

Old Mill Race Flows To Promising Future

By DOROTHY HABEL and GERTRUDE CHERNIS

Back in '52, when farmers Hilliard Shaw, John Liesure, and William Smith decided to dig out "that darn slough" that ran down through their places, making sort of a marsh, and start a little grist mill from the power the tiny stream developed, it is highly improbable that they realized their little project would have over a half million dollars spent on it in the next 80 years and develop into one of the biggest assets possible to their native city—the mill race of Eugene.

In those days the Willamette river ran north at Jankins Point in a great bend around the other side of what was known as Day Island and included a tract of more than 1000 acres. Only a small brush-choked stream found its way down the present course of the river to form a mill pond near the location of the present head gates.

How these enterprising pioneers dug the course of the race is unknown, but it must have been done by horse shovel and by hand.

Changing Course

In the big flood of '91, which is historic in this country because the river ran down Willamette street, the river changed its course, washed out the mill pond, and cut its present course. At that time the owners sold their stream to Chanturn and Midgley, who operated it as a power project for 17 years.

As late as '95 the race was nearly impossible for use for navigation. Canoes were unknown on its surface at that time, for its channel was so clogged with stumps and brush that even flat bottom boats often became stuck.

An interesting dispute over this famous landmark occurred in October, 1925, when plans were made to establish a dance hall opposite the Anchorage. The University student council protested that the erection of a public dance hall would change the atmosphere of the mill race from its picturesque quietness to that of jazz, noise, and lights. The council won the argument, and the mill race bubbled on, still undisturbed by the above-named vices.

Future Development

Plans for future development of the millrace had their beginning in 1942, with relocation of the Southern Pacific railroad tracks, which brought about changing the highway and course of the stream. The war intervened here to halt progress on the highway and consequently cease the improvement program for the mill race.

It was understood at that time



DECEMBER, 1941, the mill race was bathed in winter glory. PRE-WAR STUDENTS staged a mud-slinging contest by the race during spring term elections.

that the highway commission was to fill in a part of the lagoon behind the Anchorage. With the mill race widened at this point and the lagoon filled, Oregon would then have a suitable place to hold its canoe fetes.

Bleachers, planned to seat about 5000, were to be built across the race from the stage with wings to provide for an estimated 1000 auxiliary seating capacity. Up the race from this canoe fete area was to be an area in which the floats could be built.

Sports Areas

North and east of the stage an informal sports area was to be constructed for softball and similar sports, and west of this would be a landscaped passive sports area.

As to when progress will again start now that the war is over,

Dean Karl Onthank declared, "As soon as the highway commission completes its project it will be time for us to begin. For the last two years money has been accumulating in the treasury from student activities, and it has been decided that this fund will go toward improving the mill race. With so many interfering problems, such as the acute housing shortage and need for more buildings, it is doubtful if plans for improvement will begin until next summer. If this is true then everything should be completed for the coming fall term."

Miss Thorsland Heads Student Service Fund

The appointment of Martha Thorsland to chairmanship of the World Student Service Fund, was both De Cou, president of the Student Religious Council.

The service fund formerly was responsible for getting books and educational programs for the prisoners of war, and aided students in China and Europe. This fund is the students' part of the national war fund and community chest.

Three Patients Enter, Four Leave Infirmary

Three new patients were admitted to the infirmary, Barbara Elliott arrived there late Tuesday evening; Jean Moe, Hendricks hall and Mary Boves, Gamma hall, came in Wednesday.

Still under observation are Sally Eaves, Delta Zeta, Marilyn Preston, Judson house, and John Frick.

Harvey Wardrip, Pearl Denike, Mary Corrigan and Dorothy Davis were released from the Pill Palace Wednesday.

Former Student Returns Captains Giant Mosquito

By Mavis De La Mare

Donning green and yellow for thirty days, big, blond Lieut. (jg) William C. Loud returned to the campus two days ago. Loud, well-remembered for his midnight serenades with brothers of Beta Theta Pi, came back for a long awaited visit to Oregon. "A. B.," as he was known here, is a graduate of '43 from the B. A. school. Though he explained that he was strictly the scholastic type, he was a member of Skull and Dagger, chairman of the Frosh Glee, keynote speaker for the 1940 Greek party, and sophomore representative.

Famous for his slightly elaborated stories, A. B. likes to tell this one.

"The waves were 1020 feet high; in fact these waves were so high it took our PT boat fifteen minutes to reach the crest."

Another Tall One

We were expecting anything from here on, as he continued:

"Once, while we were struggling to reach the top, so we could see the German convoy on the other side, one of the torpedoes was discharged and it shot straight up in the air."

When reminded that you can't sink any German ships by shooting torpedoes skyward, his reply was quick in coming.

"No, I know you can't sink ships that way, but the torpedo blew up an entire flight of ME 110's flying at 15,000 feet."

Lieut. Loud took his midshipman's training at Northwestern. The major part of his naval experience has been in the English channel, where he served as captain of motor torpedo boat 31 of squadron 2. His PT boat with its squadron spent many dark hours a few thousand feet from the by-passed German held ports of Le Havre and Bordeaux. This squadron worked

with the OSS, an allied secret service organization, and with the French underground. It encountered and sank three German E boats and seriously damaged nine others.

Modest About Awards

He smiled modestly when asked about his bronze star and presidential unit citation. He received the former while working with the OSS. For 15,000 tons, equivalent to five and one half ships sunk by his squadron, he was awarded the presidential unit citation.

Of his many exciting experiences, the one most outstanding in his mind is of the resourcefulness of his quartermaster. As he told it, his squadron was making a torpedo attack on a German convoy moored near the French coast. The Germans sent a challenge to his group. The quick-thinking quartermaster sent a "warbled" reply meant to confuse the enemy. Accomplishing its purpose, the message caused the enemy to delay its action, giving his squadron time to drop their load of torpedoes and make for home.

When asked what he likes best about being home again, he grinned and said, "Well, there are a lot of things, but it's sure good to see American girls' legs again."

After his discharge, Bill wants to return to the University to study psychology and student life at Robinson's. By the time he returns he expects Oregon to be the way he remembers it two years ago.



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