

Historic treasures hidden at archives

By DAWN GARCIA
Of the Emerald

It's a hidden cave of treasures on campus, a vault known to only a few students and a handful of history buffs.

The only thing alerting the public to its existence is a faded pocket-sized sign in the window of Fenton Hall's west wing which reads: "UO Archives."

Your footsteps echo in the anteroom as you make your way up the cold, steel stairway, spiraling up to the entrance on the main floor.

It seems you're in the belly of a warehouse and must have taken a wrong turn somewhere until the fire-proof door with the words "Archivist" comes into view.

Shelf upon shelf of yearbooks and scrapbooks climbing to the ceiling face you as you enter the catacombs. Rounding the first corner you are met by the stares of University presidents and students from past eras who peer down from dusty portraits covering the walls.

Eerie.

As your eyes adjust to the semi-darkness, your attention is caught by a single light streaming from the far end of this museum.

It comes from the office of the only living human being amidst the hundreds of shadowy long-forgotten figures — the archivist.

Hunched over an antique roll top desk and engulfed by stacks of papers and photos, Keith Richards is an integral part of the place.

He slowly turns around, peers

over the top of his spectacles and asks: "How may I help you?"

You half-expect him to wring his hands, smile through dripping fangs and say "Goood eevening" instead.

The mysterious, almost haunting atmosphere would be misplaced if the archives were merely a place where student records are processed and filed away for future reference.

But for Richard, the archives are much more than that.

"It's where they put all the treasures," he says, as he glances around the high-ceilinged room crammed with trophies, historic photos, and memorabilia from the University's 105-year history.

Green and yellow freshman beanies — one from 1909 — sit amid ancient footballs; souvenir ashtrays with pictures of Deady Hall, dedication plaques from past classes, and a banner from the University's semi-centennial celebration are among the knick-knacks scattered about.

A grandfather clock presented to the University by the class of 1908 tick-tocks the present away, turning it into the past, a time that may soon be remembered in photos not unlike the brown-tinted ones that hang throughout the room.

However, this collection of history doesn't exist just to sit and age; students, faculty and members of the community are welcome to browse through the archives or to use its resources for research.

Though the best resource may be Richard himself.

"He has an amazing mind for dates and details," says Richards' student aide, Jim Roberts. "And his attitude is to share information with people. Very few people are willing to do that anymore."

Roberts describes Richard as "quiet, a stubborn man and one who stands out when he walks on campus." A trenchcoat, a bowler-style hat and a pipe make up Richard's outdoor attire.

"He's also a good chef and wine connoisseur," Roberts adds.

Richard's stories about the historic artifacts bring the people and events of the past to life more than anything else ever could, Roberts says.

The first president to live in the Faculty House (the Collier house on 13th Avenue and University Street) was Charles H. Chapman in 1896, an outspoken man thought to be a radical in his day," Richard tells a student looking for information on past University presidents.

"He wanted the Board of Regents to pay for a bathtub he wanted put in, but they refused and he paid for it himself. So, when he resigned in 1899, he took the tub with him."

Although Richard has hundreds of such tales at the tip of his tongue, he admits that a large portion of his job involves the more tedious task of record keeping.

"I don't think I could justify the job if all I did was collect photos and tell stories of the University all day," Richard says.

Roberts says that much of his job involves sifting through boxes and boxes of records that stream in from campus offices.

But the "wonderland" of the archives and knowing Richard has made it all worthwhile, he says.

"I'm not a history-oriented person," says Roberts, a senior majoring in journalism, "but I'm learning to tap a great wealth of information."

Although he is not teaching his Introduction to Archives class this year, Richard is more than willing to help students who find their way into the archives for whatever reason.

A few times a day, the archives' door opens as another student finds this historic vault of treasures. Richard hears a gasp of awe and a line he's probably heard hundreds of times in his 10 years in the archives: "Wow! I didn't know this place was here!"

Greeks pick new officers

Mark Adams, a senior majoring in political science and member of Phi Gamma Delta, was elected Thursday as Inter-Fraternity Council president.

Adams replaces senior Mark Hallquist of Phi Kappa Psi.

Other officers elected were Doug Bauer of Sigma Chi, vice president; Barry Bailey, Treasurer; Mark Chase, income co-ordinator; and Todd Roberts, intramural co-ordinator. Bailey, Chase, and Roberts are members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

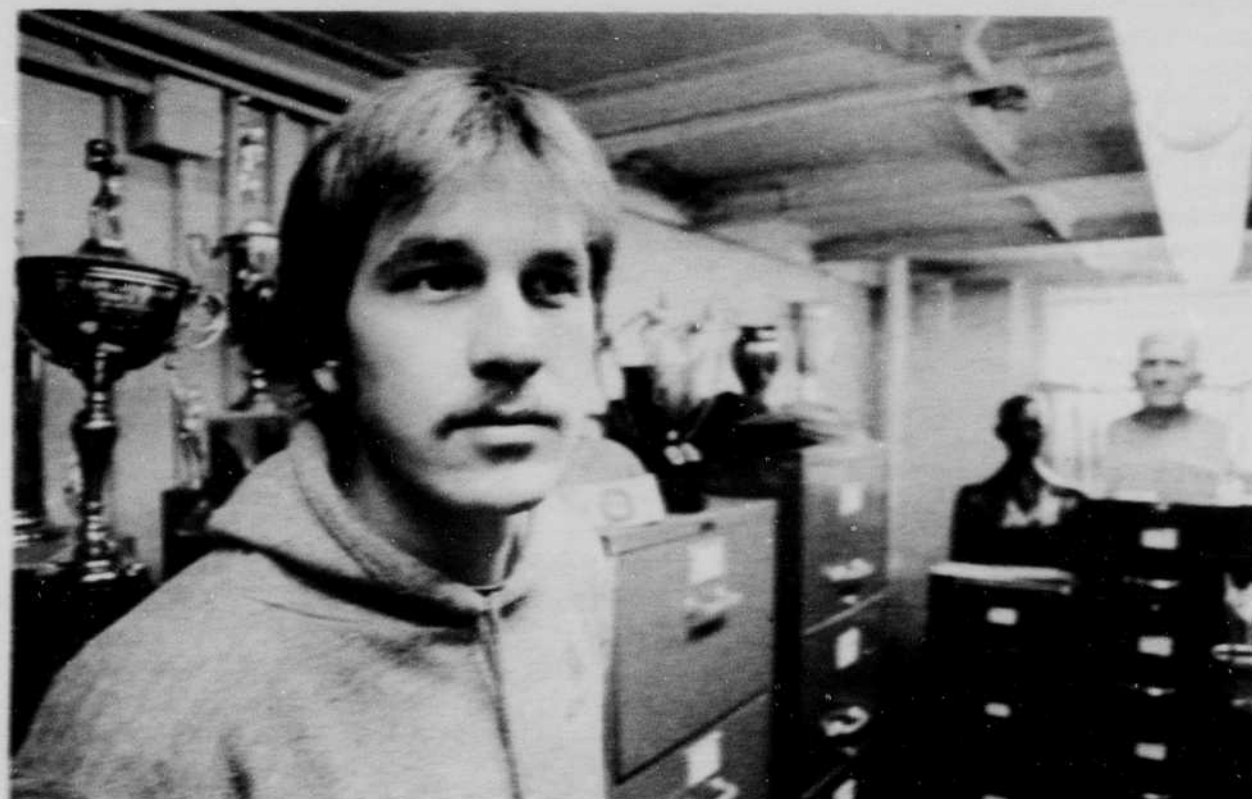
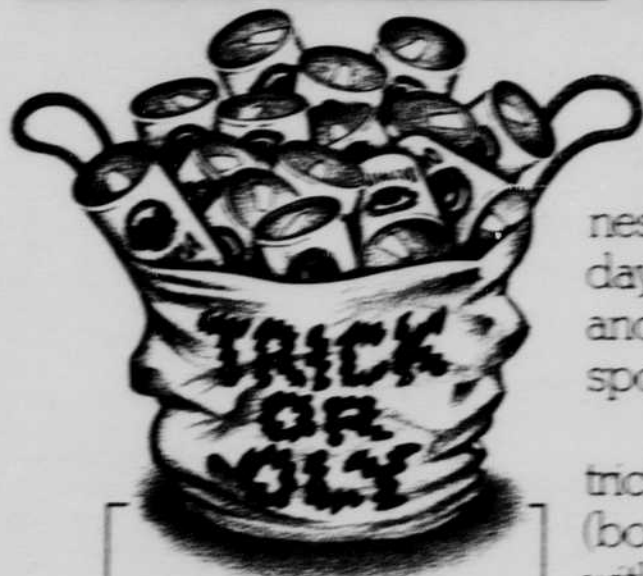


Photo by Bob Baker

Jim Roberts, a student aide to University archivist Keith Richards, is a connoisseur of the memorabilia that streams into the University archives from all points on the campus map.

ARTESIAN HALLOWEEN.



Luckily you won't have that problem. Just open the refrigerator and take out an icy cold Oly. Or two. Slip into your favorite costume and light the jack o'lantern. Then, basking in the glow, remove your mask and start sipping.

After a year of making the pure artesian brewing water for Olympia Beer, it is said Artesian industriousness turns to frivolity on this special day. They start by donning fright wigs and fake vampire fangs and take turns spooking picnickers. Just for practice.

Then the more daring of them go trick-or-treating for some refreshing Oly (bottles or cans). But they usually end up with bags of worthless stuff. Like malted milk balls, candy corn and money.

Realizing their mission is hopeless, sadly they head home. Very tired. Very, very discouraged.

And very, very, very thirsty.

"It's the water"
their

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