

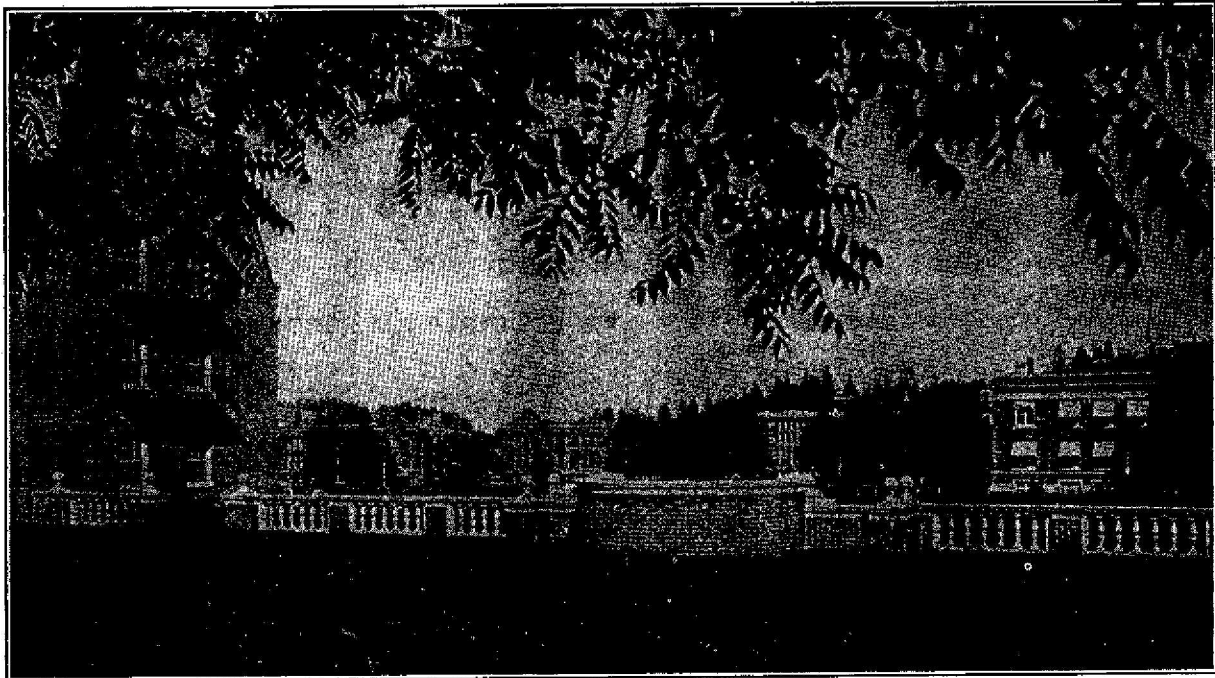
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GENERAL ELECTRIC



The McKenzie in Horse Travel Days

By HERBERT C. THOMPSON, ex-'96

Here is another story by the man who wrote "The Oregon of 1890" in the April OLD OREGON. Humorous and picturesque, Mr. Thompson's account of earlier days brought so much comment to the publishers of OLD OREGON, as well as to Mr. Thompson himself, that to be able to follow it with a second story is a great pleasure. The reader will find himself as unable to drop the following story anywhere but at its tail-end as he was Mr. Thompson's first effort at reminiscence.

SUMMER in old Eugene was deader than the proverbial door nail. Students scattered, farmers were too busy with the harvest to decorate the sidewalks of Main street with tobacco juice, and even the drummers were limited to a peevish few.

Summer was fly time—house-fly and green-fly time. The broad foliage of the maples was dusted brown. Dried grass and the yellow buttons of foul dogfennel lined the graveled streets. All people did was to travel hopefully to the post-office twice a day and play the hose on their thirsty lawns.

But the deadest part of Eugene was downtown. Dogs snoozed right out in the streets in those three long blocks lined with what the papers termed the marts of commerce. Clerks stood in shirtsleeves or seersucker coats in their doorways and checked up on the customers of rival stores. Mr. Callison, the grocer, who had on his shelves canned goods so fly-specked that their labels were illegible, spent his time catching flies and sticking them on pitch-paper; a queer old character with a parchment skin, moth-eaten whiskers, and a dry, bony hand that could snap a fly as swiftly as a lizard's tongue.

The tram still met all trains, but the mule shuffled along indifferent to his jingling bell, with drooped and wagging ears and dejected tail, while Wiley, with true African nonchalance,

slept on his stool, his big, black, good-natured face exposed to the sun, dreaming of watermelon and roast possum.

There were still a few characters in evidence without whom Eugene would cease to be Eugene. Birdie Fisher used to loaf a good deal in his meat-shop while his wall-eyed cayuse kept vigil at the hitching post. The famous Ira, his voluminous trousers hoisted to his shoulder blades with a single gallus, trudged along gaping open-mouthed in search of something to interest his simple wits. And Pegleg Coleman pegged along with hickory stick and wooden foot, revealing in his face none of the freshness of his white shirt-sleeves and moisture defying celluloid collar*. Lodge meetings failed of quorums, and the occasional ice cream festivals given by ladies' auxiliaries of things, only showed how very dead social life was.

This was the time we began to think of the mountains. The girls, of course, preferred Yaquina, with its dances accompanied by half of a brass band, surf bathing, community sings and flirtations with young men, suddenly brought from obscurity into social prominence by their relatively small numbers, illustrating the well-known economic law of supply and demand. But for real man and boy nothing did but the mountains.

The Plotting Against Wives

Bachelors set off early for the mountains while husbands began to plot among themselves and then to conciliate wives with promises of trout, venison and autumn trips to Portland. Sometimes families went with tents. But it was a sad compromise. Women fretted over the hardships of camp-fire cooking, imaginations tortured with thoughts of bugs, blow-

* In a former article, I failed to mention Pegleg's celluloid collar, emblematic of personal neatness and thrift. My attention is called to this oversight by Charles E. Henderson, an Oregon man of '93 famous in his generation and now a leader of the Indianapolis bar. This vignette of old Eugene is too good to be lost:

"As my memory spans the years your article calls to mind, I see these scenes and characters as vividly as though but yesterday. I was a contributor to *ard* the first gym made possible by Harris & Lauer, with whom I attended the public school and graduated. I also worked in a stove and tinware shop and did some work for Pegleg Coleman's hotel. So I had a vivid picture of him in my then young mind, and when I read your article my mind went back the long train of years. The only thing you omitted on his immaculate front was his celluloid collar.

"Each and every person you mention I recall; the Southern Colonel, with whose son I went to school and in whose home I have been; Wiley, who told Kubli, Wilkinson, Reams and myself that he could not haul all of us for a dime because he was afraid if he showed such 'discrimination' they would get after him with a 'qualification.' Then, too, I remember Johnson et al and especially Monk, always rolling their tongues with passages of poetry. I do so often think of the professors you mention, and others not mentioned. The mental discipline given by them to us was invaluable."

Mr. Henderson has a son, a graduate of Dartmouth now in the Harvard Law School, and a daughter who is in Wellesley. His tribute to old Oregon will be appreciated, when he says: "While the young mind of today knows more than we at the same age, yet I am constrained to say the capacity for effective work was greater with those of our time than those of the present. I have held public office and am now heavily occupied in my profession. Yet whatever success I have or shall attain, I attribute in large measure to my mental training in that institution."



One of the "ambulatories" surrounding the interior court at the new arts building. This building was erected on the site of the burned women's gymnasium and is connected with the architecture building in the manner above shown. The colonettes supporting the arches were designed by students.

flies and snakes, while men still felt the restraints of domestic life. With few exceptions, women do not care for scenery in the rough, preferring to view sunsets from the verandahs of fashionable resorts. So the sensible wife, after a bit of skillful bargaining, told her husband to begone.

Someway, I think of these mountain trips by wagon as belonging to the spring time of the world, a sort of Never-Never Land or Happy Hunting Ground. It was funny to see how quickly a party of married men reverted to boyhood, playing pranks that at home would result in weeks of curtain lectures.

It was the ambition of every boy to join a party of men on a mountain trip, to serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water, not to forget pot-wrestling. No matter how much of a drone when it came to lawn mowing and wood chopping, a boy would work his arms off on a mountain trip.

Mountain experiences at the Springs are fixed by my earliest memories. As a child in kilts my favorite game was "going to the mountains" in a box hitched to a span of chairs, rattling tin ware to represent the tinkle and clatter of pots, kettles and brakes. Then came a time when, with heavy heart, I saw my young companions leaving for the hills in camp wagon with well-stocked grub box, guns, fishing tackle and perhaps a collapsible canvas boat, while I remained at home because there were no men to take me.

My first chance to go to the mountains alone with men came in 1891—a real trip up the McKenzie including a side visit to the Blue River mines. With what swelling emotions I bought my outfit. There were the stogies, with metal buckles and thick soles studded with hob-nails. And I had a sun

helmet with brims fore and aft, made of unbleached muslin on a stiffened base, which lost its smartness the first night it was left in the dew. Flannel shirts and old clothes did for the rest. My supplies were bought at Mr. Peters' store, for it was with Mr. Peters I was to travel. So great was this experience to me that I kept a scrawling, misspelled record of part of the trip, which I still have among my souvenirs of old Eugene.

Before starting for the mountains, I must introduce my companion, Andrew Peters, one of the most interesting and charming men I have ever met, with a curious and eventful history. It shows that we had people of real distinction in old Eugene.

Mr. Peters was born in France. His father was a Yankee ship builder, under contract with the French government, his mother an English woman. Born in France and educated in a monks' school in Normandy, he went to England as a youth, and there, induced by stories of gold, took passage on a brig for California. On this voyage he stopped at "Robinson Crusoe's Island" (Juan Fernandez), which he often described to me, along with the rounding of the Horn amid huge, menacing seas. His first love was the water, and he spent several years sailing a cargo sloop on San Francisco Bay before he went to Oregon and settled as a merchant in Eugene.

Mr. Peters Was Old World

At the time of our trip the gray was showing in his Van Dyke beard. He was a smallish, slender man, with a long, rather narrow head, a prominent nose, large and expressive eyes and a certain refinement and sensitiveness of expression. He loved nature intensely, and he loved old books and arts. He had marked talent and taste in painting and always sketched when in the woods. I have known no one with a finer sense of the flavor of literature, particularly the work of the old humanists and the romances of the sea. His library was stored with books a century or two old, including old voyages. His wife was a lady of great animation and personal charm who had a keen interest in everything that happened and a sense of humor. Their home, since sacrificed to the march of commerce, was characteristic. It lay half-concealed behind a high hedge of hazels, dogwoods and wild bush that lined a picket fence. A magnificent oak and some firs and pines dignified the front lawn. There were cherry and other orchard trees in the rear. The house sat back like a manor, green and gabled, of upright cleated board, small-roomed and snug within, with a vast lot of curiosities bespeaking travel on the parlor what-not. It was a curious, Victorian house, even to horsehair furniture.

To travel with Mr. Peters was a many-sided education, as I learned from him about old authors, voyages, sea-lore, and woodcraft.

The first leg of our journey was to the Blue River mines, traveling with John Brown and W. Young, farmers and close friends of Mr. Peters.

Regulation equipment called for a spring wagon with grub box bolted to the rear, the bedding roll forming a luxurious couch on top of the horses' newly-mown dinner, while pots, frying pans and water buckets made cheerful music underneath the wagon bed. We loved the tinkle of the cooking ware and the squeal of the brake-shoes on iron tires echoing wildly through the solemn depths of the forest, the smell of toiling horses mixed with the spice of pine needles. But Mr. Peters had only a single horse and a one-seated buggy. Mr. Brown and Mr. Young, my journal records, accompanied us on horse-back.

There was no day in the youth of the Eugene boy like the first day mountainwards, off on the Springfield road in the

clear, cool early morn, saying goodbye to the town as we broke over the railroad crossing at the deserted University, leaving Deady hall and Villard hall in classic grandeur at our backs. Some crude and humble cottages lay along the dusty rutted lane of the Fairmount addition, but we could look upon the dense foliage that embowered the millrace, with occasional glimpses of its placid waters, on which fallen leaves floated like little boats. Then came Judkins' Point, pressing us against the millrace and threatening us with its great firs. Once the point was turned we faced a sandy stretch of scrub oaks, then crossed the bridge over the deep, green waters of the Willamette and passed into the straggling cross-roads village of Springfield, or Slab Town as it was nicknamed from its sawmill. Springfield was a bucolic but singularly unpicturesque sort of place at that time.

Toward the Timber Line

Wheat fields, their yellow idealized in gold in the morning sun, now stretched to all sides. But as we proceeded the mountains steadily narrowed down on us, until we entered groves of maples and other native woods, anticipating the timber line.

My journal records that we lunched near Hendricks' Ferry. I recall distinctly the scene; a little green hummock for our table under a spread of alders. Mr. Brown, a sturdy old Englishman with gray chin beard streaked with tobacco juice and a gruff manner that belied his kindly heart, slung off his saddle and lay the steaming horse blanket for our table cloth. Mr. Young, a bearded, hearty farmer with the gentlest voice and manner in the world, noticed my twitching nose and came to my rescue.

"Don't you think, Mr. Brown, that the blanket is just a little strong?" he asked in a conciliatory and tactful tone.

Mr. Brown grunted and slung the blanket aside, whereupon we placed our cold snack on clean, fresh newspapers.

There was a certain show of formality observed by these old pioneers in their relations to each other. They did not slap each other on the back like the primitive westerners of the movies; and they always "mistered" each other.

From now on, the route began to look and smell of mountains. There were stretches of open road where horses' hoofs filled the pulsating air with fine, stifling dust, bits shadowed by great spruces, smelling of damp moss and balsams, green pastures enclosed in snake fences of rough, split rails and sapling poles, set among a tangle of fern brake, hazel, spray and dogwood and, now and then, a rustic home from which



The person in the center is Harriett W. Thompson, who has given "corrective" or more properly "individual gymnastics" at the University the reputation it deserves. Miss Thompson is interested in creating a better understanding among students and their parents of the adjustments that can make many more girls wholly fit for vigorous physical life. She is here demonstrating low vs. high. The co-eds are Augusta DeWitt, '25, and Kathleen Kem, '23.

a numerous family, clad in jean and gingham, would emerge to stare at us in open-mouthed silence, ranging from nursing babe to doddering elders. I remember once of a town wit calling out while passing such a home, "Stand back, Bub, and give your grandma a chance."

(Continued on Page 16)

President Campbell's Message

TO THE ALUMNI BODY, GREETINGS: Old students everywhere will be wanting to know of the University's forty-fifth opening, and of its prospects for the academic year that has just begun. I am happy to report that once more the condition and the outlook are indeed excellent.

The enrollment for this academic year, including those who will register at the beginning of the second and third terms, will be about 2700. In this number are counted only full-time students on the Eugene campus and at the medical school. The number of new students applying for admission this year has been nearly 1200, of which 1106 have met the requirements, and hundreds of the old students who read these few lines remember the University when all the classes

together were far fewer than 1106. However, perhaps fortunately, not all the 1106 whose credentials entitled them to admission appeared in a body for registration this fall. Between 875 and 900 appeared, and presumably most of the remainder will come in January or in subsequent years. The enrollment at the medical school this fall is about 200.

The standards of the University continue to improve, as the alumni will have discerned from various discussions in last year's OLD OREGON, but of this, perhaps more in other issues.

The University's best wishes are extended to the Alumni Association with the hope that it too may have an active and constructive year along with the institution itself.

P. L. CAMPBELL.



Dean Virginia Judy Esterly and her two daughters, 8 and 11 years old. Mrs. Esterly is Oregon's first dean of women to have a real, grown-up family.

New Dean of Women is an Oregonian

THE new dean of women at the University of Oregon is Virginia Judy Esterly, a native Oregonian who has spent a large part of her time since high school days in California.

Mrs. Esterly probably impresses the incoming freshman girl as being a little above average in height and weight. She has blue eyes and brown hair; she wears a humorous expression not infrequently; she drives a car, admits being exceedingly fond of swimming, and she looks as if she knew only the dictionary meaning of the word ill-health.

Mrs. Esterly has two children, Josephine, 11, and Virginia, 8. They are with her in Eugene.

The new dean is a graduate of the University of California, where she was acting dean during the last intersession. Her teaching experience was gained in St. Mary's Episcopal school in Shanghai, China, where she was head of the music department for two years.

Dean Walker Once More on University Staff

THE appointment of Dean Walker, '13, just before the opening of the fall quarter of the University to the position of director of loan funds and student adviser will interest alumni. The increasing demand for loan funds requires an increased amount of attention to the raising of such funds and the administration of them. In addition there is an immediate need of someone to manage the fund provided last spring by Mrs. Alice Wheeler Wrisley for guaranteeing loans for deserving students.

As a student adviser Mr. Walker can give much help to students forming new living groups for the purpose of relieving pressure on the University dormitories. Mr. Walker will advise students both individually and in groups.

Walker was graduate manager of the associated students in 1913-14. For several years after that he was in business for himself at Independence, his home town. In 1917 he returned to the University as graduate manager and during this year coached a championship basketball team and acted as an instructor in the officers' training camps directed by Colonel John Leader. In 1919 he went into the furniture business in Eugene, entering a partnership with Frank Wetherbee. He is now retiring from the firm to return to the University.

Lee Travis is Gone

LEE M. TRAVIS, '97, died at his home in Eugene October 1. Mr. Travis had been in poor health for a number of years, and for at least two years he had been unable to continue actively in his profession as attorney.

That he had lived as long as he did was regarded as remarkable: his determination not to give up.

He was known in many capacities in Eugene and in the state, but perhaps especially for his labor of building up and directing the Lane County Credit association, a body that has become well known in Oregon.

Mr. Travis came west when he was 15. He graduated from the University in 1897 and enlisted as a volunteer for the Spanish-American war. After seeing service in the Philippines he returned and went to the law school of the University of Michigan. His degree of LL.D. was obtained there in 1900.

He married Lillian Baker, of Tillamook, and opened his law practice in Eugene. To Mr. and Mrs. Travis two children were born: Fredericka, now a student in the University; and Gould, a son. He leaves two brothers and two sisters. Of the latter, Mrs. Ella Travis Edmunson, '03, has been his assistant in the office in Eugene.

They Are Sociable in the South

HELEN McDonald, '19, who divides the championship honors as a source of OLD OREGON news with Carleton K. Logan, Madalene Logan Callin and Maurice Hyde, has sent in her annual grist. Part of the crop was probably gleaned at an Oregon alumni picnic Helen gave during the last week of summer session at California. Helen herself is now society and club editor of the Oakland Chronicle.

Although there were others who could not be there, a full twenty-four did their part by the sandwiches, pickles, coffee and cake around an out-door fireplace in Live Oak Park, Berkeley. Among them were: Helen Anderson, '20; Brownell Fraser, '21; Eyla Walker, '17; Florence Furuset, '22; Esther Furuset, '17; Dudley Clark, '10, and Charlie Fenton Clark, '16; C. H. Blesse and Hazel Rader Blesse, '15; Lewis Bond, '16, and Lois Hall Bond, '22; Frank Test and Martha Koerner Test, '07; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Parsons, ex-'14; Ernest Vosper, ex-'16, and Helene Delano Vosper, '17; Mr. and Mrs. Roland Miller of the Oregon faculty.

Dr. O. J. Johnson, who was a member of the summer school staff, was a summer school student at Oregon himself, back in 1912. He is regularly research specialist for the city schools at St. Paul.

College Campuses and People on Them

By C. S. TRIMMER

EDITOR'S NOTE—People who travel play the game of "impressions." Some become very skillful at formulating true judgments of a new place from very limited contact with it. Mr. Trimmer, the writer of the following sketch, has seen many college campuses and has seen them with an eye to the picturesque and the significant. He admits he likes Oregon.

RIDING through Concord, Mass., one bright summer's morning, a flippant young man who wrote for the Boston papers remarked that Ralph Waldo Emerson anywhere else would have been only a second-rate rewrite man on a metropolitan daily.

"Take away Concord's myriad flocks of song birds," said the Bostonian scribe, "drain off the dainty babbling brook, substitute for the multi-colored hedges, flower gardens and shrubs the drab settings of an iron foundry, and for the peaceful solitude of the Emersonian chamber the clanging of a city room, and Ralph Waldo would only turn out Horatio Alger grade of stuff."

Even Mr. Darwin admitted that all of us are susceptible to our surroundings—regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The "young idea," as represented by the average undergraduate on an American college campus certainly is influenced by the nature of his environment, as well as the amount of English I, Philosophy 5 and Economics 6, which he absorbs.

A Cablecar Campus

The writer challenges anyone to turn out light idealistic verse on the "campus" of the Brooklyn Institute of Technology. Said campus consists of a few rollicking cable cars and the framework of the Coney Island elevated structure. Anyone who can divert his mind from logarithms and such pastoral pursuits as "Let X equal the unknown quantity," at Brooklyn Polly is deserving of honorable mention in belles lettres.

Contrarily, the undergraduate of Williams College who does not find himself leaning toward cultural lines after four years of Washington Gladden atmosphere, Greylock and the Mohawk Trail, ought to receive as a reward of demerit a life subscription to that charming literary publication, "Iron Age."

The saddest thing in an undergraduate's career is to be forced to live and work upon a city campus. The intelligencia of the average city college have a name and number for each of the 321 blades of grass that flourish on the plant and woe betide the capricious sophomore who endangers the well-being of blades No. 118 and No. 127 by unloading the contents of his defunct bulldog pipe upon the college grounds. The city collegian learns to have an awe and respect for each of the institution's two rosebushes. Tailors in the vicinity of a city campus have rarely grown wealthy by removing grass stains from sophomoreic tennis flannels and the undergrad himself has yet to assume an astrologer's position with his shoulder blades dug deep into Mother Earth and his face turned toward the stars.

Unsociable Grasses

Columbia and the College of the City of New York are typical of city campuses. In place of crocuses, C. C. N. Y. grows a choice assortment of mauve-colored tiles, while at Columbia, neat brick walls separate the grass plots to a preclusion of communistic tendencies among the blades. Even dear old Harvard, with its quadrangle of song and story, is under the baneful influence of the Harvard Square sub-

way, and when Cabot speaks only to Lowell and Lowell passes the word on to God, he must do so with a trolley clanging in his ears.

Coming to the Oregon campus for the first time, the vision-cramped Easterner realizes that Merton of the Movies unburdened himself of considerable truism when he referred to the "broad open spaces" of the West. There is room for building and still more building upon the Oregon campus and there will have to be a whole cycle of ten million dollar gift campaigns before these nebulistic structures begin to crowd each other for elbow space. Distances seem to mean nothing and the undergrad hikes down to Coe's as cheerfully between classes as he runs from the Administration building to the library. There are whole city blocks of green grass where it is possible to "set and think" or just to "set" as the spirit moves one.

Mark Twain once said of city streets: "The authorities are either digging them up to remove old pipes; spading them up to put new pipes down, or just naturally shoveling them out to see if the old pipes are still there." The digging in this case indicates a sign of progress and not mere restlessness on the part of Bagdad on the Subway.

The Oregon campus seems to have a few double platoons of its own workmen who insist on drilling the broad highway for mysterious reasons known only to the Administration building. It must be taken for granted, however, that their activity is not a silent protest against reduction of the mileage returns, but a desire to keep the grounds in tip-top condition. The fact that everything at Oregon is "kept-up" immediately hits the newcomer squarely between the eyes.

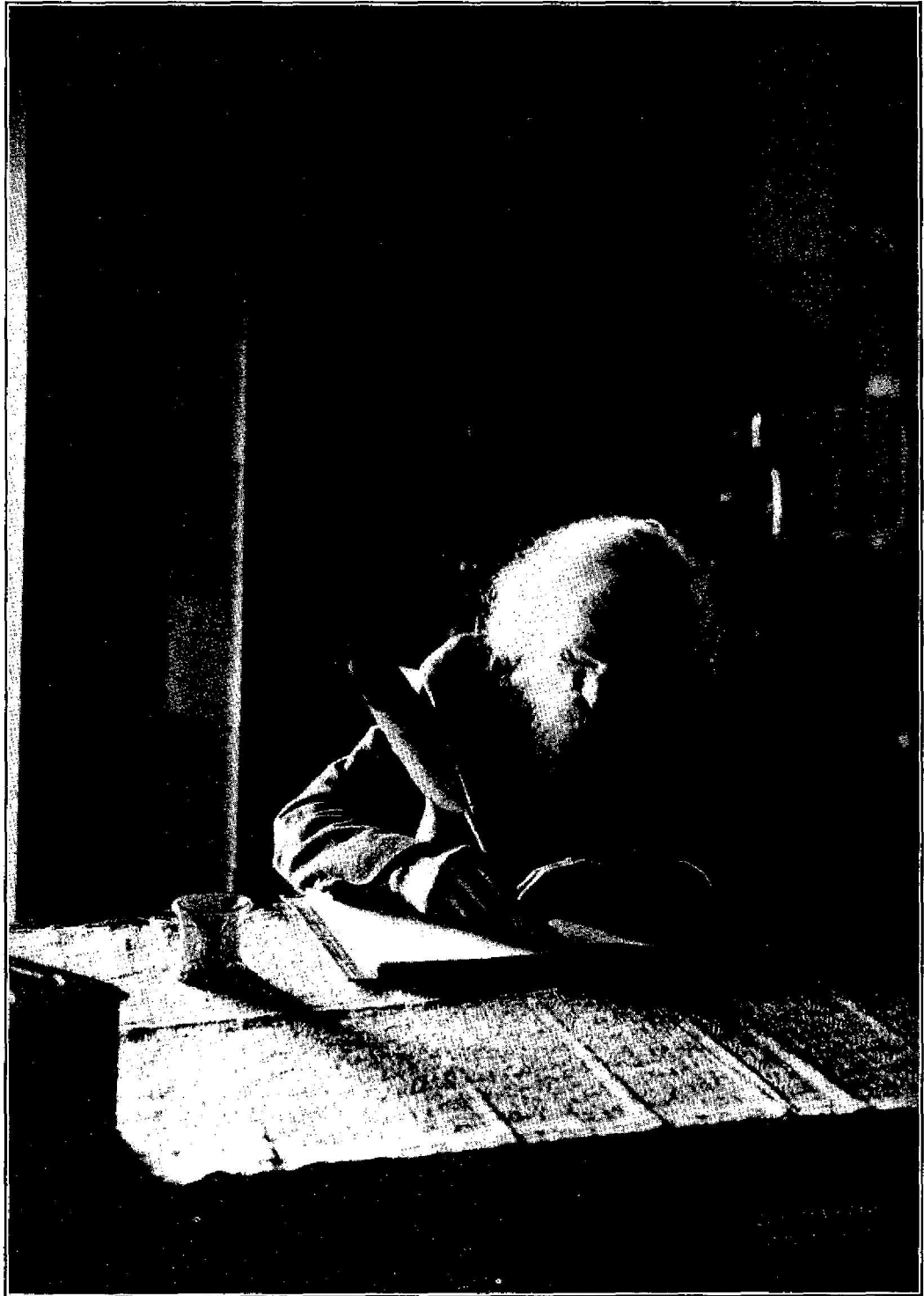
The writer could not help thinking that the very fact the campus is so spick and span is reflected in the general makeup of the men and women here at the University.

College Grounds and College Morale

"Comparisons," saith Dogberry, "are odious." Therefore, the person responsible for these lines will not name an Indiana college which on a certain cold, grey, December morning reminded him of Rachael mourning for her dead. The grounds of this institution of learning were faintly reminiscent of the description of Flanders Field (with the mud, but minus the poppies). The American paint company would never have been sued for violation of the Sherman Act as a result of profligate distribution of its product on that Hoosier plant. The condition of the grounds may or may not have affected college morale. At any rate, the star football player did not hesitate to invade the president's office, wearing several days' growth of beard only a shade less black than Dempsey's and the entire undergraduate body had apparently patterned its togas from styles advocated by the Russian Relief.

George Ade described a southern town as needing paint, toothbrushes, sidewalks and Bibles. His words recall a scene on a Dixie campus where the red, brick-kiln dust of a dry summer lay encrusted on class-room and laboratory porches that were virginal to the touch of any mop. In the foreground a group of recumbent undergrads flicked their fags at a yellow puppy sunning himself on the Chapel steps. The writer felt at the time that the first thing that campus needed to instil pep was a present of twenty brooms.

Oregon fights harder to keep its campus looking fresh and green than any college the writer has visited. At the Uni-



The venerable and gentle Ezra Meeker, driver of ox-wagons on the old Oregon Trail, seated at the antique table in Alumni hall inscribing his name in the book. The cloth on the table is a piece of textile art and it is old. The tapestry on the Caenstone wall behind him is very old. So is the quaint letterbox that waits rather vainly on the edge of the table.

versity of Virginia, luscious grasses flourish on lawns and range needing little care from a superintendent of grounds to make the campus a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Trees that date back from the time of Thomas Jefferson, the University's great progenitor, throw a pleasing shade over the serpentine walk once trod by Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. The same is true of St. Mary's, in Raleigh, North Carolina. Nature needs no human aid to beautify the verdant grounds.

At Oregon most of the finest trees have been transplanted, and if the theorists who favor a struggle for existence over mere passivity are correct in their major premises, Oregonians are more to be credited for their accomplishment than their Southern brothers and sisters, whose campuses, like Topsy, just grewed.

A phrenologist, applying his system to the landscape gardening at Mt. Holyoke College, would testify that the Spartan New England character of Mary Lyons, Mt. Holyoke's founder, is reflected in each exact parabola of well-kept greensward. At Clarkson College in Potsdam, New York, it was noticed that the superintendent of grounds had emphasized the technical character of the school by sawing off the grass plots at exact right angles.

Linked Horticulture and Tradition

It is worthy of note that at nearly all colleges some of the most revered customs and traditions are linked with horticulture. At Williams there is a grove containing the monument marking the genesis of the missionary movement in America; Bradford Academy has its pines where only seniors walk. At the University of Georgia there is "the tree that owns itself;" at the University of Ohio there is the tree transplanted from Napoleon's grove; the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge has its "Blue Diction Tree" (commemorative of Longfellow's poem); while Oregon has its Condon oaks.

There may be said to be a direct connection between collegiate architecture and collegiate curricula. Williams is a purely cultural college. Its architectural lines are soft and pleasing. Jefferson designed the whole plan of the University of Virginia from a model school of old Greece. The University has frequently been referred to as the Athens of the South. The University of Ohio supplies many needs and instructs boys and girls as well as men and women in a wide variety of cultural and non-cultural subjects. "Conglomerate" is the only word to use in describing Ohio's architecture. The University Heights plant of New York University is equally divided between arts and science and the broad sweeping lines of the University's Hall of Fame contrast oddly with the stern outlines of its engineering building.

The writer believes that Oregon is an exception in that utilitarianism, rather than any curricular reflex, is responsible for the architectural layout of the buildings.

The Preservation of Relics

Just as many eastern colleges have a duty in preserving relics associated with the founding of the country, western colleges have as their duty the preservation of the genesis of the West. The founding of Whitman college will always call to mind the Oregon Trail and the state university here at Eugene will be responsible for keeping intact those relics which call to mind the days of the pioneer.

The writer is looking forward with no little interest to the outcome of the University's Gift Campaign which will make possible the erection of a suitable museum for the preservation of relics recalling the old pioneer days.

Five Elected to Council in Tremendous Contest

COUNTING of the ballots for five new members of the alumni council has disclosed the singular popularity of the five electees. The vote was far the heaviest that has ever been polled in the history of the alumni association.

The following were elected to the council: K. K. Kubli, '93, of Portland; James H. Gilbert, '03, Eugene; Mary Watson-Barnes, '09, of Eugene; James S. Johns, '12, of Pendleton; and Nicholas Jaureguy, '17, of Portland.

Mr. Kubli, whose first name is Kaspar, but who is generally known as Cap, is a native Oregonian, having been born in Jacksonville. He attended the University of Oregon, graduating with the class of '93, and went then to Harvard. He was admitted to the practice of law, but returned to Jacksonville and took over his father's hardware business, later becoming manager of a mine at Gold Hill. In 1901 he went to Portland where he has been in business for himself since about 1906. He has been a member of the legislature continuously since 1917.

He Was at Columbia Three Years

James H. Gilbert, who is never known other than as "Jimmy," seems to be one of those who can teach fifteen years at a university (fact) and each year reappear as fresh and formidable as at first. After graduating Gilbert studied three years at Columbia, on a scholarship the first two years and on a Garth Fellowship the last year. He received his Ph. D. at Columbia in 1907. Since that time he has published along lines of economics and banking, taxation, etc. He was married in 1911 to Isolene Shaver, '10. Their daughter, Madeline, is ten.

Mary Elizabeth Watson-Barnes, who holds her A. B. and her master's degree from Oregon and has nearly completed work for her doctor's degree at Columbia, has been a member of the faculty of the University since 1909. She was graduated with honors and was honorably mentioned for her master's thesis in 1911.

Miss Watson was married in the summer of 1923 to Walter C. Barnes, a member of the Oregon faculty in history. She is a member of Pi Beta Phi and Phi Beta Kappa.

Nothing Happens to Johns

James S. Johns is connected with the Hartman Abstract Company of Pendleton, but otherwise has had nothing exciting happen to him since his graduation in 1912. He has not even been arrested, as yet, for speeding.

In college he was a member of Beta Theta Pi, Order of the O, Friars, and several other probably worthy organizations whose names he has forgotten. He managed, when war broke out, to get accepted for officers' training camp, but before anything could be done about it the war stopped. He was married in 1913 to Pearl McKenna, '12. His sisters, Helen and Mary, are both graduates, the former in 1918, the latter in 1919.

Nicholas Jaureguy spends a good deal of his time on the 13th floor of the Northwestern Bank building, behind a door numbered 1313. But this does not disturb him, for he is very busy contemplating The Law. After leaving Oregon, where he was not only president of the student body but a winner of the Koyl cup, the alumni debate medal and the Beekman prize, Jaureguy went to Harvard for the study of law. He was associate editor there of the Harvard Law Review, an unusual honor. Between Oregon and Harvard Jaureguy went to war for nearly two years, serving as first lieutenant in infantry.

TRIBUTE

By ROBERT JOHNSON, '87

(Read before the reunion of graduates of the classes
of 1878 to 1890.)

As in the Alpine countries so it is here, that winter lies by the side of summer. It is but a step from garden to glacier, from the living present to the dead past, from the noisy forge of action to the quiet home of memory, a temple whose walls are hung with beautiful paintings and whose corridors are lined with flower-wreathed tombs. Departed joys and friendships sleep under the "sad hemlock, the solemn pine, the tearful willow and the embracing vine." Along the silent shores of remembrance wander shapes that call, shadows that beckon, spirits of precious thoughts and moments of bliss forever past.

Many of those who, with us, began the journey from Deady and Villard halls stopped to rest in the shade, some in the forenoon, others in the heat of mid-day. Death, instead of waiting their coming, as is the order of Nature, came to meet them on the way. Who can say they were too young to die. Life is lived in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in the measured ticking of the clock.

We pause to bow the head reverently at the shrine of those who are sleeping, "careless alike of sunshine and storm," to lay upon their tombs the flowers that have bloomed from their every sweet, unselfish thought and deed.

We call the roll of the alumni of early days. These do not respond:

George S. Washburne and John C. Whitaker, of the class of '78.

Ione Cranfill, William J. McDaniel, George Noland, Minerva Starr and Clifton A. Wass of the class of '80.

Emery E. Burke, George E. Bushnell, Edgar J. Maxwell, Claiborne A. Woody of the class of '81.

Arthur L. Frazer, George M. Hoyt and Reubena P. Spiller of the class of '82.

Etta Cogswell, Samuel Edgar McClure, Wallace Mount, Minnie E. Porter, Carrie Walker and Oliver Pittock McFall of the class of '83.

Robert Haskell Collier, Jefferson Davis Fenton, J. M. Neville, Lily Porter and Francis A. McDaniel of the class of '84.

Marion F. Davis and Charles R. Fenton of the class of '85.

William Ira Vawter of the class of '86.

Frank L. Moore and Stovin Septimus Spencer of the class of '87.

Out of the caverns of memory, deep and pure come the well-remembered faces of those who stood "in loco parentis" and strove by precept and example to mould our form and character. John W. Johnson, Mark Bailey, Thomas Condon, George Collier, Mary Spiller, Thomas Gatch and Charles Lambert, sincere builders, the beauty of whose character grows as the years bring to us a clearer understanding of their life of service and devotion to duty as they conceived it. There are yet two others whom we have not named. They still lead us. Benjamin J. Hawthorne and John Straub; the former sitting

in the dusk waiting for the night, the latter yet active in the life of the University.

In early days we often thought that upon the teacher, life bestowed an inadequate compensation. Experience and a truer conception of responsibility, however, have brought another conclusion. There is no reward so great as the realization of helping to create something. This seems to be the chief purpose of Nature.

Let us hope that Hawthorne and Straub are in the enjoyment of the reflection that they have, as the gardener, helped to cultivate minds to be crowned and hearts to be glorified. To them we make acknowledgement of a debt that never can be discharged and to say to them, as well as to their associates who have gone, that it was no mark of disrespect but rather one of affection when in our thoughtless youth we spoke of them among ourselves as "Buck" Hawthorne, "Johnnie" Straub, "Pa" Bailey, "Tommy" Condon, "Ma" Spiller and "Old J. W."

There are many others, students who did not complete the courses, whose names have floated with the mists away. Like ships that pass we have come within hailing distance, compared our longitude and sailed to different ports. Though their names and faces have faded from memory, there remains a consciousness that the spirit of their lives is wedded to that of our own.

As the film of the past is projected there come the forms and faces of those mothers of Israel who took us into their homes and hearts. In our day the life of the University and the life of the town commingled. We of the University were a part of the town and the town was a part of the University. Sweet are the memories of those foster mothers.

"Is there beyond the silent night
An endless day?
Is death a door that leads to light?
We cannot say."

We do know, though, that when the realities of life grow dim "hope sees a star and listening love hears the rustle of a wing."

"For death and life in ceaseless strife
Bent wild on this world's shore.
All our calm is in that balm,
Not lost, but gone before."

The past belongs to God. The present only is ours and to it joy and grief and purpose give breath. There are serious issues in the life before us. Individual responsibility is shunned. The cardinal points of the compass are no longer toil and thrift. Class distinctions are drawn. Disrespect for law and parental authority is spreading. Intolerance is having a rebirth and the primal struggle between life and darkness is waged anew.

If our dead could speak to us they would request that we do not regret their absence, but at the shrine of duty continue to cling to those ideals of the fuller life which the University opened unto us.

Members of Early Classes Meet in Reunion

IT WAS a purely selfish reason, according to Dan Bass, that led him last June to organize the reunion of the first twelve classes of the University. His purely selfish reason was to be the pleasure he would get from such a gathering.

There were moments during the reunion program that followed the noon luncheon when people brushed tears from their eyes. The tribute to the absent, read by "Bob" Johnson, '87, now of the staff of the Oregon Journal, brought

many pensive thoughts. But these were likely to be succeeded by reminiscences of the kind that produced gaiety, unmixed.

Now it was a remembered night when Ewing Walker took a girl home and had a warm argument at her front gate on whether this was the place where she lived. The girl was sure; Ewing wasn't. Again it was a recollection of the time when the president of the board of regents was determined to sit on the platform through commencement exer-

cises, and Dan Bass, head usher, was as determined he shouldn't. The colloquy rose above a whisper and exceeded the laws of polite intercourse.

There were reminiscences of the days when students were all quartered with town people, before the days of fraternities and halls of residence. Students felt themselves to be almost foster children to those who fed and sheltered them.

Whitney Boise related how there were more graduates in his class than the entire alumni association—the tail wagging the dog, as it were, that June.

Following the afternoon meeting there were many gatherings in smaller groups. The following is a partial list of those who attended, incomplete largely because it was impossible to make visitors stop talking long enough to register:

List is Not Complete

Augusta Osborne McDonald, 1876-78; Douglas Waite, ex-'88; Mrs. Kate Buick Sewell, ex-'86; Mrs. Belle Bushnell Bond, 1878-79; Walter Eakin, '84; Mrs. Molly Brattain Scott, 1881-83; A. O. Condit, '84; W. L. Boise, '80; Daniel W. Bass, '85; C. D. Bowles, 1880-82; Robert C. Johnson, '87; Owen Osburn, '80; E. H. McAlister, '90; L. H. Potter, ex-'81; Idaho Cogswell Campbell, ex-'87; Ellen Condon McCornack, '78; L. J. Davis, '89; Darwin Bristow, '84; J. W. Bean, '80; Jennie Spencer Luekey, '83; Edith Kerns Chambers, 1889-1895; Margaret McClung Wetherbee, ex-'87; Eliza Spencer Barbre, '83; J. D. Spencer, ex-'89; Edwin O. Potter, '85; Ida Patterson, '86; Anna Patterson Potter, '85; Alberta Shelton McMurphey, '88; E. K. Wheeler, 1880-82; Bessie Day, 1876-1885; A. C. Woodcock, 1879-83; Katherine Patterson Bean, '97; Anna Dorris Hardy, '89; Mary E. McCornack, '82; Anne Whiteaker, '81; G. G. Brown, ex-'87; F. A. Rinehart, '84; Mary E. Bonnell Brown, 1880-85; Ella Armitage Henderson, 1889-90; Nettie McCornack Collier, '80; Frederic S. Dunn, '92; L. E. Bean, '84.

Homecoming Slogan Contest Again Opened

- "Home to Win Again, Oregon."
- "You can't beat Oregon Fight."
- "Home to Meet 'em, Back to Beat 'em."
- "Home Again! Fight Again! Win Again!"

These are the slogans that have driven Oregon teams to victory at the last four homecomings.

Who will write the slogan that does it this year?

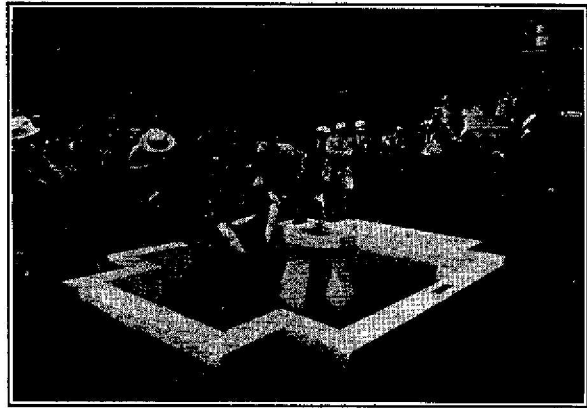
Last year it was a freshman. The year before it was a faculty man.

The winning slogan provides the inventor two of the best seats in the grandstand at the Homecoming game. If a student invents it, he gets \$5 cash instead, because he already has tickets.

November 1 will be the last day of the contest. There is no limit to the number of slogans anyone may propose. Last year a foreign student compiled sixteen, all of them ferocious and bloodthirsty. The committee will no doubt choose the slogan it likes best, regardless of all considerations that are or ought to be involved. Last year the committee said it got too many rhymed and musical slogans and none with great individuality.

Slogans should be mailed to the editor of OLD OREGON. The gift of two seats is by courtesy of the graduate manager, Mr. Benefiel.

E. E. Brodie, who took preparatory work at the University and is now United States minister to Siam, has returned to Bangkok with his family. Their visit to Oregon City was only three months long.



The class of '12, rededicating its lily fountain at its reunion last June. The man being dunked is a member of the class of '15, identity withheld. "Fat" Bailey, president of the class, now a legislator and attorney, looks on from the extreme right, inciting the duckers to greater efforts.

The Editor of the Emerald Speaks

ARTHUR Rudd, new editor of the Oregon Emerald, has returned from a summer devoted to visiting the family hearth in Denver and advertising the Pendleton Round-Up with myriad chambers of commerce, rotary clubs, etc., etc. His acquaintances on seeing any story in a newspaper under a Pendleton date-line commonly look again, murmuring, "Must be Rudd's."

Rudd has the following to say regarding this year's Emerald:

"The Oregon Daily Emerald is glad to say 'hello' once again to you who have been students on the campus of the University. While the Emerald is published especially for undergraduates, the alumni are never forgotten in what we are trying to do. We have had a chance to meet many former Oregon students during the past summer and hope to continue to keep in touch with them as their activities affect the destinies of the University.

"The Emerald is strong for the endowment campaign and is pledged to assist in this great movement in every way possible. Emerald staff members are always glad to co-operate with the staff of our fellow publication, OLD OREGON. The Emerald is proud of the quality of OLD OREGON, and Emerald workers are encouraged to assist in the work of issuing what we feel is the best alumni publication in the United States.

"Here's for a greater Oregon."

O, Willow Tree

(By Margaret Skavian, '25.)

O willow tree that yearns beside the pool—
Have you a dream of gardens, quiet, cool—
Of old gray walls that guard, and of a moat
Where, faintly flushed, the lotus flowers float?
Are there tall lilies by the waterside
Where slant-eyed babies in their play can hide?

Or are you lonely for flamingoes seen
Through half-concealing, half-revealing green—
By little bridges quaintly carved, and quite
As quaintly curved?

And would you be at night
A trysting tree for delicate romance,
As in the breeze two furtive lanterns dance—
Intrigue as courtly as brocade—sedate
As gray-blue pattern on a willow plate?

What fairy tales of lands across the sea
Do your leaves whisper—little willow tree?

Pacific Library
 Eugene, Oregon

Oregon · Poetry · Page

EDITED BY MARGARET SKAVLAN, '25

THE horrors of the war where Miss Gibson served as nurse have not taken from her a sense of delicate imagery and color. A sort of sweet melancholy is achieved by long lines and feminine end-rhymes. The last line of the second poem seems to have been pure inspiration.

REMEMBERED GLOBY

How unfair thou art, pale moon, thou lamp of heaven's portals,
Scattering powdered silver on the sleeping world below;
With your radiant, haunting beauty you hypnotize all mortals,
Then you go away and leave them only memory of the glow.
—Juliette Claire Gibson, '26.

LIFE

A moonbeam kissed a rosebud
In a perfumed dusky bower,
Turning all her scented petals into jeweled
beauty rare.
Two careless lovers walking,
Brushed against that lovely flower,
And a baby sunbeam found her dead, her
petals scattered there.
—Juliette Claire Gibson, '26.

We gladly welcome the poems of the alumni. "To a Mountain Stream," is contributed by an alumna still living in Oregon. It echoes the joys of vacationing in our Oregon mountains.

TO A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Thou bounding, rushing, lovely stream so clear,
And cool, upon whose shaded banks we dwelt
In perfect happiness and calm content,
Would that thy joyous voice I now might hear,
Calling me soft and low to linger near
To thee, and feel again the moods I felt,
Giving me thoughts sublime and eloquent
Of nature, always held by me so dear.
When at some future time again I see
The spicy pine, the cedar and the fir,
Casting their sheltering branches over thee,
Those branches that the winds so gently stir,
Why then again that sweet serenity
Shall fill me, and from me all care shall lure.
—Helene Robinson Hendershott, '08.

Poetry of the "new school" is difficult to label. Yet people to whom poetry has a feeling and not a form, who know even a flash of the "secret fire," will enjoy "June," by Elnora Keltner. The one rhyme in the poem may be accidental, but whether intentional or not, it contributes materially to the final impression.

JUNE

June, and the moments hunger
Hunger for things
Unhad.
June, and the wind
Hums dreams to your heart—
Strong little things
But they perish at
Birth
Choked in the clutch of a
Gripping hand—
The slender white fingers
Of June—gone mad.
—Elnora B. Keltner, '25.

Miss Keltner tries her hand at rhyme as well with some success, and in the next poem with cleverness. A certain depth of feeling is present in spite of the apparent flippancy of the last line.

SOMETHING NEW IN ENDINGS

When I am dead and quite, quite cold,
And spades have thumped their last of musty mold,
Carve this for me upon a stone of gray:
"Note!—Don't wake me please on judgment day."
—Elnora B. Keltner, '25.

Eunice Jonsrud in the following poem has achieved the charm of simplicity. The lightness of touch is whimsical and just misses humor. Miss Jonsrud's work has appeared in the Reed College "Quest," she having been formerly a student at that school.

SURE, AN' I KNOW

Sure, an' I know
From the blue in her eye
An' her way that's so shy,
She's a-ri-sh.

Sure, an' I know,
From the smile on her face
An' her elfin-like grace,
She's the flower o' me heart.

Sure, an' I know
By her blush and her dimple—
The meaning's so simple—
She loves me.

—Eunice Jonsrud, '25.

Another poem by the same author is in a more serious vein. It carries out the figure in a pattern as perfect and as carefully wrought as a bit of tessellated pavement in an old cathedral.

CRYSTAL

My memories of you
Are crystal beads—
Tear drops that never flow away.
The facets gleam
With a strange fire
That does not die,
For when I touch them
I feel the burning of ice.

—Eunice Jonsrud, '25.

Martha Beer Roscoe, Upper Mattole, Humboldt county, Calif., wishes to secure the Oregonas put out by the classes of 1917 and 1918. Anyone willing to dispose of such copies should write Mrs. Roscoe direct.

A pearl gray baby cab topped the van-load of trunks that was driving to the women's hall of residence during registration. "Freshmen are gettin' younger and younger every year," remarked the Johnson hall janitor disapprovingly.

The Dean of the School of Music

This is the first of a series of monthly articles on the campus deans. It is hoped to introduce to the alumni next month Dean Henry D. Sheldon of the school of education, whom many of them will know already.

YOUTH is his hobby. Not because he is very old himself, but because he is fascinated by thought of the compact that youth and age can make: age bringing the experience, the knowledge and the initiative; youth bringing just youth. A good many freshmen who have no intention of playing a piano or singing a song, major under John Landsbury, dean



John Landsbury, dean of the school of music.

of the Oregon school of music. They major there because they have been shrewdly advised by their elder brothers on the campus that "Doctor John" will help them shape a course that will lead them safely and sanely, broadly and well. Whether it includes any music is a matter that will not interest the dean greatly.

The dean sits in his studio at the school of music, a room of brown walls guiltless of pictures, a rug of blue and brown tones and a Steinway grand piano littered inches deep with music. But he knows every piece that lies there. He can stick his brown, interesting hands into the heap and produce anything he needs.

"I have several convictions," he admits, looking up with bright hazel eyes through owlsh spectacles. He plays with his brown hands a while. "I have a conviction about education that may not do for print, but it is this: that I shall

continue to raise my voice against undergraduate vocational training.

"I have a conviction that what the world needs is good, wholesome individuality, and not machines educated to perform motions.

"I am troubled by the fact that young people today make no friends. They merely have acquaintances that follow the same road. They pay for being amused."

Views on Social Life

And then the professor went off into a really unprintable conviction on the ludicrousness of much of the life at universities that is supposed to confer social training, social poise, etcetera. The social forcing school with rented dress-suits and borrowed party frocks, social calendars and study schedules made up for the good of a student's fraternity and not even of his own choosing—unutterable.

Doctor John has his hobbies: motoring, long walks, playing at public recitals, hunting and camping in an amateur way, but mainly reading. He prefers Hudson, probably, among modern authors. He finds pleasure in detective stories because they keep it in his mind that many a situation that never employed a detective can be unraveled should one care to try.

He likes cultivating odd sorts of people whose interests are antipodal to his own. A tramp waiting along the road and not averse to conversation. A disreputable gob in a city park, bashed-in and allegedly famished. Dr. Landsbury "was charmed by his youth," though, and took him to an eating place where his acquaintance consumed enormously. He expected never to see him again when they parted. But he did, later, in the same city, well-dressed and prosperous.

He Likes the Continent

Especially does Dr. Landsbury like foreign travel. He has been abroad three times and has a suspiciously far-away look when Europe is mentioned.

Youth has not been unmindful of the professor, either, and when he expressed himself somewhat vigorously in the Sunday Emerald last year, he drew a good outfit of anonymous letters. When he walks it is seldom he walks alone.

The school of music has been growing steadily in size, equipment and scope. This fall's enrollment is expected to show a good gain over the spring, when there were more than a hundred majors.

Dr. Landsbury is a graduate of Simpson College, Iowa, where, curiously, he took most of his work in mathematics and engineering. He went to Germany following his graduation and studied under many tutors, but under the personal direction, in all this, of Herr Professor Doktor Max Bruch. He was at the University of Berlin and worked under Pasowski and Fleischer. He studied piano with Eisenberger and with Edgar Stillman Kelly, the American.

He taught in his own college on his return and in 1907 went to Baker College, at Baldwin, Kansas, to help reorganize the department of music, staying until 1914. That year he transferred to Oregon to reorganize the piano department and establish the department of composition.

Musical Rarities Interest Him

On his trips abroad Dr. Landsbury has collected works of rare or special value. He has original editions of most of the epoch-making works in composition. He has one for which he refused \$200.

(Continued on Page 17)

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

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One ought to fix his mind on the reproachful fact that the Condon collection is not yet adequately housed and exhibited. Instead, one finds himself playing with fantasies.

The Ernsts

It appears that people marry, go to war, become politicians or go into college teaching for various kinds of reasons. Some have not been able to think of anything they would prefer to do. Some desire singly and wholly the thing they have chosen.

Looking at Professor and Mrs. Rudolph Ernst, new additions to the Oregon English faculty, we have always felt an insatiable curiosity to confirm a belief of ours. We have wanted to hear them say that better than anything in the world they like the atmosphere of a college campus.

The Ernsts come from the University of Washington, where they have long been loved for their quiet brilliance and their absorbed devotion to matters of the college.

By Flunkout and By Withdrawal

Mistaken ideas die no easier than true ones. But certain recognitions within the last year are gradually dispersing the old idea that students must go east or south from the state of Oregon for high scholastic standards. There was the granting of Phi Beta Kappa, national scholarship fraternity. There was the granting of Sigma Xi, national honorary society in science. There was the granting of Mortar Board, women's national honorary fraternity, one of whose requirements is high scholarship.

A report made before the Oregon faculty last June by the scholarship committee contains one section that bears further on the question of standards:

"At the end of the last fall term ninety-seven students were placed on probation. There are on probation at this time twenty-six. The total registration on the campus for the year is twenty-four hundred; the number of students on the campus at this time is 1898. The loss of some five hundred students has been due to a great extent to scholastic mortality through flunkout and withdrawal."

Arnold Koepke's Death

The untimeliness with which Death comes, and the erratic quality of its selections, are seldom realized with such vividness in the ranks of the alumni association as in the striking down of Arnold S. Koepke, who died in the Walla Walla General hospital on Wednesday, October 3. The day seems very recent upon which Koepke was serving as major of the R. O. T. C. at the University, for it was only in 1921 that he received his degree.

Koepke was one of the large contingent from Umatilla county that has achieved prominence in the University. He was the son of a wheat rancher of the Athena country; of Henry Koepke; and it was the farming of the home place to which Arnold turned upon graduation. There he set up a home of his own, and to it he took a University girl, Ruth Dorris of 1915, sister of Bertha Dorris of 1910 and of Lieutenant Ben Dorris of 1915. They were married at the Episcopal church in Eugene less than two years ago.

Koepke was taken to the hospital in September to undergo operation for adhesions that followed an old operation for appendicitis. The operation disclosed another and worse condition, the surgical remedy for which he seemed unlikely to stand. Transfusion of blood from Lieutenant Dorris was then employed, but the combination of difficulties proved too great for even one of Koepke's strength and activity.

Down Basement Stairs

Last spring an Emerald reporter, out on the business that usually engages Emerald reporters, found the secret door that lets some down into the Villard hall basement. He wrote later, and here is part of what he said:

" . . . About 75 mattresses are stacked in one end. They are relics of the war days when soldiers were being trained at the University. Another relic is a Victorian folding bed, which, when the combination is worked, looks like a cupboard . . . A coffin with the word 'referendum' printed in large black letters along both sides . . . Packed away under a table are records and paid checks of the Associated Students, dating back to 1912. A couple of hula-hula skirts are among the more recent arrivals. What remains of a hot-air furnace sits back in a corner. According to the janitor, it used to heat Villard hall."

That same basement last year yielded a small blackboard on which in the handwriting of Dr. Condon was chalked an old class assignment. These frail tracings had endured as well as the immobile rock of his geology collection, a part of which rests in the same basement, along with mattresses, Victorian beds, coffins and hula skirts.

Binoculars Not Necessary

We are glad that when the president of this University writes a letter to the alumni he does not put words in the lower left corner under his signature like this: "President's Room, September 21, 1923."

Sure, he has a room. But one can get into it without being an ambassador, and if he is in trouble he can get in easier than if he just wants to do the president a favor. Sometimes it is hard to get in for that. His secretary is Scotch with the president's time, but not with his sympathies.

Shall Our Trombonists Be Neglected

We have wondered how the winners of cups offered in college for such qualities as all-round usefulness and scholarship feel in their secret heart over the award. Does the winner believe he has in actuality and by mathematical measurement produced more that is deemed commendable than any other has produced?

Or does he, we wonder, regard the matter with some philosophy: His house has been set ahead (or his independence has been the more honored); his family will be pleased; the donor has re-enjoyed his annual nice sensation; those who more deserved the honor know they did and probably know that others suspect the same thing.

In short, we wonder if the recipient's show of gratitude at the dramatic moment does not cover some thoughtful forbearance, some feeling that it would be unutterable not to seem grateful.

Oregon is getting into the award business somewhat deeply. But whether we are proceeding rightly or whether we aren't, we are still far behind one neighboring institution where an award is made "to the student giving the best rendition of a humorous reading." Our athletes are being neglected also, for we are offering nothing for athletic efficiency, "based upon participation in athletics, scholarship and social activity." And as to our musicians, none of them have received anything for "rendering the best selection on any wind instrument."

He Was a Floorist

Once last year we got a letter from a reader that floored us. Often last year we got letters from readers that ballooned us up among the rainclouds. That first letter worked itself out, though, into an acquaintance on which we set high value. We have nearly broken our neck twice since to have a word with the man who wrote it; he's worth having a word with. We know it.

OLD OREGON will promise a year's subscription (in advance if one is already paid up) to the reader who sends us the most useful commentary this year about the faults or failures of the publication. Letters must be signed, but if they are published anonymously can be promised the writer.

Front Door Etiquette

There is no question we are getting to be a different university. The alumnus who remembers the day when it was customary to meet an entering freshman with a club, chains, hair-clippers, and other jolly little attentions like tying him to the railroad track or locking him into a stocks in some deserted barn, will read with interest that a freshman is now greeted with a publication issued by the associated students.

This publication contains messages. Messages from the president of the university, the dean of the college, the president of the student body, the dean of women and the dean of men.

One of these messages says that the three outstanding objectives at the University are scholarship, democracy and comradeship.

Another one says the University wants students who come primarily because they have scholarly desires and that if a student has no such desires the University does not care how soon he departs.

Welcome has its many translations and the doormat many new feet.

The Sport World Waits

We note that the world is going to be lashed into a perfect fury when "a secret chapter in Yale football history" finally sees print. The publication will bear the title, "Why the Bulldog is Losing His Grip."

Perhaps some one will give us a copy after they have decided not to read it—we loathe to think of buying one.

The author's freely distributed account of why he was dismissed from the faculty of an eastern institution last year left us rather cold, as we recall, and thankful that most Oregon professors were without his debilitating complexes.

Chemical Wonders

It has been discovered in the alumni office that half of the alumni known to be in the state of Iowa have gone there for a specific thing. Some of them have gone there just to live, some to labor with sinners, some to mend husbands' socks. But fifty per cent have gone for chemistry.

Iowa State has drawn Chester Adams and Wanda Dagget; the University holds Jacob Cornog, Arthur Campbell, William Skidmore, and James Whitman.

Who's got the answer?

Multiplying the Pioneer

Memory is not enough. We must have representations to take us back to college times.

W. E. Hill pictures the mortal days when alumni went out laden with tubfulls of pennants and college pillows. They put the pennants on the walls and placed the pillows, which were not meant to be sat on, in spots where they would look graceful.

Succeeding the pennant and pillow days we were driven by an esthetic rage for impressing the college seal on many an article of vertu: book ends, candle-sticks, dog-collars, corsage pins, never-sharp pencils, combs for bobbed hair, fishing rods and note paper. None of these seals, we fancy, raised the mercury of sentiment quite as did the painted pennants and slashed pillows of fifteen years ago.

Perhaps it is a different kind of fetish that is needed today.

Avard Fairbanks, Oregon's sculptor, has said that some scheme might be devised for casting The Pioneer into small bronzes that would be suitable for mantle ornaments or paper weights. Probably it would strike most Oregonians that The Pioneer was a much more appropriate conception for such a purpose than for instance, the mythical figure, "Sunny," of our Washington neighbors.

Unless he is urged further, Mr. Fairbanks will probably not attempt the small bronzes. A letter in this issue, however, touches the matter.

As the Goose Steps Past

We have been interested in watching the effect on the public, such small part of it as passes our editorial door, of Upton Sinclair's "The Goose-Step." We have seen shocked, vengeful, anxious and amused faces. In print, the

public has mainly been amused, although, according to Harry Hansen in the Chicago News, "the book has been endorsed with holy zeal by H. L. Mencken and Floyd Dell. Both have turned handsprings and blown toy whistles in its favor. And they are right smart handspringers."

Mr. Hansen says further:

"You see, we are at the bottom sympathetic with Mr. Sinclair's theme: we believe that American universities are, on the whole, in a rut; we believe that the great wealth of their trustees and their endowments often inhibit and retard them, and that their presidents are often mere collectors of funds; on the other hand, when you call Northwestern University 'the University of Judge Gary' simply because Gary was at one time on its board, or the University of Chicago 'the University of Standard Oil' simply because John D. Rockefeller gave it most of its money, you are indulging in the sort of acrobatics that gives journalism a bad name and makes your investigation merely a matter of partisan antagonism. . . . For instance, when he begins by saying that 'Providence arranged it that soon after the University of Chicago was built the oil king's digestion gave out,' he is merely funny, as the sophomores who lampoon prey in the college paper are funny. . . . What Mr. Sinclair means by the interlocking directorate we don't know, but we do know that, far from hushing up about university affairs, the newspapers have often been the despair of the university authorities; often student reporters have abused, scandalized and misused the university.

"The one use the book has, we think, is to wake people up to the fact that our colleges are not wholly a matter of beautiful buildings, and so pave the way for a real scientific investigation of the whole field of American education—if that can be done."

Of Presidents' Wives

Mrs. Richard Scholz, wife of the president of Reed College, and a frequent visitor on the Oregon campus, is pictured in the September issue of the California Monthly, with the following comment: "To read of the activities of Cheryl Merrill Scholz, '11, is to realize that she has continued to be Cheryl Merrill whom we knew and loved on the Berkeley campus. . . . As president's wife, Cheryl is a factor in everything that touches faculty and student life. With four children of her own, she yet has time to mother the student body of three hundred, and to be a friend of the entire faculty."

Fogged

Not four times a year are you urged by this publication to read a long excerpt from someone else's publication. But so good a description of present day educational fog as the Wesleyan University Alumnus presents below seldom drifts our way. Read the first sentence anyhow.

"At a time when some college presidents affirm that too many men are going to college and others say that more opportunities for higher education should be granted to American youths; when it is affirmed that democracy does not exist in this country and Abraham Lincoln is cited as an example of the rule of intelligentsia and an aristocracy of brains; when the body politic looks to college-bred men for leadership in matters of government, national and international, and professors are divided as to whether labor ought to be put into its place or capital be brought to its knees; when administration is interpreted by some as the presentation of one motive to one person and a second motive to another, in order to secure the favor of each for a common cause and executives have failed to enforce regulations in order to make life more pleasant and incidentally to keep publicity beneficial; when educators say that few young men know why they are in college, and students com-

plain of a lack of time to complete assignments; when some affirm that the contributions an alumnus should make are money and silence, and that alumni as an organized element of our system of higher education are a nuisance, while others claim that alumni support of our colleges has been not only progressive but intelligent; when some educators believe that colleges should give more attention to ethical education, and young men and young women are rebelling against the direction of their morals by those outside the ancestral roof; when the study of psychology is employed by some to do others rather than to do more work. . . . and men work to further their own interests rather than those of their constituency, at such times, while we are waiting the lifting of this intellectual fog and the appearance of the pilot, may we not keep our thoughts clear, our passions calm, our tolerance broad, our sympathy with others' viewpoints warm, our sense of fair play undulled? May we not have continued faith in our democracy and in a measure do as our great patriot, Roosevelt, advised, face facts, go over or through difficulties, not round, and attempt to make our average abilities do more than average work?"

The Poetry Editor

Margaret Skavlan, a junior in the school of journalism, is the new editor of the poetry page, succeeding Emily Veazie, its first editor. Miss Veazie's services have been claimed by that all-devouring monster, the Public School System.

As was her predecessor, Miss Skavlan will be happy to receive many contributions. Her good judgment as to what will please and divert our readers is assured. A few lines of her own will be found on another page, since Miss Skavlan's modesty will probably bar them from admission to the page she edits.

Although it got underway late last year, the poetry page was found a good deal of a success. Several alumni contributed, and students were generous with their work. One of the poems discovered by Miss Veazie, "Wool Gathering," by Jessie Thompson, '23, was later sold to Munsey's.

Light Literature for Medics

A medical school section is being opened up in OLD OREGON with this issue. Miss Joy Gross, who received her A. B. degree in 1918, has agreed to undertake to supply news and personals for this department from her point of vantage as librarian at the medical school on Marquam hill.

No doubt Miss Gross will have some difficulty obtaining news concerning the older graduates of the medical school. These are urged to post Miss Gross as to their circulatory movements so that all the other brethren in the profession can gossip effectively when they meet.

We had an all-Pacific feeling in discovering in the Vermont Alumni Weekly for June 6 a lovely poem called "To the Sather Campanile," written by a Vermont graduate of 1885 who is now located within the shadow of that impressive structure on the California campus.

LAPSING INTO VANITY

I wouldn't miss Old Oregon for all the other magazines published. Until you are "far away from home" you can't realize what it means to get all the dope about people and the University as Old Oregon gives it to us.—Margaret Spangler Higinbotham, '17, Victor, N. Y.

Old Oregon comes in the class of necessities, and we can't afford to risk losing its monthly visits during the coming year.—Mrs. W. H. Maxham, '21, Eugene.

Old Oregon has been excellent the past year. I have enjoyed it more than any magazine that comes into the house.—Naomi Williamson McNeil, '11, Rochester, N. Y.

I am delighted with Old Oregon. The June number was splendid.—Lily A. Lyster, '10.

I think Old Oregon has been fine the last year. I have thoroughly enjoyed it.—Rachel Husband, '21.

Exultant Letter Sent Out by New Secretary of '13

Secretaries of the classes of '14, '15, '16, etc., will find a good deal of interest in the following letter from Carleton E. Spencer, new permanent secretary for '13. It relates not only the events of the spring reunion of the class, but it may serve as a subtle warning to all alumni that class log-rolling is to be expected hereafter in the general meetings. Thirteen has evidently set a precedent in several respects.

DEAR CLASSMATES: Commencement 1923 of the University of Oregon has come and gone—but not as other commencements have come and gone—because, by the hand of the class of 1913, was writ a page in the history of the institution that will forever mark the date.

Never before did a class have half—nay a third—the representation at a reunion!

I am writing this letter to those who were here, to express the appreciation of the Lane county members for the fine cooperation and whole-hearted class spirit which made the event a great success. I am writing it to those who were unable, at the last minute, to come, to say that we thought of them, asked for them, and regretted their absence. Letters and telegrams from the absentees were read at the dinner.

Lucky Carries Same Satchel

Class members began drifting in as early as Thursday, although the first strictly class affair took place at five on Friday. At that time everyone gathered at the class tent on the campus lawn for the picnic supper. Bill Livingston, Lida Garrett and Carin Degermark proved themselves an A-1 committee with unlimited oats, coffee, cider, etc. Even the big jug labeled "poison" had its patrons. Jack Lukey was there handing out 1913 badges from the same mysterious black satchel he used to carry when he was a baseball manager eleven years ago. Later in the evening the members of the class attended the various commencement events.

At the annual meeting of the State Alumnae association next morning Marguerite Rohse Clarke, '13, was elected president. An hour later President Kuykendall, '13, called the alumni meeting to order in Guild hall. The ordinary business of the association was transacted. Kuykendall was re-elected president. Shortly before adjournment someone submitted the following resolution and moved its adoption:

Daring Resolution Railroaded Through

"Whereas, at some time the life of every great university there is graduated a class which stands out pre-eminently above all others, and

"Whereas, such a class is recognized as superior by all prior classes and is looked up to as the shining, though unattainable example by all subsequent classes, and

"Whereas, when a university is so fortunate as to have produced such a class, it is fitting that due recognition be taken thereof, and

"Whereas, the class of 1913 holds this enviable position in the University of Oregon, therefore

"Be it resolved, that this association go on record as paying homage to the class of 1913 in recognition of the fact that it is the best class yet graduated from the University of Oregon and in recognition of the further fact that no future class can hope to attain more than a mere semblance of its high degree of perfection."

The vote was put. A roar of "ayes" responded. "Those opposed, no," said the president. A pause. "I hear no dissenting vote," he said. And so the record has it—unanimously carried.

Member of '15 Is Ducked in Fountain

Then came the re-dedication of the class fountain. After a stirring address by class-president Ed Bailey, a member of the class of 1915 who had evinced too great an interest in his elder's doing was immersed with due and fitting solemnity as in the days of yore, and so the fountain stands the representative of 1913 until another five or ten years shall have passed and a second re-dedication shall have taken place.

At the University luncheon in the Men's Gym, the committee, consisting of Marguerite Rohse Clarke, Hilda Brant Carruth and Howard Zimmerman had a special table arranged

for the class of 1913. This table extended entirely across the center of the room and the songs and yells, led by Lyle Brown, chairman of the stunt committee, constituted one of the main features of the luncheon. Then came the toasts with Andy Collier representing the class, and never did a class have so worthy a representative. Andy's fame as an orator is irrevocably fixed.

After the President's reception in Alumni hall, the class met at the Anchorage for its reunion dinner, the biggest event of the week-end. Perfect arrangements had been made by the committee, Dean Walker, Helen Holbrook Conklin and David Pickett. The class was honored during the earlier part of the evening by the presence of Mrs. Gerlinger and President and Mrs. P. L. Campbell. President Campbell's talk will never be forgotten. It inspired with new life and energy that loyalty for Old Oregon for which the class of 1913 has always been noted.

Then until eleven o'clock, like a big family group, the members visited. Each one told what he had done, where he had been, and so on. Everyone talked. Never before had friendship and class spirit been so live.

Gift of Thirteen Thousand Voted

The class voted to raise \$13,000 as a gift from '13 to the endowment fund. A committee, the personnel of which has not been determined, was provided to arrange ways and means. It was suggested that \$10 a year for ten years from each class member would more than make up the \$13,000. More anon about this when the committee reports. The idea was that 13 was an appropriate number to represent the class but that the sum given by the class as an organization did not affect what the various members might or should do with in their means when the campaign gets under way.

Your humble scribe was elected permanent class secretary. It was felt that his obvious unfitness for the job was overcome by his strategic location.

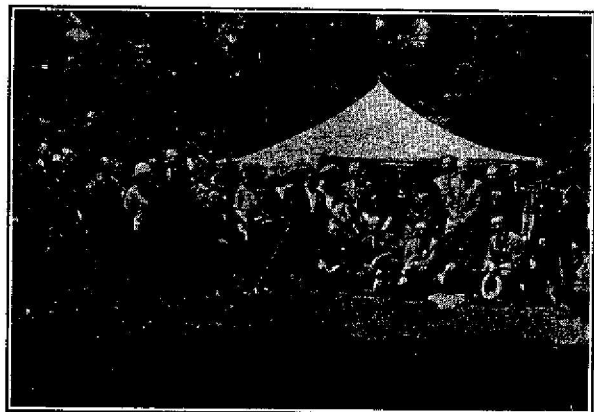
At twelve o'clock there was held an informal meeting of the men of the class to talk over some of the more weighty and serious items of business. Several hours, etc., were consumed in the settlement of these problems.

Sunday and Monday were devoted to visiting old friends and to attending baccalaureate and commencement exercises. The crowd left, already planning for the next reunion and declaring that "a good time was had by all."

Yours in the bond of '13,

CARLETON E. SPENCER.

Old Oregon is the best two-dollar investment on the market.—Don. B. Rice, '14.



Class of '13 reunion headquarters on the lawn between Friendly hall and the library. Here was served the picnic supper described so succulently in a letter from the class secretary in this issue.

LOST ALUMNI

Can you help with the addresses of the following lost alumni? Send a postal to the alumni secretary's office with any information you have. Lost alumni receive no Old Oregons and no word of any kind from the University.

Name and Year.	Last Address Known.
O. C. Aubrey, '76-78-79	Salem
Mary Bullard, '76	Salem
Anna Benner, '76-77-78	Salem
S. Brooks, '76	Salem
Mary E. Bond, '77	Salem
James W. Beaven, '77	Salem
Herschel Brooks, '77	Salem
Flavius Brooks, '77-78	Salem
Mollie W. Bowen, '77	Salem
Laura, Helen and George W. Bond, '77	Salem
Jacob Campbell, '77	Salem
Leneber Brooks, '77	Salem
Wright Clark, '78	Eugene, Ore.
Wm. Bond, '78	Irving, Ore.
Ftina Aubrey, '78-80-81	Eugene, Ore.
Harley Baker, '79	Salem, Ore.
R. W. Clarke, '79	Salem, Ore.
Jennie G. Carson, '80	Eugene, Ore.
Jonnie M. Bardwell, '79	Harrisburg, Ore.
Claude M. Buster, '80	Salem, Ore.
Guld Atherton, '80-81	Eugene, Ore.
Mary M. Brown, '80	Eugene, Ore.
Gertrude Bailey, '80	Eugene, Ore.
Edward G. Brooks, '80	Luckville, Ore.
Laura Bohannon, '81	Corvallis, Ore.
Louis A. Allen, '81	Gervais, Ore.
Arthur Boscow, '81	Hillsboro, Ore.
Edward A. Bean, '81-82	Eugene, Ore.
Wm. H. Brown, '82-84	Roseburg, Ore.
Alexander Brady, '82	Corvallis, Ore.
Archie Allen, '82	Salem, Ore.
Joel M. Carroll, '83	Union, Ore.
Ernest Case, '83	Monroe, Ore.
Clarence M. Brown, '83	Moscow, Idaho
Frank Bybee, '83-84-85	Jacksonville, Ore.
Emma Ashley, '84-85-86	Eugene, Ore.
James H. Childers, '85	Summerville, Ore.
Roland Azee, '85-86	Roseburg, Ore.
Callie Brodie, '86	Astoria, Ore.
Nathan H. Bateman, '88	Halsey, Ore.
Robert Carey, '88-89	Shedd, Ore.
Hiram F. Brown, '88	Astoria, Ore.
Alfred J. Buchan, '88	Eugene, Ore.
M. Ethel Bradford, '88	Oakland, Cal.
Richard Carruthers, '89	Astoria, Ore.
John D. Carson, '89	Portland, Ore.
Hell M. Chance, '89	Halsey, Ore.
Ella L. Benson, '89	Ashland, Ore.
Minnie Austin, '89-90	Eugene, Ore., or Portland
Harry H. Brook, '90	Corvallis, Ore.
Andrew E. Cobbs, '90	Hamilton, Ore.
Walter B. Alkman, '91-92	Portland, Ore.
Mable R. Barnard, '92	Eugene, Ore.
Ella M. Arbogast, '92	Salem, Ore.
Bertha Burns, '92	Indianapolis, Ind.
Maggie Chiles, '92	Grants Pass, Ore.
H. A. Brown, '92-95-96	Portland, Ore.
Karl Rattee, '93-94	Portland, Ore.
Geo. Hayes Baum, '93	Portland, Ore.
Bertha Bayum, '93	Eugene, Ore.
Jacob Ars, '93	Marquam, Ore.
Velma Chapman, '94	Philmoth, Ore.
Elmer J. Baily, '93-94	Philippines, Ore.
Joseph H. Baum, '94-95	Hannoy Camp, Cal.
Charles R. Alexander, '94-96	Harrisburg, Ore.
John J. Hayum, '93-95	Eugene, Ore.
Regine Cleveland, '94-95-96	Eugene, Ore.
Clara Buffington, '95	Portland, Ore.
Bertha Bufford, '95	Salem, Ore.
Anna Belknap, '95	Ilwaco, Wn.
Harriett M. Alden, '95-96-97	St. Paul, Minn.
Maud Blundell, '95	Riddle, Ore.
Alexander Anderson, '95	Eugene, Ore.
Geo. J. Bocher, '95-96	Roseburg, Ore.
Wm. R. Boyd, '96	Klamath Falls, Ore.
Rennie Booth, '96	Prineville, Ore.
Nenn Blundell, '96	Riddle, Ore.
Louisa E. Bieh, '96	Klamath Falls, Ore.
V. E. Boardman, '96-97-98	Mitchell, Ore.
Clarence M. Brown, '96	Astoria, Ore.
Ruth Alden, '96-97	St. Paul, Minn.
Elston L. Barnes, '97	St. Paul, Minn.
Michael W. G. Barry, '97	Lakeview, Ore.
James Carville Baker, '97	Lebanon, Ore.
Mrs. Julia Hall Atwell, '98	Porto Rico
William Bloch, '99	La Grande, Ore.
Seeley R. Benad, 1900	Portland, Ore.
Walter E. Bloch, 1900	Portland, Ore.
Frank L. Applegate, 1900-01	Portland, Ore.
Wm. C. Adams, '00	Oregon City, Ore.
Edward T. Bowers, '00	Oregon City, Ore.
Elias Alexander Child, '00	Eugene, Ore.
Wm. P. Clanin, '00	Eugene, Ore.
Mrs. Anna W. Clark, '00	Eugene, Ore.
Theron Bush, '00	Ashland, Ore.
Ada Estelle Brown, '00-01-02	Pendleton, Ore.
Charles E. Carpenter, '00	Minnetonka, Minn.
Wm. P. Block, '00	Oregon City, Ore.
Daniel Ulysses Cochrane, '01	Eugene, Ore.
Beth Traer Bradley, '01	Portland, Ore.
Wm. Eston Bradley, '01	Farkers, Ore.

Eugene Clair Alford, '01-02	Creswell, Ore.
Grace Bacon, '01-02	Gold Hill, Ore.
Wm. Homan Barber, '01-02-03-04	Sherwood, Ore.
Elsie Madalene Ball, '01	The Dalles, Ore.
H. Wade Bailey, '02-03	Portland, Ore.
C. D. Atterbury, '02-03	Denver, Colo.
Henry J. Boke, '03	Napa, Cal.
Carlton Lewis Barthezger, '03	Baker City, Ore.
Napoleon J. Balis, '04	Eugene, Ore.
Lawrence R. Allen, '04-05	Portland, Ore.
Anne M. Allison, '04	Portland, Ore.
Anne P. Abright, '04	Portland, Ore.
Otis R. Arnold, '04-05	Pendleton, Ore.
Victor Chapman, '04	Eugene, Ore.
Lloyd Wesley Brooke, '05	Portland, Ore.
Alice Jean Baker, '05	Granite Falls, Minn.
Mrs. Alta H. Armstrong, '06	Eugene, Ore.
Milton S. E. Bennett, '06	Eugene, Ore.
Karl Berg, '06	Eugene, Ore.
Jessie L. Cacon, '06	Toledo, Ore.
B. Raymond Brooke, '06	Portland, Ore.
Anna Louise Bryant, '07-08	Sparks, Nev.
Hugh Canmore Bellinger, '07	Woodstock, Ore.
Alice B. Beebe, '08, B. A.; '09, M. A.	Eugene, Ore.
Ralph Roy Bristol, '08	Portland, Ore.
LeRoy Gilbert Applegate, '08	Klamath Falls, Ore.
D. Elbert C. Benson, '09	Denver, Colo.
Katherine L. Armour, '10	Ashland, Ore.

The McKenzie in Horse Travel Days

(Continued from Page 3)

While we could trot along at spells on the valley levels, averaging a speed of four or five miles an hour, we had to come down to two or three miles on the mountain grades, which we began to feel after leaving the Ferry. My journal speaks of the strange appearance of the lower ranges, swept some years previously by a terrific fire, the tall, black masts of burned trees rising from a low, smooth, deep green covering of underbrush, like pins in a giant cushion; also Mr. Brown's habit of "taking frequent pulls at the snake-bite"—whatever that may signify; then, the passing of the stage.

The bi-weekly stage was a long, high spring wagon, speeding along with four horses, which made several changes of team in its daylight-to-dark run between Eugene and the Springs. To us real campers, it was unworthy of a man to sit on the stage top in a linen duster among women. At the same time we held the driver in high respect. He was a handsome chap with a pink and white complexion, delicately modeled features, dark, soulful eyes and a fine brown mustache, waxed at the tips—a bit of dandy with his broad felt hat set at a jaunty angle and his silver-studded sole-leather wristlets and his broad leather belt, at least a foot wide, which kept his insides from being racked to pieces over the jolting and swaying road. Sensitive women frequently exhibited symptoms of sea-sickness on this plunging, rocking stage. So fast did the stage travel that Pepiot's was a mere lunching station.

Pepiot's the First Stop.

It seems to me that I knew of Pepiot's before I knew of Portland. It was at the end of the first leg of the journey to the Springs and the beginning of the last leg down. Besides Mr. Pepiot was a Frenchman with a French family, which threw an old-world atmosphere over his little mountain home. Travelers laughed at his broken English as a pardonable eccentricity, but they held the highest respect for this simple, kindly, hospitable, sturdy old peasant.

The visit of Mr. Peters was an event at the ranch, for he was the only man in Eugene who spoke French—a language then treated somewhat contemptuously at the University. So the twain sat at the supper table lost in the pleasure of communing in the language of their boyhood. A log fire blazed on the rough stone hearth, dimming the glow of the oil lamp, all very snug and cozy.

The old housewife with bare elbows and hair slicked back, busied herself with her tasks, striding to and from the kitchen in the peculiar long and swinging gait that is acquired from

wooden shoes. It was rather a large family. The boys were quiet and serious and as lithe as mountain cats, the girls strong and comely. The supper was "top hole," beginning with savory and satisfying peasant soup.

The Pepiot home, in view of its importance, was larger than the usual mountain home, but of the same materials. The house and barns were made of logs and roofed with shakes. A great chimney stood outside the house, a chimney of broken stone chinked with clay. In most homes, cooking was still done over the open fire with pot swung on crane. Sometimes pelts of deer, wildcats or coons were nailed against a sunny wall to cure, as in the days of Daniel Boone. And every home had a well with a windlass or balanced pole which drew up a genuine moss-covered bucket of cold, sparkling water. No matter how humble, every cabin sat in a splash of color, a climbing red or yellow briar rose tumbling over the porch amid gardens of hollyhocks, golden sunflowers, fragrant pinks and sweet william.

It being against the rules of the camp to sleep in an effeminizing town bed, our party spent the night in Pepiot's barn; but not so pleasantly, since the journal frankly records:

The Chomping of Six Horses

"We went to bed at dark. Mr. P. led us in a string. Climbed a 5 ft. stack of hay. I flounced around in bed for I could not go to sleep. Six horses were chomping and stamping all night. I had to hear the noise of 6 horses, I had a bell, also to stand the smell of the hay."

A crude drawing represents the bed as resembling the billows of the sea.

In the old days, every ranch on the upper McKenzie road was a landmark and every rancher a celebrity. So we had old man Finn, whose tales rivaled the Baron Munchausen's, Dutch Henry's and Davis's.

The Davis place stood at the foot of the trail to the mines. It burned itself into my memory through my inadvertently sitting over a ground hornet's nest. I can see now Mr. Peters, Mr. Brown and Mr. Young gaping with astonishment at my wild yells of anguish and stupendous upward leap, afterwards shaking with submerged mirth as they offered me sympathy and remedies.

No one who has loitered on the way, taking in its beauties at two miles an hour, can forget the drive from Pepiot's to Davis's; the delicate ferns on the ledges of white shale; the succession of tiny streams; the curious little green underworld of vine maples, Oregon grape, sweet ferns, plush-like mosses and gross water plants like elephants' ears, resting in the perpetual shadow of great firs; the cathedral stillnesses broken by the crunch of gravel and rattle of wheels; the recurring glimpses of the McKenzie on its mad rush to the valley, beating itself white against rocky barriers and racing on in its glassy ovals, magnifying the beauty of its gravelly bed. To look through those great, clear eyelets into the depths, it seemed as if the river bottom were covered with corals, jades, turquoises and ivories.

Too Many Boiled Eggs

There was a general store at Davis's, dealing in crude staples like overalls, beans, molasses and chewing tobacco. My bed in a hay cock was comfortable, but I register a complaint against Mr. Brown's "everlasting soft-boiled eggs."

We reached the mines after a hard morning's climb with a pack horse, and lunched in a log cabin. It was a log and shake hut, with three bunks in tiers at one side of the house, an earthen floor, a stone fireplace with crane, a rough board table, a wall shelf filled with cans, flour and bacon being stored on boards across the rafters, a rude bench and a few stools. The windows had no glass and were protected by board shutters. Here I quote:

"2 men live here. after we unloaded one who cooked asked us to dinner and as we were very tired and hungry we accepted. He was a tall black haired man black mustaches and black eyes, looked like he hadn't shaved for 2 weeks and high cheek bones. Looked verry muscular age 30 or 35. I call him Wild Bill or the Blue Mountain Terror. his dinner consisted of coffee dried beans boiled with biscuits verry large but tasted fine quite different from what I expected."

And so it goes, with the exploring of a black, dripping mine tunnel, visiting the quartz mill at the bottom of the gulch, bounding stones down the canyon's side, picking wild berries, hearing men talk shop about their claims, loading myself with so much ore that I had to remove my trousers and tie up a leg as an ore sack, hunting the pack horse which broke its hobbles and wandered off in a fog. There is only one word of complaint in this long episode, viz.: "the nats are terrible."

The journal ends at the McKenzie Bridge, rather characteristically. My own private whistle is answered by a note that could belong only to Budge Johnson. So there is a joyous reunion and away we romp to fish-in Horse Creek.

The Dean of the School of Music

(Continued from Page 11)

The school of music uses 14 faculty people and two additional assistants. In the studios Steinway pianos are used exclusively. Three new ones will arrive soon, having been ordered by the dean on personal inspection.

Dean Landsbury has played since he was four, with the exception of a period of four years, when he was suffering from an injury to his right hand. But even then he played enough to appear in recitals using his left hand only. This intensive training of one hand developed for him a "left technique" not very often encountered.

Sophomores at the University of Kentucky are going to refrain from shaving the heads of freshmen hereafter. The college paper hails the reform as a sign of progress at Kentucky.

SHE WAS SURPRISED, EVEN FLATTERED

"I AM flattered and surprised," writes a special student who had but one year on the campus, and that 17 summers ago, "to learn that I am in any way recognized. Thank you."

Were you at Oregon only a little while? Had you supposed you were forgotten?

Membership in the alumni association, on some basis, is open to all persons who have completed work for credit at the institution. Subscription to Old Oregon (two dollars a year, which includes alumni dues)—well that is hardly ever refused anybody. Not hardly ever.

Please fill out and tear. (On the dotted line, of course!)

I enclose \$2 for alumni dues and subscription to Old Oregon.

Name..... Mailing address.....

.....Year in college.....

Old Oregon (published monthly), University of Oregon, Eugene.

SPORTS

EDITED BY W. A. JONES, '26

Earl's Coming Strengthens Athletics

VIRGIL EARL, new director of athletics in the school of physical education, is the last link in the physical education system at Oregon. He is gathering up the loose ends in the school, stimulating intramural sports, taking care of fields and working out equipment systems.

His presence makes it possible for Dr. John Bovard, dean of the school, to get away for the kind of survey he desires to make with regard to physical education at Oregon as it compares with other coast systems. He goes this month to Southern California, the southern branch of the University of California, Stanford, Fresno, Pomona; Las Vegas, where the state college of Arizona is located; to the University of New Mexico, at Albuquerque, and to eight colleges in Texas besides the state university at Austin.

In addition to Virgil Earl, "Bill" Reinhart has been employed as a full time freshman coach.

Mr. Earl is automatically a member of the athletic committee of the executive council, on which there are two other alumni members already, Delbert Standard, '14, and Regent Fred Fisk, '97.

Doughnut Tossers Begin Early

THE inter-fraternity sports program will be formally opened, by the doughnut basketball tournament, which begins October 15, according to announcement by Hank Foster, who has charge of the tournament this year. This will enable all the games to be played by the end of the term. Last year's winners were the Kappa Sigs, who have won



Bill Reinhart, freshman coach.

ATHLETIC SCHEDULE FOR 1923-24

Football, Varsity

September 29—Willamette.....	Salem
October 6—Open.....	
October 13—Pacific.....	Eugene
October 19—Whitman.....	Pendleton
October 27—Idaho.....	Eugene
November 3—Washington State.....	Pullman
November 10—Stanford.....	Portland
November 17—Rest.....	
November 24—O. A. C.....	Eugene
December 1—Washington.....	Seattle

Football, Freshmen

October 20—Chemawa.....	Eugene
October 26—Columbia High School.....	Portland
November 9—O. A. C. Rooks.....	Corvallis
November 17—Washington Freshmen.....	Eugene

Basketball

February 4—Washington.....	Eugene
February 5—Washington.....	Eugene
February 8—O. A. C.....	Eugene
February 9—O. A. C.....	Eugene
February 13—Idaho.....	Moscow
February 15—W. S. C.....	Pullman
February 16—Whitman.....	Walla Walla
February 22—Whitman.....	Eugene
February 23—Idaho.....	Eugene
February 25—Washington.....	Seattle
February 26—Washington.....	Seattle
February 29—O. A. C.....	Corvallis
March 1—O. A. C.....	Corvallis

Wrestling

February 9—O. A. C.....	Eugene
February 16—Idaho.....	Moscow
February 18—W. S. C.....	Pullman
February 25—Washington.....	Eugene
March 6—O. A. C.....	Corvallis

Track

May 3—Seattle Relay.....	Seattle
May 10—Washington Dual.....	Eugene
May 17—O. A. C. Dual.....	Corvallis
May 24—W. S. C. Dual.....	Eugene (tentative)
May 31—Conference meet.....	Eugene

Baseball

April 23—Whitman.....	Eugene
April 24—Whitman.....	Eugene
April 26—Washington.....	Eugene
April 29—Washington.....	Eugene
May 2—O. A. C.....	Eugene
May 3—O. A. C.....	Eugene
May 7—Idaho.....	Eugene
May 8—Idaho.....	Eugene
May 9—W. S. C.....	Eugene
May 10—W. S. C.....	Eugene
May 16—O. A. C.....	Corvallis
May 17—O. A. C.....	Corvallis
May 19—W. S. C.....	Pullman
May 20—W. S. C.....	Pullman
May 21—Idaho.....	Moscow
May 22—Idaho.....	Moscow
May 23—Whitman.....	Walla Walla (tentative)
May 24—Whitman.....	Walla Walla (tentative)

the tournament for the last three years, thereby winning permanent possession of the Wright and Ditson trophy. The trophy given away this year is revolving.

The winners of the intra-mural plaque for last year was Sigma Chi, followed by Phi Kappa Psi in second place and Kappa Sigma third.

Seventy-Five Frosh Turn Out

ONE of the largest squads in history is turning out for Freshmen grid work at Oregon this fall. More than 75 men are fighting for positions on the first eleven.

Practically all the men are big and husky and show promise of developing into formidable players, although most of them lack experience. Baz Williams again has charge of the yearling gridsters, assisted by Bill Reinhart and Bob Earl. With less than a week of practice the coaches have had little chance to determine which men will compose the regular eleven. Within the next week the squad will probably be cut down to a workable number.

The opening game for the babes is scheduled for October 20 against the Chemawa Indians at Eugene; October 26, Columbia University at Portland; November 9, O. A. C. Rooks at Corvallis; November 17, University of Washington Freshmen at Eugene.

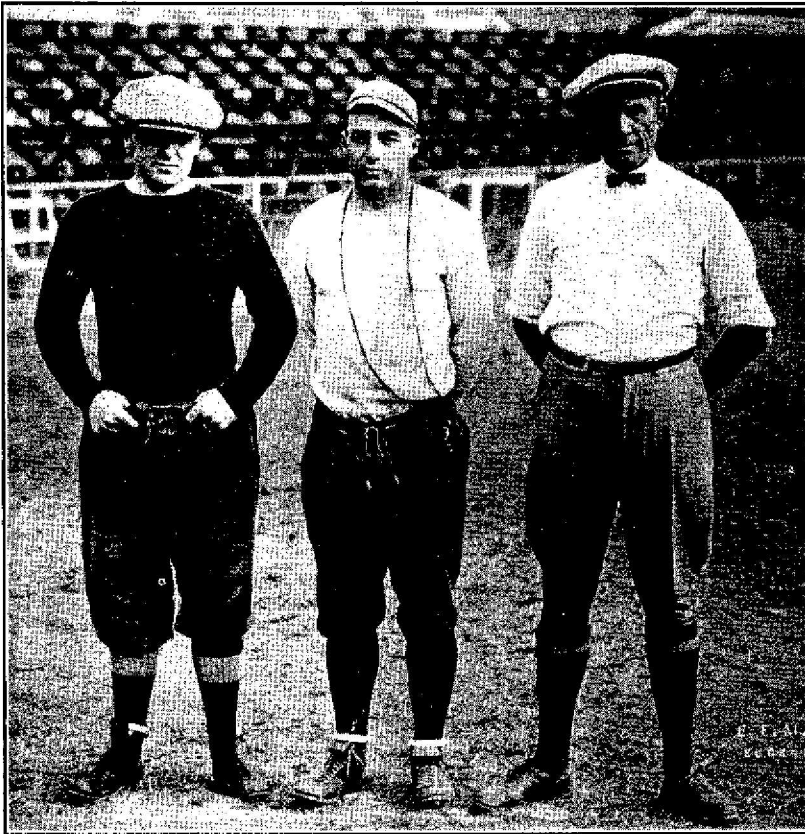
If the men continue to improve in form as much as their first workouts promise, the Freshmen eleven has a good chance of making this a successful season.

Willamette Beaten 40-0

OREGON'S 1923 football season was auspiciously opened September 29 with the 40 to 0 victory over the Willamette university eleven. Since but three letter men were used in the opening game the showing made by the Lemmon Yellow indicates that Oregon will have an eleven that will make the going rough for the other conference teams, despite the previous gloomy outlook. The inexperienced line displayed a brand of fight that enabled the backfield to crash through the Methodists for six touchdowns by straight line bucks, although there were many flaws in the work of the team. Each man has showed a willingness to work that has pleased the coaches. By the time the conference season opens a smooth working machine will represent Oregon.

The season promised to be a hard one, with five conference games, but the presence of Vonder Ahe, McKeown and Dick Reed in the line and the two veterans, Hugh Latham and Hal Chapman, in the backfield, with the score or more of hardworking new men taking the places of the men who are gone, makes the prospect seem good.

The eleven composed of Hal Chapman at quarter, Hugh Latham at fullback, Moe



Spellman, Huntington, Hayward.

Sax and Jens Tergeson as halves, Fat Wilson as center, Ike Mills and James Bailey guards, Bert Bliss and Dick Reed tackles and Bob Mautz and Bob Williamson playing the end positions, made a steady advance down the field which the Williamette team was powerless to check. Few times did the Bearcat line hold against the Oregon men. In similar manner, with practically the entire squad composed of new men, the large gains were made.

The men showing up in the game and in practice are: Tergeson, Sax, Kirtley and Poulson, in the backfield; Fat Wilson and Bill Johnson, at center; Mills, Bailey, Zachary, Akers and Shields, guards; Reed, Vonder Ahe, McKeown, Sinclair, Gooding, Wiswall and Bliss, tackles; Mautz, Williamson, Risley, Carlberg and DuPaul, playing the flanks.

Hal Chapman at quarter and Hugh Latham at full, both two-year letter men, are playing the same stellar brand of football that they have played in previous years. Their experience and ability in the backfield will be invaluable.

Fall Practice in All Track Work

For the first year in the history of the University, Bill Hayward has introduced fall track. The fall track work will include all the track events in addition to the regular fall cross country. The fall track season will culminate in a big interclass meet on November 17.

The University's contribution to the Red Cross Japanese relief fund was much in excess of its share of the quota for Lane county.

Author of Popular Reminiscences Visits Eugene

MR. and Mrs. Herbert C. Thompson, once of San Francisco and now of the United States, with a leaning toward New York City, visited in Eugene last month. Mr. Thompson is the author of the article in this issue of Old Oregon on Horse-Travel Days on the McKenzie. He was a student at Oregon in 1890.

The Thompsons are both journalistically inclined. Mr. Thompson has been editing the journal of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and he will probably continue in the east with work of a writing nature. Mrs. Thompson, who was born in Paris and has lived much abroad, was seeing Eugene for the first time—but liked it exceedingly well.

Mr. Thompson has promised to contribute further articles to Old Oregon from time to time.

Business Administration Has New Faculty Men

TWO new professors and six graduate assistants have been added to the staff of the school of business administration for the fall. Will Goettling, former professor of economics in Keio University, Tokio, will teach foreign trade courses. W. B. Mikesell, associate professor of marketing and commerce at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, will teach marketing and statistics. The graduate assistants named are: H. C. Thomas, from Brigham Young Uni-

versity, Salt Lake; Al J. Moran, from the Montana State School of Mines; DeWitt Dormer, Oregon Agricultural College; Sephus Starr, of Silverton, Oregon '23; Walter J. Hemy, of Eugene, Oregon '23; and Victor Husband, of Eugene, Oregon '21. Husband was principal last year of the high school at Raymond, Wash.

Professor Goettling has his A.B. degree from Harvard; has traveled in Europe; was financial editor and later general manager of the Trans-Pacific Magazine in Tokio. He has his master's degree from California.

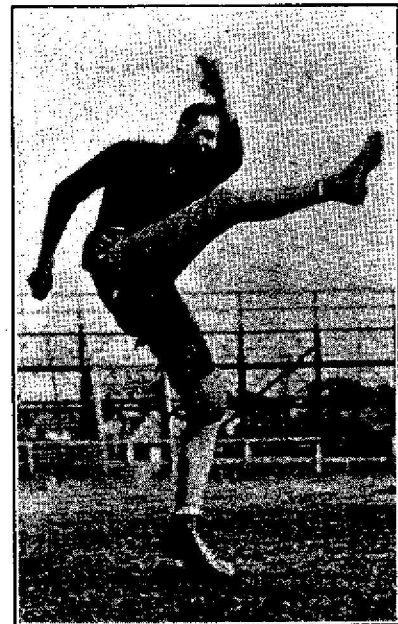
Professor Mikesell is a graduate of Ohio State University, has an advanced degree from California and has specialized for six years in co-operative marketing.

Enos L. Keezel, '15, Married

ENOS L. KEEZEL, '15, was married June 16 to Dorothy Margaret Gardner, the wedding taking place at Walla Walla, where Mr. Keezel is a member of the faculty of Whitman college, in the department of education. Since leaving Oregon, where he was a graduate assistant in education for two years, Mr. Keezel has been in various places. During the war he was with the Red Cross in hospital service at Camp Lewis and later in Seattle. He has taught two summers in the Oregon normal school sessions in Pendleton. As an undergraduate he assisted in organizing the Oregon club and was its second president. He has had graduate work at the Universities of Chicago and Stanford. Mrs. Keezel is a 1911 graduate of Mount Holyoke, with an advanced degree from the University of Southern California.

Donald Smythe to Interesting Post

Donald Smythe, '19, has been made head of the department of geology in the University of Pei Yang, Tien Tsin. He sailed on October 5 from Seattle. Mrs. Smythe (Irma Zimmerman, '19), will visit an uncle in Colorado for a time.



Hugh Latham in action.

MEDICAL SCHOOL NEWS

Medical School Has R.O.T.C. Unit

BECAUSE it has been discovered, with some embarrassment, that many Oregon alumni are not aware of the existence of a medical corps unit, R. O. T. C., connected with the University of Oregon, the following information concerning that unit is set forth:

The unit was created in 1920-21 under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Powell, medical corps, retired, detailed to the school of the surgeon general of the United States army as professor of military science and tactics. It is still directed by Colonel Powell.

Its main purpose is to provide training in military science and tactics to a selected group of medical students. On completing both the specified and the required courses, these men will be prepared to qualify for commissions as officers in the reserve corps. The acceptance of the commission is not, however, obligatory.

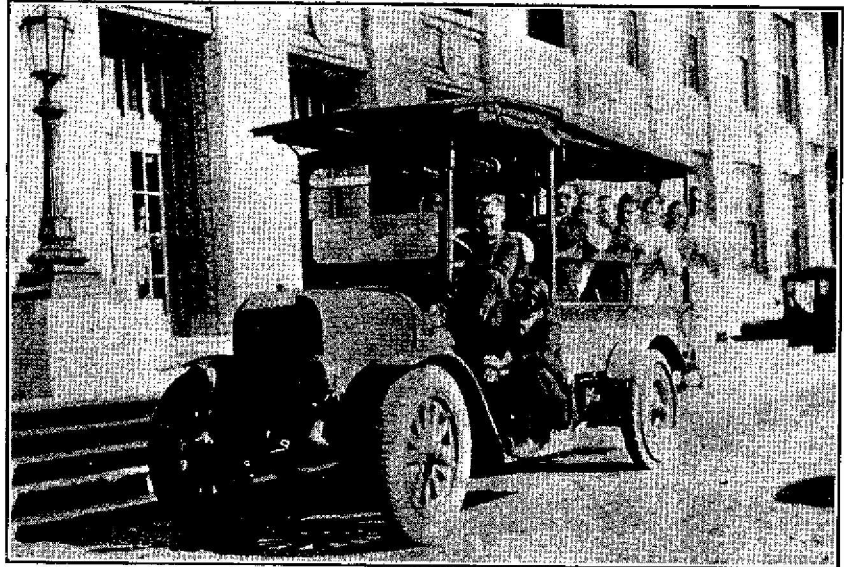
A regular officer gives the instruction, and the course does not in any way interfere with the regular medical instruction. Students are not required to wear uniform nor to be under military regulations while at the medical school. There is no drill during the school year.

At the end of their second year students have the opportunity to attend a six weeks' summer camp, where outdoor drill and recreation are combined with lectures and instruction covering the duties of medical officers in the field.

The student lives under field conditions. He is instructed in discipline, military bearing; the hygiene and preparation of food; the care of military camps; the



Lieutenant Colonel W. A. Powell, professor of military science and tactics, who is in charge of the R. O. T. C. work offered in connection with the Oregon medical school.



Here's how they surmount the difficulty of Marquam hill. A system of motor buses scales the mount several times daily, delivering and calling for students. Robert L. McArthur, '20, is at the wheel of the truck; Ellsworth Lucas, '23, occupies the running board; Walter Gilbert, '20, is second on the seat. J. B. McCarthy is at the rear-end of the truck. Back on the tail-gate, out of sight, is Martin Howard.

evacuation of sick and wounded from the firing line, etc.

Students who enroll for the final two years must take the summer camp. The president of the university designates at the end of the second year those who are eligible to continue in the reserve corps during the last two years. All third and fourth year men selected for the advance course receive commutation of rations amounting to about \$10 a month throughout both years, including the intervening summer vacation. In addition they receive the pay of a private soldier, traveling expenses, board, quarters and medical care while attending the six weeks' camp.

About one hundred students were enrolled last year in the medical unit.

Miss Gross Now Librarian

Miss Bertha Hallam, librarian of the University of Oregon medical school, has secured a year's leave of absence in order to study at the University in Eugene. Joy Gross, '18, is acting librarian in her absence. In college Miss Gross was a member of Gamma Phi Beta. After graduating in English literature with highest honors, she taught in St. Paul's Episcopal school for girls in Walla Walla. Later she returned to Portland to teach in the city schools. From this she went into advertising for a year. She has recently been doing library work at Washington high school.

Are on Multnomah Hospital Staff

Five medical school alumni of the class of '23 are serving as internes in the hospital. They are Dr. Ira A. Manville, Dr. W. W. Ball, Dr. Glenn S. Morgan, Dr. A. C. Osterholm, and Dr. C. P. Pynn.

New Standard Taking Effect

The usual 65 matriculating freshmen have registered at the medical school selected from a large number of applicants. While the requirement of three years pre-med work does not go into effect until July, 1924, all but a dozen of this year's freshmen have had three years of pre-med work.

Twenty-eight From Eugene

Twenty-eight of the 65 freshmen in the medical school are from the Eugene campus. One of them is Lester A. Ed-bloom, whose wife was Helen Bartle, ex-'24, of Eugene.

Dr. Harry R. Cliff, physician-in-chief, has just announced the appointment of the teaching staff with a term of rotation in keeping with the trimester basis of the medical school calendar. Each department of the medical school is represented during the teaching year on the staff of the hospital.

Major Harvard Moore, '09, is stationed at Fort Lawton on Puget Sound.

Rita Hough, who got her M. D. in June, is interned in the Children's hospital in San Francisco.

Clinton Thienes, who left the Eugene campus in '18, picks degrees like cherries from the trees. Last year he took three more—M. A., M. D., and Benedictus. Thienes pulled down the highest anatomy grade in the United States in last year's national board examinations.

Frederick G. Nichols, '13, is practicing in Seattle, with offices in the Seaboard Bank building.

CAMPUS NEWS



Mrs. Datson Married to Mr. Davis

Edna Prescott Datson, '12, was married in August to Henry W. Davis. She will not give up her work on the Oregon campus, which has to do not only with the men at Friendly hall, but also with the equipment and provisioning of the women's halls. Mr. Davis is the newly appointed inter-church University pastor, and he also holds the position of Y. M. C. A. secretary. He was pastor of the Baptist church in Eugene from 1910 to 1917. During the war he served with the Y. M. C. A. in Camp Lewis, and subsequently in England and in Germany. Following the war he was student pastor at the University of Colorado and later at the University of California. He is a graduate of Franklin college, and the Rochester Theological Seminary.

Mr. Cox Regrets Inability to Attend

On one side the card said: "Remember Thursday is faculty calling day. Tea will be served from 3 p.m. until 6 p.m. in the Woman's building. Please come. The Committee."

On the other side it said Remy Cox, United Press Association, Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Cox responded gallantly through the alumni office: "Will you chase down the committee and express my sincere regrets in a graceful manner."

Last year Mr. Cox was student assistant in the department of English.

Douglas Spencer Very New

Because somewhere back in the Spencer family there was a Scotch progenitor who carried the name Douglas, the new son of Carlton Spencer, '13, will have to go through life with that cognomen. Spencer the elder, might have laid off reciting the prowess of the class of '13 the day of October 4, but it is not related that he did. Mrs. Spencer was Pauline Wheeler, '20.



Dean Walker, '13, recently added to the University staff as director of loan funds and advisor to living groups. His office is in Administration.

John Gavin Dead

John Gavin, '23, died at his home in The Dalles, last month. In college he was a law major. After he graduated from high school he had been offered an appointment at West Point, but declined it. Last January he had an attack of bronchial pneumonia and had been in poor health since that time. He was a member of Phi Delta Theta.

Edward M. Carleton Dead

Edward M. Carleton, son of Mrs. Susan Carleton, of Dufur, died while on the way from Montana to Spokane last month. Carleton was one of the night editors of the Oregon Emerald last year. He majored in journalism.

Miss Watson and Dr. Barnes Married

Mary Elizabeth Watson, '09, was married August 28 in Eugene, to Walter C. Barnes. Miss Watson has long been a popular though exacting member of the University's English faculty. Mr. Barnes has been attached to the department of history for three years. Mrs. Barnes will continue to give part of her time to teaching.

Mr. Schroff Exhibits Forty Pictures

Alfred H. Schroff, professor of fine arts, exhibited 40 pictures in the display arranged by the Portland Arts and Crafts society in June. Among them was "Wind Swept Cypress Trees," which won first prize in the Seattle Fine Arts society exhibit during the winter. The Portland Spectator commented that "the pictures are of the sea, the beach, the woods, the mountains, and so convincingly has the artist caught the atmosphere peculiar to the scene depicted that each seems a delightful bit of the out-of-doors."

Student Models Statue of Sheriff

I VAN HAUSER, of Pendleton, 20 years old, and a sophomore in the department of fine arts, has completed a plaster model for a memorial to Til Taylor, Umatilla county sheriff, killed in the discharge of his duty. Hauser will submit his work to a committee commissioned by the citizens of Umatilla to select a fitting memorial for Taylor. The statue is equestrian. Hauser is a student of Avard Fairbanks, of the University faculty.

See your proofs
at

The Martin Studio

Campus and Stunt
Pictures

708 Willamette Street



Members of the classes from 1873 to 1890 who met in reunion on the campus in June. Dan Bass, '85, promoter of the reunion, will be found at the right end of the front row. The picture is taken on Deady steps.

Thacher Cottage Stands Highest

GRADES for the spring term, 1922-23 have been assembled with regard to living groups and are presented in that form below. The showing is considered passable by the University administration.

Thacher Cottage, which stands at the head of the list, is a unit of the women's dormitory system.

1	Thacher Cottage.....	2.52
2	Alpha Chi Omega.....	2.735
3	Delta Delta Delta.....	2.739
4	Alpha Phi.....	2.92
5	Kappa Alpha Theta.....	2.92
6	Alpha Delta Pi.....	2.95
7	Tau Nu.....	3.01
8	Sigma Pi Tau.....	3.02
9	Pi Beta Phi.....	3.052
10	Delta Gamma.....	3.057
11	Alpha Omicron Pi.....	3.071
12	Gamma Phi Beta.....	3.074
13	Susan Campbell Hall.....	3.089
14	Delta Omega.....	3.10
15	Beta Theta Pi.....	3.16
16	Friendly Hall.....	3.17
17	Alpha Xi Delta.....	3.203
18	Hendricks Hall.....	3.209
19	Delta Zeta.....	3.21
20	Phi Sigma Pi.....	3.222
21	Kappa Kappa Gamma.....	3.226
22	Chi Omega.....	3.25
23	Alpha Tau Omega.....	3.29
24	Sigma Chi.....	3.32
25	Phi Kappa Psi.....	3.40
26	Phi Gamma Delta.....	3.41
27	Alpha Beta Chi.....	3.43
28	Sigma Alpha Epsilon.....	3.48
29	Kappa Sigma.....	3.50
30	Kappa Delta Phi.....	3.575
31	Bachelorhood.....	3.578
32	Sigma Nu.....	3.63
33	Delta Tau Delta.....	3.66
34	Chi Psi.....	3.666
35	Phi Delta Theta.....	3.70
38	Delta Theta Phi.....	3.77

Work in Multnomah Hospital Begins.

The new Multnomah county hospital is now in operation on Marquam hill, and its affiliation with the Oregon medical school is taking effect. The major part of the clinical work done this year by the seniors in medicine will be in the wards and clinics, which are equipped in the most up-to-date manner.



Hertha I. Hanssen, ex-'17, who is a sales-manager in a New York establishment. She used to be the book agent who scuttled about from the office of one financial giant to another, telling them what books they needed her to purchase for them.

Hertha I. Hanssen Now Sales Manager

HERTHA HANSEN, ex-'17, did such original (and maybe remunerative) work as a book agent in the city of New York, that Leslie's Weekly played her up last year. She is now reported in The Underwear and Hosiery Review for September to be in charge of the sales department of the American Knit Products company, with show rooms at 350 Broadway, New York. A good-looking picture of Miss Hanssen adorns the story. It seems to be unusual for a woman to be placed in charge of such a department, and the Review says so.

Madalene Logan is Now Mrs. Callin

MADALENE LOGAN, '22, formerly of the Yamhill county alumni association, has announced a resignation forced on her by a unique event. The event is her marriage to A. H. Callin, which took place at the home of her parents in McMinnville, August 24. Mr. Callin is chief accountant for the F. R. Beals interests, with his main office in Tillamook and a branch in Pacific City, where they will live. Mr. Callin is a veteran of the world war and, his wife proudly announces, has gained a pleasant reputation as a singer. He came to Oregon from Guthrie, Okla.

Mrs. Callin says she is expecting great things of the alumni family this year, and is ready to do her part in any way possible.

They Float On Southern Seas

STATIONERY marked "R.M.S. Makura" brings news of two alums who are on their way to Honolulu. Elsie Bain, ex-'15, who has been in the University business office for several years, and Carolyn Cannon, who has been on the staff in physical education since her graduation in 1922, decided to join forces and conquer the South Seas. Carolyn writes: "It seems sort of weird to be in the middle of the Pacific—I guess that's about where we are—but it is glorious! Glorious weather, good food, nice boat, but not enough Americans. Lotta bally Englishmen—." To show they are still loyal Oregonians, the girls inquire how much it costs to have Emeralds sent, adding that it doesn't matter—got to have them anyhow.



Carlton E. Spencer, new secretary of the class of '13, and author of a remarkable letter in this issue of Old Oregon.



Portland Center graduate, Miss Zoe Hager, who was married in June.

Miss Zoe Hager Married

ZOE MARIE HAGER, who graduated through the Portland Center of the University of Oregon last spring, was married June 2 to Judge Mark G. Hoffman of Pensacola, Fla. One of the Pensacola papers said of Miss Hager: "She is a charmingly intellectual woman and her presence in Pensacola will afford pleasure to those in literary circles." Judge Hoffman is ex-president of the Pensacola Chamber of Commerce. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman met at Valparaiso University several years ago, when Mrs. Hoffman was a student there. While completing her work in the Portland Center she was filling a position at Milwaukee high school as head of the commercial and Spanish departments.

Celia Hager of the faculty in psychology at the University is a sister of Mrs. Hoffman.



Marcella Berry, a senior in Business Administration, who hails from La Grande. She is secretary of the Associated Students.

Campbell's Chemistry Comes Into Use

AN account in the Heppner Herald for August 28 has for its hero Art Campbell, '22, who has gone to Iowa State College as an assistant in chemistry. A man drilling for water had encountered a metallic substance of the color of old brass, and Campbell was asked to go out and see if he could determine what the substance was. With the means at hand he thought an exceedingly heavy percentage of iron was indicated, but as to gold or copper, he was not certain. The well also produced a strong current of air mixed with sufficient gas to burn slightly. The gas was odorless.

Campbell promised to report more fully on the samples after reaching Iowa.

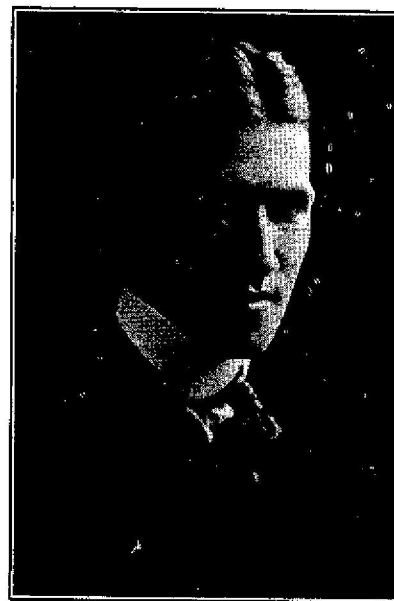


Arthur S. Rudd, editor of the Emerald, whose message to Old Oregon readers will be found in another column.

Pat Allen is Drowned

MANY Oregon alumni felt a sense of personal loss in learning of the drowning of Pat Allen, of Portland, whose wife was Alice Benson Beach. Mr. Allen had set out with a party of four for Astoria, going by motor boat to the American Legion convention there. The boat began to leak after passing over a sandbar, but for a time it was not noticed on account of the speed they were making. Two of the men were rescued by a launch, but in the darkness the other two were lost.

The Oregonian said of Allen: "Few men had attained a wider popularity in Portland than Pat Allen. A large, witty, sportsmanlike man, he seemed to possess the knack of striking up friendships with a wide range of people. Though a veteran of the world war, he could scarcely be brought to recount his experience, save when literally trapped into reminiscences."



Fred Kiddle, '17, of Island City, who was elected state commander of the American Legion at its last convention.

Kiddle is State Commander of Legion

FRED E. KIDDLE, of Island City, sergeant in the ammunition section of the ordnance corps during the world war, was the unanimous choice for state commander of the American Legion, when it met at Seaside last month.

For three years Kiddle had been vice-commander of the state legion.

Kiddle graduated in commerce. He was a member of Sigma Nu and of Friars. Before he went into service, and since his return to civilian life, he has been engaged in flour manufacturing at Island City.

Oregon Alumni Like Springfield

THE University is very well represented on the faculty of Springfield high school, usually. This year the number is greater than ever, and includes the following: Rhetta Templeton McLean, '21, teaching Latin and Spanish; Virginia Tomlinson, '21, teaching mathematics; Anne A. Hill, '23, teaching English; J. E. Torbet, '22, principal, teaching commercial subjects; George B. Bliss, '24, teaching physical education; Randall Scott, '21, teaching history. Besides those regularly employed, there are commonly several practice teachers from the University. Mrs. McLean and Miss Hill both "practiced", under the direction of Professor Douglas of the school of education.

Dean Straub to Undergo Second Operation

Last reports of the condition of Dean Straub, who is in a Portland hospital, are favorable. His preliminary operation was satisfactory. The major one is being performed while Old Oregon is going to press.



The Condon Oakes, which are inseparably linked with Oregon history, as noted in the Trimmer article in this issue.

NEWS OF THE CLASSES

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Alumni are requested to communicate with their class secretary or else direct with the editor of Old Oregon when they have news. Permanent class secretaries were elected by mail ballot last spring, and the results are announced below. This is the first official notification the secretaries themselves have had, and the news this time did not come from them, except in a few cases when they chanced to send in news voluntarily.

1878

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

1879

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

1880

(Edward P. Geary, 643 Holly St., Portland, Ore.)
Mrs. Agnes Osborn Harding, who attended the University from 1876 to 1878, can be reached at 835 Union street, Salem.

1881

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

1882

(Mary E. McCornack, 715 Lincoln St., Eugene.)
Seymour W. Condon and Mary Dorris Condon can be found at 240 Chester avenue, Pasadena, Calif.

Alice Dorris Boardman may be addressed at 685 15th avenue, Riverside, Calif.

1883

(W. T. Slater, 150 Mirimar St., Portland, Ore.)
Alwida E. Dunn, a life member of the alumni association, still insists on paying her annual dues. Miss Dunn, who lives in Corvallis, has been partially an invalid for several years.

1884

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

1885

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

1886

(Jennie McClure, 1815 13th Ave., S., Seattle, Wash.)

1887

(Herbert S. Johnson, 164 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.)

1888

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

1889

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

1890

(Fletcher Linn, 574 Laurel St., Portland, Ore.)
C. A. Duniway, ex-'90, president of the University of Colorado, will be director of the American University Union in London for 1923-24. For the present he has been given a leave of absence from the University in order that he may accept the London appointment. As a mark of their regret at his going, the faculty of the college subscribed an endowment as a history prize and gave it President Duniway's name. President Duniway has been associated with many universities as student, teacher, and even as president. He was four years president at Montana; five years at Wyoming. He has been at Colorado since 1917. He holds degrees from Cornell, Harvard, Colorado and Denver. By way of family he has three sons. His wife was a graduate of the University of California. President Duniway's mother was Abigail Scott Duniway, journalist. Dorothy, '20 and Margaret Duniway, '23, are nieces.

1891

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

1892

(Frederick S. Dunn, Campus.)

1893

(Myra Norris Johnson, 1284 E. 13th Street, Eugene, Ore.)

1894

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

1895

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

1896

(Jennie Beattie Harris, 1465 Chemeketa St., Salem.)
Colonel Creed C. Hammond, ex-'96, is holding down a very responsible position in the war department at the military bureau in Washington, D. C. He is chief of the finance and supply section, which handles all federal funds and property, equipment, and so on that are issued to the national guard in the various states.

1897

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

1898

(Lillian Ackerman Carleton, 1237 Ferry St., Eugene.)
Sibyl Thurston Snyder was very sorry she could not come from Liberty, Indiana, to meet the members of the class of '98 in a 25-year reunion last June. "We would have had interesting subjects to talk over," wrote Mrs. Snyder, "such as Caesar, rhetoric, Professor Straub's German class, Dr. Chapman's philosophy, Professor Young's economics, and a few other easy-like subjects which we used to take; also other varied industries with which we used to be busy, such as 'Junior Decorations,' sophomore elections, etc."

1899

(C. L. Templeton, 2501 Cascadia Ave., Seattle, Wash.)
The present address of Bertha Slater Smith, for whom there has been some inquiry, is 1149 East 27th Street, North, Portland.

Colonel John R. Barber is practicing medicine in Stevenson, Wash., which isn't so far away as to keep him from attending Homecoming. "Last fall," he writes, "we drove our Buick 2800 miles in 12 days, just so as to get to Homecoming. The sight of the old varsity team trotting out on the field repaid me for all those weary night runs with John Jr., propped bolt upright between his daddy and his mommie, and the other two sprawled out on the baggage and on the seat in the rear. Shall we be there this fall? Abso—lutely, as Clarence Bishop says."

1900

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

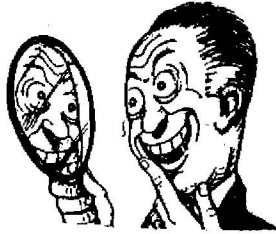
1901

(Richard Shore Smith, 910 Washington St., Eugene.)
A communication from James G. Hammond, ex-'01, now secretary-manager of the New Haven, Conn., chamber of commerce, expresses his continued interest in Oregon. "My associations go back some years to the days of Prexy Chapman," writes Mr. Hammond, "and therefore such memories as obtain are of the yester year. May I take advantage of this occasion to express my profound and sincere appreciation of the splendid work being done in behalf of our beloved school." Mr. Hammond has been five years with the New London chamber of commerce, during which he has been much interested in civic movements as an official city promoter as well as a plain citizen. Last year he made a 15,000-mile tour with Mrs. Hammond through Algiers and other African countries, Greece, Turkey, and little-known sections of Bulgaria and Roumania. His weekly travel letters were widely copied in the East at that time. An honorary degree of bachelor of arts has been conferred on Mr. Hammond by the New London Bulkely boys' school.

1902

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

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1903

(James H. Gilbert, Campus.)

1904

(J. O. Russell, Wasco.)

1905

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

Mae D. Kinsey, a faithful life member of the alumni association, is teaching in the Eugene high school again this year.

Cecile Adams Foley is living in Bend, where her husband is superintendent of the Bend Water, Light and Power Company. Mrs. Foley is a sister of Professor Percy Adams in the school of architecture.

1906

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

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Poppleton (Irene Lincoln, '08) attended the Shrine convention in Washington, D. C. in the spring, returning to Portland by way of the Panama canal.

Norma Hendricks Starr, one of the first full-time secretaries for the Alumni association, sends her regards to everybody from 2622 East 33rd street, Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Starr was also a member of the class of '06.

1907

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

1908

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

Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Hendershott are living in Portland, and can be reached at 680 Broadway. Dr. Hendershott is a physician.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sullivan (Anna Mann) are the parents of a daughter, Nancy Alene, born in April. They live in Portland.

Ralph D. Robinson, ex-'08, writes from Sydney, Australia, on stationery that speaks of the United Import-Export company at 247 Elizabeth street. Mr. Robinson is manager. The firm is owned by Americans and its purpose is to push American-made goods. Mr. Robinson attended the University of California after leaving Oregon. He has done dramatic criticism on San Francisco papers and has Saturday Evening Post covers to his credit. During the war he was a first lieutenant in aviation and motor service.

Cora C. Lawrie writes from 3102 33rd Place N. W., Washington, D. C., that the last letter from the Alumni association pursued her across the continent twice before she had a chance to answer it. However, she hopes that this will not prevent her from receiving Old Oregon regularly.

1909

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

Mrs. Thomas W. Graham can be reached at 44 West Vine street, Oberlin, Ohio. In college she was Kate Fullerton.

1910

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

Carl B. Neal, as supervisor of the Umpqua National forest, with headquarters in Roseburg, administers one of the largest bodies of timber in the country and is making available for public enjoyment some fine scenery, particularly Diamond lake. This lies a few miles south of Crater lake, of which it is no mean competitor for tourist interest. Mrs. Neal, formerly Jenny Lily, also '10, was one of the two members of her class elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the University.

Homer Lackey is living in Chicago and is reported doing splendidly in business. Also he is married. Lackey is a certified public accountant. His address is 4235 North Lincoln street.

H. A. Dalzell can be reached at 8 Chalmers Place, Chicago.

1911

(Jessie Calkins Morgan, R. F. D., Nyssa.)

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Gardner (Hattie Hyde) have recently moved into their new home at 820 Glenn avenue north in Alameda Park, Portland.

Jessie Farris will teach again in Jefferson high school, Portland. She recently changed her address but can now be reached at 864 Dunckley avenue.

Francis Curtis has gone east for university work towards his master's degree.

Fritz Dean, ex-'11, has purchased the exclusive Ford agency at Milwaukie.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Marsters, ex-'11 are living at 512 46th street, N. E., Portland. Mr. Marsters is official appraiser for the Frank L. McGuire realty company in Portland, one of the largest home-selling organizations on the coast.

1912

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

George W. Schantin is vice-president of the Eastside Motorcycle company, Portland.

Cora Chace, who has been in China engaged in nursing, has returned to the United States. She can be reached at 3339 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.

The newest member of the family of George A. Gabriel, principal of the high school at Madras, is Margaret Louise. She is very new.

Ralph F. Newland, who is resident engineer at Madras for the state highway commission, has found a way to help provide new music for the University. He has sent in a band march composed by a friend and fellow-engineer, O. M. Guptill, which if found acceptable will be donated by Mr. Guptill. The University band will try it out this fall and consider its advisability for adoption.

Raymond Heider is surveyor for Jefferson county and has his headquarters at Madras.

Sara Riddle spent part of her summer vacation visiting a cousin in Alaska. This gave her a chance to recover from the rigors of school teaching. Her sister, Mildred Riddle, is to be married soon to a man she met while teaching at Yakima. He is a law student at Columbia, being in his senior year.

1913

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

Faye Ball Bond (Mrs. Aubrey H.) writes from Eureka, Calif., that she fairly eats Old Oregon every month. Captain Bond is in charge of the jetty the government is building at Eureka, and all visiting alumni are promised a trip to this jetty with a salt bath "thrown in." The trip down the Redwood highway is wonderful, Mrs. Bond alleges, in the true California fashion. Captain Bond, though an alumnus of Wisconsin, attended Oregon at one time. The Bond address is U. S. Engineer's Office, Federal Building, Eureka.

Karl H. Martzloff last month resigned from his hospital and medical school appointments in Baltimore, where he was with the Johns Hopkins hospital, and will be located in Portland from now on. His address there is 1010 East Burnside street.

Beulah Kinsey Pagter is living in Republic, Wash., where her husband, L. B. Pagter, is employed by the government as supervisor of the large Okanogan forest. Mr. and Mrs. Pagter were married in Washington at the close of the war.

Minnie Holman of La Grande has received an appointment as instructor in mathematics at the University of Wyoming in Laramie. Miss Holman has had a year of graduate work at the University of Chicago and she was later principal of the high school at Raymond, Wash. She did graduate work at Oregon last year, receiving her master's degree.

Edith Barret is dean of women at Gooding College, Gooding, Idaho. The college is a Methodist institution. Miss Barret took her master's in '13.

C. T. Kronenberg is a new addition to the faculty of the Oregon Institute of Technology, Portland. He will give work in accountancy.

1914

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


Meta M. Goldsmith has returned from a year abroad, during which she attended classes at the University of Madrid. Later she toured through Spain, France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland. Her family admits that this touring was done by bicycle. Miss Goldsmith has not admitted it to this publication yet.

Louis Fernald, ex-'14, is one of the officers in the Citizens' National Bank at Baker. He was on the campus in 1910.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Stevenson (Myler Calkins, ex-'25) who are living at Klamath Falls, are the parents of a new daughter, born June 7. In college Stevenson was a Beta Theta Pi, and Mrs. Stevenson was a Pi Beta Phi.

William P. Murphy, who got his A. B. degree at Oregon in 1914 and in 1920 graduated in medicine at Harvard, has been appointed resident physician in the Peter Bent Brigham hospital in Boston. He served his internship in the Rhode Island hospital in Providence.

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Hazel and Don Rice are already counting on the '14 reunion in June. Rice is business manager for the city board of education in Oakland, Calif., and on one occasion did promise an article for Old Oregon with relation to the increasing cost of public education. The place in Oakland to hunt him up is 1103 City hall.

1915

(Bertrand Jerard, Box 252, Pendleton.)

Bex Putnam is city superintendent of schools in Redmond. Putnam is a graduate of the South Dakota state normal school and has done post graduate work at Oregon as well as securing his A. B. degree.

Earl Blackaby and Bertha Kincaid Blackaby, '16, are as usual very much at home in Ontario.

Elton Loucks writes to urge that all Oregonians passing through Omaha take notice of the fact that he and Mrs. Loucks (Myrne Gilchrist) can be found at 107 South 53rd street. They are building their first home on this spot. From the time of his return from overseas until the first of January Loucks was in financial promotion work. At that time he became treasurer of the John M. Gilchrist Company, certified accountants.

1916

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

Gleen Wheeler, who is now assistant sales manager for Penick and Ford, Ltd., one of the largest importers and exporters of sugar and syrup in this country, visited last month with his family in Eugene. Mrs. Wheeler, who was Mildred Rorer, ex-'17, accompanied him. The Wheelers have their home in Cedar Rapids.

William Snyder, member of the famous 1916 football team, was in the dairy business in Dinuba, Calif., but has since sold his interest and moved to Hanford. He is married.

C. E. Ferguson, who was recently elected president of the Portland Principals' association, will be in charge of the Alameda school this year. The association sent Mr. Rogers to Oakland to attend the annual meeting of the N. E. A. in July.

Prentiss Brown, who is not only secretary-treasurer of the Baker County Alumni association, but superintendent of schools for several years there, recently challenged the Kiwanis club of Baker to a spelling contest. It was to demonstrate that the modern school system in elementary subjects is not being ruinously affected by the alleged "frills" of the curriculum. The chance to announce Brown's triumph is eagerly awaited.

Claude Hampton is ranching near Echo some more. He and Mrs. and Mrs. Hawley Bean (Flora Dunham, '14) are neighbors. Hampton expects to be on the campus for Homecoming.

Nellie Lombard is teaching at Red Bluff, Calif.

Ereel H. Hedrick, superintendent of schools at Heppner, was married June 12 to Helen Norcross, of Central Point. They have been at home in Heppner since September 1, following a motor trip through Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.

Charlie Fenton Clarke is reported to have lost all her personal effects, including her very beautiful wedding presents, in the fire which swept away the finest residence section of Berkeley last month. The Clarkes were living in an apartment house.

Esther Campbell is head of the biology department at Washington high school again this year, although she is known to contemplate graduate work in the east in certain of her waking moments. Her address is Campbell hotel, Portland.

Gertrude Miller Sullivan (Mrs. J. J.), ex-'16, is no longer at Yuma, Arizona, but in Hollywood, Calif. Mr. Sullivan is in charge of the Los Angeles terminal of the Southern Pacific railroad. The street address is 6570 Homewood avenue.

Lamar Tooze claims the prize for the longest non-stop automobile trip. He and his brother-in-law drove from Vancouver, B. C., to Eugene in 25 hours, negotiating the "Kelso detour," of which all motorists from the north speak with horror and shuddering. On this part of the road they made but 30 miles in three hours. The Toozes (Marie Sheahan, ex-'18) are living in Eugene this year.

1917

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

Russell Ralston has transferred his business affairs from Oakland to Sacramento.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Mehaffey (Maude Rose Newberry, ex-'17) writes of the arrival in July of Donald Colver Mehaffey. The Mehaffeyes are living in Antioch, Calif. Their first child, Lawrence, Jr., is now four.

Myrtle G. Tobey will teach at West Linn high school again this year. She will have charge of the English and dramatic departments.

Paul Chesebro, forest clerk at Yreka, Calif., writes that he is the parent of Paul W. Chesebro, now. Young Paul is about four months old.

Lucile Watson was married June 14 to Marvin W. Lotspeich in Great Falls, Montana. In college Miss Watson was a journalism major, and a member of Alpha Phi fraternity. After leaving the University she taught at Carleton, at Salem, and finally at Great Falls. For a while she did newspaper work in Corvallis.

Evah Hadley Newall is living in Port Angeles.

Martha Beer Roscoe writes from Upper Mattole, Calif., that a fire has destroyed all but sixty of the books in her library. She is eager to secure the Oreganas of the classes of 1917 and 1918, which were burned.

Mrs. John W. Brocklebank (Mary Chambers) has gone with her husband to the University of Florida, where he is a new member of the faculty in law. The university is at Tuskalooosa, and the Brocklebank address is 1827 Fourth street.

Wayne Stater and Mary Murdock Stater are back in the West again. Stater has entered the firm of Coffey, Sears and Johnston in Portland.

Harold Hamstreet, one time editor of the Emerald, now associated with his father in the publication of the Sheridan Sun, spent his summer vacation in Walkowa county. Mrs. Hamstreet (Mona Dougherty) and the baby went along, of course.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Farley (Helen Currey, '17) spent their vacation by going to Oakland, Calif., where Roy took work in aviation, as he is still a reserve. Their home is in Dallas where Roy is employed by a lumber concern that has recently patented a lumber hauler that saves the services of seven men. Farley is to help put it on the market in a few months. Baby Keith Farley remained with his grandparents in Dallas during the family vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Rowland (Jeanette Wheatley, '17) were transferred in May from Helena, Mont., to San Francisco. Mr. Rowland is with the Associated Press. The Rowlands have a daughter, Jean, born July 2.

Eyla Walker, who has been at the head of the English department in Corvallis high school for several years, will teach in Redwood City, Calif., this year. Her work will be English again, and she will have charge of the high school paper issued twice a month. Miss Walker took summer work at the University of California.

1918

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

Mary Hislop Kyle (Mrs. F. W.) can be reached at Box 615, Jamestown, North Dakota. Mary is occupied with keeping house.

Leura Jerard of Pendleton is enroute to France where she will study at the Sorbonne and L' Alliance Francaise.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wehrli are the parents of a son, Eugene Stanley, who is now four months, going on five months old. Mrs. Wehrli was Cornelia Heess. Following her graduation and a year's graduate work at the University Mrs. Wehrli taught in Enterprise and in The Dalles. She has been living in St. Louis more than a year.

Amy N. Stannard is now Dr. Stannard. She spent her freshman year at Oregon but has her medical degree from California. She is now on the staff of Saint Elizabeth's hospital in Washington, D. C., and can be addressed at that institution.

Mr. and Mrs. S. I. Ross (Veola Peterson, '18) are the parents of a new daughter, born June 3.

Harry N. Crain went to Bandon for his summer vacation. He used to edit the Bandon Western World. He is now news editor of the Salem Capital Journal.

Edna Holman, ex-'18, now a graduate nurse, is following her profession in New York City.

Ruth Rothrock is teaching at Salinas, Calif.

Esther and Florence Furuset, who teach physical education in Sacramento high schools (a high school apiece) are solving the high cost of rent by buying them a five-room new bungalow on the monthly payment plan. Esther spent her vacation in Eugene. Her sister attended summer school at California.

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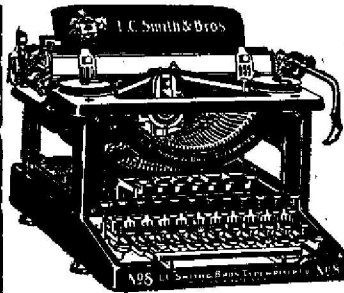
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Dorothy Downard, who works for the Bank of Italy in San Francisco, spent her summer vacation in Portland, her old home.

Lurline Brown was teaching history in Reno last year and is declared by truthful authorities to have taken "some kind of a trip" this summer. She is thus partly removed from the list of missing where she rested last year.

1919

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

Frances Elizabeth Baker, who is beginning her second year at Wellesley, writes of a summer spent as the "land sport counselor" in a water sports camp at Winnetaska, in the center of New Hampshire, on Little Asquam lake. She goes on about impossible canoe trips, four girls to the canoe, and all paddling; three and four days straight ahead. There was a five-day hike into the White Mountains, where the fog was so thick it bumped their cheeks. These mountains are only hills, "but when you are mountain hungry and scenery starved the Presidential range of the White mountains looks like heaven itself." Miss Baker often sees Miss Mabel Cummings, formerly head of the women's department of physical education at Oregon, and now on the Wellesley faculty. Miss Baker can be reached at 3 Waban street, Wellesley.

Tracy Byers, who never seems to stay more than six months at a place, has left San Luis Obispo and is now with the United Press in San Francisco. He works afternoons and nights and plans to live in Berkeley, so that his mother can attend the University of California and he can study for his master's degree.

Richard N. Nelson last spring received his Ph. D. degree from the University of California. His major thesis was a mapping problem in southern California, and his minor was a paleontologic study of the Martinez Eocene. Nelson is a member of Sigma Xi.

Mrs. Joyce E. Kelly (Bess Colman) writes from 847 West End avenue, New York City, and speaks of the fact that Curtis Peterson has sung several times over the radio in New York. He is a member of the University Glee club, made up of men from many colleges, a very old organization. It gives two concerts a year in the Metropolitan opera house. At the spring concert Peterson sang an incidental solo. Mrs. Kelly writes that Willard Shaver has a position with the McGraw Hill Company of New York. The Kelly baby, submerged beneath all these facts, is now eight months old. She is Joyce, for her father.

Helen Purington Dillman writes from Burns that she has not been back on the campus since graduation, but that Homecoming will see her on the way. Mrs. Dillman has recently been ill.

Emma Stephenson has come back to the Oregon campus after two years away. Her first year was spent in library training in New York; the second on the staff of the University of Minnesota library. At Oregon she has taken charge of the order and accession department.

The Cornell Alumni News for June 7, 1923, makes mention of work being done by Clyde W. Mason, '19, who has been doing graduate study at Cornell. A fuller account of the work which is being done in collaboration with Cornell alumni much other than Mason, is to be published in the Journal of Physical Chemistry.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Chambers (Ruby Bogue) bought a fruit ranch last spring at Biggs, Calif. It is on the banks of the Sacramento river, so that the Chamberses can live in their bathing suits whenever the California climate prohibits work.

1920

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

Laurel Canning Hjelte sends brief word that her address during the year of vacation she is having will be Punahou School, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Vincent (Gertrude Cowgill) can be reached at 1384 Alameda Drive, Portland.

Adah McMurfhey Amspoker, '20, and Walter B. Amspoker, '19, are now at the Amspoker ranch near Riddle. They returned this summer from Boston, where Mr. Amspoker has been specializing in electrical engineering. Baby Gertrude Joanne is with them.

Lucile K. Redmond was married September 4 to Walter P. Wesch in Portland. Since October 1 Mr. and Mrs. Wesch have been living at 709 Ninth avenue, Helena, Mont.

William ("Bill") Reinhart, ex-'20, former football, baseball and basketball star, has been appointed coach of freshman athletics at Oregon. Reinhart has been associated with the credit department of the Standard Oil company in Portland. He is a graduate of the Salem high school. He was overseas, having gone into service when war was declared, with the Salem contingent of the Oregon national guard. In college he was varsity halfback and quarterback. He was quarterback on the Multnomah Athletic club team last fall. He has had a year's experience coaching the Salem high school teams.

R. W. Nicol can be reached in care of Blyth, Witter and Company, 125 South La Salle street, Chicago.

Dorothy Bennett and Merle Wayland Moore were married in Portland in September. On the campus Miss Bennett was a member of Chi Omega and of Mu Phi Epsilon, national music fraternity. Moore was a member of Kappa Sigma. The Moores have gone to Philadelphia where Mr. Moore will complete a course in Jefferson Medical College.

Adelaide Lake is still with the Oregonian, although she is not unaffected by the tendency of other young lady journalists to go south, north, east and generally out of sight. One of her particular pleasures for the summer was Portland women's conventions, of which there seemed a great plenty.

1921

(Jack Benefiel, Campus.)

J. Jacobson is still going strong in the newspaper business in California. His address is Dinuba, Box 458.

Marion Spoeri Sipp writes that the only important news she can think of is the arrival last February of Barbara Jean Sipp, "of course the most beautiful baby ever born." The Sipp's are living at 1620 West 15th street, Topeka, Kans.

Rachel A. Husband, who is still deep in her paleontological mysteries in the Los Angeles museum, writes that she sees a good many Oregon people from time to time. She lives across the street from Professor Morton, formerly head of the school of commerce at Oregon and now on the faculty of the University of Southern California. Professor Morton is also in business in the city. Miss Husband expected to be in Oregon in August, but failed to ring the alumni doorbell. She was on a six-weeks' vacation.

Vivian Chandler will be on the faculty at Oregon Normal School, Monmouth, again this year. Her double, Mildred Brown, '23, will no longer be on the campus to take greetings intended for Miss Chandler, but will teach in San Jose, California.

John J. Canoles, winner of the Beekman oratorical prize at his graduation, has gone to the pastorate of the Piedmont Presbyterian church in Portland. He was pastor at Lebanon for a time, going from that place to the theological seminary at San Anselmo, Calif.

Helen Hall, who has been teaching in Harney County high school two years, has received an appointment to teach in Canton, China, this year. The Burns Herald spoke very regretfully of Miss Hall's leaving there.

Mrs. Marion P. Watts is in charge of the reference and periodical department in the University library succeeding Miss Mary Humphrey, who is studying at the University of California.

Francis T. Wade and Olive Gates, ex-'25, were married in Hillsboro last month and have gone to live in Wasco, where Wade is district attorney. They will be at home after October 15. In college Wade was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Miss Gates of Chi Omega. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Wade of Waitsburg, Wash., parents of the groom, came down by motor for the ceremony. They later visited in Eugene where Lester Wade, brother of the groom and his best man, is a senior in college.

Mary Moore has left the circulation department of the University library to serve in the Medford high school library. When Mabel McClain, '05, left Eugene for her trip abroad, Miss Moore was placed in charge of the circulation department.

H. H. Hargreaves is principal of the high school at Ontario this year.

Wanda Brown was married September 19 to James R. Shaw at Stayton. The Shaws are living in Klamath Falls, where Wanda was teaching last year.

Earl W. Murphy has gone to the staff of the Oregon Journal, where he will do federal courts and special assignments. Murphy has always been with the Telegram previously, but has had connections with such state papers as the Oregon City Enterprise and the Southwest Oregon News at Marshfield.

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Victoria Case is serving as telegraph editor on the Morning Astorian.

Raymond Vester, '21, and Marion Weiss, ex-'24, were married in May in Portland. On the campus Miss Weiss was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma and Vester of Sigma Chi. Vester was business manager of The Oregon Emerald in his senior year. He is now with the Western Bond and Mortgage company.

Lucile Saunders McDonald, ex-'21, is back in Portland, and her signed stories are back in the Oregonian. Since her return from South America she has been doing newspaper work in New York. She was married there last Christmas. McDonald is also an ex-student from Oregon.

W. J. Russis has been appointed instructor in French literature and philosophy at the University of Minnesota. On the campus he specialized in French and Greek. He is a native of Greece but has taken his work in French schools and in the University of Besancon. He was a member of Crossroads, Forum, the political science club, and so on.

Ralph Hoeber has entered Harvard for a three-year course in law. The first year after his graduation he taught both on the campus and in the labor college in Portland, giving work in economics. Last year he continued his teaching and in addition gave work in cello in the school of music. In college he won the state oratorical contest and won honors in debate. For two years he was president of the orchestra organization. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in June.

1922

(Helen Carson, Hood River.)

Louise Hassan, '22, and Leo Deffenbacher, ex-'23, were married in Eugene June 10.

Maple Dell Moore was married July 6 to Joseph Irvine Steel at Port Orchard, Wash. They will live in Berkeley, Calif. Miss Moore taught at Enterprise last year.

Ford E. Wilson, who was a teaching fellow in chemistry on the campus last year, has been appointed to a research fellowship in geology under a cooperative arrangement existing between the Carnegie Institute of Technology and the United States bureau of mines. Wilson will make a microscopic study of the coal seams of Western Pennsylvania. He completed the requirements for his master's degree last spring.

Since June 3 Dessell M. Johnson of Prineville has been Mrs. C. E. Eslick of Bend. She is the granddaughter of Ewen Johnson, one of the pioneers of Crook county. For the last year and a half she has been in the Bank of Prineville. Mr. Eslick is with the Shevlin-Hixon Lumber company of Bend.

Ian Campbell, who has been a graduate assistant in the department of geology the past year, has been granted a fellowship in geology at Northwestern University. He began his work there toward a doctor's degree this fall.

Lyle Bryson will do advanced work in Columbia University this year. She has been for two years society and club editor on the Eugene Guard. Her place there will be taken by Velma Rupert, '22, who has previously been with the advertising department of the paper. Both girls are journalism graduates.

Society columns aver that Eleanor Spall is in Paris. Last year she was in Y. W. C. A. work at Des Moines. She looks, on the society page of the Oregonian, as if she never did any work, however.

Geneva Stebno was married September 4 to Kenneth Cockerline, and they are now at home at McCreedy apartments, corner of Fourth and B. streets, in Corvallis. Cockerline is with the Standard Oil company. In college he was a member of Phi Delta Theta and Miss Stebno of Gamma Phi Beta.

Isabelle Kidd last month announced her engagement to Forrest Littlefield, the wedding to take place in October. Miss Kidd is a graduate of Oregon, where she was a member of Alpha Phi. Littlefield was a member of S. A. E. at Oregon.

Garfield and Elsie Madden (Elsie McMurphy) and their small sons, Bobby and Martin, are living in Yokohama since their return to Japan last year. Mr. Madden is with Samuel Samuels, with offices in Tokyo.

1923

(Aulis Anderson, Tillamook, Ore.)

Meltrude Coe and Elizabeth Stephenson are teaching at Madras in the high school.

Lenore Cram will be on the staff of the public library in Raymond, Wash., this year. Her family moved there after many years in Hood River, where her father was owner of a mercantile business.

Hope McKenzie, '22, F. K. Guilfoil, '23, and Dorothy Cash, '23, are all teaching in the Hermiston high school.

Herbert R. Decker, who attended Oregon during 1918-19, is associated with Judge Stephen A. Lowell in the practice of law at Pendleton.

Ruth Helene Giesler and Earle E. Voorhies, both of Grants Pass, were married late in May. Voorhies is a graduate in journalism and has had a good deal of newspaper experience, both on the Grants Pass Courier, of which he is publisher, and elsewhere. Miss Giesler was a member of Pi Beta Phi.

Paul Cook is principal of the high school at Brookings, which is in Curry county.

Two University of Oregon men made their appearance on the staff of the Albany Democrat on July 1. Kenneth Youel, editor, and Lyle Janz, manager, of the 1922-23 Emerald, have taken positions in the news and advertising departments respectively. This makes four Oregon men, past and present, connected with the Democrat, all members of Sigma Delta Chi. Besides Youel and Janz, Wallace C. Eakin, '14, city editor, and Ralph R. Cronise, '11, received training at the "U." Everett Earle Stanard, '14, is a regular contributor to the Sunday Democrat.—Oregon Exchanges.

Bernice Alstock is teaching music, English and civics at St. Helens in a brand new high school.

Glenn Walkley is teaching and coaching athletics at the Pilot Rock high school. Walkley was a three-year letter man at Oregon and considered one of the best distance men that ever ran for the varsity.

Margaret Jackson, secretary of the associated students last year, is teaching in Metlakatla by this time, her boat having left Seattle September 7. Margaret planned before leaving Eugene, where she finished up her last credits for graduation in summer school, that about the first thing she would teach her little Eskimos would be to sing: "Oregon, Our Alma Mater."

Charlotte Clark writes from 2695 Virginia Park, Detroit, that she is enjoying her teaching exceedingly. Her mother is with her and they have a real bungalow of their own. Charlotte Howells and Wilma Chatten, both '23, are also teaching in Detroit. Echo Baldaree and Elsie Hildebrand, both of '22, went the year previous.

Few weekly newspapers in Oregon are so situated that they are able to send a special representative to Norway to look into the newsprint situation, but that is what the Cottage Grove Sentinel is going to do. Miss Dorris Sikes, who has been in the employ of the Sentinel for more than a year, will be the special representative. She will be accompanied by her newly acquired husband (her first one, in fact) and they will make the trip a honeymoon affair. The man in the case is Georg Bjorset, with whose parents the young people will visit. The Sentinel will not pay for the services until its special representative has demonstrated that she paid more attention to newsprint than to George.—Oregon Exchanges.

Earl Voorhies is the new news editor of the Eugene Guard. His predecessor there, Raymond Lawrence, '22, has gone to the staff of the Portland Oregonian.

Bernice Rice and Harriet Hudson will remain on the staff of the University library this year.

Fred Guyon, who has been with the Eugene Register for some time, took a month's leave of absence during the summer and paid a visit to his old home in Rochester, N. Y.

Leith Abbott, former editor of the Emerald and a man of many campus activities, is now western advertising representative for the Long-Bell Lumber company, with headquarters in Longview, the new "city" of the Long-Bell company in southeast Washington. Longview is planned as a model city, and the company's mills alone expect to employ four thousand men.

1924

Anna Jerzyk has returned to the Rainier Review and will not be on the campus this year.

Jay C. Allen, ex-'24, had a nice job this summer. He was in charge of the contest for determining the loveliest girl in Portland to represent that city in the supreme contest of loveliness at Atlantic City. Jay has been doing police on the Oregonian. He is not married—yet.

Sed Hollingsworth, ex-'24, who spent winter, spring and summer of this year on a sheep ranch twelve miles from Madras, seemed abounding in health when he reappeared in Eugene to visit the Bachelordon house and other friends. He expected at that time to return to some sheep ranch in eastern Oregon and eventually to get into the sheep business.

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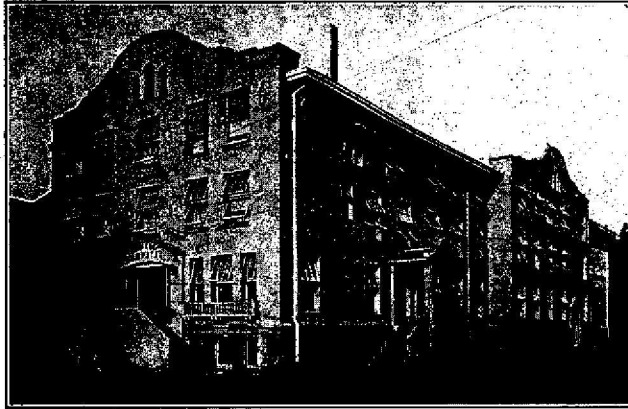
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Shirley Anne is the new daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beller. Mrs. Beller was Lillian Mancrud, ex-'24, a Chi Omega. Beller was a member of Kappa Sigma and a star basketball and baseball man. He is now a salesman for Burden and Graham. Mr. and Mrs. William Driscoll of Portland are the parents of a new daughter. Mrs. Driscoll was Aلسena Green, a Chi Omega, whose skill as a harpist was much enjoyed on the campus.

1925

Grace L. Pick (Mrs. Meader Fletcher) is living at the Westland hotel in Bandon.

Carlotta Pace, ex-'25, is employed by the Union Abstract company in Portland.

1926

Morris Holman, ex-'26, has entered business with his father in Oregon City after graduating from the University of Washington in June.

THE FAMILY MAIL BOX

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

Naomi Williamson Wants a Pioneer

Naomi Williamson McNeil, '11, writes from 193 Elm-dorf avenue, N. Y.: "I have been interested to note that the commencement literature of my husband's alma mater, Miami, contains announcement of story hours for children of the alumni. They also state that those who wish individual care for their children can obtain it for a small fee. I pass the suggestion along for what it may be worth.

"I shall be interested to hear more about making a replica of 'The Pioneer.' I should love to have one if it can be reproduced at a price I could afford."

Nancy Fields Gives Her Convictions

Nancy Fields, '21, sends in the following gossip from her vantage point in the Nurses' Home at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore: "I wonder if you remember Karl Martzloff, '13. He has been resident on the gynaecological service here. A very able man and well liked; and I think the opinion of those with whom one works is quite accurate. He is to be married soon to Miss Goodpasture, who was one of the superintendents here. They are going abroad and will then come to Oregon. Isn't that nice?"

"I am going in a few days to spend part of my vacation with Elizabeth and Clyde Mason at Cornell."

Oregon Memories Dearest

F. A. Buholzer, '21, wrote from the Harvard law school last spring too late for use until now: "I appreciate the alumni magazine and would contribute to it if only the day had forty-eight hours. As it is, I am working outside my regular law work fully six hours a day. This fall I shall be on my second year in the law school and my third in Harvard.

"It appears that I am the only graduate of U. of O. at Harvard law school.

"Last week I had the pleasure of attending the constitution of the Harvard Masonic lodge, which was organized last year. Harvard now has its own Masonic lodge, to which students and faculty of Harvard only are eligible.

"Oregon may well be proud of its fine University, its wonderful campus. There are no memories so dear to me as those of the U. of O."

Redwoods, Venison and Radios in Brookings

Frances Wiles Cannon, '19, writes from Brookings, Curry county, Oregon: "Thank goodness alumni word has reached me at last. I've been just aching to send in my two dollars, but I didn't know whether the dues had gone up to three or further skyward. Probably I hadn't heard because of my change of name.

"Change of name? That's just a tactful way of introducing the fact that on June 2, Clarence Cannon, ex-'22, and I were married.

"Since then we have been gyping in southwestern Oregon and northern California. California redwoods are wonderful—even California boosting doesn't exaggerate their wonder. It couldn't. But how many of you realize that Oregon, too, has redwoods? There are three redwood forests right here in Curry county, Siskiyou National Forest.

"We are living in Brookings, the home of a large redwood mill, where my husband is employed as electrician. We feel that life here is a real vacation somewhat prolonged, for there are hundreds of interesting things to do. Brookings is on the Chetco river, which drains some of the wildest country in the United States. It abounds in trout and salmon—you should see the eighteen-inch trout I caught. The hunting, too, is excellent. One can see a deer most any time. Venison is the chief article of diet. Most of the babies teethe on 'jerky'—game wardens notwithstanding.

"Regardless of its wild surroundings and the fact that it is accessible only by stage and the lumber company's boats, Brookings is quite modern—electric lights, running water, modern hotel with the modern title 'inn,' movie, and its own ice plant.

"In the wilds between here and Gold Beach we met a good Samaritan who helped pull our flivver out of mud about three feet deep. He had a modern radio set, and you should have seen him beam when Mr. Cannon produced his Hoot Owl card. Talk about brotherhood of man.

"Old Oregon must continue to be a monthly. After reading my copy, I can almost see Dean Straub's genial smile or hear Jimmy Gilbert's thundering tones (which latter wouldn't take much effort anywhere)."

Dr. Laurie Remembers First Game

J. A. Laurie, '94, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Marshalltown, Iowa, writes: "The article in Old Oregon on the first game of football, played March 24, 1894, at Eugene, and the other contributions touching upon my four years of student life there have been very interesting.

"I dug up my old dairies from the bottom of a trunk and a lot of old pictures of thirty or more years ago, as a means of refreshing awakened memories. On the occasion of that historic football game I sold tickets at the gate, and a full page is devoted in my diary to the events of that exciting day. 'Doc' Harris's account is absolutely correct."

Former Business Manager Now in Paris

Jeanette Calkins, '18, business manager for Old Oregon the last three years and advertising manager indefinitely before that, is taking a year's leave in France. With her are Katherine Dobie, '18, and Mary Townsend, '19.

The party seems to have no member worth anything as a correspondent, but from scattered sources is gathered the following bits of fact:

When they write on trains it is the rocking of the carriage that produces the inebriated effect; nothing else.

At one time they were headed for a little town in Brittany called Quimperle—or possibly, Ouimpede—from which they were to take a bus to a pension right near the ocean. Dorothy Collier, '18, formerly secretary of the Y. W. C. A. on the campus, was with them on this occasion.

They were not sure but that the French people on the train thought they were "nuts," there were so many funny things in the train, you know. Miss Dobie finally had to finish the letter for Miss Calkins, who was overcome.

A French woman was slumbering with her eyes and mouth not entirely closed. Something—doubtless the rocking train—is declared to have upset Miss Collier so that she fell into the poor woman's lap. This, one learns, "startled her out of her sleep."

About this time "the French people in our section pulled out their wine and rolls."

Later, "we have the queerest rooms on the second story of a barn. When we arrived here, they told us that we had to go through a barnyard, but they didn't say we had to live in a barn. However, the rooms are comfortable and the people interesting."

The party can be reached in care of the American Express Company, 11 Rue Scribe, Paris.

Oregonians Picnic in Iowa

Chalmer N. Patterson, '17, who has been teaching the past year at Sterling College, Kansas, as head of the physics department, took summer school at the University of Iowa, accompanied by Mrs. Patterson. The former is starting work toward his Ph. D. degree, with physics as a major, and the latter was registered in German. At Iowa they met, at a picnic in Iowa City, other ex-Oregon people: Jacob Cornog, '15, now professor of chemistry at Iowa, with his wife and two children; Giles Ruch, '14, professor of education at Iowa, William Skidmore, '21, and Lawrence Whitman, '14, both working toward their Ph.D. degrees, with their wives. Other colleges represented at the picnic were Philomath, Albany, O. A. C., Pacific and Whitman.

Loves Oregon Warmth Most

Emma M. Krause, who was a student assistant to Professor F. G. G. Schmidt from 1913 to 1916, is enrolled in graduate work in sociology at Oberlin. She writes concerning Oregon:

"Although I have not been keeping in touch with the University as much as I would like to, I often, very often, think of the two years I spent on the campus there and count them as among my best and richest experiences. Nowhere have I found a more cordial or warmer spirit of fellowship and co-operation among the students and faculty and towards strangers who enter the school. With cordial greetings to old friends and best wishes for a still greater University," etc.

For two years Miss Krause was with the United Veterans' bureau, being sent from station to station through eastern states. She met a good many former Oregon students in this work of arranging educational courses for ex-service men.

More Oregonians in California

Hubert G. Schenck, '22, writes a hatful of news from 11½ Panoramic Way, Berkeley, Calif.: "Delbert Powers, '22, is going to Stanford this year, and hopes to get his master's degree there in geology. Leo G. Hertlein, '22, got his master's degree at Stanford in June in paleontology. They are both highly pleased with the university there.

"I met Miss Mary Humphrey (in the library at Oregon, you know) last week. She is enrolled here and hard at work. I have had lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Torrey, Elizabeth Torrey, who is going to medical school in San Francisco, and with Ben Horning. Dr. Torrey and Ben Horning have been taking human anatomy in the University this summer.

"Don Wilkinson, '23, Delmer Powers and I herded my old

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Ford down from Eugene, and had an interesting trip of it. Don Wilkinson is teaching fellow in the physics department, and is living with me on the hill. I am teaching one class (upper division work) and am doing some work towards my Ph. D. degree. We are both pleased with the prospects for the year, and are both very busy."

Schenck was on the Oregon campus last year as an assistant in the department of geology.

Two Years More and Then Oregon

Paul E. Spangler, '19, writes from the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston: "Not much news of importance, but you may be interested to hear that four of Orgon's children have successfully completed their four years' work in medicine at Harvard. Ned Fowler, '20, is on Dr. Eugene Poole's surgical service at the New York hospital. He was one of three to be chosen for this service from over 50 candidates.

"Joe Bell, '17, is on the best medical service in New York City. This is at the Presbyterian hospital. Joe and Ned both stole a march on the rest of us and have completed four months of their service. They left school early to get their appointments.

"'Tub' Ogle, '16, has a rotating service at Brooklyn hospital, and started the first of July. His wife, Ollie Stoltenberg, '21, is now with him and plans to teach here.

"Your own humble servant has had his good fortune follow him through his years here. The latest gift of the powers that be was first election to Alpha Omega Alpha, national honorary medical fraternity, the Phi Beta Kappa of medicine, and finally the honor of graduating third in my class, being one of the three magna cum laudas of a class of 123. I started my appointment July 1 at Massachusetts General hospital in the West surgical service.

"We are all signed up for two years, and we yearn to get through and back to Oregon. Please note our new addresses and don't leave us out of anything."

Alumni Meet Around the Bay

Mildred Brown Brosius, '17, writes from Salem: "Estee and I thought you might be interested in the Oregon reunion which we participated in in Oakland and San Francisco during our sojourn in California in May and June. We were the house guests of Velma Sexton Barzee and Lloyd Barzee in Oakland. My sister, Merna Brown, ex-'17, drove down with us. She is living in Spokane with our parents.

"Hazel Tooze Rice and Don Rice live in the same apartment house as the Barzees, so we had many jolly times together. With us, on several picnics and theatre parties were

Mr. and Mrs. James Maurice (Helen Bracht, '18), who have recently moved to Berkeley. Mr. Maurice has been promoted to the district managership of the General Motors Corporation with headquarters in San Francisco.

"We also had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vosper (Helene Delano), who are living in Oakland. He is coaching athletics there in one of the high schools. We saw Lewis Bond playing tennis one Sunday as we were driving through Piedmont."

Anderson in Canadian Woods

Rey Anderson, '20, who should be addressed at Box 367, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "I am temporarily at Pemberton, B. C., about a hundred miles north of Vancouver, on the Pacific Great Northern railway. This is a new government road and when completed it will reach to the Peace River country.

"My work is purchasing cedar poles for shipment to the United States, where the poles are used in electric power lines and telegraph lines. The logs in the enclosed picture were cut some 20 miles up the river from the railway and rafted down in regular French Canadian style.

"Most of the woodsman and river drivers are Indians, but they are a quiet bunch, and about the only excitement one sees is a bull fight when their herds of cattle meet. I just saw a dandy here tonight. I noted that the challenging bull bel-lowed fourteen times, and when I remarked about it, a forest ranger, (knowing my American citizenship) explained he was enumerating Wilson's fourteen points." Anderson is purchasing agent for the Lindsley Brothers Canadian Company, Inc.

Finds Chinese Tongue Disconcerting

Helen Brenton Pryor, '18, writes from Rockefeller Hospital, Peking, China: "Oregon news is scarce out here. I haven't seen Old Oregon since I visited on the campus last December. But I'm sending in my subscription to get in on next year's list.

"Last spring I saw Ben Schmidt, Mary Gillies Schmidt, and James McCallum, all at the language school in Nanking. They are all chattering like natives now. You know the prevailing tongue is a trifle disconcerting out here. Then there are no rules of grammar, no gender, no alphabet and those Chinese characters just simply cannot wuz but are. I haven't been to language school and am just picking up enough dialect to find out what is the matter with the people who come into the hospital.

"The Rockefeller hospital is a great place and I'm keenly enjoying my work there. The children's ward is my special delight and where I spend most of my time.



Ezra Meeker, plainsman, examining with President Campbell the plaster model made by Avarad Fairbanks, the University sculptor, of a covered wagon and ox team. It was with this same sort of equipment that Mr. Meeker recently crossed the continent, back and forth, calling attention to the original ox-wagon trail by which so many Oregon pioneers came to the west.

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N. S. F. CHECKS

There has been a great deal of discussion on the campus recently in regard to N. S. F. checks. Phi Theta Kappa, an honorary fraternity of the School of Business Administration, has been doing a commendable thing in publishing two little leaflets dealing with this subject. For the sake of emphasis we would like to reprint five of the eight points made in the first of this series:

1. That \$2000.00 worth of N. S. F. checks went through the business office of the University last year.
2. That one bank in Eugene has on an average 500 N. S. F. checks per month.
3. That any account under \$50.00 is carried by the banks at a loss, and that a large per cent of students account are under \$50.00.
4. That it costs the bank 40c to open an account merely for folders, checks, etc., not including clerical labor.
5. That Eugene is one of the few college towns in the country where students are given the privilege of checking on bank accounts of less than \$100.00 without payment of a fee.

Students in the University of Oregon are no longer children. It should not be necessary to treat them as children. They are old enough to realize the seriousness of writing N. S. F. checks, and they should also be old enough to carry a small checking account without overdrawing it continually.

We feel sure that the students themselves will attempt to correct this careless, unsystematic habit.

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