



The

Willamette University Alumnus

APRIL, 1928

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President, Harold Eakin, A. B. '18 Salem, Oregon
First Vice President, Helen Wastel Winters, '16 Portland, Oregon
Second Vice President, Sadie Pratt Sackett, '23 McMinnville, Oregon
Third Vice President, Warren Day, '26 Portland, Oregon
Secretary-Treasurer, Lestle Sparks, A. B. '19 Salem, Oregon

WILLAMETTE CLUBS

Portland, Oregon—President, Merton DeLong, '12, Chamber of Commerce.

"Young Grads," President.

Berkeley, California—President, Paul Flegel, '21, Y. M. C. A.

Boston, Massachusetts—President, Rev. Wm. Nichol, '22, Quincy, Mass.

Chicago, Illinois—President, Hon. Chas. S. Cutting, '73, 11 S. LaSalle.

Seattle, Washington—Clarke R. Belknap, '10.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY BULLETIN

VOL. 21

APRIL, 1928

NO. 3

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter July 27, 1908, under the Act of July 16, 1894.

Willamette University Alumnus

"That We May All Be Acquainted"

The Liberal Arts College

THE College of Liberal Arts is an ancient institution whose age is measured in centuries, not by years. In its present form it is largely the product of the Renaissance and Reformation movements, tho it was out of the school of the Seven Liberal Arts that the university itself had its origin in the early thirteenth century.

An institution so old must have had vicissitudes and undergone important changes. As new interests have arisen they have made inroads on the materials and purposes of the humanistic program, yet in each case the vital humanistic spirit of the earlier period has reasserted itself; has assimilated the new and remained essentially true to its first purpose. On the whole it has undergone surprisingly little change in so long a period—too little its critics aver, for how can an institution which has its origin in the late middle centuries meet conditions of the present?

The rediscovery of classical learning wrought the first great change. Medieval Latin and patristic studies slowly gave way under this influence to the study of classical authors, tho not without much protest and stubborn resistance from the affected interests.

The development of science a century or two later caused the next extensive readjustment, again with much creaking of joints and grumbled protests. Coming at a time when religious controversies were rife scientific studies were viewed first from the angle of theological controversy and that association of ideas long persisted. The older generation today remembers the struggle of the sciences to secure recognition, beside the humanities.

Industry in more recent times has profoundly modified education both in theory and practice and at one time made heavy inroads upon the liberal arts. A generation absorbed in business, manufacturing and commerce was prejudiced against any education which was not eminently practical and the weight of this disapproval fell heavily on the liberal arts college—an institution for the promotion of the so-called useless learning. One result of this criticism was to split off from the larger colleges several special schools to meet the demand for vocational values. These schools used certain of the informational courses of

the liberal arts college, but used them as incidental to a professional course in business administration, journalism and the like, changing the whole outlook from one of broad culture to one of narrow specialization. Smaller colleges, unable to support or to compete with other special schools, organized pre-professional courses and semi-professional departments of corresponding sorts, making the vocational interest the dominant one.

A reaction has come. Not for decades has the college of liberal arts defined its function so clearly nor held to it so closely as at the present time. This function, too, is essentially that of an earlier day. The tide in the liberal arts college toward applied and practical courses as they are called has passed its height and is now on the ebb. It is true that certain professional and semi-professional courses will always have a place in the liberal arts curriculum, either because of their intrinsic importance or because of their value for further study. But there is little tendency now to group subjects around a vocational interest making that the center and appeal. The professional man, quite as much as any other, needs a liberal education and the best professional schools are requiring such a course as a condition of entrance.

No one now questions the right of science to a place in the liberal arts curriculum. The enormous expansion of scientific knowledge and its countless applications in daily use make a knowledge of science and of its methods a necessary part of the equipment of an educated person. But the place and limitations of scientific study need to be interpreted through historic and humanistic studies lest the student "remain a barbarian and as child in a soulless mechanistic world, which he may exploit but can never understand."

In a scientific and mechanical age, when commerce offers the great monetary rewards, when social institutions as never before are undergoing change, there is special need of an education that stresses accurate information and access to the sources of information, ability to set a true appraisal on the dogma of life, familiarity with the workings of the human spirit as revealed in the great books of all time and a broad sympathy with it.

Page of the Presidents

President Doney

THERE are few if any places where the translatable value of money is more clearly to be seen than in a college. A college endowment fund presents possibilities which overwhelm the imagination. It is a dynamic which is never exhausted. It perpetually renews itself and works forever. It does not work upon iron or stone or anything less valuable than man himself. It is the mighty alchemist which seizes power from an unseen source and bestows it as a gift upon the race. It is a dynamo creating a force which illumines the mind and kindles light for all.

These are strong words justified to their last syllable by what has happened in colleges and by what I have witnessed at Willamette. I will not say that earlier years here were not well served but I will say that the service of those times could not meet the present needs at all. A vastly wider range of knowledge, an intensive study of the special field of interest, a finer intellectual strategy are pressing their demands upon the student of today. So far as that increased demand has been met at Willamette it was first of all made possible by the increase of income.

One may well covet the ability and willingness to give, be it ever so little, to a cause so momentous. For no one can measure the value of "another scholar in the land," as John Knox puts it. It was no less a man than Melancthon who said, "The right training of a single youth is a greater acquisition than the taking of a city; for when the fame of the great struggle shall have passed into myth or tradition, the influence of one well-trained brain and heart will be going on and on, contributing to the uplifting and redemption of the planet."

Here is the certain way that "the good men do lives after them." Beecher saw it when he said, "I care nothing for posthumous fame, but for posthumous power I would vote with both hands." In these words is the ultimate appeal to everyone who would do good forever. Enduring philanthropies spring out of that idea. Colleges are enduring examples of that thought. Every person who contributes to a college endowment or a college building makes a contribution to posthumous power. Such persons set an everlasting force to work for human betterment and they may well thank God that they are called to an eternity of living power.

CARL G. DONEY.

President Eakin

THE fact that commencement is only a few short weeks off and that our annual meeting will close another year for the association, causes us to pause and wonder what has been accomplished during the past years and particularly the last twelve months. Because there is so much that should have been done makes this question the more pertinent. Yes, despite the duties that faced us we are compelled to report that for the past two years little or nothing of a constructive nature has been really accomplished.

There are probably many reasons for this very unsatisfactory result, the most of which should be and can be remedied by the association if given proper consideration and action.

First of all the executive committee has been so widely scattered that regular meetings have been all but impossible. And since this committee is charged with the conduct of the affairs of the association during the twelve months' interval between meetings, it is essential that it meet often and regularly to give business the attention it deserves.

Another place where our organization is weak is in the matter of keeping in contact with our membership, both paid up and otherwise. We have a potential membership of over fifteen hundred. Yet of this number we have been able with our meagre facilities to enlist the financial support of only two hundred or a little more. If we could employ a secretary for either full or part time this number could be increased three or four times. Also this publication could probably be put on a self-supporting basis. At the same time the active support and cooperation of scores of our members could be enlisted for the furtherance of more activities where we now have only a few.

We are presenting these ideas now in the hope they will be read by many of you and that you will give them serious and constructive thought between now and the regular meeting in June. At that time they will be brought up for consideration and such action as you deem wise.

Our banquet and business meeting will be held Monday evening, June 11th. The place has not yet been determined, but you will be advised of that later. However, you can be assured that it will be some place where everyone can hear the program, as well as where he can have the best service for the banquet itself.

HAROLD E. EAKIN.

A "Well Languag'd Daniel"

YOU see him coming up the walk to Eaton of a morning and unless you know him you'll say to yourself, "Here comes a man who is deeply wondering whether to give Willamette a hundred thousand dollars or a library building." He moves with an even stride—always thirty-four inches; he is never slow, never hurried. He looks the part, any distinguished part. You



Ernest C. Richards

greet him and his hand grasps your firmly; his biceps work, you are drawn close and experience the handshake of a lost-and-found uncle.

"Yes," he says, looking you in the eye, while propelling the arm, "my name's Richards; E. C. Richards." There you have it and if you wish he will take you to his classroom; but if you're half as scared as a freshman in September you'll not want to go. If you are a freshman in April you'll think differently for the big man has a good classroom delivery because he has so much to deliver.

He specializes in the nine parts of speech, or whatever the number is in these iconoclastic times. He can say 'em backwards, and without frowning a brow can tell a verb from a noun. A split infinitive is sniffed a mile away and slang is the argot of the defective, the lazy Philistine, the predestined flunker. As for commas and periods and capital letters, they have their foreordained place. He likewise has notions about spelling and solecisms and barbarisms and clearness and style. As for double negatives and "I have wents" there are no words to characterize 'em. The student who digs such pits just naturally falls into them himself. Being a Christian, E. C. has scriptural sanction for pulling certain unhappy animals out of a pit—in October and November, but not in May.

Prof. Richards has a passionate affection for the English language, well knowing that it is the vehicle of human thought and intercourse. "The flowering moments of the mind drop half their petals in our speech." Therefore, it is the acme of fitness that ideas should be in perfect garb. Errors in speech put the hearer to the necessity of guessing

what is meant and often lead to untold misunderstanding. Ideas must circulate by means of words, words well chosen and well placed in sentences, but he who lacks the proper medium sends forth the products of his mind with untrue labels and in misleading forms. It is no accident which places the study of English at the center of the process of education. Nor is it chance which chooses the man who directs this work in a college. His is the important task and his the reward reflected in students who achieve high mastery of their mother tongue. His also the gratitude of other teachers who receive such students. Potential reporters and special writers find an ally in him and good copy is better after his red and blue pencil has operated. Of course, he knows literature, and his freshmen, grown to upper classmen, meet him again in a study of poets and essayists.

It was in Iowa that Prof. Richards first discovered how good it is to live and, despite the penny-a-liner, had the advantage of being born in a parsonage. So he received A. B. and A. M. from Morningside College and became a preacher, a preacher noted for sermons of choice English. He taught in high school and college academy for six years. Then graduate work in Boston University gave further skill, and, more recently, he has studied in summer sessions of the University of California. A dozen years ago he became Willamette's secretary of education and eight years ago he began full time teaching as professor of English Rhetoric. "Sweet smoke of rhetoric," Shakespeare calls it. No one knows what the Avon bard meant, but Richards knows what rhetoric is.

A wise man, he married; a man of taste, he married a college girl, Myrta Olive Millner, of Morningside, and the evidence is clear that were life responsive to an encore, the two would do the same thing again with enthusiasm. He is a member of the National Council of Teachers of English and of the Modern Language Association of America. He also drives a community Buick, provides his neighbors with cherries and willingly spends hours with students afflicted with the double negative, thus adding vast sums of invisible riches to an unseen bank account.

A Freshman There Was

WHEN I resigned my position on the Faculty during the summer of 1898 I would not have believed it if some one had prophesied the few opportunities I would thereafter have of expressing my unbroken allegiance to Old Willamette. The moment sought and craved all these intervening thirty years has at last come through the kindly courtesy of The Alumnus, and I now find myself indulging the delightful sensation as of once more standing on the assembly platform, to greet my new and old friends of the Faculty and my altogether new friends of the Student Body.

The same old hall!—where the seats and desks used to be as scarred and overcarved as Whittier's old schoolhouse on the Merrimac—the old hall, which we of the Faculty were wont to enter with beating hearts every April Fool's day. For we used to be reminded of that day of all days in the college calendar. We had learned to look forward to it somewhat beseechingly. If YOU had been a member of the Faculty in those days, what would YOU have thought on coming into chapel one fine, large April Fool's Day to find that old skeleton from Professor Cochran's laboratory suspended by one of his buttonholes from the chandelier hook in the center of the ceiling?

I wonder where Old Bones is now! Gone, is he? Well, he must have been literally worn out, for he used to take unearthly excursions. And the worst of it was, on this particular ramble he had no return ticket. We couldn't get him down and he hung there grimly, gruesomely swaying with an occasional whiff of breeze from an open door, grinning at the damned and undamned alike—hung there for a week, for Chester Murphy or Bert Haney or some other wag of like pre-movie-day heroism, had taken the only ladder of any length and cut it up into kindling wood, I guess.

And one other April 1st, the grand march was turned wrong side out. You know, in those days the "grave and reverend seniors" were permitted to sit way in the back, where they could write notes and chew gum all they pleased, whereas the poor little Freshies were obliged to sit on the front seats, right under the sound of the gavel, where they did not dare even wink. I do not know whether or not that is still your practice, for you all look alike to me. When the signal for dismissal was given, the seniors would lead the march, double file, for-

ward, up the central aisle, then separate into single files, passing back around the outer aisle, then they met again in the back, then forward again, separating again, and this time passing out through opposite doors into the wings of the building. But on this particular day, if you follow me, these seniors, our trustees, think of it, made a break for freedom. They turned their backs, marched in the other direction from the rostrum, separated, marching forward around the sides, then meeting in front of the rostrum, finally passing on down the center aisle and out through the back door on to the campus. Such an innocent prank, you will say, yet almost appalling in that Puritanic era, as a breach of long established tradition. President Hawley stood there as grave and dignified as Fabius Cunctator, and, turning to us of the Faculty, whispered loudly enough for us to hear: "Don't laugh. Don't let them see you perturbed." But it was too late. He meant it for me, of course. Professor Matthews hadn't cracked a smile as far as I could see through his beard, though his eyes were snapping. But there I was, with my hand on my mouth, sniggering like any schoolboy. I shouldn't wonder if the President thought I had been privy to the conspiracy.

I must have been a poor excuse for a faculty man in those days, for I distinctly recall another April Fool's Day when President Hawley requested me to stay during the noon recess and see that no tricks were played during the interim. Well, what do you think? Clarence Bishop stole the clapper of the bell almost from under my very nose. Now, my dear friends of the student body, you will not abuse my confidence, I am sure. I have given you these hints purely from a reminiscent standpoint, and if you should vilely think to sully this happy age of civilization by repeating those deeds of barbarism this new Faculty might not be so lenient as were we (sic).

Yes, this is the same old hall, where Sara Nourse Brown-Savage's orators would often declaim for us, "Ye crags and peaks, I'm pleased to meet you. Ye call me chief, but I'm only a dishwasher. I've come to bury Caesar—Brutus couldn't get here in time. Aye, tear her tattered ensign down. Jump, boy, jump. Auf wieder sehen." I'm afraid that is a little mixed, but it is all a delightfully kaleidoscopic haze of memories in my own mind.

And yet how distinctly I recall some of the particulars of that first fall term at Willamette! I had hardly disembarked from the train on my arrival and was crossing into State street, when I found myself confronted by a little man with a tall stovepipe hat and long-tailed coat, trying to guide a bicycle. He was wabbling fearfully and nearly knocked me down before I could dodge out of his way. He only looked wildly ahead and shouted to me, "Hey! get off of the earth. Don't you see I'm riding a bicycle?" A moment later he was leaning up against a telephone pole with which he had collided, mopping his streaming face. A few hours later, when I was cosily located in a room of a beautiful home opposite the Court House, I learned that this little man, who had so uncereemoniously accosted me, was to be my landlord—none other than dear old Dr. Jessup of blessed memory, whom I came to know and love as a second father.

Shortly after that, we had our first assembly of the college year. I was quite ignorant of the customs and knew nothing of such functions, but, toward the close of the hour, I became aware that President Hawley was making some highly eulogistic remarks about the new Latin professor. The students began to applaud—and there President Hawley still stood, looking over at me. Things began to whirl before me, and Professor Heritage, who happened to be sitting next to me, reached over and, in that unconventional style of his, gave me a most irreligious thrust in the ribs. "Get up," he said; "wake up. Don't you see, they want a speech?" I did get up, but I sat down again. Many times since, during these long years, I have tried to recall what it was I said, but I have been unable to bring them to mind. I have begun to conclude that I didn't say anything at all.

But I did say something shortly after that. There was a reception to new students and new members of the faculty at the First Methodist church, where I found myself on the platform and expected to make some response to the address of welcome. Well, do you know, all I could think to say was the next Sunday's golden text. It was the reply of Ruth to Naomi, and I stammered: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee." I meant to convey that I hoped I had come to stay awhile, and wished them to give me a fair chance. The people were good enough not to laugh, and one young lady even consoled me by saying that "It was the best speech of the evening."

And there was another reception short-

ly after that—a reception and social to all the Freshmen, myself included, way up in the cupola somewhere. By the way, how I miss that old distinctive cupola, with its index flagstaff! Anyway, this social was under the auspices of the two societies. And we played all sorts of games—when it gradually began to dawn upon me that I was being made the candlestick of the evening. They had me blindfolded half the time, and whirled me around so often that I couldn't have told for the life of me which way the State House lay. And then we were given cards with something like this printed on them: "I am so and so. Who are you?" We were to exchange with one another and write our names on the others' cards. In the course of this rapid exchange a young lady—wasn't there a young woman named Elizabeth Shepard attending college then?—well, this young woman, without looking up and in a sort of mechanical way, handed me her card, asking if I would like to exchange autographs. I, of course, assented with all the awkward grace I could muster. But when I returned her card and she glanced indifferently at the name, she gave one shriek and fled precipitately. I was somewhat disconcerted at that, but was soon inveigled into another game—on "Postoffice" or "Clap in and clap out," or something of that nature—scared to death nearly the whole time for fear that some osculatory crime would be demanded of me. We drew lots to find our partners and I was rather elated to have mine pointed out—a tall blonde young lady, quite a dashing girl. But she, on finding out who HER partner was, seemed actuated by quite the opposite motives. She crumpled the slip of paper and deliberately went and chose Charlie Atwood as her partner. Now, you would like to know who that girl was, but I'm not going to tell you this time. It was awfully hard to teach my big Sunday School class the following morning, after such checkered experiences.

A week or so after college had actually opened I was approaching the University by that diagonal path which used to lead up from the corner of State street, when a new student who was to enter that morning overtook me. He asked me if I was a Freshman and I told him I was, and we shook hands on it. He then confided to me that he was going to take First Year Latin, and I said I was too, and we shook hands again. An hour or so later he came into my room to sign up for his course. He took one look at me, and then another, and then passed out and across the hall

into Miss Reynolds' room, and told her he thought he had better take the Pre-Preparatory Course—that he didn't like the looks of Latin.

Well, things went along fairly well, until I became aware of some murmurings against the long lessons I was giving. One of my friends in the Latin class told me in confidence of a mill-race that flowed back of the University campus. And by and by, President Hawley asked for a conference with me. He always was a most gentle man, fearful of wounding one's feelings. And he now, under pretext of showing me how Willamette had expanded, handed me a catalog and asked me just to notice how many other courses there were in the curriculum besides Latin. It was a most delicate hint—and I honestly did try to taper off. One day I came into my room to find in great characters on the board this declaration: "We are going to take shorter lesson from now on. For the next lesson in Vergil, we will take 500 lines—on Monday we will take 1000. Signed, Prof. Dunn." I never knew how near to hazing I had come, but we soon settled down to a comfortable jog trot.

Occasional happenings such as these eventually determined me to get married. We had been corresponding for some time and, finally, Thanksgiving of that fall of 1895 was fixed as our wedding day. I had always insisted that I should never consent to marriage until I had the means to provide and furnish a house, but salaries were anything but lordly in those days—one could hardly purchase a new necktie, to say nothing of furnishing a house. So I went to Dr. Parsons, who was at that time Secretary and Treasurer for the University, and laid my troubles before him. The good doctor looked serious at first, but shortly handed me \$50.00 toward my wedding expenses.

I was scheduled to leave on Tuesday noon before the Thursday of Thanksgiving, when, on that morning, it chanced that President Hawley was detained in his office and sent me in to conduct the chapel exercises. In those days we had no adjustable pulpit, such as you now have here. It was an old stand with detachable top and cloth cover upon which the Bible usually rested. On this occasion this stand happened to be off on one side, so I immediately walked over to carry it to its proper place in front of the rostrum. But, on reaching the center of the platform, I was surprised to realize that the legs of the stand must be shorter than I had always supposed. The stand seemed doubling up and I was stooping over more and more, till,

finally, the uproarious laughter of the student body called my attention to the fact that I had carried merely the top of the stand with the Bible, while the legs had remained, a ludicrous group of four uprights, over by the piano. The merriment of the students seemed like a panic to me until President Hawley finally hurried in to call quiet.

The students always afterwards maintained that it was my excitement over my wedding journey which lost me my wits that morning. Somehow the secret had gotten out and the last issue of the Willamette Collegian even contained a reference to my intended, naively inquiring "why was it necessary for Professor Dunn to go to McMinnville for his bride when there were two eligible Misses Matthews in the student body?" Oskia Matthews forthwith threw herself away upon a young resident dentist, while Helen Matthews, who was in my classes, was so disturbed that, to my request to conjugate "ago" she must have thought I said "amo" and very decidedly answered, "No, sir."

But I finally got away on that Tuesday's train, posting a notice on my door, in which I assigned work ahead for various classes, so that they would not miss me so much. When I returned to the college the next Monday I found this same notice still affixed to my door, but with this addendum, "It is not good for man to be alone, hence my absence."

But, enough of this rambling, desultory bit of reminiscence. The bell is about to ring—so permit me to close with the most hearty and sincere congratulations over the splendid news we are now regularly hearing from Willamette. In the old days we hardly knew from one fall to another whether the college would open its doors again. But that epoch has long since and forever passed away and I can assure you that you have no more cordial and enthusiastic wellwisher than am I.

PROF. FREDERIC S. DUNN
University of Oregon.

THE March meeting of the Portland Willamette Club was held on Monday, the 19th, during the University spring recess. This date made it possible for the students resident in Portland to be present to "Bring the Campus to the Alumni." President Rein Jackson called the meeting to order and introduced Hugh McGilvra of the senior class as master of ceremonies. He in turn called on representatives of the student body and faculty for brief remarks interspersed with college songs. The attendance was unusually large and the enthusiasm correspondingly high.

The Peck Herbarium

TRUST no man who has not the collecting instinct! Never mind what he collects, just so he does it honestly and sincerely, and in a way show that he has inherited the racial instinct to accumulate as did his primitive ancestor who gathered gaudy shells along the beach to make himself a necklace.

Some satisfy this longing by collecting old furniture or books, others stamps, coins, autographs or steamships; but a select few get right down to old Mother Nature and collect plants. Only the initiated can understand the thrill that comes to a botanist when he finds a rare or long-sought plant. Of course, this the true botanist presses and mounts for his herbarium. Then on some dreary winter day the botanist, as he dreams over his collection, recalls and lives over again the train of circumstances by which he collected this or that specimen. This one recalls the approaching storm, the wild waves breaking across the rocks outside the harbor, and the clattering gulls overhead; that one instantly transports him to a far away fairy meadow, the calling pikas, and the alpine glow at sunset with a snow-capped peak in the quiet background. He also recalls the dear friends that were with him, or perhaps his loyal wife who shared his joy of discovery.

But the poetical part is not all. Man-kind depends either directly or indirectly on plants for food, clothing and shelter. Is that all? No. Our first botanists were probably old herb doctors searching the woods and fields for a plant or root that would cure the many maladies of the human race. Nor were their searches in vain, for most of our medicines, with the aid of chemistry, come from plants—some beneficial, some deadly poisonous.

Centuries ago some plant enthusiast discovered that plants by being pressed and dried could be preserved indefinitely, making it possible to study a plant any time without having to wait for months for it to be in bloom. This was the beginning of the modern herbarium.

Even our government long ago recognized the importance of plant collection. Every early exploring expedition to the then unknown West of a century ago had a botanist in its retinue. The great Asa Gray engineered this so well that most of the early collections were sent to him to name and describe. Today Harvard University boasts of its great herbarium founded by its famous bot-

anist-teacher, and which is known all over the world today as the Gray Herbarium.

For twenty years Prof. and Mrs. Peck have tramped and searched the shores, forests, plains and mountain fastnesses of Oregon to find what plants grow in our state. Their success is well attested by the seventeen thousand mounted plants now in Room 36 of Eaton Hall, representing 90 per cent of all the plants ever reported to occur in Oregon. Many of the other 10 per cent may never be found again. To examine this missing 10 per cent now in eastern herbaria, the trustees have generously granted Prof. Peck leave of absence and means to carry on the work. Greater honors are predicted for Prof. Peck in the coming years, and not the least of which is the present announcement of our beloved Dr. Doney that the herbarium over which the Pecks have labored so unceasingly shall hereafter be designated THE PECK HERBARIUM.

Dr. Doney hopes to take immediate steps to insure the safe keeping of the valuable Peck Herbarium from fire and the inroads of museum pests. There is only one remedy. That is steel cases. The Alumni of one of our sister institutions have donated twelve steel cases to protect the valuable Howell and Cusick collections. I believe our prosperous Alumni can do likewise, and thus help preserve adequately and safely the unique PECK HERBARIUM.

THE GILKEYS

Errol C. Gilkey, '14, is a practicing attorney in Oakland, Calif., but is now neglecting business—"My present occupation is that of a third-rate nurse maid and night floorwalker." How come? On Feb. 17, 1928, one Robert Carlton Gilkey appeared, having a good character, leather lungs, an appetite, and a kicker of ability. Note his birthday, prophetic of a combination of Lincoln and Washington.

FORENSICS

Debating schedules for both men and women teams are extremely full this year. The question being debated is that of protecting or not protecting American investors and investments in foreign countries. To date Willamette has won about three-fourths of the contests.

Queen o' the May

MAY Day, after the order of the present observance, was first celebrated in 1907. Do you remember the excitement at every election of a queen? If the political interest manifested in all of these elections was placed end to end it would reach to Washington City and assure Congress that this government of the people, etc., just could not perish from the earth.

Here is the list of the queens, now with changed names and located from Dan to Beersheba:

Phoebe Olsen	1907
Hazel Caldwell	1908
Hattie Beckley	1909
Pearl Bradley	1910
Alma Haskins	1911
Alta Altman	1912
Ada Mark	1913
Mary Pigler	1914
Lelia Lent	1915
Frances Gittens	1916
Violet McLean	1917
Blanche Baker	1918
Marguerite Wible	1919
Evelyn Gordon	1920
Mary Notson	1921
Emma Shanafelt	1922
Esther Parounagian	1923
Kathleen LaRaut	1924
Lucia Card	1925
Mrytle Jeusen	1926
Mildred Tomlinson	1927
? ? ? ?	1928

This year the May Festival is set for May 4 and 5. Put this date on your calendar and put yourself on the campus for a good time.

Alumni, Attention!

ANOTHER Freshman class is to be admitted next September and now is the time to select the members. Alumni and friends can render a real service to Willamette and prospective students by sending names and addresses of the proper sort of young people to President Doney. Willamette wants Christians who are good scholars, who are industrious and have marks of superior usefulness. It is useless to recommend idlers or any having bad habits; they disturb others and fall. Being sent away, they seldom are enthusiasts for the school.

Two hundred are to be received; many applications are already in. Please urge other who expect to come to file their papers early. In other years from fifty to a hundred could not be admitted.

First After You

First, after you, is poetry, all words that men

Have made for their own hour, or hours to be—

Great songs and gentle lyrics, all that pen

Has saved for us. First after you is poetry.

And I love bridges grey with years,

Bridges of wood that horses' feet have known,

Spans over western streams, and as dusk nears

The eerie serenade of frogs is blown.

On the same cooling breeze that bears the rose

Of many a wild hedge and unguarded way.

These are some other loves that my heart knows:

Purple of distant heights; June's fragrant day.

There are small things to care for and to need,

Even if I be child of a hurried race.

For I have ever a brooding hour to heed

The legend message of a pansy's face.

There was a moss rose in a garden row

That held my heart full long; not far a tree

With many spreading branches makes, I know,

A rustling, singing silence yet for me.

I cannot name them all and others find

Each man his loves to which his soul is true;

Deep in the happy places of my mind

Are these, and poetry—first, after you.

—Kent Goodnough-Hyde, '28.

Commencement

SATURDAY, Sunday and Monday, June 9-11, are the days of Commencement. Mark them on your calendar and see that the Lincoln is in order to make the trip.

Saturday, June 9—Senior breakfast, annual meeting of trustees, president's reception.

Sunday, June 10—Baccalaureate sermon, vespers, Christian associations service.

Monday, June 11—Graduating exercises, alumni meeting, alumni banquet.

Class reunions are in order throughout the days and nights.

The Forward Movement

THE Forward Movement has reached a crisis period. The mid-year meeting of the trustees dissolved it from all angles. A second meeting was called six weeks later. A committee of ten, Booth, Wallace, Smith, Reynolds, Youngson, Steeves, Day, Howarth, Schramm and Doney, are directed to push the movement to complete success.

The situation is this: There is need for \$250,000 new money in order to claim the entire offering of the General Education Board. The board's contract, expiring Oct. 1, 1928, has, at the trustees' earnest request, been extended for one more year. The University (March 1, 1928) had received and had requisitioned a total of \$183,119.06 from the General Education Board and they are ready to pay \$166,880.94 more in the proportion of \$35.00 for every \$65.00 paid in by other friends. Between now and Oct. 1, 1929, we must secure some \$410,000.00. We expect \$60,000 to come in on the old pledges by that time, leaving approximately \$250,000 additional to be raised.

A full statement has been prepared, showing the amount of the Forward Movement pledges, the amount collected and how it has been applied. Every dollar has an honorable record. Every care has been used to collect and to use wisely. The complete statement will be given utmost publicity. Meanwhile every friend of Willamette should give the matter thought and prepare himself "to go the second mile." No one is willing to have the school fail in taking advantage of the unparalleled offer of the General Education Board. It is the last opportunity and it is big. You who are thinking Willamette, help the committee with a suggestion. The task belongs to all of us; send in a plan or an idea.

Leave of Absence

Prof. E. T. Brown, professor of physics since 1921, at his request has been given a two years' leave of absence in which to finish his work for the doctorate. He will probably be in Stanford. It is understood that he will return to Willamette.

Assistant Professor L. J. Sparks has leave the coming summer to study in New York University. He needs but a few hours work to complete the Master's requirements in physical education and will be back early in September to greet the freshmen.

Student Volunteer Convention

THE Tenth Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement met in Detroit from December 28, 1927, to January 1, 1928. It was attended by thirty-five hundred students, teachers, returned missionaries and others, representing five hundred and ninety-three institutions and twenty-three countries. Four students attended from Willamette, going to Detroit with about forty other young people from the Northwest. Almost every school of higher learning in Oregon and Washington had at least one delegate among this number. The leaders of the Convention included such men as Jesse R. Wilson, Francis C. M. Wei of China, Henry T. Hodgkin, Sherwood Eddy, Reinhold Niebuhr, Pohn R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Henry P. Van Dusen and many other able leaders.

The pleasure of travel, the fellowship on the train and the scenery of this broad country were worth the trip. The contact with young people from every part of the world and the chance to confer over problems and plans and obtain the viewpoint of others were valuable privileges. What is religion? What is Christianity? Why and how is Christianity different from other religions? Is there a need for missions? Where? Why? What do we mean by a philosophy of sharing? What do we share? What is our share? The above, and dozens of other questions like them, were presented by the best of faculty leaders and were then discussed in the colloquia of from one hundred to one hundred fifty students in each colloquium. Francis C. M. Wei of China declared that the greatest gift of God is willingness to give without a hope of return. Others said that church as an organization is not wanted in the foreign field, but only the simple story of Jesus; that gunboats and missionaries together confuse the people; that foreigners cannot understand how we are able seemingly to love them in their country, and despise them in our country. The definite conclusion was that we should send missionaries to other countries to work under native leadership, give to them the message of a living Savior and they in turn will help us as they point out the places where we are weak, give us lessons of sincere devotion and so strengthen us to perform our task with joyful efficiency.

HAROLD SHELLHART.

Rev. Frank T. Howell, '94, is living at 304 W. Anaheim St., Long Beach, Calif. We hope he has an oil well in his back yard.

Athletics

Final Northwest Conference Standings

	W.	L.	Pct.
Whitman	5	0	1.000
Willamette	8	2	.800
Puget Sound	8	2	.428
Linfield	2	3	.400
College of Idaho	0	2	.000
Pacific	0	7	.000

The Willamette-Pacific encounter, February 22, which Willamette won, 55 to 14, ended the play in the Northwest Conference for the season. Whitman was the only undefeated team, with five straight victories. Willamette rests in second place, with eight victories and two defeats. Willamette was the only team in the Conference that played two games with every other member. Athletics in all the schools seemed to be hard pressed financially and were unable to make trips necessary to play each team. The class of basketball played was much above that of former years and five Coast Conference teams suffered defeat at the hands of Whitman and Puget Sound.

Summary of Willamette scores:

Willamette	34	Pacific	24
Willamette	41	Linfield	26
Willamette	27	Linfield	18
Willamette	26	Whitman	31
Willamette	29	Whitman	39
Willamette	43	C. of Idaho	22
Willamette	31	C. of Idaho	24
Willamette	48	Puget Sound	31
Willamette	38	Puget Sound	29
Willamette	55	Pacific	14

Total 372 Total 258

Three players from Whitman, one from Willamette and one from Puget Sound were named on the official northwest conference all-star basketball team selected by Ralph Coleman. No second team was chosen and only seven men gained honorable mention. The selection was: Croxdale, Whitman, forward; Wilson, Puget Sound, forward; Cardinal, Willamette, center; Buck, Whitman, guard; Holmgren, Whitman, guard.

Only two of these players, Wilson and Holmgren, are repeaters for the honors from last year's all-conference team. Wilson occupies a berth at forward for the second year, but Holmgren was named at center last year, and at guard this year, in order to make room for Cardinal, stellar conference pivot man, from the Willamette team.

Woods, Whitman forward, who made the all-star team at forward last year,

gained only honorable mention, and Gillihan, Puget Sound, named as forward last year, is not mentioned. Bob Ashby, the other member of last year's selection, is not in school.

Coleman awarded honorable mention to the following men:

Woods, forward, Whitman; Hawk, Willamette, guard; Adams, Willamette, forward; Crow, Puget Sound, forward; Ferguson, Puget Sound, center; Miller, Pacific, guard, and Burton, Linfield, center.

Cardinal, the lanky Bearcat pivot man, leads the Northwest Conference scores with an average of 12.1 points per game. Cardinal has made 53 field goals and fourteen free throws for a total of 121 points. Cardinal leads his nearest rival in total points scored by 49 points. Adams, the runner-up, has played two less games, however. Willamette placed four men in the first seven high scores.

The scores of the leading Northwest Conference players are as follows:

	FG	FT	TP	AV
Cardinal, c, W	53	15	121	12.1
Adams, f, W	29	14	72	9.0
Hawk, g, W	25	10	60	6.0
Croxdale, g, WH	23	13	59	11.8
Wilson, c, CPS	23	13	59	8.4
Buck, g, WH	23	8	54	10.8
Litchfield, f, W	22	8	52	5.2
Miller, g, Pac	19	11	49	7.0
Stensland, f, L	20	8	48	9.6
Wood, f, WH	19	8	46	9.2
Mills, f, Pac	18	9	45	6.4
Crow, f, CPS	19	1	39	5.6
Norberg, f, WH	15	3	33	6.6
Burton, c, L	13	5	31	10.3
Ginn, f, CPS	14	3	31	4.4
Dreezen, c, Pac	9	5	23	4.6
Gillihan, f, CPS	9	5	23	3.3
Ferguson, c, CPS	8	7	23	3.3
Warren, f, L	8	3	19	3.8
Holmgren, c, WH	7	4	18	3.6

The scores of Willamette players in Conference games played this year and last year are as follows:

Player	1926-27	1927-28
Cardinal	121
Hawk, g	32	61
Litchfield, f	75	52
Adams, f	72
Ledbetter, g	29	4
De Poe, f	12
Flesher, g	16	19
Minto, f	7	10
Hartley, c	89
Ashby, g	52
Zeller, g	4

Riedel, f	38	---
Glass, f	---	18
Tweedie, f	---	3
Totals	342	372

The Willamette Freshmen completed a very successful season, ending it with a win over Chemawa. The Rooks played their best game of the season against Chemawa. They upset the dope bucket, for Chemawa had previously defeated Linfield and Albany College. The Rooks won nine games and lost six. Of the six games lost, three were lost by a margin of only one point, and two by two points. Washington Hi of Portland gave the first year men their worst defeat early in the season by a score of 35 to 29. The following men were on the Freshmen squad:

Verne Eaton, Francis DeHarpport, Raymond Waddell, Jack Trachsel, Collas Marsters, Fred Beck, Cecil Harmon, Willis Baldarree, Leslie Kellow, Wagne Page, Stanley Satchwell, Fred Rogers and Harold Colgan.

The summary of the Freshmen season is as follows:

Freshmen.....	26	Dallas	18
Freshmen.....	15	Dallas	17
Freshmen.....	29	Washington Hi	35
Freshmen.....	39	Lincoln	40
Freshmen.....	20	Grant	21
Freshmen.....	40	Benson	42
Freshmen.....	22	Grant	18
Freshmen.....	31	West Linn.....	32
Freshmen.....	36	Hill Military.....	23
Freshmen.....	32	Lincoln	21
Freshmen.....	23	Woodburn	9
Freshmen.....	25	Woodburn	10
Freshmen.....	25	Hill Military.....	22
Freshmen.....	46	Albany	37
Freshmen.....	30	Chemawa	21
	439		366

The State High School Basketball tournament was the best ever held, successful in every particular. There were large and enthusiastic crowds, three thousand the last night. Washington High of Portland took first honors over Medford. Salem won the consolation series over Tillamook, Russ Rarey's truly fine aggregation of players. Willamette was a perfect host, with Keene and Sparks and the "Cubs" dividing enough honors for all.

W. W. Ellsworth

By the time this is read, Mr. W. W. Ellsworth will have given a series of four addresses at the University. Mr. Ellsworth is a man of long and rich experience in the literary world, having

been one of the editors of the Century Magazine for many years. He has been personally acquainted with most of the great writers of the past half century and is himself both an author of note and a scholar of distinction. The subjects of his addresses at Willamette the "The Age of Queen Anne," "Shakespeare and Old London," "The Art of Writing," and "The New Poetry."

The Law School

DEAN HEWITT, expansive and persuasive, continues to receive books for the law library. Some twenty-five hundred appropriate volumes have been given to the Law School in the past six months. Certain alumni have been industrious in giving, and in reminding friends of this opportunity. Willamette should have at least ten thousand choice law books. Remember the need and do a lot to supply it. And fail not to think of a building for the Law School; someone is going to get honor and gratitude eternal by giving it before long.

The Glee Clubs

THE Men's Glee Club toured Northern Oregon and Eastern Washington during the mid-semester period. The Club has never been excelled and the trip was successful in every particular. Friends and strangers wrote in high commendation and newspapers gave much space to praise the program, the technique and the personal qualities of the singers. The Salem concert is dated for March 27.

The Women's Glee Club is touring the southern part of the state at this time. The voices are unusually fine and the harmony is delightful. The Club will return the last of March and on a later date appear in concert in Salem.

Birthday

THIS is the ninth number of the re-born Alumnus, which now celebrates its third birthday. It has loved longer than any of its brothers or sisters, several of whom came into being and died from inanition. The present Alumnus is not "enjoying bad health," yet is not particularly vigorous. The persons for whom it is named let the little creature shift for itself too much. A few birthday greetings, a candy cane for its stock-ing, an admonitory finger punctuating words of counsel would perk it up like a young rooster after his first fit of crowing.

Loyalty Fund

THE Alumni Association in June, 1926, voted to adopt and promote the Alumni Loyalty Fund. This action contemplates a yearly gift to the University from every living alumnus and, while most of the gifts will be small, the total will be considerable. The benefits of the plan are: (1) It allows every graduate to do something for the school annually, affording an opportunity to translate loyalty into a deed. (2) Our united gifts will become permanent endowment and a continuing living service. (3) Every one of our dollars at present will bring in fifty-four cents more from the General Education Board. The Board's offer terminates next year. (4) Loyalty unexpressed is loyalty that dies. A graduate who does not keep his love for Alma Mater fresh and warm is simply divorcing himself by neglect from a dearest friend and the loss damages his life.

The first year of the Loyalty Fund ended June 13, 1927. There were 84 contributors—one out of twenty, a rebukingly small proportion of the 1500 alumni. The total sum received was \$671.50, an average gift of \$7.99. But it must be remembered that the letter of appeal reached the alumni late and many alumni were still paying on the Forward Movement pledges. However, we made a beginning and this year we shall do better.

Just now, and while you think of it, write your check. Do not think because you cannot give much that you will wait another year. The point is for every one of us to give something—a dollar puts you on the Loyalty Roll and swells your class percentage. Last year the Honor Class was 1880, of its number 22 per cent made a gift; the classes of '21 and '22 had the most (and an equal number) of contributors.

Send your contribution now to

HARRY W. SWAFFORD,

Treasurer, Loyalty Fund.

888 N. Cottage St.,

Salem, Oregon.

SUMMER SCHOOL

A summer session of six weeks will open June 18 and end July 27. Instruction for credit will be given in Botany, Chemistry, Education, English, French, History, Music, Public Speaking and Political Science by the regular University professors. Dean Frank M. Erickson is Director of the Summer School and to him inquiries should be addressed.

Blackstone Club at W. U. Now Delta Theta Phi

THE Blackstone club at Willamette university recently received notice that the petition for a local senate of Delta Theta Phi law fraternity has been approved. Hereafter the club will be known as the Charles E. Wolverton Senate in memory of the late jurist.

The club, which was organized in 1920, numbers 36 in its membership, attorneys who are starting practice in this section.

Among the alumni members are Robey S. Radcliffe, Kenneth L. Randall, William McKinney, Harold Eakin, Ernest Peterson, Martin B. Ferrey, James B. Young, O. C. Crowthers, Charles Elery and George Rhoten, all of Salem; Manley B. Strayer of Baker; Maurice L. Hallmark, McMinnville; Clarence D. Phillips, Portland; Michael Edwards, Ripple; Richard Briggs, Chicago; Leland S. Duncan, Sheridan; George Duncan, Stayton; Joseph C. O'Neill, Klamath Falls; Rex Albright, Silverton, and Harold Hall, Prineville.

Roy F. Shields, Portland; E. M. Page, Salem; John A. Carson, Salem, and Arlie G. Walker, McMinnville, are honorary members.

Active members number ten. They are William McAllister, president; Walter Fuhrer, Roy Potter, Charles Swan, John Minto, J. W. DeSouza, Frank Alfred, Harley Allen, Charles Redding and Bernard Flaxel.

The new fraternity will cooperate with Dean Roy Hewitt of the law school in bringing the school up to standard with library facilities and day classes.

Hawley, Rah! Rah! Rah!

W. C. Hawley, '84, who has represented the First District of Oregon in Congress since 1907, becomes Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. This is the outstanding Committee of Congress, where the big business is actually done; and the Chairman is naturally THE Congressman of all other Congressmen.

For the first time in history this chairmanship is held by a representative from west of the Missouri river. Chairman Hawley is in a line of most distinguished predecessors: Dingley of Maine, McKinley of Ohio, Payne of New York and others of national greatness. The Alumnus congratulates Mr. Hawley and much more congratulates the country, telling the world that here is a man of highest ability and of Christian integrity unimpeachable.

Fresh From China

50 Tsan Han, Kiukiang, China.

Dear President and Mrs. Doney:

I HAVE often been thinking of you, tho I have not written as often as I should have done. I presume you can hardly realize what I have gone thru in the last few months. When I reached home in Kiukiang on August 4th of last year I found the whole town deserted and the people panic-stricken. A severe battle had just been fought in the vicinity of the town. Those who remained in the city daily witnessed wholesale executions. No one knew whose lot was next. The indescribable madness and savagery of war was at its height. A few weeks later I went to Wuchang, opposite Hankow, about two hundred miles up-river from Kiukiang. Perhaps you still can recall that Wuchang for forty days was besieged in the fall of 1926. And now the great city still bears witness to that devastating siege.

In Wuchang, I was engaged to teach in Chung-San University, but the Nationalist Government was unable to pay me. Soon I went back to Kiukiang, hoping that something better would turn out. But at that time all educational institutions were closed and business was practically at a standstill. Then I returned to Wuchang again. This time I found the conditions even worse. The split between Kanking and Hankow turned hot, and war broke out between the hostile Nationalist forces. The line of hostility was slowly but steadily moved toward the city of Wuchang. One hundred thousand soldiers were massed for this inhuman slaughter. Foreign sailors and marines got excited, training their formidable guns at the terrified city to guard their worldly possessions.

But, fortunately, the city soon fell into the hands of the force from Nanking. The faculty of the university managed as best they could to keep work going. But the students did not seem to care much about study. They were too much interested in something the nature of which I did not know and neither could I tell. But this I can say, that the students had in their possession weapons, literature, etc.

One evening I attended a Nationalist meeting. The auditorium was crowded to its capacity. When the meeting was about half over the lights suddenly went out. While those present were groping in the dark, shots were fired. Everybody rushed to the door, but no one got out. Simultaneously outside the campus in the city fires broke out in many places. Men were dragged along the street by

angry mobs and killed. Wuchang was exceedingly dangerous, so I immediately left for Kiukiang. And I left behind me an executed president and a large number of executed professors and students. This happened in the middle of December.

I spent my Christmas in a small and nailed-up church in Kiukiang. While the program was going on I heard anti-Christian mobs shouting on the street just outside the church. These angry mobs fell upon a church, but now most of them find themselves imprisoned. Perhaps you have already noticed that the real Nationalist movement stands for religious freedom. It is only what has treacherously crept into this movement that makes the world somewhat indifferent to the Nationalist aspiration.

Two days after Christmas I sailed for Shanghai, and now I am back again in Kiukiang. The Methodist church has offered a teaching position in William Nassi College and I am ready to accept the offer. My monthly remuneration is only sixty dollars Mexican. It is rather a starving salary.

When I look back upon the four years I spent in America, I am filled with an unspeakable gratitude to you and to all my other American friends for the friendship given me. Perhaps it will be a long time before we ever can meet. Please give my best regards to all my friends, the friends of the old Willamette.

With lasting remembrance, I remain,
JOHN TSAL

A Year Off

Prof. Morton E. Peck is in his twentieth year as professor of biology at Willamette and will celebrate by going away for a year of study. His book on "The Flora of Oregon" is to be finished and, to do it properly, as he will, he needs to visit other herbaria. He therefore plans to spend time in the University of California, in Chicago, St. Louis, Harvard, New York and the Smithsonian in Washington City. Mrs. Peck will accompany him and there is the hope that time will suffice for them to interview Europe. Everyone is happy that this deserved opportunity has come to these deeply loved and appreciated friends of Willamette.

For twenty years they have collected and mounted plants until now this priceless botanical collection numbers over 17,000 specimens. These have always been presented to Willamette as they were secured and mounted. Prof. Peck has discovered and described eleven new species and varieties. The collection is undoubtedly the largest and best on the coast.



WHO ARE THEY?

Here is a group of earnest gentlemen clearly assembled to have their picture taken. The date is about 1887. Please note the whiskers, the Prince Alberts and the stovepipe cuffs.

Who are they? The *Alumnus* offers a year's subscription to the person who identifies the largest number and writes the best letter about them. And there will be a cargo of thanks, also. Sit down—or stand, as you prefer—and write to the *Alumnus* telling the story of this picture.

Please, too, look in your albums for other pictures of interest and loan them to the *Alumnus*.

To Be Remembered

Mr. James J. Hill, the great railroad builder, visited Willamette University eighteen years ago and made a significant address on that occasion. Said he: "This is the finest sight I have seen for many days. A school of this kind should have a good endowment. Then it would never die. * * * There is something about a denominational college that always appeals to me. It is a character builder. I believe in keeping the boy in the religious path of his ancestors. I don't care whether he is a Methodist, or whether he is a hard or soft shelled Baptist. Too many young people are sent to the nonsectarian school. * * * No one is by to guide them, and they gather a great many ideas which lead them astray. In the denominational colleges they stay by the old precepts, and the foundations which were laid in the home are built upon to the great benefit 'of the student'."

Mr. Hill evidenced his sincerity by giving \$25,000 to Willamette and made large donations to other religious colleges. His railroads are good, but who shall say that his gifts to education have not been more vitally fruitful?

Cycle

"This has been said before," they say;
(And that, too, has been said before!)
Words following words of those

Who glimpse through windows what
a door

Had opened to their stunted gaze;
The wealth of old moons and recurring
days.

No spring that follows winter but for one
Is the first spring his soul has
known—

No autumn's store of gold-pied leaves
But is as new wind to some tired sail
blown.

All things that are have been, and all
will be

Again—throughout eternity."

—Kent Goodnough-Hyde, '28.

ANOTHER POLLOCK

Dean Pollock, '22, and Mildred Brown Pollock, '22, now have the second—Muriel Brown Pollock, born Feb. 10, 1928, in Chicago. Mr. Pollock is an advertising artist and a teacher of art in the Windy City. Congratulations.

Who? What? When? Where?

Warren Hathaway Day, Jr., came to the home of Warren Day, '26, and Mrs. Dorothy Sibley Day, '26, on February 20 at ten o'clock in the morning. The three are happy as Punch and Grandfather Day thinks Junior will be talking New York Life within a twelve-month.

Frederick J. Brown, '93, is an orchardist located in Oakley, Calif., Route 1, Box 39. He is a good man to call on as you drive that way.

Edith Hawley Anderson, '22, lives at 406 Sixth street, Racine, Wis., and reads the *Alumnus* regularly.

Clair Ausman, '25, and *Jeannie Corskie Ausman*, '25, have a son, David Earl Ausman, born on Washington's birthday at Tangent, Ore.

Laura Heist, '14, is in graduate work at Columbia University and lives at 99 Claremont Ave., New York City.

Ed. F. Averill, '05, who used to tell us when and where to fish is now telling us how to keep a roof over our heads, viz., by insuring in the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association. He may be seen at 207 Pittock Block, Portland.

Laura Austin, '14, "enjoyed" an operation for appendicitis in October and is now fully recovered.

George Oliver, '24, received M. A. in Religious Education from Columbia last February. He now is general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the College of the City of New York. His wife is Genevieve Findley Oliver, '23, and there is a bonnie Miss Oliver.

Ina Moore Potter, '21, has moved from West Virginia to 435 S. Electric Ave., Alhambra, Calif.

Truman W. Collins, '22, manages a lumber mill way up on the slopes of Mount Adams, comes to Portland often and manages a lot of other things. He likes the *Alumnus* well enough to pay up for ten years. The printer was threatened with indignation.

Mrs. Kate Dearborn Morgan, '87, lives at 577 East 22nd St. North, Portland, Ore.

Mae Beissell, '23, and *Rev. Henry Cross*, have announced their marriage engagement. For three years Miss Beissell has been teaching at the Methodist Mission school in Buenos Aires; Mr. Cross is pastor of the Rainier, Oregon, Methodist church.

Marjorie L. Christenson, '26, is teaching English in Salem High and is at home at 1043 Marion street.

Marine Elliott, '25, was married Sept. 25, 1927, to Robert J. Dickson, who is in the postal service at Albany, Oregon. They live at 632 Walnut St.

Mildred L. Drake, '26, is teaching in the Toutle, Wash., high school; likes it and the *Alumnus*.

Roland Pfaff, '13, lives at 419 Concord St., Monrovia, Calif., and teaches science and athletics in the union high.

Eva F. Parrett, '20, teaches in the Portland week-day schools. She has M. A. Columbia, '23, and lives at the Martha Washington hotel.

Chas. W. Erskine, '13, is the new assistant United States district attorney of the Oregon district, becoming associated with George Neuner, '08, who is the chief. Mr. Erskine has been active in legal practice at Bend since his graduation. He was president of the Central Oregon Bar association and is active in American Legion affairs. With Neuner and Erskine in charge, hard times are ahead for malefactors.

Gladys Morton, '25, of Kennewick, Wash., has announced her engagement to Vane Wilder. And thus some Willamette man has lost the lead.

Clarke R. Belknap, '10, who is Seattle's Daniel Webster, is the new president of the Seattle Willamette Club. Ruth Perlinger Green, '18, is secretary-treasurer. Now there will be "doins" in the Sound country.

"*Mid*" *Strevey Colcord*, '23, declares she is busy with a husband and a red-haired Junior, the latter in training for W. U. Elmer Strevey, '23, is in Chicago University pointed toward Ph. D.

Hon. Chas. S. Cutting, '73, 11 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, sends ten dollars to the *Alumnus*! He also is coming to Salem soon to see how the printer fares and what the school is doing. You alumni, take him as an example—and maybe you'll become a judge.

Vera Bartlett Smithson, '07, Buhl, Idaho, sends help "to that poor starving printer." She also reads the *Alumnus* "from cover to cover and don't want to miss one," which shows she has a real education.

Mrs. Emma Stannus Crowe, '87, entertained the Seattle Willamette Club on Jan. 7. Socolofsky, '21, Schreiber, '26, Geddes, '27, and Maynard, '29, were a quartet making the welkin melodious with good old songs. Clarke Belknap, '10, Julia Street, ex-'24, and Mr. Paul, coming to W. U., gave readings. A bonnie evening it was for sure.

Boris N. Sammer, Ex '28, is stretching his neck to come under the graduation tape next June at the California Institute of Technology.

Emma Stannus Crowe, '87, lives at 428 Malden Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. Errol Proctor (Blanche Baker, '18) are now at home in Portland, 1626 E. Glisan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Ganzans, '24 and '23, (Harriet Van Slyke) live at 5038 36th Ave. N. E., Seattle, Wash. Mr. Ganzans is in the real estate business and there is a baby boy in the home.

E. S. Anslow, '23, is in the Seattle Y and lives at 406 N. 64th Street.

Hugh M. Bell, '26, is to take M. A. in Stanford next June. He also expects to make a vacancy in the teaching staff of an Oregon high school the same month. Bon! At Stanford he was recently elected to the honorary scholastic fraternity for psychology. Encore, Bon!

Paul T. Homan, '14, and later a Rhodes scholar, is professor of economics in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. He has recently published a book on Economics which is highly commended by scholars.

Thelma E. Swengel, '22, teaches mathematics in the Oakes, North Dakota, high school. Her permanent address is 1407 University Ave., Grand Forks, N. Dak.

Margaret Josephine Atwood, '50, came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harlow E. Atwood February 3 at 9:30 a. m., six and one-half pounds of real baby. Her mother, Hulda Hagman Atwood, '25, was President Doney's secretary for years and he is inconsolable though forgiving.

Mildred Tomlinson, '27, is a teacher in Prairie City high.

Paul Wapato, Ex ..., was married in February to the Indian girl who was "Miss America" two years ago. He lives in Spokane.

Ronald Bird, Ex '23, is in the business of contractor and builder, Wenatchee, Wash.

Dorothy Bird Rowley, Ex '26, lives at 615 Grand St., Pullman, Wash.

Opal Munson, Ex '22, is now Mrs. Sharon Woods. Their home is in Wenatchee and they have a son and daughter.

Jewel Cox, Ex '23, married Thos. Slack and they live in Wenatchee, Wash.

Harold D. Lyman, '22, finished M. D., University of Oregon, last June and is practicing medicine in Portland. His home is 650 Marshall Street.

Elizabeth Berg, '21, teaches mathematics in the Gooding, Idaho, high school.

Guy A. Woods, '11, and Mrs. Annie C. Woods, '10, live at 1783 Sacramento St., Portland. Guy still practices dentistry. Leave teeth behind all ye who go from his office; yet he is a good one.

Vivian C. McKittrick, Ex '26, is now Mrs. Dr. Paul C. Husman and lives in Detroit, Mich.

Verna B. McKechnan, '25, is at home with her parents, 920 S. Glendale Ave., Glendale, Calif.

Helen Nicholson, '26, is teaching music in the Lexington, Oregon, schools.

Viola Carrier, '27, teaches in the Springdale, Wash., high school.

Isabelle Noftsker, '26, teaches cookery, biology and coaches the girls to play basketball in Redmond, Ore., high school.

Irene Clark, '27, lives at 631 Boulevard, Ashland, Ore., and teaches mathematics in the high school.

David L. Cook, '16, is professor of physics in the Eastern State Teachers' College, Madison, S. Dak. Graduating from Willamette, he taught for years in the Canton (China) Christian College. He is "unmarried as yet."

Lillian Cooper, '23, is closing her third year as a teacher in Halix, Ore., high school.

Mrs. Frank E. Meek, '16, 702 S. Kimball Ave., Caldwell, Idaho, has made a friend of the printer of the Alumnus.

Leon R. Yankwich, '09, Judge of the Superior Court of California, located in Los Angeles, says "Willamette University holds a warm spot in my heart."

W. Albert Geyer, '24, a student in Columbia, lives at 110 W. 81st St., New York.

Jessie E. Pybus, '26, teaches in the Manson, Wash., high school; is busy and smilingly happy as ever.

Eva Foster Brown, '23, 615 W. Center St., Pomona, Calif., likes the Alumnus and says so.

J. Fred McGrew, '22, is professor of public speaking in the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark., and to judge by team results he is doing a fine job of it. Leaving Willamette, he taught a year at Gooding College, two at the Southern Branch of the U. of California, went to Wisconsin U. for a year to secure M. A. and is in the second year in his present position. He also preaches twice a month, sings in the choir and "manages to keep busy." *Glyde Ausman McGrew*, '21, is occupied with church, *Eastern Star* and a year-old daughter.

Frances M. Hodge, '25, is adviser of girls and teacher of Biology in the Springfield, Oregon, high school, closing her third year. *Pauline Miller*, '26, is in the same school, teaching English, and both are happy.

Paul L. Day, '21, and *Mildred Garrett Day*, '21, live in "Ark-an-saw," Little Rock, where Dr. Day heads the School of Medicine's Chemistry Department.

Genevieve Avison McGhee, '16, lives in Walla Walla, Wash., 432 Washington Street.

Lila S. Geyer, '24, teaches in Everett, Wash., and receives mail from Box 412.

Harold Fearing, '26, is professor of history in the Aberdeen, Wash., high school. And it's his second year there! Nor is he married!

Wilbur S. Round, '92, is teaching in Lewis and Clark high school, Spokane, Wash., and lives with wife and a son at 1600 Riverside Drive.

Hale Mickey, '25, has come back to Salem from Newton, Kansas, smilingly but indubitably and emphatically preferring Oregon grape to Kansas sunflowers.

"It is said that Mr. Chittenden of New York was met one day hurrying over to Brooklyn. When accosted by a friend and asked the reason for his haste, he said that he had just been talking with a famous statesman who had refused to give any place in his heart to a great benevolence. When he saw the narrowness of the statesman's soul he began to hurry himself over to Brooklyn to give five thousand dollars to the Brooklyn library for fear he would grow to be like him. May the Lord reveal to some of our rich men the peril of hoarding and the blessings multiplying through the years of giving to Christian education."—John L. Seaton.

NOW, about that Subscription Dollar !

Doesn't it feel out of place in YOUR pocket?

Doesn't it feel out of place in YOUR pocket? Give it a good home with the Printer.

And why don't you write to the *Alumnus*? Send news of yourself and other Alumni to

THE ALUMNUS, WILLAMETTE U.

SALEM, OREGON

WHATEVER may be man's personal beliefs, there is no one who would not prefer to do business with a person who really believes in a future life. If there are fewer men of such faith in the world, it makes a big difference, and if faith is to continue to decline, this will require new adjustments. There are certainly, on the surface, many signs of such a decline. Perhaps, if it were possible to probe deeply into the subject, it might be found that faith still abounded, but is no longer expressed in the old way. But we are obliged to accept the surface indications. These include a falling off in church attendance, the abandonment of family worship, the giving over of Sunday, more and more to pleasure and labor, the separation of religious from secular education, under the stern demands of non-sectarianism, the growing up of a generation uninstructed as our fathers were in the study of the Bible, the secularization of a portion of the church itself, and its inability in a large way to gain the confidence of the laboring people. If these are really signs of a decay of religious faith, then indeed there is no more important problem before us than that of either discovering some adequate substitute for faith, or to take immediate steps to check a development that has within it the seeds of a national disaster.—From Wall Street Journal.