



The  
Willamette  
University  
Alumnus ]

October, 1928

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# Willamette University Alumnus

*"That We May All Be Acquainted"*

## Adventure

WHEREVER youth is there is adventure. While it has always been so certain periods in the history of the Western world have, through some vagary of fortune, been pre-eminently rich in allurements to adventure. In the colonial period of Ancient Athens venturesome youth penetrated to the unknown shores of the Black Sea, planted colonies at Syracuse and Marseilles, and the more daring ventured through the gateway at Gibraltar to creep fearfully but exultantly along the shores of the open Atlantic.

The Crusades, pictured in vivid colors by a St. Bernard or a Peter the Hermit, fired the imagination of medieval youth. The gathering army, the departure through and to fabulous lands, the anticipation of combat with the infidel horde—what incitement they held for the youth of that day.

The quickened intelligence of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the invention of the compass opened the door for adventure through voyages of discovery and exploration in strange lands and often through the establishment of a little colony in the depths of the wilderness. What a challenge to youth lay in the shipload of adventurers sailing forth to a land from which but meager reports had ever come. Doubtless it was not an unusual record which I find in one case—"At the age of thirteen he came as a stowaway from England to Salem, (Mass.)." That was in 1632.

The whole period of American expansion is filled with stories of such adventure shared by girls and young women as well as by boys and men. Witness Mary Chilton of Mayflower fame and the sculptured idealization of the Pioneer Woman by Bryant Baker who selects as his type the woman "not yet seared and broken by heart breaking toil."

None of these periods, so rich in adventure, hold more to fire the imagination of youth than our own age and with the characteristic speed of our day the thrills of a century then are comprised in a decade now.

There are no longer unknown lands to discover, scientific invention has brought the peoples of the world closer together; blasé youth yawns over the explorer's account of strange adven-

ture; yet science has put into the hands of youth means for adventure more thrilling than the wildest flight of imagination could have conjured up a generation ago—the radio to mention but one of the marvels of our time but most of all mastery of the air. The idol of today is the ingenuous youth sailing away with sandwich and letter of introduction on his epochal flight across the sea.

How has this last wave of adventure affected the colleges? Have cloistered halls been able to attract and hold their quota of boys and girls; able to interest them in the seven liberal arts while all the world goes venturing? What changes have come to the colleges as they adjust themselves to the new conditions?

First, the personnel of the colleges is changing; the ratio of boys to girls is shifting. More girls are attracted than ever before, since for them the college offers the most accessible and perhaps the only avenue to adventure. The number of boys increases steadily it is true, but the increase is at a slower rate and more difficult to maintain. Other avenues of adventure attract them.

On the other hand the college has been made to yield excitement chiefly through the development of extra-curricular activities, and especially through the inordinate expansion of athletics, which have grown in a decade to such proportions as to constitute a feature of our national life.

The college curriculum also feels the thrill of the new. The newer developments of science naturally find a place for themselves but the shades of Ezekiel Cheever and of many subsequent generations of schoolmasters must stir as colleges add to their programs not only courses in the theory of aviation, wind current and propellor dynamics but actual instruction in flying.

College procedure is changing. Students are given less instruction and are encouraged to explore for themselves the realms of science, philology and human relations. A "moral equivalent" of adventure is being developed, witness the expansion of research for upper classes and the Wisconsin experiment for lower classmen. Universities guide youth, yet they follow. It is a great adventure in itself to be associated with youth in its quest for learning.

## Presidents' Page

### President Doney

*"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."*

What is true of men is true of colleges; and Shakespeare, across the centuries, is telling Willamette University to take advantage of the flood-tide of a great opportunity. If it does so, good fortune becomes its companion; if it does not, the future will be empty and miserable. The waters are moving toward a flood-tide for Willamette: the opportunity of six years ago, then accepted but still uncompleted, is returning and with augmented force.

We need \$280,000 in order to secure \$150,000 from the General Education Board. Trustees and friends have tried to secure the needed sum without an appeal to the public. All they can promise—and it is conditioned on the total being secured—is \$130,000. That leaves \$150,000 to be raised; and if we raise that we shall add \$430,000 to the permanent endowment of the school. A time limit of one year has been fixed by the General Education Board; we have done our best and now are forced to make the wider appeal.

I have never known a school to have so great a chance; I cannot conceive of a virile school failing to accept the chance; I fully believe that the alumni and other friends of Willamette will utterly and mightily refuse not to accept the chance. Alma Mater has reared a very determined and devoted family and has won a host of friends who loyally love the old institution. I think all of us will join in a compact to see this matter through to the finish.

Opportunity has a way of meaning responsibility. Responsibility is an old word, but it perpetually confronts us anew. There are over five hundred students in Willamette who in habits, content of thought, character, and temper of life, will always be marked by the school. The students in turn will mark their communities and their vocations—mark them by the quality of Willamette. That's opportunity.

And it is responsibility—responsibility going on from faculty to trustees, to alumni, to friends, to everybody. It obligates them to make the school the very best in personnel and in facilities. This requires Christian goodness, judgment and material support.

### President Averill

*"It is not the individual; nor the army  
as a whole,  
But the everlasting team work of every  
blooming soul."*

The above lines were written during the great war and were intended to stimulate cooperative activity at that time. They are just as applicable to peace efforts and are now especially appropriate for all graduates and former students of Willamette University.

The big campaign for the benefit of the permanent endowment fund will open November 18. It is for that reason I wish, with all the emphasis at my command, to urge the alumni to gird up their loins and prepare for a big, glorious job that is to be well done and done quickly.

It is said that a dear mother was once proudly telling of the success of her son winning on the football field. "What is your son on the team?" was asked of her. "I am not sure," was the reply, "but I think he is one of the drawbacks."

In a football game every man on the team is in every play. He either helps or hinders. It is true of this campaign which is about to start. Every one of us is going to be in every play whether we realize it or not. There will be plenty of room for ends, tackles, guards, centers, quarterbacks, halfbacks, and fullbacks, but no place for drawbacks. No one should think that what he can give or what he can do is unimportant. Let us remember the story of the widow's mite and also let us remember it is not the size of the dog that counts, but the fight that's in him.

There is not a man or woman of us who would hesitate for a single moment to invest one dollar if by so doing we could secure three dollars in return. President Doney assures me this is approximately what will happen for our alma mater. Every dollar we contribute will bring in almost three dollars more and will mean the addition of more than four hundred thousand dollars to the permanent endowment fund. It is a tremendous challenge and it would seem that no one who cares at all for the Old School can fail to be impressed by it.

So let us get ready, and when the call is sounded, be prepared to move forward with unbroken lines for the glory of Old Willamette—our Willamette.

## Maker of Melody



HE walks like a major general approaching the commander in chief to say, "Veni, vidi, vici." There is a reason for that erectness and poise as you who read on will see. Notice him in action before the choir—the baton punches no holes in circles and he does not compete with the professional contortionist—straight, moulded in the

form used for Apollo. Yes? But when the sermon is on! He shuts his eyes or puts a chin upon his palms or wraps a leg around a chair or something. If the sermon pleases greatly, his face radiates; if it doesn't, he counts the light bulbs.

The Director of Willamette's School of Music was born in Paducah, Kentucky. In his dreams he still hears the hoarse whistle of steamboats and the darkies singing on the levee. He had a negro "mammy"; he understands Hugh Wiley's wild cat stories, likes negro spirituals and fried catfish.

He made a record in high school, which his father interpreted to presage a military career. He was the "most singinest" cadet West Point ever had, but he was graduated well toward the top. After two years of field service his eyes sounded a retreat and he was discharged with honor and regret. A practical father suggested plumbing as an antidote to music and Emery bent his back for four years to spigots, valves, pipe tongs and in returning to the shop for his penknife. It is thought he amassed a plumber's fortune, which he spent in getting to be Circuit Clerk of McCracken county for a quadrennium. He sang so unceasingly that the court couldn't function and, to his joy, was invited to the Cincinnati College of Music. There he caught up with himself, took the highest prizes and honors, waved the white flag to Miss Myrtle Stricker who accepted his surrender August 25, 1906. She was, is and will remain a musician also. Dakota Wesleyan called him and there he directed everything musical for seven years; Aberdeen called him where for five

years he flourished the baton and had the policemen humming the Hallelujah Chorus. In 1920 Willamette called him and by now he feels "toler'bly" at home in Salem. He likes the folks immensely, but when he hears a steamboat a trembling seizes him. ("Paducah, sah, on the Ohio.") There are four children—Jean, Martha, Herbert, Emery—all musicians, mighty good and growing better every minute.

Students of individuality make a study of Prof. Hobson; never a man like him, never one so unique, yet combining a score of qualities found in others. Watch him on the chapel platform: his face is a barometer, telling what he thinks of the speech. His passion is music and if there is a better trainer of the singing voice, that person is invited to appear and head the line. Glee clubs and choirs—traditional centers of revolution and cataclysm—keep step with the military commander and achieve musical triumphs. And without fuss, fol-de-rol or fiddle faddle. Anyone three years old and upward knows that that is a miracle. It's the same with a single voice, though he wants something to begin with. There isn't any jazz in his system or repertoire, and he is turning out a generation of youth who prefer the music of genius to "East side, west side." As for hymns, he wishes them to throb with reverence and worship; when he must listen to a tintinabulating ditty his face is an appeal for first aid. Not always easy for a student to rise to the higher appreciations, but he finally does; and it is probable that Prof. Hobson gets as many letters from grateful pupils as any teacher in Willamette.

He is completely human; likes to loaf on the river bank and in the woods, could team up perfectly with Huckleberry Finn. He can't resist an automobile; wants one that goes and can persuade the police that fifty miles is 'bout the same as thirty. As for ham and sweet potatoes, "Yes, sah; 'ol Kaintuck." And fried chicken! It sets him to crooning lullabies!

Of course he has "temperament," but it isn't the sulking or fighting kind. The superiority complex never obtrudes because there isn't any. He isn't "Hobby" or "Emery" to the students—just "Prof." Music is "Hobson's choice"—plus other things mentioned—and Hobson is the Willamette singers' choice.

## Afield with Franklin

**A**BOUT May 20 I heard of the Upton Close Student Tour of the Orient. I wanted to go. Tourist third cabin, native hotels, and other low-cost provisions were among the attractive features. On June 17, with a party of 41 from 10 states, nearly one-half women, I sailed on a Japanese ship from Seattle for Yokohama. Eighty days later we were back in Seattle, having travelled about 12,000 miles. We saw the sights (some of them) in eighteen principle cities of Japan and China, and along many hundreds of miles of railway. A score of the biggest men of the Orient, most of whom spoke good English, received, banquetted, or addressed us.

The first week on land was in Japan. Yokohama and Tokio are big and modern, though still very much torn up with reconstruction work after the earthquake of five years ago. We were received in Tokio at the Foreign Office. We were dined at the University club by Baron Sakatani, with speeches by the host and Nitobe, Zumoto, and Soyeda. All discussed most frankly problems of foreign relations with China and with the United States. Sato, minister of Education, addressed us on Japan's too rapid westernization, and his program for the schools to help to reestablish reverence for ancient art, religion, history, and literature.

From modern Tokio we went two hundred miles west to most ancient Nagoya and Nara—both former capitals—where palaces, castles, and temples are over one thousand years old. We visited the oldest wooden building in the world in a temple area near Nara, and climbed to the top of Nagoya castle, with its two gold dolphins on the roof each covered with one and three fourths millions of dollars worth of gold. Seven hundred sacred deer wander through the streets of Nara and gather in the park to eat cakes from our hands. A score or more of young schoolboys at Nara station have English primers in their bags and are going home by train after school in the city.

In Nara we stop at our first Japanese hotel; leave our shoes outside; enter the hall and climb the stairs in slippers which we must leave outside the rooms. We sit on mats on the floor, or on cushions. We are served dinner on the floor each with a tray filled with little cups and bowls, while the maids, tub of rice and teapots are in the center of

the room. We drink the cup of soup. We take wooden chopsticks from sealed paper wrappers on our trays, and eat fish, vegetables, and rice each from its little dish—sitting on our crossed legs if we can bear it—otherwise sprawling; our stockinged feet to front or to rear as comfort or breeding dictates. It is better form to sit than to sprawl.

The dinner is not at all bad. Afterward the trays are stacked high on their little legs and carried out. Rice paper partitions are put in place. A pile of freshly laundered kimono appears in a corner. Individual bedmats are spread over the floor, with a thinner cover mat upon each. We put on the kimono, and the slippers at the door, and descend to the bath.

A Japanese bath tub is a wooden box about six feet by three and one-half feet and three feet deep, filled to overflowing with very hot water. One soaps, rinses himself, gets into the tub—perhaps with three or four others—with the water up to his chin. If zealous to get clean, he may get out, resoap, and repeat the "pour" and return to the "stew." I think that we were all thoroughly sold to the Japanese bath on ship or in hotel. The night is spent comfortably on the mats after we have crawled under the edges of the full room-size mosquito net hung over the beds.

At Kyoto we visit Doshisha, a mission college founded by a poor Japanese student who raised funds for it in America. It has three or four thousand students of all ages and has graduated two of its girls in law. In the Imperial museum we see relics of one thousand years—art, armor, weapons, and coronation robes. We visit the detached palace and Satsuma pottery works.

At Osaka we listen for an hour to Kagawa, young Christian social worker and labor party leader, author of some fifty volumes, founder of social settlements, perhaps the most influential man in Japan. From Kobe we sail through the famous inland sea and run ashore for an hour again to view city streets and famous temples. A long train ride in Korea brings us to the capital, once Seoul, now Keijo, surrounded by hills, modernizing rapidly, interesting for shops, and people, parks, zoological garden, native YMCA, big hotel, Severance hospital and medical college.

We enter China at the Yalu river and some hours later are at Mukden. In ten siren-shrieking automobiles we are driven swiftly for miles through narrow streets to the palace where Chang-tso-lin, ex-war lord of Manchuria, lies in state for two months of funeral. Soldiers salute as we enter. Banks of flowers and the coffin are on a raised platform in front. Hundreds of mourners on each side fill long rows of benches that ascend to the ceiling. The din of their music and singing is superb. We pass on to other rooms where, with the young marshal and later his young wife seated among us, tea is served. We photograph him and he us in the gardens. His younger brother in long mourner's white robe, unhemmed, unbleached, and for 49 days unwashed, was master of ceremonies and official mourner at the dinner. We sat at tables in groups of eight. Kneeling on a mat which a servant brought to table after table, he kowtowed with head touching the floor. We rose and bowed, but with much stiffer backs. Oriental extravagance ran riot in the thirty-one dishes that were placed before us. Chinese cooking is the perfected art of pleasing the palate, but in banquets the variety is too endless.

There are no better trains than those of the South Manchurian railroad. On the way to Dairen, while dressing, I stood straight up in my berth in the sleeper. Thirty hours by steamer and four by rail brought us past Port Arthur and through Tientsin to Peking, (now Peiping), occupied by the Nationalists a few weeks before. We saw no evidence of military rule except the presence of very young and boyish soldiers from Shansi province, many of whom were beginning the long march for home.

Care must be taken of health in China. Three of our party were in a hospital for a few days. Drinking water is boiled. Fresh fruit is avoided. We did not try native inns, but our Peking hotels were managed by Chinese in foreign style and with foreign food. We may wear our shoes even in hotels and in temples. Money is all Mex, in dollars and cents, but Mex is both "big" money and "small" money. Silver 20c and 10c pieces and the copper coins are "small" money. Paper 20c and 10c pieces and the larger coins and notes are "big" money. Six "small" money 20c pieces and several coppers are needed to equal one dollar Mex, or fifty

cents gold. Bank notes of a half dozen leading banks are good in both North and South China. Other notes are good only near home.

In Peiping we travelled mostly by rickshaw. Often we engaged our rickshaw man by the day for \$1.20 to \$1.40 Mex. He trots off with you a mile or two at a good pace, mopping up the sweat with a towel as he goes; waits for you to shop or see a temple, walk on the top of the great wall, or spend hours in a Chinese theater. In the jam of the after-theatre crowd you never can find him but he always finds you. Some can talk English and are very useful guides.

The museum and the art gallery, now open to the public, in the forbidden city in Peiping, will take all of the conceit of superiority out of any intelligent Westerner. My eyes opened there when I saw the surpassing artistic glories of the millenniums of culture that have made the Chinese so wonderful a people. I saw some of the reasons why they have clung so tenaciously to their past. The thoughtful man must be reverential when he walks through the spacious grounds and buildings of the Temple of Heaven and ascends three flights of marble steps to the huge marble platform of the Altar of Heaven. On this once each year for a thousand years or more—until the republic came in 1911—the emperor alone, after a night of ceremony and preparation, has sought the favor of heaven for his people. Today soldiers are camping in these grounds and visit at will the most sacred spots.

We drive out to the western hills in autos and on the way visit two splendid colleges with grounds and buildings superior to any but two in Oregon. The summer palace, eight miles out, rivals Versailles in spaciousness and beauty of grounds. The hills are the background of long rows of buildings. In front is the great expanse of artificial lake, its center for half a mile open water, its sides far out green with solid masses of lotus leaves and gorgeous with millions of huge lotus blossoms. There is a wondrous little hump-backed bridge across the lake. Around is much diversification of landscape. Peiping is seen in the distance. We wonder whether as beautiful a landscape is elsewhere on the earth. The dowager empress built it all with funds raised for a navy, and placed one large marble boat in the lake. The western hills are filled with endless variety of

temple, tomb, and other structures built by the great and wealthy of past ages. We spent a night at an old temple now rented by the Y. M. C. A. for vacation-time headquarters and for conferences. We went on a mile or two to another where the buildings climb up a hillside on both sides of the approaches. The largest, at the top, is a temporary tomb and shrine of Sun-Yat Sen. Others are now the Nationalist army headquarters. A donkey ride of twelve miles took us over the hills and back to the buses that have come for us that we may be received that afternoon at the American embassy and then go to dinner at the Foreign Office. Later we attend a reception at the same Foreign Office building given by the wife of General Chiang Kai-shek to all of the elite of Peiping.

At Tientsin, on board ship for Dairen, we are stuck in the mud until the fourth high tide as the boat tries to turn in the river. The long journey on the Yellow Sea to Shanghai was broken by a half day at Chaing-tao, a wholly modern city, built by the Germans, now governed by Chinese under some Japanese influence. The Lion's club was our host there. They drove us about for hours in autos over excellent pavements, and we were received by the Chinese governor. In that city of 50,000 people an American publishes an English language daily paper.

Our travel in the Japanese boat on the Yellow Sea is oriental style. There is no tourist third cabin. Our space below decks has been fitted with new mats. We sleep there on our blankets, or may sleep out under the stars on deck. Our meals are served on deck. We thoroughly enjoy the journey. A Chinese professor of physics from the University of Mukden and his wife, educated at Columbia and Cornell, and the acting head of the Student Y.M.C.A. of China were interesting passengers.

At Shanghai our men lived at the Navy Y.M.C.A., paying \$1.00 Mex a day. The large Chinese Y.M.C.A. was a half block away. The new Foreign "Y"—a nine story building—membership fee \$100 Mex—surpassed any other "Y" building I have ever seen. The Bund for a mile along the Whangpoo river is a street much like the Chicago lake front down town, but it is lined with shipping on the water side. The old Chinese city with its wall and narrow crowded streets is in the southeast quarter of the map. Big buses, elec-

tric street cars, and trackless trolley cars run to all parts of the big city.

We spent a half day at the huge plant of the Commercial Press, Inc., far and away the biggest and most complete printing plant I have ever seen. I wonder whether the like of it is anywhere else in the world. It was founded and is operated by Chinese, has published 11,000 books, and prints everything. It will soon publish a series of 1,800 volumes for public libraries. It appropriates \$30,000 a year to support a library of over 300,000 volumes and has housed it in a five story building. The editor of the Press, who is also librarian, spoke to us for an hour of his work. We saw engraving, color printing, art printing, manufacture of Chinese type, elaborate machinery of every sort; and they have a machine shop that can build a printing press.

One morning we drove in autos to Shanghai College—fine buildings and wonderful grounds; to Yih's garden—a wall-enclosed private pleasure park perhaps the equal of any in America; to a quite new Chinese college near by—one of many that are springing up everywhere. One thousand young Chinese students are to be found in the average one. They are as thoroughly modern as most, and more so than many, American colleges.

Can we go up the river to Nanking? The American consul insistently opposes our plan. We send up a scout and eighteen men and women respond to his telegram to come on. The long night rail journey takes us through large cities with station platforms crowded with sleeping soldiers. We talk for hours with two delegates from the student unions of China who are bringing petitions to the Conference in Nanking. Government autos and Foreign Office officials drive us to Ginling College to leave the women's luggage; to the hall where the Conference sits; to the government offices; to a ride on a great lotus-filled lake in a park; to a reception in Central University; to a Y.M.C.A. (thoroughly Chinese) where the men spend the night. Sunday morning some of us go to a mission church and school and hear a sermon in Chinese by a Chinese. Later we drive into the country to the Experimental Agricultural Normal school where a brilliant Chinese Ph. D., from Columbia is materializing a multitude of plans for the practical education of Chinese youth. Teachers from over the province are learning in summer school

how to make sun dried brick of large size and build with them the needed village schoolhouses at very little cost; and also how to prepare a large biological collection in jars and bottles. They are taught scientific agriculture. They are expected to keep in close touch with country life and to be helpful to the farmers.

We go back to an elaborate dinner at Central University, and to Soochow the next day. The city has great walls and perhaps a half million people. Our long line of rickshaws moves rapidly through mile after mile of very interesting streets. We are taken to a wonderful garden within the city—very old with very elaborate rock work and water and tree effects. We walk through a great shopping street and buy strange musical instruments. We go to the Chinese "Y" for ice cream. We climb to the top of a very old pagoda, and see the great city below us. At 11:00 p. m., we are back in Shanghai.

After Hangchow now we shall sail for a week more in Japan and then for home. We go south to beautiful Hangchow. The "Y" has printed a detailed program for our visit to scores of places during two busy days. Rickshaws take us around except when we cross West Lake in boats. Paramount sights were temples, gardens, silk stores, and silk factories. We spend one night in a college dormitory and the next in an elaborate hotel.

We return to America quite astounded at what we have seen and learned. Never shall we see greener or more beautiful landscapes than are nearly everywhere in Japan and China, nor more cultured and friendly people. We do not expect again to see cleanliness, politeness, love of beauty so universal as we find them in Japan. The Chinese multitudes everywhere that we went are cheerful and smiling. They seem to have learned how to live on the bright side of their hard life. We marvel at the zeal with which China goes forward accomplishing the greatest revolution any country has ever undertaken. It is quite time that Western nations see the inevitable, and hasten to make terms with the new China on the basis of full equality. China may in the near future assume leadership of the world.

—Prof. F. G. Franklin.

### Students and Churches

"What is the attitude of the Willamette students to the church" may find an answer in the results of the church census made at the time of registration and tabulated by Rev. F. C. Taylor, pastor of the First Methodist church, under whose direction the survey was made. Of the 527 students who enrolled this year, 493 filled out the Church Directory cards and of that number only 72 were non-church members. The following table shows the relation of the student body to denominations:

Number of students who filled cards	493
Number of churches or denominations	20
Number of church members	421
Number of non-church members	72
Number having no church preference	22
Baptist	14
Roman Catholic	8
Korean Mission	1
Disciples of Christ	24
Community Church	2
Congregational	17
Episcopal	18
Evangelical	6
Christian Science	11
Friends	5
Lutheran	5
Mennonite	2
Methodist Episcopal	289
Presbyterian	59
Protestant	3
Protestant Episcopal	1
Seven Day Adventist	1
United Brethren	3
Unitarian	5
Church of Brethren	1

### New Lawyers

The June State Bar examination precipitated upon the Commonwealth of Oregon the following new Willamette attorneys at law: Harley W. Allen, William DeSouza, William M. McAllister, C. B. McCullough, Edward E. Sox, and George G. VanNatta. Think of them when you make your will, establish a corporation or have trouble with your neighbor's chickens.

### Congratulations

Noble S. Moodhe, '22, and Deane Hutton Moodhe, '23, are parents of Neil Severin Moodhe, born September 21, 1928.

## At Chapel

(There is but one Professor Matthews and his chapel addresses are like him—unique, suggestive, inspiring, gripping. This address will awaken memories in thousands of Willamettians.)

ONCE upon a time—it may have been long ago, or more recently—an elderly lady said something, and her declaration on that occasion is my message to you at this time.

She said something.

I mean just that. A sudden idea, penetrating and cogent, overwhelming and illuminating, was the necessary and sufficient impulse to startle her instinct for speech into action and she exploded into language. You know quite precisely what took place then. Her vocal cords, lax just an instant before, drew together, grew tense, and the impeded breath as it flowed over the edges of those cords, produced vibrations of air, sound waves if you please. Those sound waves gathered volume and timbre and force in the nose and cheek resonators and became voice. That voice after it was modified by teeth, tongue and palate emerged as speech, and that speech composed of words selected and directed by the elderly lady's active brain is the message I have for you this morning.

What did she say.

I cannot tell you yet. You are not ready for the message right away. Let me continue my discourse by saying that the elderly lady spoke for all the race of men, past, present and future. Now, one that can put into words the ideas common to ancestors, contemporaries and posterity, is either a poet or a philosopher. For consider. The poet speaks and the listener thinks to himself, "Why, that is exactly the way I have felt sometimes, but I never could have expressed myself so beautifully." The philosopher speaks and the listener knows that he has had similar reflections, but must admit to himself that he never could have worked the ideas out so clearly, so fully, with syllogism, proof, analogy and analysis. To tell the truth, I am persuaded that my old lady was both poet and philosopher.

What did she say

Be patient. Let so much transpire—regret, humiliation, a humorous perception of a trying situation and a wise shrewd statement of what would have been the correct thing to do in the case. There; if that is not the mind of poet and philosopher combined I do not know what poetry and philosophy are.

And yet, oddly enough, I doubt the simple minded elderly lady, who burst into naive speech, ever thought of herself as a poet or a philosopher. Indeed I am very sure if one had addressed her thus: "Madame, you are a poet," she would have cried out, "Oh, sir, a poet?"—nothing quite so bad as that, I hope." But if one had said to her, "Thou philosopher," she would have felt quite as puzzled and astonished—and shocked as if one had told her she was rectangular or hyperborean.

Nothing new or strange in that, is there? Has it not always been so? "Out of the mouths of babes—" You know the rest. Are not our maxims and proverbs and old saws, the concentrated wisdom of common sense, the gradually accumulated lore of simple souls? Besides, genius does not always discover itself. Historically it has often happened that others have first recognized the rare talent in a man and have set him to work. And again great ability is apt to be modest.

But notice again. It was all so incidental, so casual. This old lady had not been "reading up" the subject—consulting almanac, atlas, cyclopedia and monograph. She had not announced that in October the tenth, in the civic auditorium, at eight in the evening she would deliver a lecture, or if so much was not necessary she would put the result of her reasonings and contemplations into one brief sentence, the single sentence that is to be my message to you at this time. No, no,—bless you, nothing like that—no ringing of bells, no orchestra, no special music by Cavalier Da Blah, no formally gathered audience, no auditorium, no set occasion, no silver collection, no admission. It just happened. No one came to speak, none came to hear. An accident—a situation—might have befallen any one; the old lady spoke—might have kept silent, but did not—spoke casually and those that happened to be present heard her just as casually, though I am sure they pondered in their hearts as you will ponder when I reveal to you what she said.

Again let me remark that there is nothing new or strange in that. What impulse or thought is finer or more generous than these spontaneous, unpremeditated thoughts and impulses frequently are? Who can forecast a crisis? Is it not true that some of the most important doctrines and truths have been proclaimed to a single listener and so casually, so accidentally, that

one almost shudders as he reflects—"The world nearly missed that."

I care not if you grow impatient because I do not immediately quote the elderly lady's sentence and be done with my address. I cannot do that. The thing is not so simple. Indeed, I am not in a position yet, after all this preliminary to give her words and end my discourse.

What I have said so far is designed to capture your attention. The message is short, scarcely twenty words. I shall recite it only once. And when I speak I must be sure that your aural organs—tympana hammer, anvil, stirrup, eustachian tubes, semicircular canals, are keyed for action, the auditory lobe is ready to receive and register, the inner consciousness of you waiting to understand and appreciate. I know I am tiresome, but that is a teacher's privilege, and some of us willingly avail ourselves of it.

Worse yet, I am not rhetorical and that is a heinous crime. But if charm and rhetoric get in my way like common jaywalkers when I am speaking, why let them take the consequences. I follow my method and if it makes you angry, annoys you, throws you into the sulks—well, perhaps you will remember what I say so much the longer. Still—be patient—if you can. Just a word more before I tell you what the old lady said.

In her statement she mentioned garments, feminine garments, intimate feminine garments and as I wish to quote verbatim, I must do the same, although these things are not usually proclaimed in dignified address. Now you are prepared.

Another thing. Human and understanding, sapient and sagacious and expedient, as the elderly lady's outburst was, there is nothing new in it but the language. A cry, a sentiment, a belated bit of wisdom it was, and as old as our race, and men are still voicing it in one fashion or another, and always will, I fear—we are such fools.

Ah, it is pitiful.

Adam—just driven out of Eden—the gate shut in his face—the flaming sword emphasizing the impossibility of return—I see him vivid as reality. He turns to Eve—I can hear him say, "If I had known—;" or perhaps he mutters, "I might have known;" or is it this? "I should have known."

A cry did I say, a universal cry? Why, my young friends, it is a formula, a universal, inevitable formula, ready

at hand, for a certain kind of occasion.

The young man who loses his good position on account of little faults—coming late to work in the morning, lack of courtesy, carelessness in important details, failure to obey orders, tardiness in performing required work, what does he say? Oh, he repeats that same futile, tardy bit of wisdom and regret.

The daughter, who never understood her mother, what does she say, as she stands by mother's casket in the evening gloom? You know very well—there is only one thing to say, and it is these fateful words, "If I had known—."

What do you say in the instant you discover you have wasted golden things, thrown away pearls, bruised a gentle heart, disappointed fond hopes, missed forever the priceless chance? Automatically, inevitably, you reach into a certain pigeon hole and bring it out—that formula, "If I had known—."

A brakeman was helping an old man board the train. He shouted rudely to his passenger, "Hurry up, old Limpy." But Limpy was the president of the road—"If I had known—."

A preacher got by one Sunday morning with a pretty thin sermon, for he had fiddled away the previous week. But his bishop was in the audience that morning—"If I had known—."

A golden opportunity to invest a little capital safely and profitably came to a young man who earned a fair sized salary. But he had never formed the habit of saving—"If I had known—"

I have heard juniors in college cry out, "Oh, if I had only studied harder in my freshman year."

"It might have been," sang our gentlest poet in minor key, facing the verities of life and destiny, "are the saddest words of tongue or pen."

Dear young friends, they are sad words, bitter words.

"I might have known." "If I had known." Can't you hear the cry wrung from the poor girl in her shame? the embezzler in the clutches of the law? the traitor in the scorn and hatred he has stirred up? the wastrel in his poverty and misery? the sinner in his dying hour?

"If I had known—." And so often we could have known. A little investigation. And it was our first business to know. And shame, shame, dare I say it?—sometimes we do know, know all the time, and take desperate, wicked chances.

Look before you leap. Count the cost before hand. Remember that some things have only one ending. If our only hope is that we may not be caught, we are not safe. If we are trusting to luck to get by, let us remember the Turkish adage, "Luck is infatuated with the efficient."

And now I am ready to tell you what the old lady said.

Young ladies, and gentlemen, once upon a time an elderly lady started across a crowded city street. The next thing she knew she was lying in a strange bed, in a strange room. A young woman in dainty white clothing, was sitting by the bedside.

"Where am I?" asked the old lady.

"You are in a hospital," answered the nurse.

"What is the matter?"

"You were knocked down in the street by an automobile, and both your legs damaged at the ankle. But we have bound them up, you are doing nicely, and will soon be out."

"Did you have to take off my shoes and stockings?" exclaimed the old lady in real anxiety.

"Surely," was the nurse's reply.

"Then," said the old lady, with spirit, "all I have to say is that if I had known this was going to happen I would have been wearing my silk stockings."

—Jas. T. Matthews.

### *Freshman Week*

The several days now exclusively devoted by many colleges to the incoming class have been of remarkable value to the students and faculty. During this period the freshman "learns the purpose and procedure of the University, receives guidance in outlining a program of studies, becomes acquainted with the new environment, the members of the class and with the faculty." In order that graduates and others may see how this has been carried out, the schedule of the day is given.

#### **Friday, September 14**

Forenoon Enrollment with Registrar  
..... Eaton Hall  
1:30 p. m. English Classifying Tests  
..... Eaton Hall  
4:00 p. m. College Songs and Yells  
..... Chresto Cottage  
7:30 p. m. Greeting—President Doney  
..... Chapel

#### **Saturday, September 15**

8:30 a. m. Talk, "Branches of Knowledge"—Dean Erickson.....Chapel  
9:00 a. m. Tour of the Campus.  
9:30 a. m. Free Period.  
10:00 a. m. to 12:00 Departmental Conferences.  
1:30 p. m. to 3:00 Departmental Conferences.  
3:00 p. m. Free Period.  
3:30 p. m. Talks, "Student Organizations" .....Chapel  
7:30 p. m. Social Evening. Campus Christian Associations  
.....City Y. M. C. A.

#### **Sunday, September 16**

Freshmen were assisted in establishing themselves in the churches of Salem according to their preferences.

#### **Monday, September 17**

8:30 a. m. Men's Conference, Coach Keene ..... Gymnasium  
Women's Conference, Dean Dahl, Room 21, ..... Eaton Hall  
9:00 a. m. Men's Conference, Coaches Keene and Sparks  
..... Athletic Field  
Women's Conference, Miss Curry  
..... Gymnasium  
9:30 a. m. Registration ..... Eaton Hall  
1:30 p. m. Registration ..... Eaton Hall  
4:00 p. m. Freshman Class Meeting  
..... Chapel  
7:30 p. m. Faculty Reception  
..... Lausanne Hall

#### **Tuesday, September 18**

2:30 a. m. Talk, "Student Finances."  
Mr. Harold Eakin ..... Chapel  
9:00 a. m. Library Demonstration  
Dr. Franklin ..... Library  
10:30 a. m. Talk, "Student Health," followed by physical examination  
Dr. Downs ..... Gymnasium

### *The Collegian*

The Collegian has adopted a new form—tabloid, eight pages. This allows better display for advertisements and for leading articles. But the high quality of college journalism will be maintained by Editor Smullin and his associates.

Alumni may now receive the paper free if they pay alumni dues. Send payment to Lestle Sparks, Willamette University, Salem, Oregon. Do it now.

Edwin T. Randall, '22, is a member of the staff of the Methodist Men's Movement, 740 Rust street, Chicago.

### *McCormick's Book*

For the past six years, Professor McCormick, Dean of Kimball School of Theology, has taught the Freshman Bible course at Willamette. As this course is required of Freshmen, he has had opportunity to meet practically all who have entered the University during these six years. Through this contact, Dr. McCormick has come to know pretty thoroughly wherein the student's knowledge of the Bible is deficient; also, what are, for him, the questions of interest in connection with Bible study.

Professor McCormick has felt the lack of a textbook on the Bible suitable for this course with its very large number of students and its limitation of meeting only one hour a week. He has attempted to meet the need by writing a study book, entitled "Thinking Through the Bible" has come from the press and is being used this year.

The two hundred-page book is well printed and well arranged for class room purposes, with black-face paragraph headings, chronological tables, bibliography and index. The chapter headings take the unusual form of inquiries, which is especially appropriate for stimulating the attitude of genuine thoughtfulness suggested by the title and ardently urged by the author in his opening pages. The writer does not attempt to tell the reader everything which he would have him discover about the Bible, but, at the end of each chapter, sends him to the Bible itself, by means of lists of questions for study and topics for discussion. An interesting feature, especially for some, will be the sketches and maps, from the skillful pen of Bob Boardman.

Professor McCormick, under the head of the twenty-six inquiries which form the table of contents, discusses first, some general matters with regard to the origin and nature of the Bible, and then presents briefly the contents and essential message of the various books of the Bible. One feels constantly, in reading, that the author was most of the time working under too severe a limitation of space, and one who knows Dr. McCormick's facility of thought and expression would expect to find the content greatly expanded and enriched if this restraint were removed.

While "Thinking Through the Bible" will serve primarily as a text in Freshman Bible, the author expresses the worthy ambition that it will have a much wider use in the hands of other study groups and of individuals.

—C. M. Keefer

### *Around the Campus*

Dean Clark and assistants have had a busy summer keeping the campus beautiful and making improvements within the buildings. Three new laboratory tables have been provided for chemistry and the old tables have new tops. A balance room has been provided and the stock room capacity has been increased. All apparatus has been cleaned and the department is ship-shape. Dr. Johnson, unsparing of himself, welcomes the students to an attractive and thoroughly equipped laboratory.

Dean Hewitt and Dr. Lockenour have excellent offices and class rooms on the top floor of Waller where the classes in law are held. The law library and study room are on the first floor of Waller. Rearrangement, new desks, chairs and shelving, soap and paint have given the law college good quarters and equipment.

Music Hall has been treated within to paint and window shades. Lausanne Hall has been visited by painters, plumbers and curtain men. A sawdust burner provides heat and a new sanding machine resurfaced some of the floors. Eaton Hall has new lavatories, exhibits much paint, a resurfaced first floor hallway, some new desks and chairs, fourteen additional microscopes and other apparatus for the department of biology. The gymnasium was satisfied with a housecleaning and a non-leakable roof.

The roadway upon the campus was graded, resurfaced and rolled. The athletic field was worked over until it is in perfect condition. The campus was never so attractive, the buildings and equipment never so good.

N. B. Dean Erickson's office has a new carpet!

### *Chapin*

Leland T. Chapin, '25, is returning on furlough from the Canton (China) Christian College. At present he is in Paris, serving as secretary and interpreter to J. P. Tsu, special representative of the Chinese government to Europe. He is also studying French and teaching English.

He has had a variety of experiences—Associated Press correspondent, air planing from Paris to Geneva, hearing Dean Inge preach the League of Nations sermon, attending the League Assembly meetings, etc.

He will soon cross to England, study a bit and come on to the United States about holidays time.

## Athletics

THE turnout of sixty aspirants at the initial practice represents one of the largest squads in recent years at Willamette. After two weeks of practice, injuries have depleted the squad. There are still more than four teams from which the coaches may pick a team to face the opponents of the coming season.

Ten veterans of last season's team are missing. They are Haldeane, Reggie Depoe, ends; Woodworth, Propp, tackles; McKenzie, all-conference guard for two years; "Dutch" Dietz, the diminutive quarterback, Lang, fullback, Winslow and Zeller, halves. The loss of these men will be felt and the coaches must necessarily build a team from men who are for the most part unseasoned players.

At end, there is Mumford, a three year letterman who alternated with Depoe last year. Mumford is the only end with experience. Gibson, Mootry, Holt, and Smith are freshmen being used at this position.

At tackle, the team will be as strong as last year. Versteeg is holding down his old berth while Flock, Ruck, Rasmussen and Bateson are being tried out to fill the place of Woodworth. Ruck is a letterman, who held down Versteeg's position last year while the latter was out of the game with injuries.

Left guard is being filled by Mort who made second all-conference last year. Philpott, Emmons, a letterman, Hillis and Satchwell are candidates for the position of right guard. The loss of McKenzie leaves a weakness which must be overcome.

At center, Ackerman who alternated with Rogers last year is the successful candidate over Betts a reserve, and Pope a freshman. Both of these men are very efficient understudies.

At quarter, Charlie Depoe has the call over the aspirants for this position. Adams who is playing his first year of football is proving to be a very able signal barker for the second squad. Haworth and Garrison are calling the plays for the third and fourth squads.

Cranor, all-conference halfback of last year and French are filling the position of halves with Engelbretsen, Page, McBee and Reidell giving them a close race. At fullback there is McMullen of the 1926 team and Sonkson a freshman.

It is too early in the season to prophesy as to the potential strength of

some of the material. Some of the men who show promise are Carpenter, Ellis, Gill, Faber, Hartley, Halsted, Schiffman, and Tucker.

In reviewing Willamette's opponents for the Northwest Championship, four teams stand out as potential contenders.

First on the list is the College of Idaho. Last year this team won the conference championship with five straight victories. This fact plus the advantage of having nearly the entire team back will give opposing coaches plenty to worry about. The College of Puget Sound stands next to Idaho in possessing veteran material. They have also new men coming in, who increase their threat and are set for a successful season. Although Whitman has lost several seasoned players, they have a wealth of new material from which to build a team to join in the race for honors. Pacific University has several experienced men as a nucleus for its team, as well as some good looking freshman prospects. Linfield faces its conference games with a new coach and new material.

Willamette's coaching staff remains the same as last year. Head Coach, "Spec" Keene begins his third year at Willamette. Joe Kasberger, Kenneth Denman and Lestle Sparks are his assistants. Winslow and Woodworth who have played four years have also offered their assistance. Plans are being made for a freshman team.

Willamette's schedule includes the following games and scores:

- Sept. 29—University of Washington at Seattle—W. U.—0, U. of W.—26.
- Oct. 6—Linfield College at McMinnville. W. U. 36, Linfield 0.
- Oct. 20—Chemawa at Chemawa (Freshmen).
- Oct. 13—U. of Oregon at Salem. U. of Oregon 38, Willamette 6.
- Oct. 27—College of Puget Sound at Salem. Homecoming game.
- Nov. 2—Albany College at Salem.
- Nov. 10—College of Idaho at Boise.
- Nov. 17—Pacific University at Forest Grove.
- Nov. 24—Open
- Nov. 29—Whitman College at Salem.

The scores put up by Whitman and C. P. S. indicate that the battle for the conference championship will be terrific. The dope may shift, but there will be fighting all the way.

## Marriages

Charles ("Chuck") McClelland, '23, and Miss Isobel Croisan, ex'23, were granted a license September 8, 1928 and were married September 10. Their home is in Long Beach, California, where Mr. McClelland is engaged as an expert in oil-well locating.

Miss Lucille Ross, instructor in piano in Willamette for three years, was married in Chicago, during the summer, to Mr. Holley J. Brandrup, a graduate of Macalaster College. Mr. Brandrup is principal of the West Patterson, N. J., schools.

Wayne Crow, '27, and Miss Ednabel Myer, of Lostine, Oregon, were married in July. Mr. Crow is principal of the Lostine schools.

Miss Rachel E. DeYo, '26, and John F. Medler, ex'21, were married August 31, in the Woodlawn Methodist church, Portland. Their home will be in Wasco, Oregon, where Mr. Medler has a ranch, both wide and long.

Professor Lestle Sparks, '19, and Miss Marion C. Linn, '22, were married on Sunday, September 9, at "Willamette Lodge," Salem, President Doney officiating. Prof. Sparks is in charge of men's physical education in the University and Mrs. Sparks has taught in Salem high. Last year she was in the University of California, taking M. A. She was offered a fellowship for the coming year, but—Prof. Sparks was in the University of New York for summer work—always studying.

Boris N. Sammer, ex'27, was married in Pasadena, Calif., on June 30, to Miss Elizabeth M. Wijnanda. Mr. Sammer was graduated from the California Institute of Technology a year ago and is now an engineer.

Eva F. Parrett, '20, was married at her home in Newberg, Oregon, July 1, to Mr. A. G. Klein. Their home is South Linden street, Hempstead Gardens, Long Island, N. Y.

Ruby Delk, '27, was married to Chester Phillips, August 12. Their home is in Gresham, Oregon.

Helen Richolson, '26, and DeLosa Robertson, '26, were married in Centralia, Wash., July 27. Mr. Robertson is principal of the Stevenson, Wash., high school.

Prof. Cecil R. Monk was married in Holdrege, Nebr., on June 29 to Miss Helen Jones ('26, Nebraska Wesleyan). Mr. Monk is biology professor at Wil-

lamette and the new home is 955 Center street.

Mr. Tinkham Gilbert, '21, was married on September 1, 1928 in Corvallis to Miss Elizabeth Robinson. Mr. Gilbert is Bank Examiner, connected with the State Banking department. The new home is in Salem.

Mr. Harold Hauk, '30, was married to Miss Lora Boothe of Peoria, Ill., July 8, in Salem by President Doney. Mr. Hauk will continue in school.

Esther King, '27, was married June 28 at her home in Metzger, Oregon, to Mr. Frederick Peters. They will live in Metzger.

Amanda Wagner, '24, and Walter Herstrom were married August 19 in Vancouver, Wash. They will be at home in Port Townsend, Wash.

## The Enrollment

The result of the qualifying English test indicates that the present Freshman class represents an unusually high quality of scholarship. A selected enrollment may partly account for this and it is also thought that English is being more highly regarded by people generally.

The enrollment, as of October 1, is here presented and it is found that a larger proportion of sophomores and upper classmen have returned than has been the case for many years.

	Boys	Girls	Total
Freshmen .....	85	86	171
Sophomores .....	54	74	128
Juniors .....	30	55	85
Seniors .....	33	35	68
Specials .....	6	14	20
Musie .....	21	55	76
Law School .....	49	1	50
Total .....	278	320	598
Duplications .....	20	49	69
Grand Total .....	258	271	529

## Homecoming

The date is October 27. Every alumnus, former student, friend cousin, aunt—come to Willamette on that day. The College of Puget Sound will perform against the liveliest and biggest aggregation of Bearcats you have ever seen. The performance will be considerable; every rooter is needed if Willamette's side of the score is to be really satisfactory. Put a red circle around the date on your calendar. Come one, come all.

## CLASS OF 1928

## A. B. DEGREE

Harley West Allen, Lostine, Oregon.  
 Margaret Arnold, Director of Music in Junior high school, Ashland, Ore.  
 Lauren Bennett, The Dalles, Ore.  
 Irene Breithaupt, Working in Florist Shop, Salem, Ore.  
 Dessie Cox, Walla Walla, Wash.  
 Carl Crane, Teaching Science and Athletics, Valler, Montana.  
 Virginia Merie Crites, Teacher of History Cheney, Wash.  
 Harry G. Crouse, Minister, Portland, Ore.  
 Dorothy Ellis, Working in U. S. National Bank, Salem, Ore.  
 Louise Findley, Teacher in Portland Conservatory of Music and Organist of Baptist church, Salem, Ore.  
 Barbara Gallaher, Married James Bennett September 27, Salem, Ore.  
 Louise Garrison, Teacher in Parrish Junior high school, Salem, Ore.  
 Claudine Gerth, Teacher, Lostine, Ore.  
 Bernice Ellen Groth, Seward, Alaska.  
 Evangelina Heinck, Teacher, Yakima, Wash.  
 Albert W. Herrman, Has interest in fox farm, Tacoma, Wash.  
 Joy Hills, Teacher in Salem high school, Salem, Ore.  
 Russell Dillon Hills, With Printing company, Salem, Ore.  
 Sigmund Herbert Huth, Salem, Ore.  
 Clara Louise Jasper, Graduate work at University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.  
 Genevieve Junk, Graduate work at Willamette University, Salem, Ore.  
 Royal Keefer, Landscape gardening work, Riverside, Calif.  
 Hobart K. Kelly, Teacher of Science, and Coaching, Cascade Locks, Ore.  
 Doris Klundt, The Dalles, Ore.  
 Kenneth LaViolette, Teacher, Kings Hill, Idaho.  
 Kenneth Loren Lawson, Boys' Secretary Y. M. C. A., Spokane, Wash.  
 Etta Lillian Leighton, Teacher, Madras, Oregon.  
 Frances Georgina Lemery, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.  
 Margaret Louise Lewis, Teacher of History and Music, Goldendale, Wash.  
 Mary E. Martin, Yakima, Wash.  
 Kenneth Dale McCormick, School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York City.  
 Hugh McGilvra, Editor News-Times, Forest Grove, Ore.  
 Mary Katherine McKee, Reader for Chautauqua, Emmett, Idaho.  
 Joseph Meyer, Echo, Oregon.  
 William C. Mickelson, Teacher of Mathematics and Manual Training, Lake Stevens, Wash.  
 Mildred L. Mills, Teacher of History, Marshfield, Ore.  
 Edna Lura Morgan, Bandon, Ore.  
 Bernice M. Mulven, Teacher of Home Economics, Nooksack, Wash.  
 Harold Stanley Mumford, Salem, Oregon.  
 Bernice Ruth Newhouse, Graduate work at University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.  
 Louise Nunn, Girls' Secretary Y. M. C. A., Baker, Ore.  
 Henry Oberson, Student Harvard Medical School, Cambridge, Mass.  
 Louise Edward Oberson, Graduate work at Willamette University, Salem.  
 Ocean Beach Patton, Dundee, Ore.  
 Harry Earl Pemberton, Principal of high school, Wilson Creek, Wash.  
 Ella Pfeiffer, Working in State Library, Salem, Ore.  
 Cynthia B. Pier, Teacher, Chehalis, Wash.  
 Helen Mary Pollock, Teacher at Amity,

## Oregon.

James Rettie, Working for M. A. degree at Yale University, New Haven, Conn.  
 Mary E. Rettie, Fossil, Ore.  
 Rosa Ricco, Teacher, Umatilla, Ore.  
 Bessie Lee Rice, Working in State Library, Salem, Ore.  
 Grace Irene Ritchie, Teacher, Kimberley, Idaho.  
 Neva Janet Root, Tigard, Ore.  
 Helen Gertrude Sande, Salem, Ore.  
 Mary Eugenia Savage, National Training School of the Women's Home Missionary Society, San Francisco, Calif.  
 Theresa Marie Schotthoefer, Salem, Ore.  
 Laurence Edgar Schreiber, Salem, Ore.  
 Phoebe Ellen Smith, Teacher of Latin and Mathematics, Centerville, Wash.  
 Edward Terry, Minister, Jefferson, Ore.  
 Ormal Trick, Student at Kimball School of Theology, Salem, Ore.  
 Paul G. Trueblood, Teaching Fellowship in English, Duke University, Durham, N. C.  
 Robert Gee Witty, Student Princeton Theological School, Princeton, N. J.  
 William H. Wright, Director of Religious Education, Presbyterian church, Salem, Ore.  
 Asa Chae Zeller, Teacher, Finley, Wash.

GRADUATES OF LAW SCHOOL

Harley West Allen, Lostine, Ore.  
 Joseph William DeSanzo, Salem, Ore.  
 Walter Fuhrer, With Hawkins and Roberts, Salem, Ore.  
 John A. Heltzel, Student at University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.  
 Max V. Hubbs, Silverton, Ore.  
 William Menzies McAllister, With Homer H. Smith Ins. Co., Salem, Ore.  
 Conde B. McCullough, Salem, Ore.  
 Charles William Redding, With Law Firm, McMinnville, Ore.  
 Edward E. Soz, With Law Firm, Salem, Oregon.  
 Mark Waldespel, Salem, Ore.  
 John William Thompson, M. A., Teaching in Ballard high school, Seattle, Wash.

## The Forward Movement

The Forward Movement must move forward. One year remains in which to complete our contract with the General Education Board. The Board is devoting its resources to world enterprises especially—health, peace, research—and is making no more gifts to college endowments; so this is our last chance.

The Board has \$150,000 for Willamette if we secure \$280,000—35 to 65. We expect \$30,000 from old subscriptions; we expect \$100,000 in big subscriptions; we must have \$150,000 additional. If we complete the job, Willamette will have over \$1,500,000 permanent endowment. And that will make it everlasting and efficient.

The campaign opens just after election. Prepare to help in every way. Let there be not one who is indifferent, who does not do a full share. It is a great chance and the last chance.

It is expected that Nov. 18 will formally be the opening date of intensive work. Alumni at a distance should send in their pledges, making them as large as love allows, i. e., love for Willamette.

## Who, What, When, Where

*Edward J. Warren*, '24, is teaching in Yreka, California high school. Recently he has forwarded the Willamette Glee club a cordial invitation to include Yreka in its itinerary.

*Ruth Weckter*, '26, teaches French in high school in Portland, Maine.

*Harold Fearing*, '26, resumes his work in the high school of Aberdeen, Wash., after a vacation spent with Victor Carlson in Florida and the West Indies.

*Claire Geddes*, '27, is associated with the Peoples Trust and Savings Bank of Seattle.

*Victor Carlson*, '27, ex-editor of the Collegian, is on the staff of the Boston Transcript.

*Iva Dell Crozer*, '27, teaches high school French and Commerce at Fossil, Oregon.

*Dean Lobaugh*, '27, is teaching English and History in the Naselle, Wash., high school. He anticipates doing graduate work leading to college teaching in English.

*Paul Trusblood*, '28, is teaching assistant in the English Department of Duke University, Durham, N. C.

*Kenneth McCormick*, '28, son of Dr. J. D. McCormick of the Kimball School of Theology, is pursuing graduate work in short-story writing at Columbia University, and is associate editor of the "Musical Advance" of New York City.

*George L. Oliver*, '24, and *Genevieve Findley Oliver*, '23, are located at 1637 B Ashley St., Honolulu, Hawaii. Mr. Oliver was formerly General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the College of the City of New York. He now is Dean of men in the University of Hawaii.

*Herbert Erickson*, '26, is working for his Master's degree in business administration at Stanford University, Calif.

*Earl C. Flegel*, '17, and *Barbara Steiner Flegel*, '20, are located at 1736 Euclid, Lincoln, Nebraska. Their former address was Scofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaii.

*William T. Rigby*, '89, lives at 446 Eush street, Salem, Ore. Mr. Rigby spent last year in Massachusetts where his son, *George W.*, '27, attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, receiving his M. A. degree in June. George was awarded a fellowship of \$1,600 for continuing his studies toward the doctorate so he is back in Cambridge for another year of study.

*Elaine Chapin*, '27, is teaching at Taft, Oregon.

*Hugh Bell*, '26, and *Eva Tacheron Bell*, '26, live at Chico, Calif. Hugh teaches in the California State Teachers college.

*Marjory Mades*, '26, a teacher of Dosack, Wash., for the past two years, is now at Bremerton, Wash.

*Elizabeth McClure*, '25, is now teaching at The Dalles, Oregon.

*Hale Mickey*, '25, is teaching in the high school at Madras, Ore.

*Gilbert Wrenn*, '26, and *Kathleen La Raut Wrenn*, '24, live at 261 Hawthorne Ave., Palo Alto, Calif., students in Stanford.

*Walter Iliff*, '27, has been with the American Type Foundry company of New York City since his graduation. He is preparing to be representative of this company in South America and expects to begin his work there about the first of the year.

*Frederick Arpke*, '26, taught History in the Republic, Wash., high school during 1926-28, but is located for this year at Kent, Wash.

*Mary Erickson*, '27, is this year attending the University of California. She is still studying biology and expects to receive the Master's degree.

*Howard Nottage*, '26, is with the Grant high school, Portland.

*Howard George*, '23, who has been principal of the high school at Dufur, Oregon for the past three years, now becomes superintendent of schools at Cloverdale, Ore.

*Dr. Paul Wise*, '21, and *Sybil Smith Wise*, '21, live in San Dimas, Calif., a city of three thousand, where he is the only dentist. There are two children, Carolyn and Wesley—also "Wiggles," who is a dog. The Fishers, Wilkens, Days, other friends and relatives reminisced this summer with the Wises; and it is a good place to visit.

*Miss Laura Heist*, '14, home from India on furlough for several months, sailed on September 22, to resume her work as a missionary. While in Oregon, she was honored by various church organizations and was greatly appreciated as an effective speaker.

*Dean C. C. Clark* and family passed their vacation in Idaho. The "Dean" returned with a watermelon larger than an ordinary conscience would permit.

*Carey O. Heath*, '12, is now pastor of the Methodist church, Caldwell, Idaho. He always makes his church grow in

grace and numbers.

*Chas. R. Randall*, '17, the indefatigable, is superintendent of the Waterville, Wash., schools, moving from Asotin. Look for freshmen from Waterville.

*Mrs. Millicent Grieves Goodyear*, ex-'24, lives in Hollywood, Florida with a husband and little son. Dr. Homan, former President of Willamette, is her pastor. She is chairman of the P. T. A., promoter of the Community Club and active in religious work.—As was expected.

*O. J. VanValin*, Law, '15, lives at 6006 Goliad street, Dallas, Texas and has his law offices in the American Exchange Bank building.

*Arthur J. Reinhart*, '15, may be addressed at the City Hall, Dallas, Texas, where he sees that the flourishing city flourishes properly.

*Helen Johnson*, '26, is secretary to the Ohmer Fare Register Co., 148 N. 6th St., Portland. When you look at the contraption which records your fare, think of her and be happy. She lives at 4911 34th Ave., S. E., Portland, attends the Sunnyside M. E. church about six times a week and keeps the young people's work humming. Ask Dr. Edwards, her pastor.

*Nat Beaver*, '27, is at home with his mother at 11 Howland St., Cambridge, Mass. *Henry Oberson*, '28, has a room with them and both the young men are students in the Harvard Medical school. Save your sicknesses until they get their diplomas.

*Jefferson Myers*, '98, is Commissioner, United States Shipping Board, living in Washington, D. C. Recently one of the largest cargo vessels plying out of Portland was christened the "Jefferson Myers".

*Oury W. Hisey*, '24, and *Margaret McDaniel Hisey*, '24, have a daughter, Ann Elizabeth born August 12. They live in Rumford, Maine.—Paper Mill. Mr. Hisey is a son of Trustee Hisey. Mrs. Hisey is a daughter of the late T. S. McDaniel, who was the President of the Board of Trustees.

*Earl Pemberton*, '28, is a teacher in the Wilson Creek, Wash., high school.

*Elmer Strevey*, '23, has passed his examinations for the doctorate at the University of Chicago. So brilliant was his work that he has been engaged as a teacher of history in the University. He lives at 6020 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

## Editors

Sheldon ("Chub") Sackett, '22, is associated with Earl Brownlee in owning and editing the Oregon Statesman, Salem. Mr. Sackett was formerly editor and owner of the McMinnville Telephone-Register and Mr. Brownlee of the Forest Grove Times. Combining resources and ability, the young men are putting vim, vigor and victory into the Statesman. This influential publication was founded in 1851 and for many years was owned and edited by Mr. R. J. Hendricks, a trustee of Willamette the Greatheart and Nestor of Oregon journalism.

C. H. ("Jeter") Gillette, '22, and Hugh McIlvra, '28, have joined forces in buying and editing the Forest Grove Times. Keep your eye on these boys: they're going up.

## DEATHS

Dorothy Fisher, ex-'28, passed away September 28, 1928 and the funeral services were held October 1, in Portland, President Doney officiating. Miss Fisher would have been graduated last June, had illness not obliged her to quit school. She was a strong, devoted Christian whose campus influence was beautifully helpful.

Mrs. Susan McKinney, '67, died at her home in Baker, Ore., September 7, 1928. She was born in Missouri, March 10, 1849 and came across the plains that year with her parents. After graduating from Willamette, she taught in Baker, John Day and La Grande. She was married in 1880 to Henry N. McKinney who died a year ago. She is survived by a son and two daughters.

Walter E. Nydegger, '24, died July 30, 1928 in Portland. He was born August 29, 1900 and after graduating from Willamette, took the Master's degree at the University of Iowa. He then entered the University of Wisconsin and later the Ohio State University, at which institution he was about to receive the Doctor's degree. At the time of his death, he was professor of history and chairman of the department of social science at Wheaton College, Illinois. Prof. Nydegger was an exceptional student, a rich spirit and a choice Christian man.

W. C. Alderson, '89 passed away in Portland, Oct. 8. He was superintendent of the Multnomah county schools for many years and since leaving Willamette has been engaged in school work.

*Squaring the Account*

Not long ago a middle-aged alumnus of an American college asked one of the trustees of the institution, "How much did my four years cost the college?" He soon had his answer, and went home to think it over. Shortly afterward the treasurer of the college received from him a letter in this tenor: "Dear Sir: I am informed that when I was in college I paid treasury bills amounting to \$650 for tuition, and afterward when my son was a student I paid your bills on his account amounting to \$1,050. I understood that I owed you nothing more. But I have just learned that what the college charged \$1,700 for really cost the institution over \$3,500, and the difference between what I was charged and the actual cost was made up by charitable persons living or dead, who contributed to endowment, maintenance or deficit. Though I hold your receipt in full, I consider myself to be still in your debt for the difference between what was spent on myself and son and what was billed out to us. That would be about \$1,800. Inasmuch as there is an interest item that ought to be figured in, I am drawing my check to the order of the college treasurer for \$2,500, which squares the account so far as money can do it. I still owe—College more than I can ever repay." Isn't it strange that so few of the thousands of college graduates ever take that view of their obligation and act upon it?—The Christian Advocate.

*New Sorority Houses*

This past summer, Willamette has been watching with much interest the erection of two fine sorority houses. The architecture of the houses is somewhat different. The Beta Chi carries out the New England Colonial style while the Delta Phi adopts the Dutch Colonial. Each house is true to the type of architecture it represents. Two of the most noticeable features of the former house are the gable at the front and the overhang of the second story. The overhang is a form of timber construction common in old English work. Another pleasing feature is the pillars on either side of the small front porch.

The Dutch Colonial house has a projective roof, common to its particular type. In front of the outer door is a simple platform. The first thing one observes upon entering the house is the central hall which separates the parlor from a bedroom. The parlor is rather informal having a settee on either side of a large fireplace. The upstairs is quite formal with its built-in dressers and bookcases that match the stained woodwork.

The parlor of the New England Colonial type is formal while the upstairs reflects a modern note with its rooms of varied colors.

The girls of each house are happy in finding their new homes a source of much delight.

All front page cuts are due to the courtesy and wise selective judgment of Kennel-Ellis Photographers of Salem.



"The heart of gratitude that stands highest is one that detects all the finest lines of kindness and of favor, and detects them instantly—not upon reflection or investigation, but by natural aptitude. The old ten-ton bell that hangs in the belfry and requires an iron hammer to smite it will fill the air with rolling vibrations, is meritorious, because it is iron, and does not know any better; but a human heart ought to be not like that, but more like a harp, of which the lightest touch sets the chords vibrating; like an Aeolian harp which, when once it is set, the winds cannot kiss that it does not give back sweet sounds of gratitude."

—BEECHER.