



The
**Willamette
University
Alumnus**

APRIL, 1927

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Willamette University Alumnus

"That We May All Be Acquainted"

Freshman Week

THE transition from high school to college is difficult. Strange subjects appear in the curriculum; methods of instruction are new; no one is at hand to supervise or even insist on regular study. Add to this in most cases the transition from home environment and parental counsel to almost complete dependence on self in all the details that concern ways of living, conduct and educational choices and the situation which confronts the incoming freshman is indeed difficult.

In too many instances in the past the freshman has been left to adjust himself by the method of trial and error which is costly in time and more often than need be ends in failure. Or the task of adjusting the freshman to his new environment has been relegated by tradition to members of the sophomore class. This has left nothing lacking to make the lot of the freshman altogether unhappy.

The rapid growth of universities, too, has made the problem more acute. When colleges and universities were small the problem of orienting the freshman was not a difficult one since he soon became acquainted with his fellow students and his instructors. But now the freshman class in many universities outnumbered the total attendance as it was in the same institutions a decade ago. And as guidance became more necessary it became more difficult.

All these factors together have made the orientation of the new student a serious matter and it was in an effort to meet this situation that colleges have instituted Freshman Week. From the first the plan met with approval and in consequence of its success development has been rapid. Replies to a questionnaire received from eighty-four of the larger universities show that in 1922 one of these universities had the plan in operation; in 1923 three others had followed the lead of the one; in 1924 eight, in 1925 fifteen, and in 1926 twenty additional universities had introduced the plan. Willamette University will be in the number of those who will introduce the "Week" in 1927. The Willamette week covers four days.

Under the new plan the incoming freshmen will be assembled on Friday, September 16, three days earlier than the usual opening date. During these days the upper classmen will not be expected nor admitted to the campus; faculty and freshman will have full sway. The freshmen will be divided into groups of about twenty and each group will be assigned to a faculty member who will serve as counselor and guide through the four days. The program for Friday includes the English Qualifying Examination, a talk on University history, tradition and customs and in the evening an assembly and chapel service conducted by the President of the University.

Sunday and Monday will be busy days; to each hour of the day and evening is assigned some part of the program; a tour of the campus and vicinity to learn the location of classrooms, laboratories, libraries and offices. Departmental conferences will be held in each department of the University. Informal lectures and conferences will seek to explain how to use a library, how to study, how to manage personal finances, and similar topics.

On Sunday the students will be introduced to the services of the various Salem churches including the church schools and young people's meetings as well as the usual church services. A special vesper service will be held in the University chapel on Sunday afternoon.

Abundant opportunity is planned during the week for recreation and for the members of the class to become better acquainted with one another; an impromptu ball game, an evening's entertainment, a faculty reception, a picnic with bonfire, all contribute to better acquaintance and promote class spirit.

On Tuesday the freshmen register for the fall semester and on Thursday, allowing a day for the registration of upper classmen, the regular work of the University begins.

The advantages of this plan, in short, are that the serious side of the University and its work is presented to the new student as the first impression of the new adventure and it is presented by those who are best qualified for the task.

Page of the Presidents

President Doney

THE college year is well on toward its close. In several particulars there has been gratifying progress—in athletics, forensics, permanent funds and spirit of serious scholarship. These are good reasons for encouragement and for doing still more.

It is not too early to plan for attending the Commencement. Two or three days on the campus is an income-bearing investment. It is joyously valuable to renew friendships, make new ones and personally see the changes taking place in the school. These visits give one a basis and a desire for strengthening the school.

My especial request just now concerns the freshman class for next year. All of us wish the class to be the best that can be gathered from the secondary schools. Last September all but three persons admitted were from the upper half of their classes, and the wisdom of so selecting matriculants is very clear to the faculty and administration. It was possible to do this largely because alumni and friends contributed time and judgment. You know the "Willamette kind" and were at pains to seek them out, calling their attention to the school and the school's attention to them.

Colleges like Willamette have a distinct advantage over institutions which are eager for a large enrollment or which are obliged to admit anyone having the credit qualifications. We should use that advantage for the benefit of our students. Willamette's program is to train promising youth in scholarship and Christian character to the end that they may be true citizens. It is an ill service to student and school when a person is encouraged to enter who is not well prepared in spirit and mind for that program.

Will you not therefore search out industrious boys and girls who really want a college education and who have no habits or inclinations which will interfere with work as students? Those of fine minds and Christian character will fit into Willamette life; the other kind will be out of harmony and unhappy.

Send us clean, great-hearted, ambitious, eager, determined youth, having a passion for truth, and Willamette will afford amazing opportunity for their becoming great scholars and Christ-controlled leaders.

—Carl G. Doney.

President Eakin

ANOTHER three months has gone by and it will soon be time for our annual banquet and business meeting. Graduation is going to be Monday, June 13th, so we will have the business meeting that afternoon and the banquet will follow in the evening. Further details regarding the time, program, etc., will be forwarded to you later, but we want to call your attention now to the date so that you may set it aside and reserve it as Alumni day at commencement.

It is hoped that we will have the largest possible attendance at both the business meeting and the banquet. All should plan to be at the banquet for it is there we have our real social time and fellowship, renewing friendships and talking over old times.

But even more important is the business meeting, where we have several important matters to discuss and act upon, and where we should bring forth plans and propositions for a more active and a more useful association. Activity means growth, and if we are going to take the place in the development of our Alma Mater that we should, we must come to the meeting with plans to properly assume the duties and obligations that are ours and ours alone.

While we are on the subject, let us again call your attention to the matter of dues and plead with you to send them in for last year if you have not already done so. A dollar a year is an exceedingly small sum to pay towards the association and it seems to us that the spirit and traditions of old Willamette, and loyalty to the college of our choice should keep alive in each graduate sufficient interest to prompt payment of such an insignificant amount. But the treasurer's books reveal the discouraging and, we might say, disgraceful fact that so far less than twenty-five per cent of our membership have paid for last year. Your officers dislike to think that such a condition is caused by indifference and lack of interest, and hope it is only forgetfulness.

Very soon you will receive a letter presenting the plans for our June meeting and asking for this year's dues and banquet money, but if you are one of the seventy-five per cent, will you not please tell us you are with us and supporting us in our work by sending us a check for the dollar that is now long past due.

—Harold E. Eakin.

The Classics Crusader

ANY student, even the youngest freshman, without scratching his head, can instantly get an E grade on the question, Who is the most polite member of the



Prof. W. E. Kirk

faculty? With smile and tipping of hat, a man weighing about as much as John Wesley trips to Eaton Hall rather early, disappointed if he may not hold back the door for someone to enter. He always looks about to make sure no one is there who ought to go in. Concerning the hat, they made the proverb, "A tipped hat wears out on top." Since callow youth, he has never used the plebeian, "Hello," but always says, "Good morning"—unless it is evening. And it is ever counted good for a college faculty to have the average of politeness pushed above the horizon.

But that isn't the only thing William Elwood Kirk pushes up. He sees that the flag of the classic languages goes to the masthead and stays there. To shoot the man, on any spot whatsoever, who pulls it down is letting him off too easy; treason to education and treason to country are bracketed together. Which is but another way of saying that Professor Kirk has enthusiasm for Latin and Greek. He believes that language, the vehicle of thought, came to its perfection in the Golden Age of Cicero, Caesar, Sallust, Vergil, Horace and Ovid and in the earlier Greek marvels of Homer, Anacreon, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. He believes that culture took root back yonder and still is nourished there. And he can prove it. Professor Kirk will marshal reasons enough, both cogent and burning, to wither modern conceptions of technical efficiency and inflame the candidate for true learning. Of what use are ideas, he asks—or something like it—unless you have a fit language to express them? And where will you get ideas, he continues—or something like it—unless you have correct words with which to think? Your words, your ideas, your principles of speech are found in the inexhaustible treasure house of the classics.

Yes, he has convictions about the classics and if you don't want to be con-

vinced better stay away from room 33. Behind a smiling countenance he hides a compelling logic. Should you hesitate, there are books, booklets, magazines, clippings—pounds and bushels of 'em—to confound a doubter. Of course the freshman, wishing Caesar had been a grocer, is told that the way to the professor's undying gratitude is to give him a pamphlet on the essentialness of Latin or Greek; but, alas, he has had it since he was a boy. The way to his heart is to take the classics four years and stay another year for more.

Professor Kirk has taught at Willamette longer than anyone, except Professor Matthews who still jumps him by fifteen years. But he holds the faculty medal for bicycle riding. Were all his bicycle-miles put end to end they'd reach to the moon and back, maybe. He had an automobile once, but he was afraid he'd get fat. Over a rim of hills to the south he has a ranch where holidays find him tugging at a root (reminder of Greek roots) or wondering by the odes of Horace who makes off with the sweet apples. He has been known to come home with as many as twenty potatoes and an exultant look. On these trips the second-best hat goes along.

Helpless at the time, he was born in Maryland and moving to Nebraska, a space thereafter received the B. A. and M. A. degrees from the State University. He went so often on a personal matter to Nebraska Wesleyan University, in the same city, that the president thought he might as well stay there and be principal of the academy and so, also, he married Iva May, sealing both to good fortune. Having no further reason for staying there, he and his bride sought Columbia for two years of study. More Latin and more Greek! And still he slips away in the summer for more study.

In 1906 he came to Willamette, taking mature root in the institution and in the Northwest. For a fifth of a century he has given his zeal and learning to students. Physicians, lawyers, teachers, ministers, others, now coming into professional strength, are the living testimonies of a good and loyal teacher.

Prof. Kirk's scholarship has been recognized by various societies. He is a member of the American Philological Association, has been Chairman of the Department of Classics of the Oregon State Teachers Association and President of the Northern Section of the Classical Association of the Pacific States.

Speaking of Vacations

DEAR Alumni and dearer Alumnae, you will recall that in the year 1923, in the month of June, month of brides and college commencements and alumni reunions, you presented me with a sum of money sufficient for a trip to England and return. Especially the return—that was most kind.

Well, this coming summer, the one that is due soon, I expect to spend that beautiful money; and that, too, according to your instructions. You see this is the first time I am free to take such a vacation. Before your loving thoughtfulness prompted the gift, I had promised to teach mathematics at Stanford in the summer quarter. The next summer, and again the following season, it was my privilege to dispense mathematical knowledge and impart Willamette ozone in the same university. That brought me up to last summer and by that time our house needed new shingles and other furnishings, so I could not leave the place.

At last, now, I am free to depart. It looks that way. The portion of the roof I did not re-shingle does not leak too badly; Mrs. Matthews says that absence makes the heart grow fonder (whose heart, I wonder—hers or mine); salt and sugar there are in the pantry, and fuel in the shed—oh, plenty to last while I am gone. And oddly enough Stanford calls not for my services. So I am going on that journey.

Really there is money enough in that friendly purse for a long jaunt, say to Rome and—return. And my penetrating curiosity may urge me into ways, up and down, in and out, round about. But you will understand me when I announce to you that the chief longing of my heart in all this affair is to behold once more my dear old Cornwall.

Yes, my Cornwall. Do you know Cornwall, gentle alumnus and lovely alumna? Open your atlas to the map of England, a large map, and find the duchy—not county—of Cornwall. Keep your eye on Penzance, for just outside of that little city this troublesome man drew his first breath of life. Penzance. There are meadows and bits of woodland around Penzance; and there when the golden moon is round and bright, the pixies and the fairies dance amidst the daisies and the primroses and plan delicious surprises for little children. Oh, yes, and out in front there is a splendid great bay, and there ravishing mermaids

disport themselves in the water. But I am told that only the choicest spirits among more human beings can ever hear their bewitching songs.

Once more in Cornwall. Think of it. The Cornwall of King Arthur and Grenville and Davy and Lander and Sir John Eliot.

Dear alumnus and dear alumna, you think you know history, but you have been badly taught. Adam was a Cornishman. Eve found that disturbing apple in Morrab garden. And it was with a boulder of Cornish granite that Jacob made himself comfortable the night he dreamed that loveliest of all visions. Now, I wager, you never heard any of that before. No, no, badly taught all of you.

All joking aside, however—if they are jokes—did you ever hear of one Richard Trevithick? I know you never did—not unless you, too, are Cornish. Well, then, this Richard with that name full of Cornish euphony made the first high pressure engine, and on Christmas day, 1801, attained a speed of twelve miles an hour with his road locomotive on a highway not far from my birthplace.

When you have read that, no longer will it seem strange to you that I walk about town with a noticeable stiffness in my back. A man from a county like that has a right to be somebody.

But that is not all. What do I care that scholars scout the tradition that Phoenicians visited Cornwall to buy tin? No Phoenician relics? Of course not. Eroded by time clear out of existence long ago. All the tin dishpans used by King Solomon's wives came from Cornwall. I say that. Refute the statement if you can.

And the Druids. Well, our modern historical critics with their vicious hatchets would not leave us a family tree if they (critics or hatchets, whichever you choose for the antecedent) could have their way. Why, there must have been Druids in Cornwall. Who used those big rock basins in the granite if not Druids in their religious rites? And set up those circles of stones? I know that a belief in the Druids in Cornwall must be held in disfavor. Scholars say so. But I want to believe in these remote and picturesque wise men. They are always cropping up in Cornish lore. And where is the advantage in coming from Cornwall if one may not have Druids in his background?

Kind, generous friends of the Alumni can you not see me?

I shall land at Plymouth. The big ocean liner will stop out in the channel for me to get off. A ferry, or lighter of a sort, will come from the shore to convey me to my native land. The boat will come along side the ship. With hundreds of eyes upon me I shall descend the steps from the deck of the proud liner, down, down to the smaller boat, which with a sense of the import of the event will bear me to Plymouth. Here I shall board a train for Penzance. English trains go fast and they glide. My train will travel fast, and presently I shall glide into the station at Penzance, coming in as gently as if I rode a gondola.

Back on the old sod. Oh, I know where I am. I know what I intend to do. Distances are short here. Seventeen thousand persons, with homes for all, and shops to meet their needs, and churches for everybody and school houses, and a theater or two, are packed into small compass in Cornwall.

I shall wander a little. You see I am out of practice, and these streets are laid out more like a Chinese puzzle—nothing like our American regularity to make things simple.

Up Mount St., through Rosevean Road—mistake, no business going that way—through Adelaide St.,—ah, now I am right—down Market—what is the matter with my memory of the place?—up Clarence, and St. Claire. Fine, fine. I am on my way.

Pretty soon I am clear of the town, and walking a narrow Cornish road, a good road hard as iron without hollow or hump, and on each side is the dear Cornish hedge. You know, parallel stone walls, with soil in the crevices, and flowers and grass and honeysuckle growing in the dirt.

Now I am come to the graveyard where we spent many a sunny afternoon with mother, she sewing seated on a low flat gravestone, we children playing quietly in the aisles between the tombstones. A quick walk through, for this sacred spot is not the goal of my quest. Reading the inscriptions on the stones I get the notion that Cornishmen are surer of heaven than we Americans are.

On my way again, on that perfect road, between the daintily beflowered hedges. Do you see that plain stone dwelling, oh, very plain, with walls a foot and a half thick? Well, that is a singular structure, for that is the only spot—up there in the top story right behind the window

on the left—that spot, I say, is the only place in all the world where I was ever born. We were living here at the time we bought our tickets and packed our boxes for America; that was in 1872.

I stand in front of the old place. These stone houses do not need paint. So, if there is a little change in the color of the house, it is due to new weather stains. A tiny flower garden running up to the front steps, and behind me across a narrow path, what father used to call the kitchen garden. Father was a skillful gardener and here he tilled the ground and made it bring forth cabbages, and radishes, and marvelous cucumbers. Oh, ah, oh, such a long time ago.

A natural impulse. I shall enter. It is not noon yet. Morning work in households is still in progress. I am not sure dishes are washed and put away. Certainly beds are not made. Still I shall enter. Knock, knock. A tidy woman, with a child holding to mother's skirt opens the door. I explain. Gentle reader, you know what I say. "Of course," with housewifely pride, "come in and look around."

Ah, ah, 1872—1927. How many years have buried themselves in that gulf? Come now, you men and women that studied math at W. U. during my regime, figure it out. How many years?

The little open fire place in the "best room." How well I remember the questions we children hurled at father when the Christman log sputtered and threw out showers of tiny sparks. You see we usually burnt coal, and a spitting crackling wood fire was a thing to ask about. I looked up the stairway. There was a night—in the '70s when my little sister was thirsty. "I want a drink." A human cry, older than prohibition. But father fetching the water, tripped on the top step, and fell to the bottom, striking on the way down the hard wall in an angle, and bouncing like a great ball into the middle of the kitchen.

It will take me two weeks to do Cornwall.

Thence? I have not quite settled that question yet. There is much time for that. Surely London and Paris. And I only wish that when I return, all of you generous ones could assemble in the chapel in Waller Hall to hear me describe my journey and narrate my experiences. Perhaps the editor of "Alumnus" will give me space for such a tale.

Until then—wait and we shall see. It may be I can bring you a dish of Cornish cream—not clabber, not clotted cream—Cornish cream, rich, stiff, thick, and a slice of saffron cake.

—James T. Matthews.

Hawley, '84

THE closely observing friends of Willis Chatman Hawley have noted a tendency for him to go up a stairway with his body turned sidewise; a few of his intimates know that this characteristic dates from the days when he paid his way in Willamette by carrying armloads of wood up the long flights of Waller Hall. Then, also, he was mighty with the axe; a wood-chopping contest in those days pronounced him the best woodcutter in the Northwest. The Northwest, mind you, where wood-cutting achieved perfection as a fine art.

And he can sing, this Congressman from Oregon. Visiting a large church in Denver, he sang hymns with the congregation so wonderfully that after service the choir master hurried to offer his "find" the bass solo part in the choir. Some people in Salem don't know Congress is adjourned until they hear Hawley singing in the Methodist church there.

This master of axe and melody was born on a farm near Monroe in Benton County, of parents who crossed the plains in the late forties. He knows a plow from a grub hoe and how soon five o'clock comes of a morning; he knows what chores mean and which is the milking end of a cow; he knows poison oak and the wild tilt of a meadow lark. He learned these and a few other things early and then put off for Willamette.

Few colleges ever did more for any person than Willamette did for this boy from Benton; and few colleges ever received more devotion from an alumnus than he gave to alma mater. Five degrees he took, with modest intervals between, B. S., A. B., A. M., LL. B., and LL. D. He must have overlooked the M. D. and D. D.; and he has no big red W on his sweater, though he was a two hundred pound streak of lightning on the gridiron. Choir, glee club and debate also.

Taking his first degree in 1884, he became principal of the Umpqua Academy at Wilbur, Oregon. After a year—in 1885—he married Anna M. Gelsendorfer of Albany. Another year at Umpqua, he resigned, ostensibly to be president of the State Normal at Drain, but in reality because "Umpqua" couldn't go into a college yell or song. He remained at Drain three years and then returned to Willamette in '91 as professor of mathematics. Two years later he was called to the Willamette presidency and for nine years guided the school through the

perils of division and poverty incident to the founding of Portland University. At this point of the recital it is in order to take your hats off, for he had a real job. Vice-president and dean he was from 1902 until 1905 when he resigned to enter the Sixtieth Congress of the United States.

At Willamette he taught mathematics, history, economics, constitutional law and a few other subjects. Incidentally and of necessity he learned how to make a college dollar look big as the moon—a good preparation for the vice-chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the most important Committee of the House. He learned in addition how to be a scholar and a wise man—also a good thing and rare, some say, for a Congressman.

Oregonians of the First District have a deal of confidence in this big man with the bass voice, for they have elected him ten times. A lot of them just about love him and their pencils automatically make an X whenever they see his name in print. Of course a few would like him to join the heavenly choir, but he is awfully healthy and it looks as if he'd quit going to Congress about the time Al Smith and McAdoo go fishing together.

Willis Hawley seems to be pretty much of an old-fashioned American. He and Lincoln would get on well together; Seward and Stanton would never fool him. He is of the loins of common people; he knows industry, economy, suffering, soberness of thought. He has faith in truth and hunts for it in men, history, in current questions. Years ago he got the notion that the Bible was a lamp to men's feet and he has read that book not less than an hour a day since he was a lump of a boy. And he goes to church. Just an old-fashioned American. A wife, a little better than he is, a daughter and two sons who want to France with the A. E. F.—no swivel-chair for them.

Spite of jazz, saxophones, lipsticks and golf, the people have a rather solid idea there's something in that sort of man which can be tied to. Especially when he doesn't begin to sing hymns just before the primaries. Also if he sings well.

Congressman Hawley is a shark in mathematics, as his fellow members know. He has probably done more "figgerin'" for them than any man alive or dead. And if they want to know a matter of history, like "Who was this fellow King John?" they telephone to Hawley.

When they're stumped over the law of diminishing returns, they camp in Hawley's office. A kind of encyclopedia where you don't have to turn the pages. He made the list of questions for another Congressman to propound to candidates for West Point and when the avalanche of papers came in he had to grade them because the other couldn't understand the answers. An accommodating man, yonder in Washington! But it's a safe guess that the other fellows pay in due season. Hawley didn't carry wood to the top floor of Waller for nothing.

Deaths

CURTIS HOLCOMB, '87, died in Portland, Wednesday, January 26, 1927, at the age of sixty-four. He was a practicing physician in Portland for forty years, serving for thirty-eight years as the district surgeon for the O.-W. R. and N. company. He was identified with several fraternal and patriotic organizations in which his leadership was marked. He is survived by his widow, two sons who are physicians and a daughter.

* * *

Mrs. Margaret Caples Paget, '86, died Saturday, February 12, in Portland, as a result of burns received when her clothing caught fire from an open fireplace. She was the daughter of the late John F. Caples, Oregon pioneer, ex-minister to Chili and once the prosecuting attorney for Multnomah county. At the age of one year she came with her parents to Oregon by way of the Panama canal. Besides her widower, she leaves two sons, one of whom, Merwyn E. Paget, is a W. U. graduate in the class of '15.

* * *

Edwin D. Horgan, Law '98, died in Salem, March 9, 1927; aged forty-nine years. Since graduation Mr. Horgan practiced law at Corvallis where he was greatly esteemed for brave sacrifices despite life-long physical infirmities.

Freshman Glee

GROWING from year to year, no Freshman Glee has equalled the last. For the first time it was held in the gymnasium and fully three thousand persons were present. A splendid scene; decorations chaste and splendidly simple; seating adequate and everyone alive with joy. The seniors won; they lost their dignity, sent mortar-boards to the arches above and seemed to think well of the judges. Malcolm Medler wrote words and music of the song, played it and could have sung it.

Chapin in China

UNDER date of February 4, Leland T. Chapin, '25, writes Pres. Doney: "Bob Story has come and gone and we had five glorious days together. Canton was at its best—everything was quiet and peaceful and the cool north wind had driven the tropical heat away. The peasants were threshing rice by hand in the fields and the sugar cane was ready for cutting. Everything was peaceful at the University—a calm before the storm. I was truly proud of my Chinese home.

I am still plugging away at the language and have just started to read the Confucian Analects. It has been quite an effort; I do not yet speak freely and idiomatically, but it is coming slowly and surely. When I arrived in China I could see how important it was for me to know the language in order to understand the people. Lately it has become much more important. The government has demanded that Ling Nan be a Chinese controlled institution. The administration is now Chinese, causing a great change in attitude and atmosphere.

The change has created difficult situations. A large number of Americans are leaving next June. It has been a struggle for me to decide what to do, but my heart is with the Chinese cause and I have decided to stick by the ship and stay the full three years. The Chinese have asked some Americans to leave, but the Middle School were kind enough to vote me as one of the two foreigners whom they desired to have remain.

I am busy preparing for next semester since I am to teach a class of beginning students, doing most of the work in Chinese. I am thoroughly delighted with this because it is the first time an American has taught a beginning class since the first few years of the school."

He has adopted an orphan Chinese boy who lives with him in a Chinese home. He acted as guide and interpreter for Dr. Handy, an anthropologist, in studying the "boat people" of Canton. Dr. Handy urges him to take up the study himself and offers excellent inducements.

Chapin expects to return via Siberia in two more years and wishes to work out his M. A. under Dr. Sherman. Greetings are sent to all Willamette people.

LEROY HIATT, '26 and Cleo Weddle, ex-'27 were married at the home of the bride in Stayton, December 29, 1926. Their home is now in Roseburg where Mr. Hiatt is a teacher of science in the high school.

Chronicles of Willamette

Part Two: Foundation Building, 1855-1870

AN undivided Pacific Northwest witnessed the transformation of the Oregon Institute into Willamette university in January, 1853. Washington, Idaho, and Oregon were still under the same territorial government. The distances were magnificent, but appalling when they had to be covered afoot, on horseback, by Indian canoe, or at best by slow, puffing river boat, which made it necessary, later, for the settlements on Puget Sound and Willamette Valley to separate. The census of three years before could reveal only 13,294 whites in this vast domain. It was an isolated land to which the university was to minister; news from the east was infrequent and at best from a month to six weeks old, which meant that Oregon was developing a life apart from the settled portions of the nation.

It was not altogether clear whether the Institute had been absorbed by the new university or if it had merely consented to add college classes to its curriculum, and even the trustee minutes use the terms Oregon Institute and Willamette University interchangeably during the early years.

The new university cared for the educational needs of all comers from toddlers in the primary to young men and women in advanced studies. This fact well accounts for the otherwise incongruous rules we find proclaimed at this early time where with not even a period to separate them we find "throwing stones," drinking "intoxicating liquors," and "immorality" prohibited!

The organization of the pioneer university naturally reflected the undeveloped conditions of the country. The by-laws directed that the collegiate department be under the control of a president who was also to be the professor of "mental and moral philosophy." In addition to his teaching and executive work in the collegiate department he was to act as principal of the Academical Department and to "give such instruction, not inconsistent with his duties as a professor in the Collegiate Department, as the wants of the institution require." For these duties he was to receive an annual salary of one thousand dollars. The other members of the faculty were to consist of a professor of "Ancient and Modern Languages" and a professor of "Natural and Exact Sciences." Professorial salaries were fixed at nine hundred dollars.

In 1850, the Rev. Francis S. Hoyt came to Oregon as principal of the Institute and assumed the added burdens of the president's task when the university was chartered. He continued in this office until 1860 when he resigned to join the faculty of Ohio Wesleyan University. His were the hard years of desperate effort to maintain the very existence of the pioneer school. He could not escape periods of deep discouragement as he tried to maintain a school with inadequate staff, library, and equipment, and always facing the shortage of funds. More than once he asked to be relieved of the almost hopeless task but would again face it upon the urging of the trustees. In one letter we find the burden of complaint, "no time for study or improvement—school room drudgery in abundance; all these by long continuance have become very irksome and unendurable." To the discouraged president it seemed as though his board were not sufficiently alert in trying to build the school. Yet the majority of them were making the greatest effort of sacrifices to maintain it. The problem faced was that of a pioneer school whose constituency could not be adequate to the task.

For years Alvin F. Waller served as university agent seeking funds to keep its doors open and to build the "new College Hall" which we now call "old" Waller. So zealous was he in this work that men, unwilling to face his pleading, not infrequently turned other ways when they saw him coming. The drafts he received during his later years in payment for his services were all saved uncashed and upon his death-bed he turned over to the school as his parting gift.

During this period the device of scholarships was conceived as a way of securing a permanent endowment. For the payment of five hundred dollars a certificate of perpetual scholarship was granted which entitled its owner to have a student in any department of the school without payment of tuition. The expectancy that a permanent fund could thus be builded sufficient to support the university proved delusive and the "irreducible" funds disappeared before the pressing needs of the passing years, while the number of tuition-free scholars decreased the current funds of the school to the point of bankruptcy. These scholarships continued to menace the well being of the institution until a majority of

scholarships were voluntarily surrendered in an effort to save the school.

Yet back to those struggling days many honored men and women look as the source of great inspiration in their lives. What a delight it is to us to catch an occasional glance into the more intimate life of the little student group of that day. Just a few years ago Willamette's first graduate, Mrs. Emily York Moore, told how in September, 1855, she rode from her home in Corvallis in company with President Hoyt to start her work at Willamette. She said, "I was at home on horseback. Women rode on side saddles then. If a woman rode astride then as they do now she would have been without the pale." Miss York was received into President Hoyt's family, which was housed in the old Institute building that served all purposes, classrooms, president's house, and dormitories. An interviewer reports Mrs. Moore as telling how one time "Mrs. Hoyt had hired a man to gather the apples from the trees on the campus. They were stored in an empty room next to the university library and directly below the room where the boys lived. I went in one morning to get some apples to peel for apple sauce. I saw a string hanging from a knot hole in the ceiling. Attached to the string was a steel fork. On the fork was an apple. The boys had speared an apple. On the floor was a note that said: 'Alas! That the knot hole is not larger or that the apples are not smaller. We can spear them, but we cannot get them through this all-too-small knothole.'"

The literary societies which hold little interest for the present generation of students held dominant places of influence in the student life of this earlier day, and few in calling those days to mind fail to mention them. We also find that the religious life among both students and faculty seems to stand out clearly above a host of forgotten things of school life.

Though far from the battle fields of the civil war, their struggle found echo on the pioneer campus. We hear of patriotic songs of the war, of drilling and preparation for war, and of the little company leaving. "The boys wore the soldier's caps that were fashioned for the war," writes a member of the class of '67, "and a soldier's carriage was fashionable." From the same pen comes a recollection of the student life of the mid-sixties.

The names and memories of many of these teachers lingered on, but a few recur more frequently in the recollections

of that day. T. J. Powell is always mentioned with love for his big-heartedness and the interest and inspiration of his teaching—to which a rich humor contributed much. President J. W. Wyeth, who served not only as president but as pastor of the First Methodist Church, and many others are often mentioned. Of all the teachers of the time who are called to mind we find Lucy Anna Lee Grubbs, the only daughter of Jason Lee, holding a permanent place. "None knew her, but to love her, none named her, but to praise her," writes one of her students who adds, "I cannot begin to express in words, the wonderful influence she exerted over my whole life."

The outstanding accomplishment of these years we now chronicle was the building of Waller Hall. The old Institute building had served beyond its usefulness and a new structure was imperative. The faithful agent, Waller, and others worked without ceasing to secure the needed funds of some forty thousand dollars from the pioneer community and during the dark years it seemed that only failure could be theirs. But heroic effort prevailed and high faith and great love made possible the gifts needed and the new structure was started, the corner stone being laid on July 24, 1864. The brick were made on the campus from clay excavated for foundations and basement, and the walls were builded so well that they stand despite the fact that twice fire has burned away the interior structure. A half century failed to erase from the memories of those who first went proudly into their new university hall the thrill they experienced on that memorable occasion. One of these students wrote, "Well do I remember the day. All was excitement among both young and older students, and although daily admonished by our teachers to remember our station in life, that of young ladies and gentlemen, and act accordingly; yet so great was our enthusiasm that to spectators, we no doubt appeared as children, 'casting off the old shoes, for a pair of new ones.' To us, the younger ones, it was a gala day. Up early in the morning, in preparation for the hour, we donned our best clothes, and bled us to our accustomed rooms, eager to be placed in line for the wonderful event—the grand march across the campus to the new building—the new Willamette University."

So the breath of excitement reaches us over the years. "The University" stood proudly in the midst of the rail fenced campus, a splendid monument of sacrificial accomplishment.

Robert Moulton Gatke,

Willamette Grads Make Laws

SIX members of the 1927 legislative assembly are graduates of Willamette University; of these six, two are in the senate and four are in the house of representatives.

Lloyd Reynolds, senator from Marion county, graduated from Willamette in 1894, and became one of the foremost farmers and orchardists in the county. He served as a member of the State Board of Horticulture for six years, and as president of the Producers' Canning and Packing Co. since its establishment. He has also served in the house in 1907, 1908, 1911, 1923 and 1925.

L. L. Mann of Pendleton, senator from Umatilla county, is a member of the class of 1899. He is a successful farmer, a staunch supporter of public schools, and a director of the First Bank of Pilot Rock. He was advanced from the lower legislative house by the 1926 election, having been a member of the house in 1909-11-13-23-26.

Mark D. McCallister from Marion county, is serving his second term in the house of representatives. He graduated in 1916, served two years in the office of state engineer, six years in the office of corporation commissioner, and is now engaged in farming and stock raising near Salem.

The youngest member of the legislature is Representative John B. Court of Portland. He graduated from the law school in 1924, and associated with a Portland law firm before forming his own partnership with Kern Crandall. During the war, he served as Lieutenant of infantry. He now represents the office of the Multnomah county district attorney at the Portland police station.

James W. Mott of Astoria has been representing the 19th district, Clatsop county, since 1923. He graduated from Columbia University, N. Y. C., in 1909, and from Willamette in 1917. Since 1917 he has practiced law in Astoria, served in the navy during the year 1918, and in 1919 was elected city attorney of Astoria.

Last, but not least, on the house roll call is George P. Winslow, a graduate in 1913. He engaged in law practice in Tillamook, and in 1925 and 1927 was elected representative from Tillamook county. While a student at Willamette he was active in athletics, debating and literary society work.

FRANK WILBUR CHASE, formerly head of the music department at Willamette University, has been appointed organist of a large church at Mobile.

Presidents of Willamette

THE list is long and interesting. These names will awaken memories. Within the library or chapel there should be a picture of each. Who can tell us where a picture may be procured of any who served previous to Pres. Hawley? Please help the University to secure this series.

Principals of the Oregon Institute:

Mrs. Chloe Clark Wilson, 1844-'47.

Joseph Smith, 1847-'48.

Rev. James H. Wilbur, D. D., 1848-'49.

Rev. Nehemiah Doane, 1849-'50.

Rev. F. S. Hoyt, D. D., 1850-'53.

Presidents of Willamette University

Rev. F. S. Hoyt, D. D., 1853-'60.

Rev. T. M. Gatch, Ph. D., 1860-'66.

Rev. J. J. Wythe, M. D., D. D., 1866-'67.

L. T. Woodward, A. M., 1867-'68.

Rev. Nelson Rounds, D. D., 1868-'70.

Rev. T. M. Gatch, Ph. D., 1870-'79.

C. E. Lambert, A. M., 1879-'80.

Rev. Thomas Van Scoy, A. M., D. D., 1880-'90.

Rev. C. E. Stratton, A. M., D. D., 1890-'91.

Rev. George Whitaker, A. M., D. D., 1891-'93.

Willis C. Hawley, A. M., LL. B., 1893-'02.

Rev. John Coleman, D. D., 1902-'07.

Rev. Fletcher Homan, A. M., S. T. B., 1907-'14.

Dean George H. Alden, Ph. D., (Acting Pres.) 1914-'15.

Rev. Carl G. Doney, Ph. D., LL. D., 1915—

Seattle Alumni

ON Saturday, February 19, the Seattle Alumni Association sponsored a dinner at the Pig 'n Whistle in honor of Dr. Carl Gregg Doney. Those present were: Dr. Doney, Ed Norene, Dorothy Lamb Norene, Ed Socolofsky, Belle Williams Socolofsky, Victor Hicks, Martha Leavenworth Hicks, Ed Huston, Susie Church Huston, Errol Proctor, Blanche Proctor, Ray Attebury, David Hassel, Norman Hayner, Ralph Rehbock, Elmer Strevey, Wilda Ingles, Anne Lavender, James Caughlin, Warren Slabaugh, Archie Smith, and Ruth Hill. Pres. Doney discussed the program and problems of Willamette; and a pleasant time was had by all.

Directors at Lausanne

MISS LEILA JOHNSON, '19, became director of Lausanne Hall at the beginning of the present semester. She will be in charge of purchases, diet and the management within the dormitory. This arrangement allows Dean Richards to resume her class in Chaucer.

Debate and Oratory

"THE interest in forensics this year has not been that which produces creditable teams," is a statement in an editorial of the Collegian, March 10th. In the same editorial Mr. Carlton says, "Four debate lettermen failed to turn out, because of association with other activities. It is unfortunate that these men are inactive this year, and that more newcomers were not interested sufficiently to come out." There is but one man on the men's affirmative team who has taken time for training. In spite of these discouraging conditions Willamette has to date made an unusual record. We have had six decision debates and won all of them.

The women's negative team—Hazel Newhouse and Irene Breithaupt—defeated O. A. C., 3 to 0, on February 28th; and on March 8th the affirmative team—Elaine Chapin and Margaret Pro defeated O. A. C. 2 to 1. Willamette has won over O. A. C. twice and defeated both their affirmative and negative team on the same question. Elaine Chapin and Margaret Pro won over Washington State College, March 3rd.

The men's team—Charles Redding and Robert Witty—have also done excellent work. On February 26th, they met Pacific University, in a non-decision debate, conquered Washington State College on March 10th in a three to 0 decision, and Ashland Normal, March 14th, 2 to 1.

This team is now traveling, having fifteen debates scheduled. It is doubtful if they maintain their record of winning, because they are upholding the negative side of the Chinese question, which, on account of the present revolution in China, is changing materially from day to day.

Charles Redding won second place in the Old Line State Oratorical Contest. Although he tied with O. A. C. for first place, he lost on the percentage basis.

Next year a course in Debate will be offered, beginning the first semester. This course, or its equivalent, will be required of all who expect to take part in inter-collegiate forensics.

Encouragement is offered next year to students in debate and oratory by some friends who are giving twenty-five dollars cash prizes to those who do excellent work. Details concerning these prizes will be found in the forthcoming catalogue. Dr. Jno. O. Hall's first year in the department of public speaking is already revealing large possibilities in this work.

Alkas -- Athaneums Hesperians -- Concordias

FIFTY-THREE years ago Mon. Peter H. D'Arcy, '76 debated right valiantly and effectively against Stanley Royal, '74, (now deceased) the question whether "the signs of the times portend the downfall of this republic." Literary societies were the real thing in those days, and Willamette had four: Alka and Hesperian for men, the Athaneum and Concordia for women. Here is a list of Salem residents who heard that debate: Hon. A. N. Bush, Reuben Boise, Hon. J. N. Duncan, Mrs. Lulu Hughes Bush, Mrs. Cora Dickinson Moores, J. W. McKinney, Oliver Jory, Mrs. Elsie Breyman Brown and Miss Belle Prescott. Who can add to the list? Are there any pictures of the society groups? You who can, send the *Alumnus* names and tales of the good old days.

Kimball Inaugural

ON January 18, 1927, Rev. John Martin Canse, Ph. B., D. D., was inaugurated as President of Kimball School of Theology. Addresses were given by men representing church and education and a fitting Inaugural was delivered by President Canse.

The quiet wisdom and clear devotion of Dr. Canse and his associates are already encouraging friends of Kimball, making certain that the school will grow in strength and power to serve admirably.

The Law School

ALTHOUGH the Law School students have free access to the more than forty thousand volumes in the State Law Library, Willamette must have a library of its own of not less than seventy-five hundred volumes in order to meet standardization requirements. Alumni, bear this in mind and proceed to send books to Dean I. H. Van Winkle. Also present this necessity to those who have law libraries which they may be able to spare. Here is something definite to work for.

Standing of Fraternities

THE Joseph Albert cup offered to the fraternity excelling in scholarship was won on the basis of last semester's work by Epsilon Delta Mu. Grades are as follows:

Epsilon Delta Mu.....	86.17
Alpha Psi Delta.....	83.05
Sigma Tau	82.60
Kappa Gamma Rho.....	81.56

Athletics

THE varsity basketball team ended its season in the Northwest Conference in a tie with Whitman. The play-off could not be arranged, Nig Borleskie declining to pit his players in a post season series.

Only two Conference games were lost; one to the College of Puget Sound and the other to Whitman. In the two-game series with Whitman here, Willamette won the first game handily, losing the second game by a one point margin after a hard fought game.

The standings of the Northwest Conference teams are as follows:

Name	Games	Won	Lost	Pct.
Willamette	10	8	2	.800
Whitman	10	8	2	.800
Puget Sound	8	6	2	.750
Pacific	9	2	7	.222
College of Idaho	6	1	5	.166
Linfield	9	1	8	.111

The team's scores for this season are as follows:

W. U.—27	Dallas Athletic Club	17
" —22	Salem Black Cats	24
" —33	Independence Athletic Club	14
" —28	Linfield	21
" —41	Linfield	18
" —16	O. A. C.	35
" —10	U. of O.	38
" —14	U. of O.	43
" —23	Albany	20
" —59	Pacific	45
" —32	Whitman	22
" —21	Whitman	22
" —26	U. of O.	32
" —42	Multnomah Ath. Club	31
" —18	C. P. S.	24
" —50	Albany	20
" —39	College of Idaho	23
" —29	College of Idaho	22
" —31	College of Puget Sound	28
" —26	Pacific	23

587

522

Robert Ashby was the only Willamette man on Ralph Coleman's All-Star Team of the Northwest Conference. Coleman considered Ashby the best floor man in the Conference, a "ball hawk," and equally good on offense and defense. He was selected for guard position. Hartley, center, and Ledbetter, guard, were selected for the second team by Coleman. Litchfield, forward, received honorable mention.

The Freshman basketball team ended its season in red, losing eight games and winning six.

The Oregon State Basketball Tournament was held in the Willamette gymnasium, March 10th, 11th, and 12th, with Eugene winning the championship series, Salem, runner-up, and Medford winning the consolation series with Tillamook, coached by "Rus" Rarey '21, runner-up.

First call for baseball candidates was issued Monday, March 7th, by Coach Roy S. Keene. Four good men are out for berths on the mound. Ledbetter, McMullin, McKenzie, and Ellis are trying for hurling positions, while Ashby, Kaufman, and Hawk are out for catching positions. Ellis is the only letterman to report so far.

Practice in track is being continued regularly in spite of adverse weather conditions. Men who are showing up well are: Hathaway, Northwest Conference champion two-miler; Flesher, who placed second in the half-mile; Boothby, a member of the relay team; Kutch, a former letterman; and Tweedie, a field man.

Tennis prospects are good with William Walsh, last year ranking No. 1 player; Ivan White, last year's Conference singles champion, and John Minto, last year's doubles champion in school. Other possibilities for places on the the squad are: Litchfield, Church, McGregor, Hageman, and Blatchford.

Spring football practice started March 14 and will continue until April 2. The practice will end in a game between two teams picked from the candidates. A squad of thirty men have turned out.

Your Attention, Alumni

WILLAMETTE wishes to admit one hundred and seventy-five freshmen next September and you can help to secure the right kind. They should be religiously minded, excellent scholars, willing to work and evidencing signs of a promising career. Such men and women will be pleased with the school, will highly profit by it and be no drag on those who want to learn and be and do. Do not recommend idlers or those of bad habits. Send no cigarette smokers; time given to them is wasted.

Please write to Pres. Doney, giving names of those whom you'd like to see at Willamette. Some alumni have done so; let many others do it quickly.

The Varsity Glee Club

DURING the first two weeks of February the Willamette University Glee Club completed a concert tour of Eastern Oregon and Southern Idaho—the most successful ever undertaken by a Willamette Club. The Club sang to large audiences at every town, and reached a territory which had not been visited for several years.

The Club advertised Willamette widely and well, especially in those towns where it was sponsored by the high school. Eastern Oregon and Idaho still had a few adults and high school students who were indefinite about the location and character of Willamette University. The Club was a visible and vocal epistle to tell everyone about Old Willamette.

Concerts were given in the following towns: Portland (twice), Beaverton, La Grande, Baker, North Powder, Enterprise, Elgin, Pendleton, and Hood River, in Oregon, and Nampa, Caldwell, and Mountain Home in Idaho. With the exception of North Powder, alumni and ex-students of Willamette greeted the Club in every town. At Sellwood M. E. Church in Portland, Reverend C. B. Harrison welcomed the Club, and Mr. Edward Warren managed its stay in Pendleton. The enthusiastic cooperation of alumni and ex-students made the trip joyous and big with success.

Many persons wrote to express their delight in hearing the Club, and newspapers published favorable comments upon the quality of the program and the remarkable harmony of the voices.

Those who made the tour were: Pianist, Miss Margaret Lewis; chaperon, Mrs. John Reed; first tenors, Ronald Craven, Walter Hiff, Wendell Robinson, Arnold Taylor, and William Wright; second tenors, Clare Geddes, Paul Geddes, Earl Pemberton, and Laurence Schreiber; baritones, Frank Alfred, Willis Hathaway, Albert Herrman, Paul Trueblood, and Loyd Thompson; basses, Oliver Gill, Walter Kaufman, Hobart Kelly, Hugh Roberts, and Leland Sprecher. The Varsity quartette, consisting of Messrs. Craven, Wright, Hathaway, and Kaufman, attracted a great deal of favorable comment at every appearance.

During spring vacation, March 18 to March 27, the Club expects to tour Southern Oregon, visiting the following towns: Roseburg, Marshfield, Coquille, Grants Pass, Medford, Klamath Falls, and Ashland. The home concert will be given in Salem on Friday, April 15.

The Forward Movement

THE payment of Forward Movement subscriptions seems to be a bit retarded here and there. Next September marks the final payment on the usual pledges and there should be heroic efforts to pay every dollar. It would be lasting shame for Willamette's friends not to take full advantage of the offer of the General Education Board. That Board has sent \$131,932.63 and is ready to contribute \$218,967.37 more; but in order to secure this we must raise additionally, \$494,982.26. Further receipts on the March payment will cut this requirement to about \$375,000.00. This is a large sum to be paid within the next six or eight months, but if every subscriber does his uttermost it will be accomplished. And now is the time to remember that sixty-five cents counts for a dollar, inasmuch as the General Education Board adds thirty-five cents to every sixty-five cents paid by Willamette friends. It's the chance of many years.

Commencement Program

KEEP this before you, alumni and friends, and register a vow now that you'll be at Willamette for Commencement. Solely for your convenience all events are brought within three days.

Saturday, June 11—Senior Breakfast, Meeting of the Trustees, President's reception.

Sunday, June 12—Baccalaureate sermon, Christian Associations vespers, sermon to Christian Associations.

Monday, June 13—Graduating exercises, Alumni meeting and banquet.

Mr. Marshall N. Dana, associate editor of the Oregon Journal, will make the Commencement address. And it will be a good one: Dana has brains, conscience and delivery.

If you do not come what's the use to have a Commencement?

BIRTHDAY

WITH this issue the *Alumnus* enters a second year. It has cut some teeth—a few hundred—and has not had colic or whooping cough. But it has been anemic, due to the alumni not losing enough blood for the child. The youngster would be tickled to receive several hundred messages telling which of its features is liked best and which should be sent to the surgeon for reconstruction. It really wants to be a decent child, but it can't be unless its parents give it a little "bringing-up."

Swafford, '93, on Loyalty

NO one knows better the meaning of "Loyalty" than the sons and daughters of Willamette, for to none has fallen a heritage more inspirational of love and devotion. Founded in sacrifice and nurtured under conditions of privation that have amounted to actual need, she has lived and grown that her children might profit.

Year by year she has taken to her mother-heart the choicest she could reach and given to them the best she possessed without thought of return. Group after group has gone throughout the commonwealth and into more distant fields, to add to the service of mankind and to gain creature comforts for its members, until today there is a mighty host that yields allegiance to her.

It has been said that a man's loyalty is a measure of his appreciation, whether to his ideals, his friends, his college, his mother, or his God. It is a telling test of his character. We believe that the Alumni of Willamette University, and we say it modestly, stands high when judged by such a standard. It would be a pity were it otherwise, for there is probably no single group of people having a more thank-worthy background than those who have been privileged to sit under the tutelage of her masters. Through the years her destiny has been in the hands of God-fearing, God-led men. Their sacrifice and loyalty and unselfishness have touched every life that has gathered within her walls. It is beyond belief that the spirit of those great leaders should not have had a mighty influence upon every student.

There has long been a desire by the Alumni for a method to express their loyalty in material form. Some have made splendid gifts of money and of service, but there are a host who have felt themselves unable, because of more modest means to do anything. It is to meet such a desire as this that among some eastern universities, having a background and Alumni organization comparable to Willamette, there has been developed the Loyalty Fund movement. It has met with an enthusiastic response.

The Alumni Association of Willamette University, therefore, at its annual meeting last June, with the approval of the University, voted to establish such a fund to be known as the Alumni Loyalty Fund. This fund will be made up of the gifts of Alumni. The intention is not to send solicitors asking for pledges.

Nor are there to be broadsides of propaganda. Rather, the plan is one of Opportunity, nor Importunity, based upon what seems a safe assumption that all will welcome a method of manifesting gratitude to the University for invaluable benefits received, of which, a liberal education at a mere fraction of its cost is but one, all being the beneficiaries of those whose generosity has provided endowment to care for the major expense of education. It is a method that does not tie one up to a definite promise to pay a specified sum over a period of years unless one so prefers. The thought is that the gift should be in some degree representative of the prosperity that may befall from year to year. It is hoped that some gift, if only a dollar, may be received from each alumnus each year. Rather \$10.00 each from our 1500 alumni than \$15,000 from one of them. The purpose should be to make each alumnus a living endowment, the gift to represent the interest upon such endowment. Think of the possible results:

		Which equals
If each of	The annual	a 5% in-
our 1500 Alumni	income	come from a
gives an average	will be	principal of
\$ 5.00 per year	\$ 7,500.00	\$150,000.00
7.50 per year	11,250.00	225,000.00
10.00 per year	16,000.00	320,000.00

While there has been no publicity given the fund since its inception other than what it received at the annual meeting, there has already been some response. Gifts received have ranged from \$1.00 to \$50.00, the average at this writing being \$9.04. The first gift to be recorded was from Joseph L. Carter, of the Class of '68, one of the oldest classes having living representatives. The largest gift from any one class is from that of 1912. More representatives of the class of 1907 have made contributions than any other class.

The administration of the fund shall be as the Alumni direct. For the present it is applied to the Library. The money will be received by the Loyalty Fund Treasurer, and recorded, and a receipt will be sent therefor. It will then be turned over to the Endowment Committee of the University Trustees who will apply the income to the purpose specified.

Sit down now and mail your check to the Loyalty Fund Treasurer,

H. W. Swafford, 888 N. Cottage St.,
Salem, Oregon.

Who? What? When? Where?

Gerald Pearson, '26, now teaching in the Umapine high school, has been awarded one of three assistantships in physics at Stanford University for next year. This will afford him an opportunity to cash a \$500 check and to study for the Master's degree.

Victor Hicks, '25, will receive the Master's degree from the University of Washington in June. He purposes to enter some eastern graduate school to pursue work in physics for the doctorate.

L. Tiano, '26, Law, has returned to Manila and taken the bar examination. He is also to be manager and treasurer of a company manufacturing dentist and barber chairs. His brother, Ponciano, has recovered his health and sends grateful greetings to W. U. students.

Lawrence E. Davies, '21 and *Edna*, '20, are returned from France and are now in Philadelphia, Pa.—415 South 42 St. The latter is managing the former and the former is managing the Philadelphia office of the New York Times. They surely have real jobs, but they are equipped for it—evidenced by this about the *Alumnus*, "You are filling a great role for Willamette alumni."

Robbin E. Fisher, '21, is a real physician with offices at 540 Investment Building, Pomona, Calif. And he is busy as a nailer. If you just must get sick or have an auto accident, remember the city and number. *Faye McKinnis*, '23, presides in the household. The *Gillettes*, *Sacketts*, *Days* and *Paul Flegel* recently visited the *Fishers*—not all at once—and the door is open to every W. U. alumnus to enter.

Erma Hardin, '24, is with the Portland Y. W. C. A. as Grade School Girl Reserve Secretary. She taught, September 1923, to June 1926, in the Blackfeet Indian Reservation school, Browning, Montana, and in the Mead, Wash., high school last year. Remember her tin-tinabulating laugh?

E. L. Anslow, '23, is helping to run the big Seattle Y. But that isn't a circumstance even. Listen! Mr. Stork came on February 28 and left John Edward Ellsworth L. was so grateful that Mr. S. immediately gave him Mary Beth. There's got to be another building at Willamette.

Howard P. Jewett, '16, is principal of Central Point high school. If he ever gets away from that town it will be when the school board is not looking.

Frank S. Francis, '16, has a half interest in the big Dietz Business College, Olympia, Wash., where he teaches. He has perfected a new system of shorthand, recently published, which has been sufficiently tested to prove it a rather startling improvement over other systems. Of course he works in the church—assistant S. S. Supt. etc. *Clara Schnasse Francis*, '15, is devoting a lot of time to *Marian Esther*, four and a half, and *Ruth Marie*, eight months, and some time to singing.

Walter A. Graves, '78, has retired from the drug business and now lives at Beaverton, Oregon, on a ranch where he delights in fruit, flowers, wide spaces and books.

Seth Leavens, '00, lives at Multnomah and goes to the Mt. Tabor Methodist church. He is a member of the firm of Leavens and Howard, 331 Couch St., Goodrich Tire Distributors. If you must have a puncture, have it right there; Seth swaps a new tire for a puncture then takes you to his office—all painless.

"Bunny" *Wilkins*, '21, has completed the medical course in Tufts Medical College with "high honor" and will become interne at the Los Angeles Hospital.

Etna Emmel Olson, '17, Mr. Olson and Baby Olson, are expected in Salem before Commencement, coming from Bangalore, India, where the parents have been in charge of a mission school.

Laban A. Steevens, '17, is a practicing physician in Salem. A wife, Junior and Junioresse compose the family.

Otto C. Paulus, '18, manages the big Marion Automobile Company of Salem and sells a lot of Studebakers. He still takes pictures of everything on earth, sky or sea and cultivates literature as a second avocation. Still single.

It is now *Judge Arlie Walker*, '18. He interprets the law and deals out even-handed justice to the district of which McMinnville is the capital. *Marguerite Wible Walker*, '19, sings and whitens his golf balls with bon ami.

Marjorie Minton, '22, teaches history in the Grant high school of Portland.

Alta Altman Martin, '11, is in Lincoln high, Portland, teaching science.

Mary A. Gilkey, '66, lives at Dayton, Oregon, and testifies by a check that the *Alumnus* should survive. Nineteen were in her class, of whom only herself and *Marie Marsh* remain. *Samuel L. Simpson* was her class-mate.

"Big Bill" Mudra, '26, married Frances Shrode, bought an automobile, went to Albany, Oregon, and has been putting athletics through their paces. The school and town want him next year. The auto developed a puncture so he thinks it easier to stay.

Myrtle Jensen, '26, teaches Spanish and Biology in the Bellfountain high school; sometimes looks off to Mary's Peak and vows to climb it.

Alta Kershner, '23, is at Estacada, teaching Latin and English and adding to her good humor.

John L. Gary, '16, has been principal of the West Linn high school since childhood. He has a wife and three little Garys, all topnotchers. Rene Jackson, '21, and Elsie Gilbert Jackson, '22, are there also. Rene is the coach and his boys always throw a scare into other teams.

Adelaide Scriber, '78, lives at Mill City. Remember her as the organist at First Church? Later she taught in mission schools, adopted orphans and otherwise has been the Good Samaritan.

"Bill" Vinson, '24, is at the head of athletics in the Milwaukie high school. No doubt about his being a ripper. Two smaller Bills are in constant training; they know where they're going to college. Alma Rhorer Vinson, '23, presides over the household.

John C. Hutz, '12, married Loretta Ambler the month he graduated and has four children. He lives in Milwaukie, Ore., and is Uncle Sam's supervisor of mail.

Olive Mark, '18, is teaching mathematics at Tillamook, where Russ Rarey, '21, coaches, where Nellie Patchin, '18, teaches English and where Frank Bennett, '21, is superintendent. No wonder the Cheese City is flourishing and Russ' basketball team scored high in the State Tournament.

Edith Hawley, '22, Enterprise, Oregon, is already telling the '22-ers to prepare for Commencement and a Mammoth Reunion. It's five years out, they've been; and they're due to come back in June.

M. A. March, '15, is pastor of the Methodist church, Forest Grove, Ore. He also is president of the Oregon Conference Epworth League Council and is a trustee of Willamette. And he thinks well of the Alumnus.

Lola B. Bellinger, '14, since last July has been in the Library of Hawaii, Honolulu, "guiding the reading habits of ten thousand or more Oriental children." She misses the Oregon climate and may go to Alaska to cool off.

Ethel Adams, '24, is now Mrs. Ethel Adams Walker and the home is Milton, Oregon.

Cornelia Widman, '23, lives at 201 Market St., Kellogg, Idaho. She sends a check and love (fine combination!) to Willamette.

James D. Ogden, 1101 Michigan Ave., Portland, isn't an alumnus, but should be. He paid his Forward Movement subscription in full, adds another sum for "postage on statements" and puts in a prayer for "Old Willamette." So his name goes in this column.

Bernard W. Morse, '21, and Gladys Crozier Morse, '21, are moving to 670 N. Summer St., Salem. Mr. Morse is the representative of the American Bond Corporation.

David Ferguson McKeown, 1949, came to Hood River, Oregon, March 4, 1927, and likes the place. His parents are Martha Ferguson McKeown, '23, and Archie W. McKeown. He sounds like a Scotsman.

Hazel Bear, '20, has become Mrs. Hazel Bear Stewart and has gone to Spring Valley, Minn.—as if Oregon was not cold enough! But she says good words about the Alumnus.

Adelaide Tobie Orange, '17, still lives at Pilot Rock with the husband and a wonderful little Orange.

Helen R. Hardy, '23, went to Prineville to teach school. See what happened. Married January 29, 1927, to Mr. Yancy and they are to live in Prineville.

Edith Sherwood Mason, '19, Mill City, Oregon, likes the Alumnus and says so.

Harold E. Jory, '15, is principal of the Junior high school, Everett, Wash. He directs the Congregational church choir and Mrs. Eva Hogue Jory, '16, is organist. Betty Jean is five years and Evelyn is but four months. H. B. also sings with the Rotary Glee Club. My, what a college song he wrote! And he writes a nice check, too.

Valena Jenks, '25, is teacher of music and physical education in the Junior high school, Everett, Wash.

Frank L. Grannis, '06, had to be around for the state basketball tournament. He's principal at Cottage Grove, teaches history on the side and is still an athletic fan.

Warren Slabaugh, '18, came from Wenatchee, Wash., and after graduating returned to grow the big red apple. Too slow or somethin', so he married and went to Seattle, near which he has a fox farm where he expertly practices the "skin game."

William A. Manning, '00, is professor of mathematics in Stanford University and lives at 27 Alvarado, Stanford University, Calif.

Dan B. Hill, ..., Corvallis, Ore., writes enthusiastically of this little magazine: it is a real step in Willamette's progress, etc. "You've got the right of way. Keep your foot on the accelerator." And he helps pay for the gas.

Raymond Rarey, '21, has recently been elected principal of the Kelso, Wash., high schools. He was head of the commerce department of the Lincoln high school in Tacoma. He's bound to go further.

Geo. Beck, '26, is teaching history and science in the Ketchikan, Alaska, high school. Local papers say he is doing a mighty good job; and he is married, too.

Verne D. Bain, '23, and *Pauline McClintock Bain*, '23, received a call from the stork February 11. Ruth Pauline, 7 5/8 pounds, was the joyous gift. The

three live in Springfield, Ore., where "Beany" superintends the city schools.

What do you think of this? *Raymond*, Wash., high school singers entered six events in the Southwest Washington music contest held at Centralia, February 13, and took four first, one second and one third prizes. Mrs. *Kathleen LaRaut Wrenn*, '24, trained 'em—which says a lot.

Richard Briggs, '26, is located at 1203 W. 79th St., Chicago, Ill., enlarging that city by the sale of sale estate.

Edgar F. Wood, '01, principaled and edited after leaving Willamette, but since 1911 he has been with Balfour, Guthrie and Co., Portland. He lives at 1802 E. Yamhill. His daughter, *Margaret*, is a Junior in the "Old School."

Nina Graves Hermann, ex-'15, lives in Olympia, Wash., where she and husband are interested in church work and in preparing three youngsters for Willamette.

The Alumnus is Still after that Dollar ---As Evidence that you Care

We are ashamed to tell you how many haven't sent the Dollar—nor nothin'. Not even a little word about themselves.

It's a G-r-a-n-d an' Glorious Feelin' to have "Pd." written after your name on the list.

Also put in a P. S. saying you are well and "hope these few lines find the Alumnus enjoying the same blessing."

The Alumnus,
Willamette University,
Salem, Oregon.

N. B. The Alumnus is published four times a year—not monthly as some think. Sorry, but a monthly would make the editor stay up nights and bankrupt the printer.

“YE think that a’m asking a great thing when I plead for a pickle notes to give a puir laddie a college education. I tell ye, man, a’m honorin’ ye and givin’ ye the fairest chance ye’ll ever hae o’ winning wealth. Gin ye hed the heart to spend yir money on a lad o’ pairts like Geordie Hoo, ye wud hae twa rewards nae man could tak frae ye. Ane wud be the honest gratitude o’ a laddie whose desire for knowledge ye hed sateesfied, and the second wud be this—anither scholar in the land; and a’m thinking with auld John Knox that ilka scholar is something added to the riches of the commonwealth. And what ’ill it cost ye? Little mair than the price o’ a cattle beast. Man, Drumsheugh, ye poverty-stricken cratur, I’ve naethin’ in this world but a handfu’ o’ books and a ten-pund note for my funeral, and yet, if it wasna I have all my brither’s bairns tae keep, I wud pay every penny myself. But I’ll no see Geordie sent to the plough, tho’ I gang frae door to door. Na, na, the grass ’ill no grow on the road atween the college and the schulehouse o’ Drumtochty till they lay me in the auld kirkyard.”

—Domsie to Drumsheugh.

The cover picture is by Mr. Kennell, the Salem photographer, who still takes care of this feature of the *Alumnus*.