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He's a Riot Wherever He Goes

BY ELLIS LUCIA

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Pacific U. in a perpetual turmoil**

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■ COLLEGE IS a dog's life. Just ask Boxer.

Boxer is a 25-pound bronze mascot who for half a century has kept the students of Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, under a spell. They love him dearly, but show their affection by ripping him apart every chance they get. In retaliation, Boxer has been the instigator of more battered shins, bloody noses, torn clothing and downright double-crosses than any other intense burner in the world.

From the moment they arrive students clamor for his attention. A Pacificite's college days aren't complete without a look at, or better still, pos-

session of this elusive idol. Alumni who never saw him in school plot ways to grab him, so completely does he capture their fancy.

This highly-prized canine was first taken from the campus chapel in 1900 by Richard Faulkner, now a successful Sacramento, California, produce broker. He was hidden in the cold air intake of the women's dormitory while the entire student body was taken to task. Since then his life has been rugged.

In battles for possession, his head and forelegs have parted company with his torso many times. His plume tail was amputated in a bout years ago and is being passed among



the alumni. Unlike Humpty-Dumpty, Boxer always gets back together again. Once it took over three years of intensive searching and scheming. His head turned up in a housewife's flour sack.

His scarred body is crowded with names and initials of former owners. He knows no fraternal or class lines. More than one student has trampled on his roommate to get at the dog.

He is thoroughly lodged in the life of the college. His dragon-like shape appears on letterheads, bookplates, flags, programs, the backs of menus and walls of student hangouts, and is imbedded along with his footprints in the cement walks before the administration building. A lowerclass women's service club is called the "Boxerettes." The student directory is known as "The Pup." To end the confusion with other Pacific schools on the Coast, ambitious alumni periodically propose the name be changed to Boxer University.

Boxer's first 300 years were quite serene. A Chinese temple dog, he was household god of a family of apothecaries at Sachore, China. A missionary, Dr. J. E. Walker, purchased him for \$12. Today his antique value is more than \$1,500. In 1896 Dr. Walker turned him over to his alma mater.

For several years before being snatched, Boxer occupied a pedestal in the chapel. Even then, however, he appeared at picnics and parties, but always under faculty supervision. He got his name because he was acquired at the time of the Boxer Rebellion.

Boxer has seen the world from a suitcase. He's been around the

United States, into Canada, and he flew with an American pilot during World War I.

Because of his explosive nature when brought into the open, no one dares keep him in sight. He's been subjugated to queer hiding places—cold storage lockers, bellies, attics, wells, sewers, under bridges, in trees and graveyards. He spent one summer swathed in gunny sacks, swinging from a cable deep in the Willamette river near Portland. He's been tossed out of second-story windows and into muddy ditches from getaway cars.

To keep things lively, owners "flash" the dog along with an electrifying cry of "Boxer" at student gatherings. As men were eating supper one night at their dormitory, Boxer was shoved on a plank through an open window of the dining room. A student waiter heaved a water-filled aluminum pitcher in an attempt to knock him off. Tables upset and dishes crashed to the floor as the men gave chase.

In one of Portland's finest hotels, a formal dance, highlight of the school's social calendar, was in full swing. Suddenly Boxer's owners thrust his snout through the door. Bedlam broke loose. Disregarding her formal attire, a slip of a coed hung a flying tackle on the hefty football player holding the dog. As he went down the idol skidded across the floor to a pal who streaked through the lobby and up Broadway, the city's main thoroughfare. Young men in full dress were in hot pursuit. Horrified hotel managers, visioning a full-scale riot in their lobby, vowed they would never contract another Pacific function unless Boxer were

securely chained at home.

When William Jennings Bryan once scheduled a speech at the county seat about six miles from Forest Grove, he asked to see Boxer. Anxious to please the great man, students brought him forth. Then there was a surge to the platform by other students in the crowd. Bunting was torn to shreds, the platform partially wrecked and the speaker quite ruffled.

Though he's traveled thousands of miles, Boxer amazingly always finds his way home. Sometimes he's absent for years; student morale hits bottom. The campus newspaper reflects their concern. Life isn't the same without the momentary expectation of a Boxer flash.

For five years prior to 1911, Boxer's whereabouts were unknown. Then he popped up at Homecoming. Some of the grads presented him to the faculty at the alumni dinner. Unknown to students and Boxer, the faculty planned to put him in a vault. They didn't have the chance. Before the meeting broke up, seven spirited undergrads dropped him through a second-story window onto a canvas and made the getaway. Otherwise Boxer might not have survived for his Golden Jubilee of rebellion.

Occasionally Boxer falls into the hands of the fair sex. Unable to wrest the dog from brawny males by sheer physical strength, the coeds resort to other tactics. A few years ago trusting males proudly showed their girl friends Boxer's lair in the city cemetery. The girls no sooner got back to town than they borrowed a car, retraced their steps and captured the pup, while

their ex-boyfriends fumed.

In 1939 three coeds gained possession in a thoroughly above-board manner. A farm boy stumbled onto the pooch in the brush near his home. He told his father, who tipped off a girl at the college. Male ego was properly deflated next morning when the college bulletin board announced Boxer's new mistresses.

The coeds flashed him for a time, but finally decided Boxer should again go into circulation. Whenever a stalemate is reached, he is tossed to the student body at large at a set time and place. It is in these gruelling skirmishes that Boxer is most severely damaged. With students at the scene long in advance, it's no small matter to release him.

In this case, the coeds drove up in their own car. As students scrambled forward, Edwin Ingles, then comptroller and now university vice president, calmly reached unobserved into the trunk of his own car and brought forth the beast.

The ensuing good-natured struggle spilled off the campus, blocking traffic and plowing up lawns and shrubbery of nearby residences in its path. Two hours and a half elapsed before six men got away with him. The brawl was by no means a record. In 1929 a fracas wore on for nine hours.

Clothing has been torn and wiring ripped from cars in these clashes, but no one has ever been seriously injured.

At the end of the war Boxer did one of his mysterious disappearing acts. When pleas for his return went unheeded, everyone became highly concerned, from President

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saw his domain threatened. A former student now at the University of Michigan sent word Boxer was with him and would be returned.

After 30 months of wandering, Boxer came home. Students greeted him with a mauling that lasted nearly an hour. Boxer remained king. His spirit was as potent as ever. At last report he was still going strong. ■ ■

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