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## A Bit o' the Old Blarney: Oirish Ale Helped Name Oregon

By B. GORRA

The Oregon Blue Book has it that the name of our great state, whose glorious birthday we observe today, came from "Ouragon," the natives' name for the great Columbia river. "Ouragon" is an old Injun word, of which nobody knows the true meanin' of.

Now them Injuns been gettin' too blame much credit for a lot o' things they never done. This name of our glorious state is one fer instance of what I'm talkin' about.

Let me tell you, me laddies, the real story of how Oregon got its name. And them Injuns had nothin' to do with it.

I recall the story me great granfither used to tell. The old greybeard was a member of the old Men's and Leprechauns' Chowder and Ale Society in Boston. Another member of the club was a roarin' old brewer of beer and Oirish ale. His name was Timothy Patrick O'Regan.

Now Timmy O'Regan was the pride o' Boston's Oirish. His ale was the finest and there was always a keg o' it for ev'ra meetin' o' the Old Men's and Leprechan's Chowder and Ale Society. Furthermore he was the bowlin' champion o' the whole city o' Boston. Old Timmy O'Regan was the apple o' ev'ra colleen's eye.

Ev'ra man has a weakness, and Timmy had his. It was drinkin'. He was a great man for drinkin' his own fine ale. It was good ale, but it wasn't verra good for

O'Regan. Well, the story goes that one St. Patrick's day O'Regan got more roarin' howlin' hootin' drunk than ever before. The old man lost his head and went gallopin' through the city o' Boston on his favorite little bay mare. He was up to all sorts o' shenanigans.

He jumped the filly over a high stone wall and the poor thing fell under him and broke her leg. Timmy had to shoot her and it broke his heart. You see, lads, next to lovin' his ale his first love was good horse-flesh.

Like I said, killin' that mare broke Timmy's big Oirish heart. And Timmy got religion. He was always a good church-goin' Catholic, but now he really got religious. He started talkin' about the saints and Hail Mary, and he sold his brewery and said fare-thee-well to his friends. He said he was goin' out West with one o' the Fithers who was bent on convertin' the Injuns.

Time, as it will, went by and Timothy O'Regan forgot his horse and neglected his beads. He took to makin' Oirish whiskey flavored with Oregon Grape berries, and sellin' it to the Injuns. 'Twasn't long before o'ld O'Regan was the most popular man in the West. The Injuns scalped the Boston priest but they adopted Tim O'Regan as one o' their blood brothers.

That's how they came to call this great state "Oregon." The redskins couldn't pronounce "O'Regan" so they called him "Ouragon."

## Spit and Polish

Harold Barnett, father of a Pendleton high school girl and a potential Oregon Dad, takes a rather dim view of the University's outward appearance and of the grooming habits of Webfoots in general. Sometime ago his comments, clipped from the East Oregonian, were brought to our attention, and we pass them on with the hope that his criticism will encourage students to "buck their equipment" before Dads Day:

The careless effect is rampant at Oregon. Clothes are casual to the point of sloppiness. Is it necessary for students to mush along in bedroom slippers? When I went to Whitman college I'll admit I was no Beau Brummell but I pressed my pants and shined my own shoes. We took pride in our appearance. Altogether, after my first glimpse of the University, I'm afraid you'll have to put me down as being a little on the doubtful side so far as our standards of higher education go.

This would indicate that visitors to our campus definitely notice the students' appearance and form impressions of the whole school accordingly.

Mr. Barnett may be a bit harsh. After all, comfortable casual clothes are ideal for collegiate living, and baggy sweaters, dirty cords and dirty saddles are traditionally acceptable. Casualness need not be carried to the extent of sloppiness, however, and there we agree with the Pendletonian.

It is hard to keep shoes looking decent despite mud and rain. It is hard to keep knife-creases in flannel trousers. But most of the dorms are provided with ironing facilities and everyone can afford a ten-cent bottle of easy-to-use shoe wax.

For Dads' Day—and for the rest of the year—let's try a little spit and polish.

## Welcome Mixers

Not so long ago we ran a letter to the editor signed "Jerome Foley" which requested stag mixers:

Due to the increased enrollment at the University this year and the decrease of informal dances, I should like to suggest more mixers . . . which should be stag.

This idea would be welcomed with open arms by fellows and girls alike, both from the economic standpoint and the social standpoint.

It so happens that Mr. Foley, a pedantic young law student, didn't write the letter because he personally has no interest in social affairs. It was a gag—but we think the suggestion is a good one.

Most students can't afford the high tariffs charged by local nighteries every Saturday night. House dances can only accommodate about 50 couples. Motion pictures aren't too good a steady diet. Consequently, the campus definitely needs inexpensive social affairs like mixers open to all students.

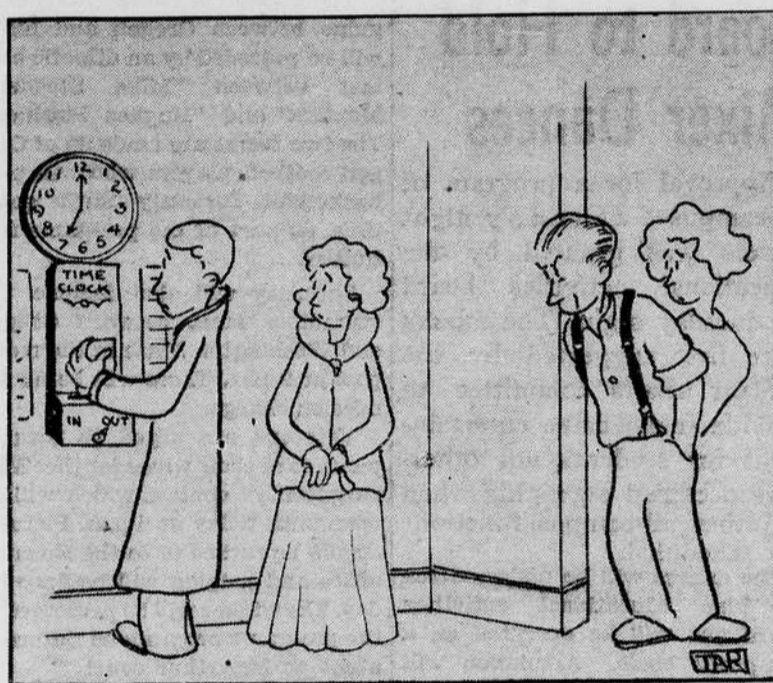
The program for dances recently approved by the educational activities board offers an excellent opportunity for honoraries and service clubs to make use of their organizational abilities. We hope student support of these dances is such to encourage their continuation next year.

The anonymous boys of Westfalia house have reminded us that Campbell club, despite the fact that it spends considerable time initiating, rushing, and wearing pins like "the big boys" do, has also managed to acquire the highest average GPA for any male house in the campus. . . . A notable achievement, what?

When a man has no good reason for doing a thing he has one good reason for leaving it alone.—Walter Scott.

Knowledge flows from two unfailling springs: one's own experience and the experience of others.—Proverbs.

Only two more weeks remain before Spring term registration—Let's get our course shopping done early.



## Telling the Editor

### ABOUT BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

This letter is prompted by the editor's treatment of Mr. John Stehn's letter in Wednesday's Emerald. Though the issue concerned in this incident is not unimportant, my purpose is not to jump to its defense but rather to express my disappointment at the series of similar incidents, which have so firmly established the Emerald's attitude of supercilious pre-eminence and aura of blissful ignorance. . . .

Why does a reader's intelligent disclosure of the fallacies of a ful-

some editorial, or the corrective criticism of editorial misinformation (inevitably call out only vermiculate sarcasm . . . ?

The Emerald's aggressive campaign for such things as democracy on the campus, for a mature attitude in regard to various issues, from GPA to public relations and student elections, are highly commendable and are admired and apition, inevitably call out only verthe picture with uninformed, ill-considered "running off at the mouth" (to borrow a phrase from the Emerald and Mr. Stehn) on matters which you apparently regard as not sufficiently momentous to warrant reasonably careful consideration?

Charles T. Sears.

WELCOME U. of O. DADS  
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