in her parents' native land, Japan, on a Fulbright scholarship. She teaches two classes at Shizuoka University teachers college which is 120 miles south of Tokyo, 12 hours at "middle school", and has two adult conver-



*Nucleus of an Oregon alumni club in Augsburg, Germany is this quartet (left to right) Dick Janik '56, Francis and Mike Lally '53, and John Jensen '56 (foreground).*

sation classes at night. In her spare time Mitzi plans to visit relatives and is taking in all the tourist highlights. Her address is: 341 Kanazawa, Kambara-Machi, Shikuoka-Ken, Japan.

**Frederick (Bill) Miller, Jr.** has been promoted to vice president at North Pacific Supply Company, RCA-Whirlpool distributor in Portland.

Married December 7 in Stevenson, Washington were **Orrheta Jane Brooks** and **Stacy Hertsche**. Mrs. Hertsche is a graduate of Kinman Business University, Spokane, Washington. The couple lives in Portland.

**Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Holmes (Dona Chapman '48)** are the parents of a daughter, Susan Jo, born December 8 in Portland. She joins two sisters. Their address is 3940 S. W. Marigold St., Portland.

**William C. Landers** has been named assistant director of the Erb Memorial Union at the University. He was a major in history and has been a buyer for the Bon Marche department store.

Wed October 5 in Tacoma, Washington, were **Donna Lou Grant** and **Peter Frank Mihnos**. The couple lives in Portland, where the groom is a geologist with an oil company.

Announcing the birth of a son, Mark, are **Mr. and Mrs. Ronald G. Lyman (Ann Gerlinger '55)**. He was born November 2, and joins a sister. They are now living in Salem.

**Ronald M. Spores** is attending Mexico City

College, where he is working toward his M.A. in anthropology. His address is Allende 41, Colonia Coyoacan, Mexico 21, D. F.

**Mr. and Mrs. James K. Westhusing (Terry P. O'Brien '55)** are the parents of a son, Timothy Keith, born November 20 in Eugene.

'55

Secretary: Mary Wilson Glass, 1058 S.W. Gaines, Portland.

**Mr. and Mrs. Jerry E. Beall (Beverly Kreick '54)** are now living at 3255 N. W. 81st, Portland, Oregon. Mr. Beall has been recently released from the Army. He had been stationed in Korea.

**Howard J. Peterson Jr.** Portland, has recently become a member of the American Institute of C.P.A.'s.

**Patricia Beard** is in Germany working as a recreational director for the U. S. Army.

**Joe Gardner** was graduated from the basic Army administration course at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, last spring and is now with SHAPE in Paris.

**First Lt. Franklin R. Haar** and wife, (**Al-  
exa Forney**), are stationed at Fort Kobbe, in the Canal Zone, where he is a pilot.

**Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Kilkenny (Julie King)** recently became parents of a son, Michael Lester. He joins a sister, Nancy. The Kilkennys are stationed at Moses Lake, Washington with the U. S. Air Force. Other classmates they have met are **Mr. and Mrs. Donald McIntyre (Shirley McCoy)** also stationed at Moses Lake.

**Mr. and Mrs. Alan H. Packer (Lois Powell)** have just returned from France where Alan was stationed with the U. S. Army. They are now living in Portland.

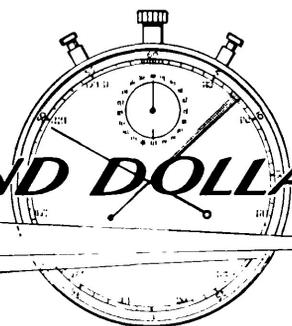
**Constance Annette Perkins** and **Robert Herbert Matson** were married December 8 in Portland. They are at home in Longview, Washington.

From Tokyo, Japan comes word of the birth November 22 of a son, Cary Howard, to **Captain and Mrs. DeVern W. Pinnock**.

The wedding of **Miss Frances Anise Maas** to **Lt. Robert J. Searce Jr.**, U. S. Air Force was an event of November 30, in Vernon, Texas. The couple is at home in Waco, Texas. The bridegroom is stationed at James Connolly Air Base.

**Mr. and Mrs. William H. Schuppel (Elynor Robblee)** announced the birth of a

**ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A MINUTE**



Every working day the Sun Life of Canada pays out an average of one thousand dollars a minute to its policyholders and their heirs. Since organization \$3 billion in policy benefits has been paid by the company.

Established for more than 60 years in the United States, the Sun Life today is one of the largest life insurance companies in this country — active in 41 states and the District of Columbia, and in Hawaii.

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**

daughter, Jenni Ellen, November 30. Their address is 41 Park Plaza, No. 5, Daly City, California.

'56

Secretary: Jill Hutchings Brandenfels, 1515 E. 13th, Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Drips are the parents of a daughter, Linda Marie, born October 4. Mr. Drips is a senior at the University of Oregon Medical School.

Army Second Lt. Harrison J. Bradley recently completed participation in guided missile firing exercises at Red Canyon, New Mexico. He will return to his regular duties as platoon leader with the 865th Antiaircraft Artillery Missile Battalion's Battery D in Torrance, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan P. Poling (Peggy Jo Gathercoal) are the parents of a daughter, Dana, born September 25. Their address is 129 N. 4th, Corvallis, Oregon.

Their first child, Michael John, was born October 27 to Mr. and Mrs. Jack McNally (Lois Olson). Their home is 1036 S. W. Carson, Portland.

Married December 21 in Portland were Betty Katherine Yoder and Winston I. Cozine. The couple will be at home in Portland while the bridegroom completes his senior year at the University Medical School.

Bob McCracken is with the Patrick Lumber Company in Portland.

Married last June were Galen "Bitsy" Mills and John A. Shaffner. They are making their home in San Diego where Mr. Shaffner is stationed with the U. S. Army. Their address is 3535½ 6th Avenue, San Diego 3, California.

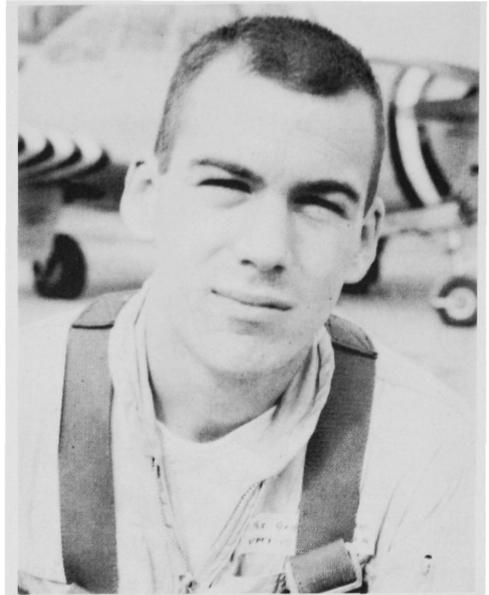
Colors heralding the coming of Christmas set the theme for the marriage of Miss Peggy Colpitts to Delmar Wayne Lewellyn December 7 in Eugene. The couple will live in Medford where Mr. Lewellyn is an insurance adjuster.

Richard J. Pittman is enrolled as a member of the June 1958 class of the American Institute for Foreign Trade in Phoenix, where he is specializing in Far East. The course of study concentrates on techniques of international business administration, foreign languages and characteristics of foreign countries.

Lt. and Mrs. John B. Southworth, Jr. (Sally Palmer '54) are the parents of a son, James Richard, born November 30. The new arrival joins an older brother. Lieutenant South-



E. V. (Corky) Shafer '57 has joined Portland General Electric Company as Employee publication editor. He's a journalism grad.



Marine Second Lieut. Gerald F. Rogers '57 recently made his first solo flight during basic flight training at Pensacola, Florida.

worth, serving in the U. S. Navy, is stationed at Camp Pendleton.

Lolita Mae Wells was married December 6 in Portland to Lloyd N. Clodfelter.

'57

Married November 10 in Portland were Joanna Brandon and Ensign W. Edwin Balsiger. The bridegroom will be on sea duty in the Pacific until May, when the newlyweds will make their home in Hawaii.

Bette J. Bartz has won the silver wings of a United Air Lines stewardess. She has just completed a 4½ week training course in Cheyenne, Wyoming and now serves aboard mainliners flying in and out of Chicago.

Darrell Brittsan is traveling secretary for Sigma Phi Epsilon this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Caton are the parents of a son, Jeffrey Allen, born November 27. He is their first child.

Gregory P. Galleon has been working as a

retail sales trainee with the Broadway Department Stores in Los Angeles since graduation.

Newly-added member of the Portland area Girl Scout Council's professional staff is Karen McDaniel. She has been assigned as director to southeast and Mount Hood districts and will work with adult volunteers in those areas.

Married November 29 in Portland were Mary Ann Platt and Gordon W. Dahlquist. They are at home in Portland.

Karen Rice is enrolled at the American Institute of Foreign Trade, in Phoenix, Arizona. She is specializing in Latin America and will complete her course in June, 1958.

Auburn, California will be the home for newlyweds Betty Jean Meyer and Jerry Ronald Patton who were married December 7 in Hillsboro.

Announcing the birth of a daughter, Katrin Bridget, are Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Snow (Plum Brown '56) of North Bend, Oregon. She was born December 2. Their address is 2095 Harrison, Apt. A, North Bend.

## Letters...

Sirs:

If there were any doubts about Oregon spirit before January 1, 1958, the thrilling performance Len Casanova's team gave to the nation in the Rose Bowl has certainly dispelled them. This was a team that suffered no stage fright against a Big 10 team as have other former Pacific Coast Conference Rose Bowl teams. This was a team that had polish, finesse and spirit to the point that Ohio State by contrast looked like a lumbering elephant. The three-point margin of victory does not truly indicate the difference in caliber between the two teams... Oregon's performance is even more delightful in the light of the PCC squabble in which certain Los Angeles and Berkeley schools complain about the inferiority of Pacific Northwest football. I know there

are innumerable facets to that controversy about which I am uninformed, but it seems to me that Oregon and the other four schools which have held the position that "rules are rules" are certainly in the right. If a rule is unenforceable or impractical, change it.

Richard M. Jones '29  
Chicago

Sirs:

... Needless to say, I was mighty thrilled with the result and I am only sorry that our boys were not able to get the ball between the uprights when they so much deserved to win or at least tie. Best regards to all my friends in Oregon and please extend my heartiest congratulations to the members of the finest Oregon team I have ever seen in action.

John A. Busterud '43  
San Francisco

Sirs:

... We enjoyed the game to the fullest extent, but sincerely feel that the best team did not win.

Frank C. Brooks  
Bellingham, Washington

Sirs:

It is difficult to find sufficient superlatives with which to describe the performance of Oregon's team yesterday. For my book, the Webfoots were the victors regardless of the score.

Harry J. Longway, Executive Director  
UCLA Alumni Association

Sirs:

... I watched that game more steadily than any this year and it was a thriller. None of the other games even compared with yours. Your coaches, team and everyone concerned deserve much credit.

Jim Lyle, Alumni Secretary  
University of Idaho

# VIGILANCE

The final victory over cancer will come from the research laboratory.

But there is a more immediate victory at hand today. Many cancers can be cured when detected early and treated promptly. *Vigilance* is the key to this victory.

There are certain signs which might mean cancer. Vigilance in heeding these danger signals could mean victory over cancer for you:

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. A sore that does not heal.
4. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
5. Hoarseness or cough.
6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Change in a wart or mole.

If your signal lasts longer than two weeks, go to your doctor to learn if it means cancer.

AMERICAN  
CANCER  
SOCIETY 

Attending the American Institute for Foreign Trade in Phoenix, Arizona, is **Pieter Arie Vos** of Holland. He is specializing in Latin America and will complete the course in June of 1958.

'58

**Miss Carol Jean Haun** became the bride of **Melvin Richard Reece** on December 14 in Eugene.

Married in Eugene December 7 were **Miss Ardene Lenore Myrmo** and **John Douglas Larison**. Following a wedding trip to the coast, the couple returned to live at 6455 McKenzie Highway, Springfield, Oregon.

Married November 23 were **Donald M. Peck** and **Beverley Jean Hall**. They are at home in Eugene at 475 E. 18th, Apt. 2.

## Necrology

**Mrs. Loretta Davis '97** died at the Menonite Home for the Aged at Albany, Oregon on December 6, 1957. She was a member of Brazillai chapter No. 16, OES, of which she was past worthy matron; a past president of chapter 0, PEO sisterhood, and a member of the First Christian Church. Surviving are three children, a brother, two sisters and 10 grandchildren.

Word has been received of the death of **Alfred K. Mills '99** on August 5, 1957.

**C. A. Schafer '10** passed away September 22, 1957. He is survived by his wife Abigail and daughter, Anne. His home was Camden, New Jersey.

**Charles L. Marshall '12** passed away at his home in Portland at the age of 70. He was born in Portland in 1887, as were his parents. His grandparents were Oregon pioneers. In 1915 he took over the surveying business of R. S. Greenleaf, and was joined a few years later by his brother Earl. Mr. Marshall was a member of the Mazamas, the Audubon Society, the Masonic Order, Oregon Historical Society, Oregon Museum of Science and Industry and the First Church of Christ Scientist. His brother and his widow, Edna, survive.

**Dr. Luman S. Roach '12** died December 14 in Longview, Washington at the age of 80. He served in the Army during World War I and was graduated from the Oregon Medical School in 1912 and moved to Kalama, Washington in 1919. He was a member of the Kalama Methodist Church, the Masonic Lodge, the Kelso Scottish Rite bodies, Affi Shrine Temple Tacoma, a charter member of the Kalama American Legion Post and a life member of the Kalama Lions Club. Survivors include the widow, Bessie; a son, Phillip; two grandsons; and a sister.

**John W. Welch '15** died November 23 in his home in Portland following a long illness. Mr. Welch was born in Portland September 22, 1892. He was a member of the Willamette Masonic Lodge, Al Kader Shrine and the Old-timers Baseball Association. Survivors are the widow, Francys, and a sister, Mrs. Wilber Henderson.

Word has been received of the death of **Dr. Joseph Bell '18** on January 1, 1957. He is survived by his wife and son. His home was Winthrop, Washington.

**Keith Kiggins '19** passed away November 22 in Miami, Florida, at the age of 61. He was vice president of the Storer Broadcasting Company, and previously had held the same position with the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network and the American Broadcasting Com-

pany. Mr. Kiggins is survived by his widow, Dorothy.

**Dr. William H. "Big Bill" Steers '21**, a member of the University's 1920 Rose Bowl football team, died at his home at Miami, Florida December 20, 1957. In 1928 he attended Columbia University where he emerged with the original group of athletic masters of arts. He had been afflicted with a heart condition for the past three years, and was forced to retire from his position as head of the Physical Education Department at the University of Miami.

**Leroy P. Anderson '22** passed away unexpectedly August 18 in Costa Mesa, California at the age of 59. He was born in Topeka March 19, 1898, attended Washburn University and the University of Oregon Law School. As Costa Mesa's first attorney and outstanding civic leader, he pioneered their Chamber of Commerce and was one of its first presidents, helped organize the Costa Mesa Bank, has been president of the Orange County Bar Association and Lions Club, and was first president of the Newport Harbor High School Board of Trustees. Mr. Anderson is survived by his widow, Lola, and his mother, Mrs. Bessie Hoffmaster of Santa Cruz.

Word has been received of the death of **Warner Fuller '24** on June 11, 1957. He was vice president and general counsel of the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis, Missouri.

**Robert W. Shepherd '25** passed away on September 16, 1957. His home was Medford, Oregon.

**Herbert G. Smith '25** passed away on September 28, 1957. He had been with the California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association as editor and statistician. His home was South Gate, California.

Word has been received of the death of **Charles L. Westenhiser '33** in a traffic accident near Blanchard, Oklahoma. He was 47 years old. He was an outstanding athlete in his youth and played football under "Doc" Spears at the University. He also attended Central Washington College of Education and was graduated from Lewiston, Idaho, Teachers College. Surviving are his widow, a son and daughter and two sisters. Their family home is at 915 Chestnut, Duncan, Oklahoma.

**Robert G. Lull '35** passed away in Tacoma after a short illness. He was the manager of the western division of the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company. He is survived by his widow, Virginia and two children.

**Mrs. Lucille Dunn Tiboni '38** passed away October 18, 1957 at her home in Philadelphia. She is survived by her husband, three sons, a daughter and her mother, Mrs. Cora I. Dunn.

**Lawrence P. Watson '42** died November 4 in a plane crash near Harrisburg. He was born in Bellfountain, and was president of the Eugene city council. He is survived by his wife, Gay and three children.

**Ralph Lee Stover '43** died when his plane crashed into a tree in Batoon Province, south of Manila, early in October, 1957. He was vice-president of the Findlay Millar Timber Company and general manager of Western Pacific Corporation of Okinawa.

**Albert Braun Jr. '55** died suddenly at his home in Albany, Oregon on December 6, 1957. He was a geologist with the Northwest Electrodevelopment Laboratory of the U. S. bureau of mines. He was a World War II veteran and a member of Faith Lutheran Church in Albany. Surviving are his widow, Marbeth; a daughter, Linda; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David A. Braun Sr. and three brothers.

# To and From

(Continued from Page 1)

lied in the Oregon way and were willing to support this philosophy with their encouragement and loyalty.

The underdogs achieved athletic immortality. History will not dim this achievement and once again we can say that the greatest reward for man's endeavor is not what he gets out of it but what he becomes by it.

**I**NTERESTING SIDELIGHT on the Rose Bowl trip was the reaction of many persons in Los Angeles who went out of their way to express their interest in Oregon. Taxi drivers, waitresses, clerks, and others were very sincere in voicing disapproval of the treatment Oregon was receiving in the Los Angeles newspapers. This was prior to the game, mind you.

The power of the press has never been more clearly indicated than in the matter of the Pacific Coast Conference. Fair and accurate reporting have never been more completely ignored. If the people in the south were ever given the true facts about all that has gone on in the conference there would be some very embarrassed educators and many irate alumni.

A good case in point is the USC alumni magazine just off the press. The executive director of their alumni association writes, "The PCC has curtailed most harmfully the institution members' rights to administer an athletic program. It has been discriminatory in that it has regulated the number of grants and aids a private institution member could issue, yet seven members of the PCC are state schools without tuition fees and were unrestricted." In the first place it was the failure of the institutions to conduct their own programs according to the rules of the conference that first brought on the penalties for the violations. Secondly, there has not been nor is there now any discrimination against private institutions regarding grants-in-aid. The conference code says, "Grants-in-aid made by a member institution for the payment of tuition and other regular compulsory fees, shall not affect a student's eligibility for athletic competition, provided such grants: (b) Are made from funds donated to the institution for such grants and not earmarked by the donor for a particular student; provided however, that grants-in-aid to not more than sixty athletes in any one academic year may be made from any other available funds." ALL schools live by the same rule. This is just one example of the false reports that are sent to alumni of one school.

Before there can be a conference there must be confidence in its membership and honor in their conduct. Until that time we have little hope that there will be a reorganization within the conference. Next issue we will endeavor to give you a complete summary and statement as to Oregon's position.

—BASS DYER



*Dottie Quinn has good reason to cheer at this point of Rose Bowl game—Oregon just scored to tie the game.*



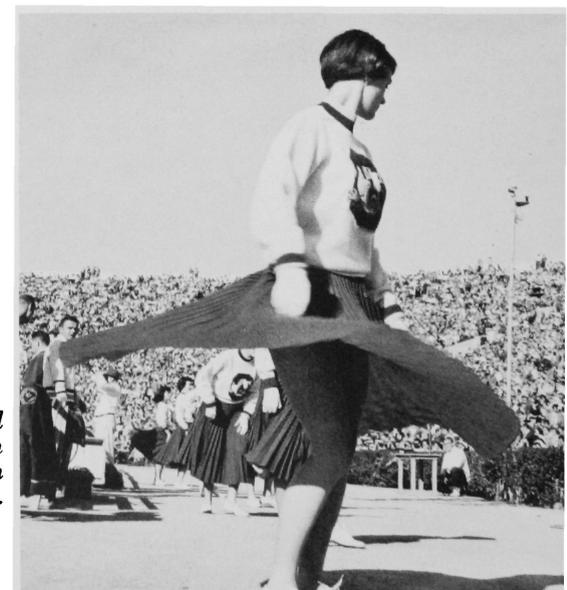
*Here, at last, is a gal with her feet on the ground. Betty Bullock shouts encouragement to battling Oregon squad.*

# High Flyers

Oregon's rally squad is up in the air at Pasadena



*"Cookie" Jacobs literally floats on air, as the Webfoot team makes successive first downs against Ohio State.*



*Skirts a-flying, rally gals provided plenty of their own entertainment during lulls in the football action.*

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## The final word...

LET'S ASSUME THAT YOU are the type of person who starts at the front of a magazine and works steadily toward the back. By the time you reach this late page, you will have realized that a Rose Bowl game (and what a game!) was played recently. We might conclude therefore, that you are Rose Bowled out and are ready to tackle some other topic.

One problem in putting together this magazine is trying to calculate what University-connected subjects you'd like to read about. The possibilities are limitless—from historical research to weight reducing. In the months ahead, I hope we can tell you about some of them.

Don't hold your breath, however, for an article on reducing. Editors are sometimes accused of being biased, and here's one who freely admits it. It was the big, bulky woman's magazines, to which my wife somehow feels compelled to subscribe, that set me off on this attitude.

At one time she subscribed to a nice woman's magazine that printed adventurous stories about living the good—but rugged—life in far northern Alaska, stuff a fellow could really sink his teeth into. Well, the magazine folded. The surviving books are really playing up to the heavyweights.

Here's a sample. To lose five pounds in three days, says a magazine published "for the girl with a husband in mind," you live on prunes and cottage cheese. Nothing else, except black coffee, and you dare not eat more than 12 prunes a day.

More often it's the confession article:

*To make up for my loneliness, I gorged myself. The more I ate, the more pounds I added. Finally—at 250 pounds—people started calling me Tubby, Big Stuff and Fatso. I couldn't walk down the street without people turning around to laugh and make remarks about the way I looked. It was my doctor who set me straight. He said, "Your health is fine, Jane, but you are wasting your youth. At an age when you should be having the time of your life, you are sitting at home with your box of chocolates." I cut out candy, cake, macaroni, pastry and pizza pie, and now I am a slim 135 pounds and couldn't be happier. And I wear a size 12 dress.*

There must be a lineup each morning at the editorial offices of the woman's magazines. Women, whose pretty features are no longer lost in puffs and rolls of fat, are pounding on the door, ready to confess their innermost dietary secrets.

Well, the women, big or small, who line up at the OLD OREGON editorial door each morning are wishful thinking. And you can rest assured that no one will lose 115 pounds on these pages. But if there's something about the University—other than reducing—that you'd like to read about in OLD OREGON, I'd be happy to hear from you.—KEN METZLER.

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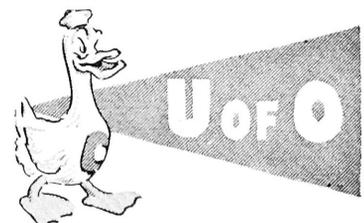
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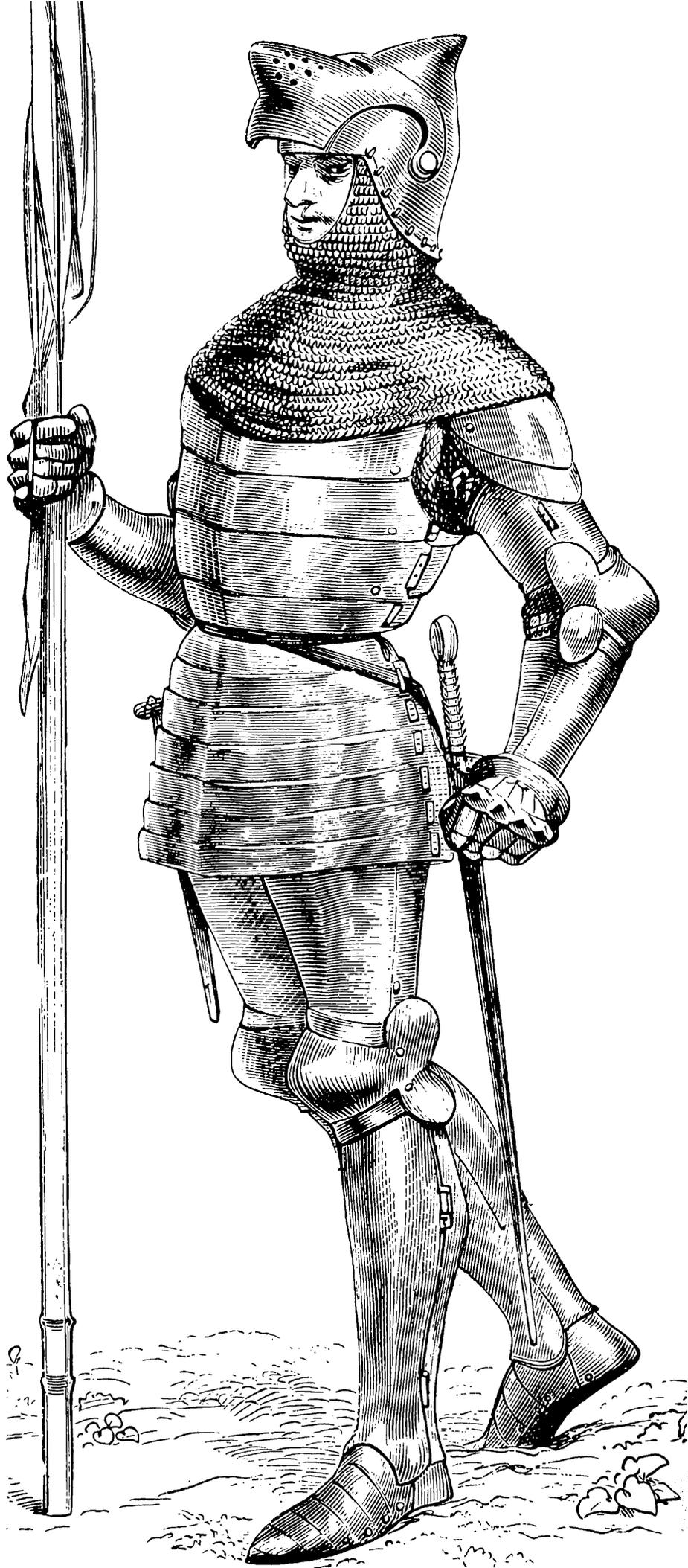


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# A Pageant of Spring



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