A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR REUNION CHAIRS, DICK AUDLEY

Hi, Classmates!

I hope that each of you return to Willamette for our 50th reunion next September, though I don’t expect you to do it quite as thoroughly as Judie and I have. After spending our entire non-Willamette years in California, we moved to Salem a year ago so I could teach at Willamette’s College of Law, and be close to our youngest son, David, and daughter-in-law, Erin (both of whom graduated from Willamette in 1993), and our grandchildren. However, it does give me a unique insight into why you should return for the reunion. The campus has never been more beautiful, the students and faculty have never been better and Salem itself is hardly recognizable from the town it was in the 1950s. It now has excellent restaurants, good theater and music and some of the friendliest wine tasting rooms to be found on the planet. The Audleys are excited about hosting a gathering (day and time to be announced) during our reunion weekend.

ANYTHING GOES AT THE ’59 REUNION “SENIOR ART MOMENTS” EXHIBIT

“Guess how I made the head of a bull? One day, in a rubbish heap, I found an old bicycle seat lying beside a rusted handle bar…and my mind instantly linked them together. The idea came to me before I even realized it. I just soldered them together.” - Picasso

Surprise your classmates with your unexpected artistry! This is not a test – no grades will be given! Contact Jody Everts, 503-645-5565, e-jeverts@comcast.net or Barbara Barrie, 503-364-6136 or bjbarrie@aol.com with questions, suggestions, willing hands and art offerings to share. “Art” is not restricted to what you hang on the wall. Writings? Music? “Inclusive” is the name of the game.

We have reserved the Mary Stuart Rogers Music Building foyer for the exhibit. It is centrally located and a grand place for an art show. We are encouraged by the first wave of SAM responders which includes Carole Warrren Ackerson, Sandi Harris Adair, Dick Audley, Rosemary Gilbert Bell, Jody Mills Everts, Barbara Duncan Hewitt, Kay Sanford Hotaling, Dave Landis, Martha Eagleson Peterson, Bette Pitcher Jackson, Marge Stout Steward and Maggie Morton Suckow.
A Healthy Debate  
*By George Nye*

This is a story about a “learning” that proved to be one of the more important insights of my life.

It happened on a cold, rainy November night when we pledges were assigned the job of building the Homecoming display for the Sig House. I remember the theme being “Bearcats Pound Puget Sound.” We had a big, wire mesh Bearcat with some sort of hammer “pounding” the “logger.” About 2 a.m., fellow pledge Bill Joseph and I flopped down on the living room floor next to each other. I don’t know what got us going on the topic of religion but we got into the debate in earnest. (As background, I’d been raised a Baptist and taught to be wary of the Roman Catholics and, of course, Bill was an equally devoted Catholic, who had his own opinion about Protestants.) Anyway, it popped into my mind that here was my first opportunity to debate with a real, live (well, sort of alive at 2 a.m.) Catholic. The theological battle was engaged and before long, I was saying, “The Bible says…” and Bill would say “The Pope says…” I’d say, “Forget the Pope, the Bible says…” and he’d say, “Forget the Bible, the Pope says…” Finally, thoroughly confused, I learned on that dark and wet night that a dialogue can be carried on, sharing each other’s personal experiences and understandings, but a “truth” cannot be debated unless we start from the same premise. If we don’t have a common ultimate authority, we can share our stories but we cannot reasonably debate premises that do not arise from the same source. That lesson served me well in countless ways though all of my adult life.

The Water Incident in Baxter Hall  
*By Clyde MacIver*

One evening, a number of Baxter residents grew restless and started filling very large containers, such as garbage cans, waste baskets and the like with water, then leaning them against room doors of rooms known to have occupants at home and then knocking on the doors. When the doors opened, water cascaded everywhere! The place was fast becoming a total mess. As the scene was repeated during the evening, I retreated to my room to study and attempted to ignore the whole affair. After a while, I heard a knock on my door and I shouted, “NOT A CHANCE AM I OPENING THAT DOOR, DO YOU THINK I’M STUPID?!” Then I heard a very “mature” voice responding, ”Clyde, open the door, this is Mark Hatfield.” Given it was 9 or 10 o’clock at night I was shocked to realize that our Dean of Men was in Baxter Hall, let alone demanding that I open MY door! When I did, he demanded to know where all the water came from. I was at an absolute loss for words (as I did not want to finger any individuals), so all I could think to say at the moment was “WATER, WHAT WATER?” I must have looked quite the fool to Dean Hatfield as I was standing in about an inch or two of water at the time. He sighed, gave me a bemused, exasperated look and strode off down the hall. I am not sure to this day who called him or why he picked me to look up when he got to Baxter Hall. He was clearly disappointed that I was not going to assist him in identifying the “guilty” parties. I guess I failed my “good citizen” test in the eyes of the Dean that evening but at least passed the test in the eyes of the Baxter Hall residents.
WHO KNEW!

The recent housing developments related to the construction of Ford Hall on campus prompted our efforts to recall all of the living quarters WU provided while we were attending. That led us to stories – unreported until now – and the following recap on Willamette housing, then and now.

Back in ’59, the freshman women lived at home in Salem or were housed at the freshman dorms of Lausanne and the “new” Doney Hall, with no exceptions, and no men/boys. Housing for sophomore through senior women included Doney and (way) off campus sororities, Alpha Chi, Chi Omega, Delta Gamma and Pi Phi. Rooms were for studying and living; sleeping porches were for sleeping.

The male freshmen lived at Baxter Hall or the four fraternities: Beta, Phi Delta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Sigma Chi. We all had housemothers — and rules. The women were overseen by Dean Regina Ewald. The boys had Mark Hatfield.

By our graduation (or soon thereafter) Lee and York houses on the Winter Street side of campus were added to accommodate a growing independent student population. In the early ’70s all on campus, non-fraternal living quarters became co-ed, first by floor, and by the ’80s, on a room-by-room basis. Also at that time all of the sinks in Lausanne Hall were removed, but small refrigerators were allowed!

The University purchased an apartment building across Winter Street near Lausanne called Haseldorf and rented those rooms. Those of you who lived in Lausanne may recall that there was a ghost rumored to roam its halls. Haseldorf also had a bona fide resident ghost. An exorcism was actually performed to rid the building of its unwanted guest!

During the ‘70s another major move began as construction of all five sororities’ houses on Mill St. south of campus were completed. Yes, the sleeping porches came along. The Chi Omega and Alpha Phi chapters closed at Willamette and their facilities became home to WISH and Shepard House. Meanwhile, on the east side of campus near Baxter, Matthews and Belknap halls were constructed.

By the ‘90s WU had built a seven-story apartment building near the Atkinson Graduate School of Management. Then came the Tokyo International University of America (TIUA) campus with its own housing wing. TIUA’s residential facility, Kaneko Hall, was the site of a huge renovation in 2007.

Most of Willamette’s 1800 undergraduates (and plenty of grad students) now live on campus. Nearly half of the junior class each year lives and studies abroad, and Housemothers have been replaced by a Residential Life program, providing resident assistants and other similar positions in each living facility, including fraternities.

We hope you are planning to come in September to see all of these changes for yourselves!

The University Apartments, known affectionately as the “U-Apps”
NEVER SEEN IN THE WILLAMETTE SCENE
Name That Classmate

Last issue’s “Name That Classmate” was Will Bunney. Congratulations to Carolyn Price Moore for submitting the earliest response, followed shortly thereafter by Carolyn Miller Williams and Norm Dyer.

Here’s the latest story to unravel.

I was born in the eastern Oregon border town of Ontario and raised on a farm in Idaho. My parents moved us to Portland, which meant I went from a small junior high to one of the largest high schools in the state.

I became acquainted with Willamette through growing up in the Methodist Church and first visited the campus May weekend.

I later visited Willamette for a Collins Scholarship test, the day after which I feared my letter of admission acceptance would be withdrawn. But lo, it was not, and I entered Willamette along with five high school classmates and five of the six of us continued on to graduate.

I arrived on campus with my best friend as my roommate and became acquainted with many more lifelong friends.

My first impression of the campus: Oh my, what can you say about Lausanne Hall and Willamette life in the mid-50s? We were so lucky to have such “heavy decisions” as whether to get in at 9:58 p.m. or 9:59 p.m. to miss the dreaded curfew demerit; whether to wear pedal pushers all day on Saturday or get back to the dorm by noon to miss the dreaded dress code demerit; whether to occasionally slip across to the Capitol for one of those scrumptious cinnamon rolls or to stay in Dr. Kohler’s 10 a.m. while he glared down from the second floor of Eaton at those who risked the consequences. We enjoyed a simpler life and time than our children.

Who can forget Señora Berg and her raucous second year Spanish class? What a kind, fun lady she was to coax us through and put up with so many who were there only for that second year of language required for the coveted BA. We still recite words by Les Sparks and his many Sparksisms: “When fatigue sets in, skill leaves,” or, we were warned that “Lots of folks have a Cadillac body with a Ford engine.” There was Dr. Monk, Dr. Luther and Dr. Springer who no doubt quickly recognized the difference between us lowly physical education majors and the math and science majors. And Glee, the front row, the back row. Ah yes, great memories.

My husband once said he thought I went to Willamette to get my MRS degree and while that turned out to be the case, it wasn’t the original intent. Shortly after my June graduation, we married and settled into the wild and crazy life that most high school teachers enjoy…..ha! And, as the years rolled by, I sat on more athletic benches and bleachers for spouse and children than I would care to count, all the while (frequently) enjoying the “thrill of victory and [occasionally] the agony of defeat.”

My husband and I have been blessed with two fantastic children. We have forgiven them for rejecting Willamette as being too close to home and choosing Pacific Lutheran and the University of Iowa. After spending years in education, banking and property management while simultaneously serving as top home administrator (another word for “mom” and all that goes with the role), politics moved into our lives for a six-year period.

For most of my work life I had the unusual opportunity to work part time while still serving in exciting and demanding employment. The current turmoil in financial institutions reminds me of one of my most interesting and challenging jobs – that of managing and divesting my savings and loan employer of foreclosed properties, both commercial and residential.

Now, having never moved far beyond the ivy covered walls of Waller, we enjoy life as snowbirds in
Arizona with activities too many to mention and new friends from all parts of the world. Golf is a four-letter word but remains enjoyable and challenging – most of the time. We further enjoy our children and their families as we plan a collective family cruise to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary next September. After enjoying the 50th Reunion last year for the Class of ’58, we look forward to the Class of ’59’s 50th Reunion and reconnecting with classmates.

PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR GUESS AS TO THE IDENTITY OF THE MYSTERY CLASSMATE TO: PUZZLER, C/O PETE LEVETON, pete3489@aol.com

THE FIRST RESPONDENT WILL RECEIVE A “HIGHLY VALUED” CAT CAVERN GIFT CERTIFICATE.

SANDI’S STASH
Sandi Harris Adair, our reporter and keeper of four years of accumulated Collegians, is on unpaid leave in Costa Rica. She will resume her Yahoola Wallulah duties in time for the next issue.

We, your dedicated Predatorial Eds, in a corporate takeover, will use her anointed space for……

THIS AND THAT
“This” overheard from Tri-Chair, Conrad Moore: “reliable sources indicate that the turn out at the reunion will be nearly 75 percent.” And, “my current thought about the reunion is that for those classmates who have a memory, the weekend will be memorable.”

“That” would be a response to a question about the correct spelling of goober peas. The following should be of interest to all ’59ers who marched in Freshman Glee. Goober, spelled goober “is related to Kongo or Kimbundu n-guba, ‘peanut’. It is especially interesting as one of a small stock of African language borrowings brought over by slaves. See, for example, gumbo “okra” which is of Bantu origin. In addition, “a goober is the pod of the peanut vine containing usually two nuts or seeds. It is also known as monkey nut.”* Hummmm. Source: freeonlinedictionary.com

IT HAPPENED IN 1959...
* Mattel unveils the Barbie doll
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* Ben-Hur wins the Academy award for best picture

Want more ’59 factoids? Visit your class reunion website at www.willamette.edu/alumni/reunion

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Our 50th Reunion
September 18-20, 2009

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CLASS GIFT UPDATE

Rocking to the finish, we are now at $732,882 with matching funds totaling $1,465,764. We still have $270,000 in matching funds to be earned.

*Our total will be matched dollar for dollar by an anonymous donor for a current grand total of $1,465,764

Ox and cart sketch by Don Williams