

# Dean Turnbull to Retire After 31 Years of Service

By BETTY ANN STEVENS

George Stanley Turnbull will be missed next year. Retirement of the mighty, diminutive dean of the school of journalism is an event marked by more than a generation of newsmen and women throughout the state. He knows all of them, from the days of the first world war—1917—to June 1948. His next teaching post will be at Stanford, whence originates his successor, Clifford S. Weigle.

Reading a eulogy about himself would cause gentle, soft-spoken Dean Turnbull to hang his head a bit to one side, smile, tap his teeth with his black-rimmed spectacles, and wince a bit with embarrassment, mannerisms well known to senior editing students after four years' association with their teacher of the fourth estate.

## Simplicity First

There are innumerable fine adjectives which could be applied to the dean, but he insists upon simplicity as one of the first maxims of good writing.

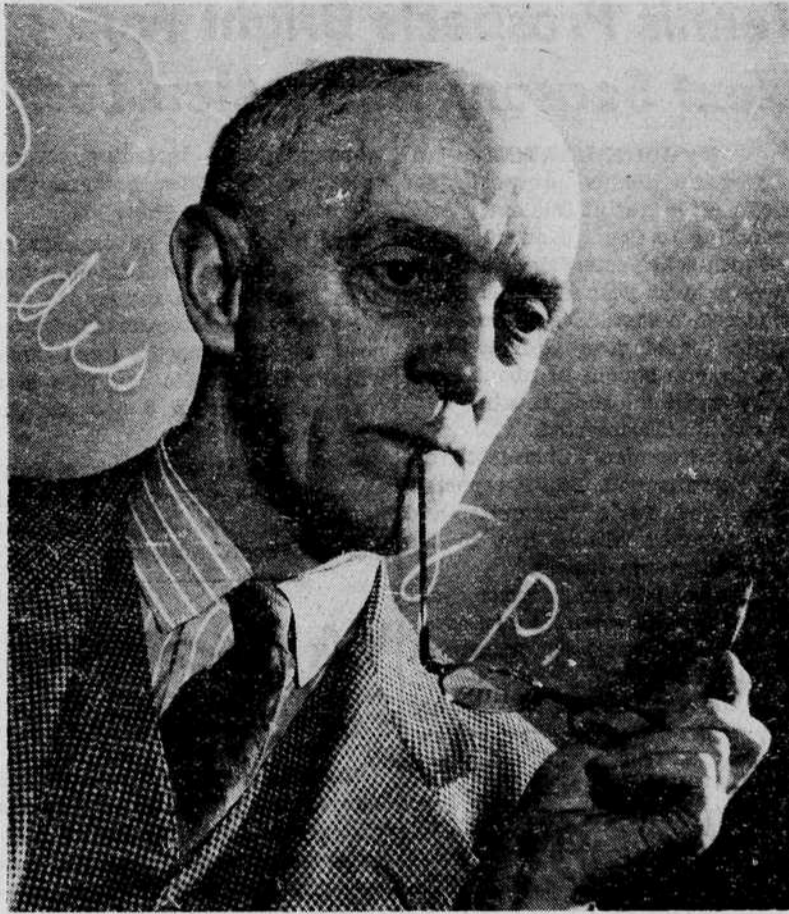
To the student, who is likely to wander into his small office in the school of journalism at any hour of the day, Dean Turnbull is an always patient listener to tales of academic progress and regression, the job outlook, current affairs and literature, old grads, affairs of the heart, baseball news, and the latest cure for a frog in the throat. He considers informal conferences his most valuable phase in teaching.

Student reporters and editors of the Emerald find him the official voice of the faculty in a weekly honor-roll signed "G. T.," posted on the "shack" bulletin board. In his evaluation, he lauds the brighter aspects of the paper and mildly suggests improvement in other departments. No one's work is ignored.

## Time Wheedlers

The journalistic neophyte who attempts to wheedle extra time on class assignments from the dean probably will be successful. He may even help invent excuses for the student's laxity. One of the most warming facets of the Turnbull personality is his unswerving belief in the goodness of human intentions. (That's quite a feat after 31 years of teaching.) In the long run G.T.'s unisistence complete fairness, and bending-over-backward policy usually brings forth additional effort. The struggling one feels obligated. It's a point of honor.

Some persons suspect he is the original George of "Let George Do It." During the war years, upon the death in 1944 of his good friend, Eric W. Allen, Dean Turnbull assumed a new responsibility—not only at the helm of the school but as acting director of the University news bureau. And with swelling enrollment, the school is 25 per



Caught in a typical classroom pose is George S. Turnbull, dean of the journalism school, who retires this year after serving the school for 31 years. (Photo by Kirk Braun)

cent larger than it ever has been.

## English-Born

English-born George Turnbull entered the academic life by way of a newspaper career which began at the age of 11 in Marysville, Wash. His grandfather, a local cabinet maker, was constructing a set of type cases for a printer and sent George to the printing office on an errand. The youngster saw the inside of a newspaper plant for the first time. Large-eyed and thrilled, he evinced so intense an interest that the printer gave him a job setting type. Too small to reach the type cases, he had to stand on a high box.

Evidence of his encyclopedic memory is the fact that he can remember the first type he set. It had to do with "the meanest man in the world," a farmer of Spencer county, Pa., who sold a half interest in his cow to his son-in-law, then refused to share the milk, claiming he had sold only the front half.

## Worked Way

From that time on George Turnbull spend his spare time in various newspaper offices, working his way through grade and high school. In his later teens he was employed on the Bellingham, Wash., Reveille when a big "reorganization" of the staff occurred. As a result he found himself at 20 the managing editor of a fair-sized daily. Then came an unfortunate incident. He heralded in the editorial section of the paper's attitude toward moving the state cap-

ital from Olympia to Tacoma,

characterizing those interested as a "group of broken-down, discredited railroad politicians," only to find that the owner of the paper was one of the most interested parties.

Doing the obvious thing, Turnbull promptly tendered his resignation, which was not accepted. However, Seattle and a job of reporter on the Post-Intelligencer beckoned, which brought about his entrance into the University of Washington as a student in his hours off the job. Some of the requirements of freshman undergraduate life galled George Turnbull's sensibilities. It was irritating to the seasoned newsman, who, coming to college a bit later in life than the average freshman, had to enroll in military training.

## Cut Classes

A letter to the head of the department failed to ameliorate the situation, so he did the next best thing—cut classes. In due time, when Lowerclassman Turnbull applied for upperclassman standing, his petition was refused. It was ruled that he must complete the required number of class hours in hated military drill.

Fanning the flame was a loathing, not only of the uniform's cut and color, but of the time expended in taking it on and off. So, he rebelliously purchased a uniform large enough to go on over his regular clothes, and drilled and drilled. On completion of the last hour he draped the cadet blue on a nail in the gymnasium and left it, disdaining the \$6 it might have brought on resale.

Despite working his way through school, he compiled an excellent scholastic record. (He boasts that he didn't miss a day's work on the P.I. all the time he attended the university.) After moving over to the Seattle Times as copy editor and acting assistant city editor, he was lured to Oregon by Eric Allen,

who had worked with him on the P.I.

One of the most outstanding Oregon journalism classes in Dean Turnbull's memory is that of '23, for in it were Palmer Hoyt, former publisher of The Oregonian, who now is publisher of the Denver Post; Charles Gratke, foreign news editor of the Christian Science Monitor, and Miss Mary Lou Burton. Especially Miss Burton. She came forcibly to his attention during her freshman year when she decided she was capable of entering his reporting class without the prerequisite elementary journalism. And Miss Burton had her way.

Four years after she was graduated from the school, July 31, 1927, they were married in Eugene. The bride, a Theta Sigma Phi, had pursued a journalistic career too, in covering the legislature for the Oregon Voter. Her newspapering also included papers in Bend and Eureka, Calif. She now is alumnae adviser for Theta Sigma Phi.

## First Edition

Their first edition, George Jr. ("Stan"), was editor of his high school paper in Eugene, and this year is a freshman in the school of journalism. Sarah, their red-haired 16-year-old, as yet "writes only imaginative bits."

Contributor to periodicals and author of "History of Oregon Newspapers," Dean Turnbull is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Delta Chi, Friars, Theta Chi, the American Association of University Professors, and the American Association of Teachers of Journalism.

## Kwamas Choose New President

Anne Case was elected president of Kwama, sophomore women's service honorary, after being initiated with 28 other new members Tuesday.

Other new officers are Jackie Barbee, vice president; Sally Terrill secretary; Nancy Kunhausen, treasurer; and Ann Goodman, reporter.

The new group will hold its first meeting Tuesday evening at the Pi Beta Phi house.

After the initiation old and new members dined at the Anchorage. Glenna Hurst was unable to attend and will be initiated at a later date.

## Mingler to Leave For British Isles

Richard Mingler, training officer in charge of this area of the Veterans administration, plans to leave June 25 for Nottingham, England, where he will study this summer at the University college.

Mingler, who received his master of arts degree at the University of Oregon in 1939, has served in the VA position here since November.



Emerald photographer Kirk Braun invaded the Turnbull home to catch this family scene. Seated in front of Dean Turnbull is daughter Sarah, surveying the family's record collection. Mrs. Turnbull knits while Stan studies in the background.

## Some Tassel Truths

(Continued from page two)

coming hat which has the unseemly trick of appearing to grow out of the wearer's head, by means of a two-strand stem. This twisted thread has a loop at the top, and the loop is placed over a button on the mortar board, so the tassel can swing loose over the side of the hat. Thus is the tassel held in place.

A smooth device, you think, with a minimum of loose ends and shagginess. But, and here the inefficiency enters, the fallacy is easily discerned. You catch one of the tassel strands in your gown collar, and not one, but two strands pull out, disturbing the whole ingenious system. The tassel soon has a definitely tattered look.

It's been estimated that a tassel a year is a pretty good average. So, come June 13, should you see a senior nervously jumping upon his mortar board or pulling threads like mad from his tassel, don't be harsh with him. Remember, someday you too may be flipping your tassel.—J.B.S.

## HOLIDAY

An Adventure in Good Smoking



Enjoy the  OUTDOORS

and  
On the way back

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GREGG'S DRIVE-IN

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