



The
Willamette
University
Alumnus

OCTOBER, 1926

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Willamette University Alumnus

"That We May All Be Acquainted"

Another Year Begins

THE college years slip by silently and as swiftly as rosary beads through devout fingers. The year is closing; a touch of sadness runs through the festivities of commencement; another class after four years of active part in college life is leaving; farewells are said; the year is done.

The summer is ending; students and faculty have at last got themselves free from the meshes of classroom habit and in the intervals of recreation begin to turn a longing eye back to college life. Students and faculty return to the campus; tasks are resumed; another year is underway.

So opens the year 1926-27 on September 20, the eighty-third year of the University's history. It is this perpetual renewal of youth and its promise that makes the beginning of each college year no ordinary matter, but one of deep meaning.

The faculty members have reassembled from vacations spent in varied ways. A few have gone far afield: President and Mrs. Doney have been in Massachusetts. Dr. and Mrs. Franklin have passed the summer abroad. Dean Richards has been in the land of plenty on a fruit farm in Michigan. Most of the faculty have been content to remain nearer home securing recreation in other ways than travel.

But the student body is the center of interest. For it all the rest is planned. A few days early the van appears. Some of these early arrivals are athletes coming to begin football practice in anticipation of early games with the Universities of Oregon and Washington. With a new coach and a team largely new the task of getting a team in shape is no light one. All the time available will be needed. Others come early to prepare sorority and fraternity houses for the busy groups soon to occupy them. Monday the larger group arrives, in all about a ten per cent increase over last year. Sophisticated upperclassmen are among the number; boisterous sophomores also and verdant freshmen; many individuals, many minds, but all animated with a common purpose, all vibrant with the zest of new adventure.

Registration is the first duty. Seniors struggle in this last registration to

choose among all those courses which they have been promising themselves for years to take before graduation. Sophomores are puzzled over one of the first choices which may count heavily in their futures, the choice of a major subject.

And the books! What thick books the professors select! How book prices have advanced! To what a total cost they mount! And the program. All the best courses seem to come at the same hour—or at 7:45 in the morning even in the senior year. One student is all gloom over an early class each morning; another all smiles exclaims "Just fine."

Classes begin. Strange that a subject can be so full of interest at first and become such a bore before the semester is done. But everything is full of interest now. The first chapel service gives opportunity to hear again the kindly voice and sound counsel of President Doney. The opening reception, sponsored by the Christian Associations, is held in the gymnasium, the first social function to be held there and promise of other general parties to be held in this attractive place. Sophomores and freshmen have their bit of horse play; a day is set aside for the state fair; the eighty-third year of the University has begun.

In its outward aspects the opening of the year is like all the others, but in its personnel it is individual, each student is a vital problem distinct from all the others. Who can appraise the value to society of this group of young people or the value to each individual of this year of study with the resolutions and choices which it will bring?

A writer in a recent journal cites Carnegie, Pupin, Steinmetz, Pulitzer and a host of others as among those who were viewed with suspicion at Ellis Island and only with difficulty passed the inspection. This writer puts into the mouth of an old inspector words that are equally applicable to Willamette: "No mortal has been endowed with the gift of discovering the virtues or the vices of a man by a look in the eye. Men's faults are not written on their foreheads. Genius hides from the gaze of the curious." It is a precious cargo that begins the new year. To what harbor is it destined? He who deigns to guide need breathe a prayer at starting.

Page of the Presidents

Pres. Doney

IT is now President Eakin who comes into the honorable line of alumni leadership. By all portents of birth, training, experience and temperament he should set a high mark. Alumni are to be discovered, unified, enthused and directed. He has the ability and will to do it. I bespeak for him eager, earnest and loyal cooperation.

The opening of a new college year creates again the forward look. Two hundred strange faces, most of them Freshman faces, engender serious, yet withal, happy thoughts. We are wishing that Willamette shall be the best possible place for them and we are happy to believe it will not fail. Few persons realize that the four years in college literally determine what the student is to be thereafter. Those years solidify habit, furnish the content of thought, provide life-purposes and define the quality of character. Rather important, the choice of a college, and tremendously vital that the school be sufficient for all these things. There's reason why all persons, especially alumni, should be interested in colleges. Men of good will and wisdom find the basal values of life in these halls of learning, and all people ask about the quality of the product.

Primarily the college is responsible for that; but the alumni cannot escape the sharing of it. The very purpose of an alumni organization is to cooperate with the college. What an alumnus is and does makes its particular appeal to prospective students. The athlete, the scholar, the Christian each calls to a type of high school seniors; and if the several fine qualities are united in one alumnus, as they often are, he strongly attracts college-choosers to his alma mater. People still attend Lincoln College, Oxford because John Wesley was there; others go to Christ Church, Oxford because it was Gladstone's school; and still others attend Trinity, Cambridge because Tennyson studied there—each alumnus by virtue of what he is attracts to his school students who wish to be like him. Paraphrasing the familiar words, an alumnus can say, "If all Willamette students were like me, what kind of a college would Willamette be?"

CARL G. DONEY

Pres. Eakin

AS your President, I am sensible of a growing spirit of constructive alumni effort for Willamette. The time is past when the chief function of an alumni association is to say, "Now, all together. Three cheers for our dear alma mater!" As presumably thoughtful men and women, we wish for something more substantial and permanent, and merely gaseous investments leave us unsatisfied. We are on the way to what is better.

Now, a word about our home-coming and semi-annual business meeting. Those who were at the June meeting will recall that the association voted to meet in the fall. The student body is planning a big get-together and home-coming on November 6th, and we are going to have our business session on that day. The place and hour will be announced later.

Owing to the fact that at the time of writing, school has not opened, we cannot advise what the plans are, but there will be a football game in the afternoon, permitting us to see Coach Keene's new team in action. In the evening there will be entertainment and a social get-together; probably an alumni luncheon with our business meeting following, as well as numerous other features sponsored by the students.

In regard to the game, allow us to remind you that we have a new coach, a lot of new students, and a big bunch of new players. The coach, together with the new material and the cooperation of the Salem business men, is doing everything humanly possible to put out a team of which Willamette may well be proud. If it is the only game of the year that we see, let's be there November 6th and show the coach, the team, and the students that we are with them, win, lose, or draw.

Other matters of importance will engage our attention. Every alumnus should be thinking of Willamette and come with some idea to put into the grist. The alumni are well represented in the Board of Trustees, and that makes it the more imperative for us to be actively interested. Of course the Loyalty Fund is to be promoted. And then we'll soon begin to feel uncomfortable in having the school pay so large a proportion of the cost of the Alumnus. The institution is going forward; we'll need to hustle to do our part.

HAROLD E. EAKIN.

He Knows Beans and Kant

"I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?"—KING LEAR.



PROF. SHERMAN

IF you see a man with an umbrella it may not be Dr. Sherman; but if you see a man without one, it is not the Willamette philosopher. The casual connection between philosophy and umbrellas is beyond the *Alumnus*, but the factual connection is obvious at Eaton Hall in the morning, at noon and in the corner of room 37. In transit the umbrella is firmly grasped by a man who is six feet when he straightens out, who has no passion for the dainty bits which "make rich the ribs, but bankrupt the wits," and who looks as serious as a senior facing the comprehensive oral. Whether that seriousness comes from the umbrella, from determined driving the automobile or from study—who can say? Still, he can laugh, and does; not a ripping, roaring laugh, nor a lady-like tee-hee, but a wholesome gush which starts from the belt-line. All the crow-feet at the eyes have not come from study, and close observers note a suggestive curve at the corner of his mouth.

To be sure he will talk about Plato and Kant and Spinoza and Hume, but if you want him to be really interested ask him about his garden. Then he'll thrust the umbrella into the ground and tell what the Lima beans did, how to pollinize tomatoes and how many more cross-fertilizations, selections and what not are required before Oregon sweet corn tops that of Iowa.

Speaking of Iowa, he was born there; in the corn-belt and on a farm, which is why he likes the smell of turned earth and insists on having a garden. As a youth, the farm bid for him, but a vision-seeing mother sent him to Upper Iowa University where he took a degree. It gave him appetite for degrees—or for what degrees represent—and he went to New York University. There he took Ph.B., Pd.M., and Ph.D., and Pd.D.—just like that—bachelor, master and doctor of pedagogy and philosophy. He

was a teaching fellow there and the school wanted to keep him; but New York is no place for a garden and has no conscience about umbrellas. It was Willamette's opportunity and he came here twelve years ago. Other colleges aplenty have called him, but the man who sits with folded hands on the chapel platform hearing the students sing, "I Love Willamette U" also agrees in his soul to that feeling.

Students say he is a great teacher and one of the reasons why they sing the song. After they have left college and tested what they get, they affirm the judgment with still more emphasis. He has no snap courses and the student who follows him in recitation and lecture writes no sonnets to the moon; nor does he generalize and guess. "Charles" has the idea that learning is a matter requiring a lot of cooperation by the student. And it is a part of his pedagogical ethics to see that a student cooperates or—takes the sure consequences.

He has a marvelous delivery, his students declare, a delivery of virile, worthwhile content, not the studied delivery of an orator. No; he sits at his desk or walks miles and points with a long finger at the circles and queer figures he draws on the blackboard. "See?" "What?" "You know." He is in earnest to get big ideas planted and to make them grow. And he does this. Because he has ideas. And is a teacher. And loves youth. Students don't see that at first, that he loves them. He gets that out of his garden; the love of growing things; and his joy as a teacher is to have students grow.

A conservative philosopher, he waited for two years after reaching Willamette before marrying. A wise man, he wedded Grace Thompson, a Willamette alumna. A complete citizen, he has three children who are being pedagogically reared. A Christian, he finds God to be the unifying Personality of the universe. And on Sundays he slips the umbrella under the pew and worships.

Twelve years at Willamette. Growing years for himself and students. "The Moral Self—An Introduction to the Science of Ethics" (Ginn & Co.) offers to a larger world some of the garnered wealth which has been given during these years at Willamette by a modest man to students who admire and love him. Another book is on the way. Some day he may write about his garden or possibly "An Ode to My Umbrella."

Special From Paris

RALPH W. Barnes, '22, and Esther Parounagian Barnes, '23, are living in Paris where the former is a writer on the New York Herald Tribune. Recently they have been visited by the Franklins, Mary Parounagian, '19, Margaret McDaniel, '24, and Prof. Detling. Lawrence Davies, '21, and Edna Gilbert Davies, '20, are soon to be back in America. At the request of the Alumnus, the following article is sent by Mr. Barnes, for which this magazine pays him five thousand dollars—in good will:

We are talking, reading, writing in the Luxembourg Gardens. You will remember that Marius first saw Cosette there. We are sitting on iron chairs, for which privilege we have paid 25 centimes each. The gardens are trim—artificial, to be sure, with statues, fountains, benches, chairs and flower beds. Paris spends lots of francs on its gardens. We are discussing the things that have impressed us most since our coming to France.

"But you have dollars"—those are the final words of any Frenchman in an argument with an American. Ninety-five per cent of all Frenchmen believe that the pockets of Americans are bulging with dollars, beaucoup dollars. If not, how can Americans throw dollars around as they do?

The Frenchman draws certain conclusions from the actions of the foolish American, and adds to these other conclusions, some false, some true, which he draws from the manifestations of present economic conditions. Undoubtedly the United States, with the possible exception of the middle western farming communities, is in the midst of a period of prosperity entirely foreign to France.

Further, and closely connected with this, the present dollar-franc exchange rate is extremely favorable to Americans. This morning's paper quotes the dollar in Paris at 34 francs 91 centimes. Thus the value of one franc is approximately 2.9 cents. What this means in practice is illustrated by the prices we are paying. Our comfortable room in a small hotel of the Latin Quarter costs 18 francs per day, plus 10 per cent service charge, which in American currency comes to approximately 57 cents. We eat excellent food for an average of about 8 francs, or 23 cents per meal, including tip.

These economic conditions make a few dollars go a long way over here. It is natural American tourists should take advantage of the conditions and spend

freely. It is just as natural that the French should draw some false conclusions. Take together the foolish Americans and the economic facts and you have sufficient to explain why Frenchmen speak of Americans and dollars in the same breath, and why the great majority ask the American government for more leniency in the matter of war debts.

To change the subject completely, I had an interesting experience with the Paris police just three days ago—the Craven and Blenkinsop "Jolly Gen d'armes," you know. I had boarded a street car, en route to take a French lesson, and was standing on the center platform. The conductor did not ask for my fare, and my mind was far distant from the street car. It was but a short distance to the end of the line. We arrived and I was startled by a series of sharp questions in French from the man in civilian clothes who was standing next to me. Finally I gained that he was asking if I had paid my fare. I confessed that I had not, whereupon he displayed an official-looking badge and beckoned me to follow him.

I was escorted to the police officer on the corner, who in short order was told of my delinquency. The officer asked for my papers and I produced a passport. The two then conducted me to the nearest commissariat, where the papers were for a second time examined. The passport was O. K., but the Commissaire was indignant because I failed to display an identity card. The Commissaire did some writing, and then the police officer was directed to take me to a second Commissariat. We arrived and there was more talk and more taking out of papers, after which an inspector of police accompanied me to the Prefecture of Police across from the historic Palais de Justice.

At the prefecture we were greeted with the word that the necessary officials had stepped out for lunch and would return at 3 o'clock.

The court sat at this time and I was questioned briefly. I mentioned that I was working for an American newspaper.

"Ah, journalist!" was the response. With the advice that, should I desire to remain in France very much longer, I had better make arrangements for an identity card, I was given my liberty. The tramway fare had been forgotten. I still owe the street car company 50 centimes.

Franklin's Travels

AN ambition of many years growth bore fruit this summer in a three months trip to Europe in which seven countries were visited by Mrs. Franklin and myself. When it had been decided that this was the year to go, various tours and plans were considered. It was soon apparent that because of our lack of speaking ability in languages that we could read, time and trouble could be saved and much more seen in a given time if we joined a party and paid the quite considerable extra cost of having the services of an experienced leader.

Of advertised tours, many leave scarcely more time for Europe than is given to the ocean passage both ways. We wished to use the full vacation period and finally found a very attractive 78 days' college tour, New York to New York, priced at \$810. Salem to New York and return costs about \$175 if one is economical. Germany makes no visa charge, and several countries permitted the use of an inexpensive collective visa which the tour paid for. The passport costs ten dollars, and the English and the French visas each cost ten dollars. Nothing is spent for wine, beer, and tobacco unless one has been badly trained, but fruit, ice cream, shows, and extra car fares will run steadily into dollars. Often a dollar a day will hardly seem enough for postcards and other souvenir pictures. The United States customs give free entry to one hundred dollars worth of purchases for each person. It is a saving traveler who avoids spending a large part of this amount for cheap and beautiful books, art, and clothing for self and for gifts. If sufficiently economical, one may return from the trip we took at a cost of only \$1100. For a shorter time, one can cut off about ten dollars a day. A young man can find student tours using cheaper hotels. Also he can manage his own tour even at less expense if he wishes to do so.

New York to London by way of Plymouth and Havre gave us ten nights on the boat. For seven nights and seven days no land was in sight, but sky and sea were mostly very pleasant. I saw no life in the Atlantic on the outward trip, and only one lot of porpoises while returning. Open forum discussions enlivened our afternoons.

We sailed in advance of our party to have an extra week for England and Scotland. On landing, a rapid trip through a London tube took us to a train

for Cambridge, where, in tow of a guide costing three shillings, we saw much of the best of the University, and caught the next train for York. We found at both York and Edinburgh that ten o'clock p. m., is too late for dinner. Meanwhile we had learned how to board an English train and find room in a compartment. Also we had begun to admire the British railroads and the stations and to wonder at the fact that a train of thirteen cars carried only three employees, two for the engine and one for the train. Throughout Europe we continued to revise our ideas of the inferiority of European railroading. Cars are good. Trains are long, swift, on time. Elaborate stations built on both sides of the tracks have long train sheds overhead and passenger tunnels underneath. Most of the cars are large and comfortable, with the corridor at one side; and one may walk through several of them on the way to the dining car where meals are served elaborately with much changing of plates and silverware. We had good meals on trains in Switzerland, Italy, and France, with seats reserved at a definite time for our party of thirty-five.

York Minster is very beautiful. Its medieval stained glass was spared by Cromwell. The town was most interesting, but climaxes of medievalism were found later at Avignon, Carcassone, and Nimes in France. Views of the North Sea are on the way to Edinburgh where old and new are both of great interest. The eye is caught by a castle on a hill and by a wonderful spire nearer by. It seems to be the spire of a hidden building but it is the Walter Scott monument, an airy Eifel tower in delicate stone and a huge seated Sir Walter underneath but on a high platform within and between the four pedestals of the tower which rests in a park by the side of the busy main street. An all day Cook tour, with car, guide, and luncheon provided, was our means of seeing the castle and the sights of the city. In the castle, home of Mary Stuart, one feels the need of re-reading Scotch and English history.

But that night we were in Glasgow. Night does not come in Scotland in June until a very late hour. The second half of the next long day is a whole long day in memory. We drove to Ayr and back and reveled in the land, the homes, the monuments of Bobbie Burns. That night we arrived in Carlisle, en route to Win-

dermere, and the next day a charabanc took us in a wide circuit through the charmingly beautiful English Lakes country made famous by Wordsworth. Dove Cottage, at Grasmere, long his home, is now his monument and a much frequented shrine.

A night ride brought us to London in time for a day of services in Westminster Abbey and in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was hospital day and therefore Lord Mayor's day at both places. There was no lack of splendor in uniform or equipage. London also gave us a very lively afternoon in the House of Commons when the coal strike debate was at its height. There were good speeches on both sides, and the art of jeering at opposition remarks was ably exemplified. Traffic moves fast in London streets. The procession of two story buses is endless in both directions. I saw no accident in eleven days of sightseeing in England and Scotland. We saw the big sights of London with the tour party when it came and had one full autoing day with them around Oxford, the Shakespeare country, and to Warwick and Kenilworth castles.

Three of our young men fly from London to Brussels. We go by boat train, boat, and train through Brussels to Antwerp, and the next day back to Brussels. It is a beautiful land. No marks of war are noticed. The purchase of lace absorbs the ladies. Cologne, Bonn, the Rhine by steamer to Strasburg, Heidelberg—few days are richer than these. But to be strictly truthful one must except a procession of days in Switzerland, Italy, and France.

The parliament houses in Berne are frescoed gloriously; a ride through Basle is full of interest; Interlaken and Jungfrauoch are where one longs to linger. Think of a tunnel miles long in and through mountain tops. At the end, still in the mountain, a railroad terminal, with several tracks, and trains; a four story hotel with electric elevator, electrically heated, with a verandah peeping out of the rocks and over miles of glaciers, the peak of Jungfrau towering above it, and the trail of the climbers going up and down.

Lucerne; steamer on Lake Lucerne past Rutli Meadow and Tell Chapel; our last Swiss railroad ride to the border of Italy through worthwhile mountain canyons; Italian customs where our sixty or more bags are soon passed and chalk-marked, very few of them having been opened; and then we are in the land of Mussolini. Fascisti guards and soldiers will see your every thought, gray uni-

forms and black always in pairs. Efficient government, good order, and industry are apparent; but tyranny seems to be there also.

Milan, Venice, Florence, Naples, Rome—we stop some days in each of these in turn; and in Genoa also. In Venice we cross the city from depot to hotel in gondolas. Then we find with surprise that we may go anywhere on land and bridges if we care to walk, leaving our hotel by a back door. A walk of three or four blocks brings one to the great plaza in front of St. Marks, where a band plays at night to standing thousands. We enter and admire St. Marks and see women old and young refused entrance because sleeves are short or neck of dress is too low.

I cannot go through in any detail to the end. Florence pulls hard on the pocketbook, and entrances with its art. We ride to the heights around and admire it from above. Naples would hold us long for itself; but adds Vesuvius and the fiery streaks within its crater, Pompeii with its ancient wonders, and the glorious Amalfi drive. Rome is a story to be told in a book. Be sure to view it from the Methodist school on Monte Maria.

We had some three weeks in France, including eight days in Paris. Nice and the Grand Cornish Drive are outstanding, with the Riviera shore on the return. Avignon exhibits its ancient papal palaces and Nimes its colosseum like that in Rome, but not in ruins. The old town of Carcassonne is a perfect museum gem set in a hilltop. Its wall is double and high. We walk for hours along the top, up and down through its many vast towers—finding even a banqueting hall in one—if we climb high enough. Within the walls is the crowded city, about a half mile across it, once captured by the Visigoths, but in later days too strong to invite attack. Beyond and below is a modern new town founded by Saint Louis in 1247.

We pass Lourdes, its grotto in full view; and go on to Pau (say Po), with its chateau of Henry of Navarre and snowy range of Pyrenees. Four hours in auto buses take us to Bayonne and to Biarritz, the best play spot of them all. Wade in the Atlantic a little above your knees and turn and brace yourself before the big wave knocks you off your feet. Repeat each few seconds for the next half hour in the midst of an hilarious crowd. You will long to be there next day, but there are Bordeaux, and Blois, and Paris ahead, and a ship that sails in less than two weeks. The royal cha-

teaux of central France, seen from Blois by auto trip, are revelations. Each is an historical museum and royal exhibit. We saw five and each is unique. Inside you hardly see walls—only wall size draperies or paintings. On the walls of St. Peters in Rome a score or more of great paintings are all found to be paintless mosaics. You will not want to think it when you see them, without close inspection.

Paris is the most wonderful city so far found in the world. Three days of boring into it revealed its charm and but few of its alluring secrets. Eight days were all we had for it and only a few of the party would leave it for a day at the battlefields or a look at Rouen. A luncheon and a dinner and a drive with Ralph Barnes and Lawrence Davies and their wives, four Willamette graduates, all old students of mine, still more brightened the days. A last fond look at Paris should be taken from the top of the Eiffel tower.

Conclusions are:

It is much the same old earth on both sides of the Atlantic.

Europe wants us in the League of Nations but names us Uncle Shylock.

France has much poor or unproductive land. We saw Dakota had lands there and extensive pine barrens.

Prohibition will be the salvation of Europe. England may be ready to end alcoholic waste in twenty-five years, and France and Italy in fifty years.

F. G. FRANKLIN.

Enrollment

THE total enrollment of students October 1, 1926, is five hundred and two, of whom two hundred and fifty-three are men and two hundred and forty-nine are women. Ten or more additional students are in process of registration at this date.

Thirty-nine students have entered this semester by transfer of credits from other colleges and universities. Most of these are sophomores and juniors. Possibly nothing better indicates the growing value placed by students on Willamette.

Murray Keefer, '20, Mrs. Keefer (Josephine Sanders, ex-'22), and daughter are living in the Kimball Apartments. Mr. Keefer has been in Boston for several years studying and teaching. He returns to Kimball College as Professor of Old Testament and Biblical Languages.

New Teachers

THE July Alumnus mentioned Dr. Kohler and W. T. Phillips. The former is professor of English Literature and the latter an instructor in Modern Languages.

The successor of Prof. Rahskopf in charge of Public Speaking is John O. Hall, Ph.D. Dr. Hall has the baccalaureate degree from Denver University and the doctorate from Columbia University. For ten years he studied public speaking in the University of Minnesota, the Cumnock School of Northwestern University and Columbia. For an equal period he has taught oratory, debate and dramatics. In 1915-1918 he was professor of the social sciences in Willamette, leaving to enter war service. His training and wide experience promise much for the department.

Alida G. Currey is director of Physical Education for Women. She is a graduate of the New York Teachers College and has had graduate training at Cornell University and in the reconstruction work of the Walter Reid Hospital, Washington City. Her teaching experience covers three years. Her home is Peekskill, N. Y.

Avoca McMinnis succeeds Dorothy Woodworth as instructor in Latin and English. Her degree is from the University of Oregon and she has taught for five years. She is a daughter of the manse, her father being a pastor at Hillsboro, Oregon.

Ten Years Growth

A COMPARISON of the Willamette of ten years ago and as it is today is		
	1916	1926
Total Enrollment...	294	609
Productive Endowment	\$388,500	\$902,000
Annual Budget	39,100	100,300
Value Buildings	184,000	383,500
Faculty Payroll	28,409	82,915
Indebtedness	25,500	None

Death of Mrs. McCormick

AFTER an illness of several months, Mrs. J. D. McCormick passed away, Sunday, Sept. 12, 1926. A Christian woman of refined and beautiful character, she endeared herself to a wide circle of Willamette people. Unbounded sympathy is given to Dr. McCormick and Kenneth, who is a junior in college.

The Opening Assembly

SINGING college songs, the students gathered in old Waller for the first chapel, September 23. Recalling Prof. Agassiz's prayer when opening the school at Penikese, President Doney offered prayer, after which the audience sang, "Break Thou the Bread of Life to Me, Dear Lord." The President then spoke as follows:

"When it was proposed to erect a monument at Plymouth, Mass., the association charged with the task wished a design and inscription which might suitably express the dominant purposes which characterized the Pilgrim Fathers. Therefore they caused the four corners of the monument to be inscribed with the words, "Religion," "Liberty," "Law," and "Education." These great words had a large place in the early life of this country and furnished the objects which inspired the people to unequalled efforts. They were as lodestones which gave direction to thought and toil; and despite the errancies of selfishness and bigotry, the pioneers did found a nation in which religion, liberty, law and education have preeminent place.

There have been periods during the three centuries since the Pilgrims appeared when religion and liberty and law seemed to suffer obscurity, but at no time have the American people failed in a strong faith in the value of education. Their belief amounts to a moral conviction which they defend at any hazard and cost. The wealth and toil paid for education excite thrilling amazement; and the facilities of classroom, library and laboratory mark an advancement from the past which is equally wonderful. When a person compares the public schools and colleges of Washington's time with those of today or the Harvard of Emerson with the Harvard which greets the present freshman, he may be moved to pity the pupil of the former times and to wonder how it was possible for anyone then to become learned. But his pity and wonder are due to his overlooking a very elemental condition of human nature; namely, that learning is the result of a process personally initiated and controlled by the learner. Buildings, books and laboratories represented by a modern college are an assemblage of helps—now necessary, but no more than things to be used. They are not alchemists; they do not change dull clay to shining gold. They are forever inert,

absolutely dead, until they come into contact with a using personality.

Consequently one of the first and most valuable things to be definitely acknowledged by a person entering college is that the college itself cannot give him the least jot or tittle of education. A student may have money bestowed upon him, or honor, or friendship; he may dwell in cloistered halls which echo to the spiritual presence of majestic minds; but the utmost genius of the race will be helpless to move him a single inch beyond his present state. Learning is so completely personal that it can only be achieved by one's own initiating wish and effort.

Do not expect that this presence—Willamette's material facilities and faculty—will do more than give you a chance, supplementing your forth-reaching activity by guidances and encouragement. It is for you to say, not merely during these beginning days but throughout all days, whether you will or will not be a scholar.

Because it is important that you make the acknowledged decision to contribute your uttermost self to the high end of learning, I have reminded you of this commonplace. Now I wish to consider with you a factor less apparent yet positively essential to your success in college and elsewhere. I refer to the spiritual attitude of a student. It is possible for you to be upon this campus and yet be miles away; you can be in this institution and yet not of it. If you are not spiritually a part of the college, the college will not be used by you for your attainment of an educational purpose. This is saying that you must face in the direction to which you wish to go. This is not a pathless world. History and human experience for centuries have made trails to every treasure house and there are clearly marked ways to reach the goal of learning.

We judge by your coming to college that you wish to be educated, to achieve the power to live effectively. It would seem that you have faced in that direction; but no one is certain of that, possibly a student himself is not certain of it.

But if he is truly assured of it he will need to be carefully wise lest he unconsciously be turned away from it. Just now you are upon the path which leads to the treasure which a college can help you secure; and my plea of counsel is that as you walk along that path you should keep your gaze fixed in that direc-

tion. It is hard for aspiration and action to square with each other, though we know they should. A man aspires to be rich, yet he spends every dollar he earns. Another wishes to be cultured and continues to choose coarse friends, to read unprofitably and to secure his pleasures at a Coney Island. A third desires to be religious, but keeps away from the church, pores over the literature of unbelief and seeks no nourishment for the soul.

The reason why they act so contrary to their aspirations is tremendously valuable if we get it. It is because they become dissatisfied with the road. Any person knows that the road to wealth requires that less be spent than is earned, that the way to culture requires appropriating contacts with cultural influences and that the highway to religious life demands worship, prayer and righteous conduct. Anyone likewise knows that success in an undertaking depends on the undivided interest in the task.

The student's temptation is to find fault with this or that which confronts him, to blame everything but his own laggardness. Then his eyes turn to the by-paths and his heart is divided. Therefore I am asking you students to cultivate and keep the attitude of eagerly looking toward your goal.

I know nothing which will be of more help in this than the proper attitude toward truth (which is your goal) and the means now at hand to help you attain it. Need I remind you how impossible it is for you ever to be a learned person unless you regard facts and principles as real possessions greatly to be desired and of mighty value? A snobbish or sophisticated attitude toward learning is simply the sign of a weak mind or of a mind controlled by a streak of silliness. In reality the realm of knowledge is so vast and so infinitely enriching that thankful reverence and consecrated determination should characterize anyone who so much as glimpses it. A man should be thrilled by its opportunity and awed by its responsibility.

You here are dedicating yourself to the noble privilege of self-development through appropriating relations with truth. Love this privilege so passionately that nothing can divert you or cool your enthusiasm or make you indifferent or allow you to be lazy. It is your high hour in life. There are no words strong enough to mark your folly if you are recreant. No tears are pitiful enough to represent your loss.

You soon will become acquainted with the teachers and with some you will be-

come friendly. You can hold yourself aloof from them, you can refuse any sympathetic contact with them. This also will be folly, for it is wise to have a friendly attitude toward those who are to be important factors in your education. The wholesome and correct attitude is to think of them as sincere co-workers, to think of them cordially and at last affectionately.

Keep it out of your mind that students and faculty are in opposition. This idea can poison and embitter your nature, make you unhappy and destroy the possibility of achievement. Students are apt to nurse that idea if they do badly and are called to account by professors and president. You will find that these teachers wish you to do your work well and live correctly; people who do not care for you will show no such concern for you. In all your college years you will have no truer friends than these men and women on the platform. Cherish that assurance and your relations with your instructors will become richer and deeper, leading to that fine understanding which is the prerequisite of the help and inspiration a student needs.

The same principle applies to your attitude toward everything connected with Willamette. No one can or should approve everything, for no college is perfect as no person is perfect; but cynicism and carping criticism toward athletics or buildings or chapel or library react so cruelly that he destroys himself who permits that attitude to slip into his nature. While you are here, love your school. Love discovers what is excellent; love leads to the imitation of excellence; love makes work light. It is tragic to be of a family you do not love. Love in a home will make the home worth loving. For my own sincere good, I'd learn to sing "I love Willamette U." I'd believe it and sing it and hum it on the street.

As a final suggestion I would indicate that your attitude will make or mar your Christian life. If you are inclined to do so, you can everywhere find nourishment for your doubts, you can fasten on disjointed facts and half-truths; you can be superficial; you can be disdainful. The result will be a sure weakening of your belief. I discover, too, that any desire to do wrong is apt to send one searching for a way to justify that wrong and we then usually try to get rid of God. On the other hand, the pathways leading to a sane and strong Christian life are well-marked. You should covet that life. It is joyous, satisfying, sensible and fundamental. You should go about it in a practicable way. You should have a

daily reading of the Bible. You should pray daily. Be a church attendant and worship. Your attitude in chapel should be aspiring, worshipful.

I know your fine and wholesome and sincere aspirations. All that I have said is commonplace; you have thought of it and considered it. It simply amounts to this: that aspiration and action should go hand in hand. Nothing will so hold

you steady and clear the way for translating aspiration into reality as a mastering friendship with the Master. In Him is light. He is the truth, the way, the complete life. Your life will be fractional and adrift until it is perfected and anchored in Him.

We welcome you as friends and co-workers with the prayer that together we may grow in grace and knowledge."

Memories by Matthews

TO college? Of course; no question there. Where should we go? That was the problem three young persons were trying to solve in late summer, 1883.

The three were Rebecca, famous now for many years as my wife, her sister Maggie, and myself the village school-master with my term nearly at an end. Evening after evening we sat around the old-fashioned oil lamp and discussed the matter. Fact is we knew very little about any of the colleges.

And then came John Jensen, an ardent lover of Willamette, because he had already spent two years there; came right into the midst of our investigations with a Willamette University catalogue sticking up about an inch from his left hand outside coat pocket. According to Jensen if one wished to go to college Willamette was the place. Harvard, Yale, and state universities near by would serve quite well if one could not do better, but Willamette was the only college for those looking for the best. Listening to Jensen one was led to picture Willamette University on the summit of Mount Olympus where students walked and talked with Plato and Euclid and lived on nectar and ambrosia.

Jensen opened the catalogue and displayed its contents. Ah, that first Willamette University year book, how it thrilled my soul. A copy of the 1882-83 catalogue lies before me as I write.

In those days our dear old college comprised three buildings—one in Portland, Waller Hall on the campus, and Lausanne Hall on Court street near the state capitol. In the catalogue appeared two pictures of Waller Hall; one was entitled "University Hall," the other, "College of Liberal Arts." There was a good cut of Lausanne Hall, the old building, former home of Mrs. Wilson, and that answered to the name, "Woman's College Hall."

The summary of students announced twenty college students, one hundred and

two in the academy, and one hundred and four in the grammar school. To care for these students there were five full professors, two instructors, and one tutor. In my young eagerness I scarcely noticed these statistics, much less that the numbers, especially of professors, were pitifully small.

There was no college of law at that time, but the college of medicine had a large faculty of notable men, and the music department that year enrolled seventy-eight students. I scarcely noticed these statements. No, it was the studies—calculus, Demosthenes de Corona, logic, history of civilization, mental philosophy, and the rest of the noble group. Those were the things that gripped me; yes, all three of us, and I am quite sure we would have been very willing to study and recite, sitting on one end of a log, if only the college would provide us a guide and master at the other.

Jensen and his catalogue pointed to Willamette University where the intellectual table was spread with a feast of good things like mathematics, classics, philosophic literature. To Willamette we would go.

Oh, masculine reader, stalwart and gallant, journeying long ago or more recently to college for the first time, did you carry your future wife in your arms part of the distance? Well, the first stage of our journey was by sail-boat. We had to cross Willapa Harbor, and at the end of the ride the tide was out. There was only one chivalrous course for me to follow, for a broad strip of muddy sand without walk or wharf had to be traversed.

We reached Salem on a Saturday morning and proceeded directly to the college. The campus was enclosed with a five-board fence, and we entered exactly north of Waller Hall, not through a gateway, but pushing between vertical posts set in a gap in the fence. As we

proceeded to Waller Hall I observed that a student (or was he a son of Belial?) leaped over the fence. Do not smile. I was walking on holy ground, was about to enter a sacred shrine. His act looked like profanation.

A student seated on the east steps told us where the president lived. It was a plain little box house on Court street near the Woman's College. The building is now the most modest of that modest collection of houses on the south side of the S. P. branch just across the race from our campus.

The doctor took my tuition, asked a few questions about my studies and placed me. I was to study Vergil's Aeneid, and beginning Greek. Greek! I was to hobnob with the gods on Mount Olympus at last. How happy I was.

Sunday evening not knowing any better, Rebecca and I attended church together. Next day the president with a convincing air of finality told me such things were not done at Willamette for was it not written in the year book—for the government of lady students—no gentlemen company except in the parlor?

I soon learned the rules. Every student must study, when not in class, during school hours; must attend chapel every day; church on Sunday mornings; and must study in his own room from seven to nine in the evenings. On all of these items a roll was called each Monday morning.

The city was lighted by gas, there were no street cars for a year or two yet. I never saw a typewriter in the building until the nineties, and as for a telephone that was not installed until long after.

The president taught three years of Greek, most of the Latin, and Porter's Mental Philosophy. He announced times for classes to change by ringing the big bell in the tower. He was in constant demand for sermons and lectures over the state.

All professors began work at nine, teaching throughout morning and the afternoon until four. There was little or no lecturing. The usual practice was for the professor to improvise questions from their open book, and grade the student's answer as soon as it was given. The final grade depended on the average of all these daily estimates together with what the student could earn in final examination. Later in my course I had the privilege of one set of lectures, once a week. In this I took notes which I preserved for many years.

Chapel began every school day at ten minutes to twelve. The program seldom varied, a selection from the Bible, prayer,

and one hymn. Perhaps twice or three times in a year we listened to a short address by an eminent person. Later in my course a notable change was made. Every senior had to address the chapel audience twice a year, delivering the first time a choice selection, and the second time an original oration. Chapel services were sedate, and strict decorum was maintained. We marched out in an ingenious, graceful serpentine whereby the boys and girls covered the middle aisle in pairs. Did the Fates contrive it, or was it the Graces? Perhaps Rebecca managed it. Be that as it may she and I usually found ourselves side by side in that blissful middle aisle.

I must mention the Tuesday evening prayer meeting, a distinctively Willamette affair. It lasted just forty-five minutes. The president led and gave a ten minute sermon. This address, short as it was, had two ends and a middle, and after the first two minutes was a tongue of fire. To this day when old Willamette students gather to talk of former days that prayer meeting is recalled vividly and gratefully, and some of the special occasions are described with tender, graphic language. My account of it is utterly inadequate. Never, anywhere else, at any time, under any circumstances, have I seen or felt anything like those prayer meetings, all so practical, so helpful, so inspiring, so fervid, so charged with a power and a witness not human, and all so spontaneous.

Of jokes and pranks in those days I can say but little. I was a serious boy. Ahem!

On one occasion, I remember, the chapel visitor, our financial agent and, by the way, a man of deep dignity, discovered that some rogue had hidden the Bible. So our visitor called on the assembled student to stand and recite verses from the Bible. I recall my selection, rather imperfectly perhaps. "Because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to evil." That is almost right. Somehow these words seemed singularly appropriate to the occasion and our visitor said a hearty "Amen."

In those early days the attic of Waller Hall was a vast desert of a place. About the time I arrived boys were building cosy living rooms there, in which, rent free, they could live happily and economically. A friend and I built for ourselves a suite. We had a neat bedroom and a large living room. Here we set up our study table, and our cook stove. My friend had served as ship's cook for sev-

eral years and could prepare the most wonderful dishes at a low cost. His pancakes, how good they were! That year about ten boys lived in this way in the attic, all studious and religiously inclined. Such prayer meetings as we had together, and our conversations—well, they ranged all the way from applesauce to Aristotle. There were boxing gloves, too, but it seems to me we used them in a class room when regular work was not in session.

I fear I am growing tiresome. I would be seemly if I should close these reminiscences. Let me add this. By the time I was graduated in eighteen eighty-nine, the college had grown to an enrollment of thirty-one, and Rebecca and Maggie and I were members of a senior class of nine—a large one in those days. Two years before that a professor told me that professors were getting one thousand dollars a year, and the president twelve hundred.

And what are my lasting impressions of those old days?

The teaching was good. Some of the professors were superior scholars. Earnest students carried away learning and blazing torches in their spirits.

Kimball's President

REV. J. M. Canse, D.D., has become the President of Kimball College of Theology, succeeding Dr. E. C. Hickman. Dr. Canse is a scholar of fine training, an effective preacher, an author and the master of other strong presidential qualities. With wisdom and vigor, he will assuredly lead Willamette's neighbor to a large, and permanent position among the theological schools of the church. Confident of this, Kimball is already showing renewed purposes. Some twenty-five students are enrolled in theology, a large proportion of whom are college graduates. About seventy Willamette students are taking one or more courses in Kimball.

The Alumnus bids welcome to President Canse, wishing for him and his work complete success.

Thanks

THE drawing reproduced on the front cover is a section of the campus. The "Senior Bench" is associated with a thousand agreeable memories. Our thanks are given to Mr. Kennell, of Kennell-Ellis, the Salem photographers.

Weddings

DONALD J. Ryan, '25, and Dorothy V. Owen, '25, at Portland, September 11, 1926. Mr. Ryan is a lawyer in Oregon City but the home is at Jennings Lodge.

Ellsworth L. Anslow, '25, and Bernice Sibley at Seattle, June 8, 1926.

W. B. McKittrick, '22, and Mary Myrtle Mason, '21, at Boise, Idaho, July 7, 1926. They are at home in Arcata, Calif., where Mr. McKittrick is a teacher in the high school.

Victor Hicks, '25, and Martha Leavenworth, '25, were married in Salem, September 15, 1926. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hicks have teaching fellowship in the University of Washington.

Frank Colcord and Mildred Strevey, '23, married at Marshfield, Aug. 18, 1926. At home in Newberg, Oregon.

Joe Nee, ex-'25, and Alena Gilvert, ex-'26, at Salem, June 19th. Will live in Hood River.

Carl W. Rehfuß, of Stanford, and Louise Schreiber, '25, married at McMinnville, Sept. 4, 1926. Will live in El Segundo, Calif.

The Loyalty Fund

IT grows,—of course it grows—but it hesitates too often. There should be a steady stream of remembrances flowing to Treasurer Harry W. Swafford, '93, 888 N. Cottage street, Salem. These are gifts of loyalty: such amounts as each alumnus finds it in his heart to send for alma mater. Every class should have its Loyalty Fund secretary to remind us, to encourage, to tabulate. And Swafford is the High Treasurer to receive and preserve and to say by the number of gifts which class reaches the highest percentage. There ought to be a lot of hundred per cent classes. Don't forget: something every year from every alumnus.

Married

PROF. R. D. Burroughs of the Department of Biology, was married July 3rd to Miss Beatrice Walters. Mrs. Burroughs is an alumna of Nebraska Wesleyan University. The ceremony was performed by Dr. R. M. Gatke, and the knot will not slip. Prof. and Mrs. Burroughs are at home in the Court Apartments.

Athletics

MOST followers of football will agree that the season's schedule and material, both old and new are important factors in judging the prospects of a team.

The following is the schedule Coach Keene faces his first year at Willamette:
Sept. 25—University of Oregon at Eugene.

Oct. 2—University of Washington at Seattle.

Oct. 9—Alumni at home.

Oct. 30—Pacific at Forest Grove.

Nov. 6—C. P. S. at Salem. Homecoming game.

Nov. 20—Albany College (tentative).

Nov. 25—Whitman at Walla Walla.

At the initial practice thirty-four men answered roll call. Six of these thirty-four were letter-men. Having the initial practice five days before school opens and having this number out indicate the spirit that is being displayed on this year's football squad. The men show earnestness, enthusiasm, and are willing to work. They are well built, strong, active, and green.

The practices have shown that punters are lacking, that there are no triple threat men, and no one who can fill the job of quarterback. Among the new material there are likely looking candidates for the line. There are some who may replace letter-men before the season is finished.

There are many candidates on the squad who have been coached by Willamette men.

H. McKenzie, F. Sandberg, from Woodburn; coach, Russ Rarey.

G. Cranor from West Linn High; coach, Rein Jackson.

D. Campbell, J. Versteeg, A. McCrow, R. Callander from Amity High; coach, Burgess Ford.

N. Biean from Sacramento High; coach, Don Cramer.

W. Jungblom from Tanasket High; coach, D. Ellis.

The other new candidates are: E. Best, H. Hauk, Herbert Hartley, T. Lang, M. Mahoney, R. Philpott, J. Propp, C. Robertson, W. Ruch, F. Scofield.

The opening game of the football season is over without any serious injuries. There were numerous bruises which may be bothersome in the Washington game.

Twenty-six men were taken on to Eugene to play the University of Oregon, September 25. Every man was used, giving the coach a line on the possibilities

of each player. Oregon's team being a more experienced one, made it necessary to play a defensive game. Defensively the team presented a strong line-up, breaking up Oregon's plays several times back of the line of scrimmage. In spite of the score, the team showed aggressiveness throughout the game, forcing Oregon to open up with a variety of plays of deceptive nature. After the first play, which resulted in a touch down, only one touchdown and a place kick was scored in the first half. In the second half, with numerous substitutions and errors on the part of the secondary defense, Oregon increased the score with four touchdowns.

The coach, the men and the supporting spirit will turn the tide and set the bell ringing.

Prophets of basketball, baseball, tennis and track are using large words. Speaking conservatively, we have reasons to be optimistic and alumni may count on worthwhile results.

Early practice sessions will be held for basketball men. These sessions will cover the fundamentals of basket ball such as passing, receiving passes, dribbling, pivoting, and basket shooting.

From last year's team "Hank" Hartley, "Kenny" Litchfield, Gurnee Flesher are the only ones that are in school. From the Freshman team of last year Glen Ledbetter, Jack Minto, and Carlton Gaines are back.

There are a number of new men entering who will increase the number of aspirants. Among whom are: L. Mort, G. Granor, D. Campbell, H. McKenzie, H. Hauk, D. Shaw and J. Steelhamer.

To ascertain prospects for track and tennis fall practice will be held in each of these sports. Track and tennis have both been hard hit by loss of lettermen.

Who's Who

IN the last edition of "Who's Who in America," Willamette is represented by the following names: President Doney, Dean Erickson, Dean Van Winkle, Professors Alden, Franklin, Laughlin, McCormick, Peck and Sherman. Few colleges have so large proportion of their faculties mentioned in this volume, which attempts to list the persons who have attained eminence in their chosen fields.

Who? What? Where? When?

Claire F. Ausman, '25, and *Jeannie Corskie Ausman*, '25, are on a farm at Tangent, Oregon.

Carmelita Barquist, '25, the clever artist, teaches English and the sciences in the Wasco, Oregon, high school.

Irene Berg, '25, and *Laura Best*, '25, are Ashland, Oregon, high school teachers.

Merl E. Bonney, '25, the "never-say-die" orator of college days, taught at Hillsboro last year and did a good job. He is now at Leland Stanford, heading toward the Master's degree.

Cedric Y. Chang, '25, a poet of no mean distinction, is at 77 Westford Circle, Springfield, Mass., attending the Y. M. C. A. College and writing.

Leland T. Chapin, '25, a professor of English in the Ling Nan University, Canton, China, during a vacation took a run to Borneo to see the "wild man." The report is a draw between the two, but details are awaited.

Dwight Findley, '25, is a second-year man in the U. of O. Medical School. Alma Mater will be satisfied if he can cut 'em out—tonsils, adenoids, etc.—as well as his father.

Orlo M. Gillet, '25, taught at Hingham, Montana last year and is back for a second year. Well, well!

Hulda Hagman Atwood, '25, married Harlow E. Atwood, O. A. C., June 16, 1926. The groom is still dodging President Doney for stealing his secretary, who, by the way, is now secretarizing at O. A. C.

"Carnation milk from contented cows." *Earl W. McAbee*, '25, is pastor at Carnation, Washington, where it all happens.

Treval C. Powers, '25, is chemist for the Oregon State Highway Department. All bumps in the road are chargeable to him. Married to Trista Wenger, ex-'27, in 1925. A baby son came a month ago.

Paloma Patricia Prouty, '25, taught music at Stevenson, Wash., high school last year and is doing it again this year.

Samuel B. Crandall, '90, is a practicing attorney at La Grande, Oregon.

Chas. E. Roblin, '93, Hoquim, Washington, is in the government service as Indian Allotting Agent.

James E. Sawyers, '96, attorney at Roseburg, is now county treasurer of Douglas county.

Joseph H. Albert, '98, attorney and banker of Salem, married Jessie Dalrymple, '88. He is the donor of the "Albert Prize" and the father of Mary Jane Albert Eoff, '24. Mary Jane lives across

the street from Prof. Matthews in an adorable bungalow—No. 1415 S. 12th, Salem. Mr. Albert's bank is building a skyscraper in Salem which shows that it is a good thing to give a prize to Willamette—two of them, for M. J. is to be counted.

Geo. Oliver, '24, for two years Y. M. C. A. secretary at the U. of Idaho, has entered the graduate school of Columbia University on a fellowship. His wife, Genevieve Findley Oliver, '24, will major in the care of Miss Oliver, born Aug. 4, 1926.

L. H. McMahan, '99, Law, 791 N. Front St., Salem, is Circuit Judge. Appointed to succeed Judge Bingham, deceased, he was elected to a full term.

Philip Stover, '08, Law, is an officer of the U. S. government in the Philippines.

Willard H. Wirtz, '10, Law, is a practicing attorney in Prineville, Oregon. He was formerly District Attorney.

George A. Coddington, '12, Law, 1610 S. Cottage St., Salem, is Deputy Corporation Commissioner.

R. H. Stone, '12, Law, is a minister in the M. E. Church and lives at 2225 W. North St., Baltimore, Md. He was married to Dora Stone, also '12, Law.

Russell M. Brooks, '17, Law, is American Vice-Consul at Belfast, Ireland. He was home in Salem this year long enough to be married.

James W. Mott, '17, Law, is an attorney in Astoria, Oregon and a member of the state legislature.

Karl G. Becke, '20, Law, is a member of the firm of Becke and Hendricks, '20, Law, Real Estate and Insurance, Salem. His wife is Helen Lovell Becke, ex-W. U. and they live at 730 N. Summer street. Hendricks is still free.

Bassett and Bassett—Raymond H., '22, Law, and Hope Purdy, '21, Law—live at 535 Union Ave., Salem.

Edward B. Ashurst, '23, Law, is located at Klamath Falls, Oregon. The Nation cut-off booms his town and will bring him to Salem in fewer jiffies than formerly.

John H. Whitaker, '96, is associate editor of the Malaya Tribune, Singapore, Straits Settlement. Willamette folks are invited to call.

Andrew C. Caton, '22, graduated from Boston School of Theology in '25 and asked for the hardest preaching place in America. He was sent to Shelby, Montana. Getting that town straightened up, he is the coming year to be at Sunburst,

Montana, preaching also at Kevin and Sweetgrass.

O. A. White, '94, is pastor of the Methodist church in Hardin, Montana.

R. W. Mauldin, '20, his wife and lad were recently in Salem. He is pastor of the Metzger M. E. Church in Spokane, Washington.

Ralph Thomas, '21, the high-powered dynamo, is pastor of the Methodist Church in Leavenworth, Wash. His wife is an alumna of '21, Fay Peringer, daughter of Virgil Peringer, '90.

Robert Allen, of the famous class of '14, is the Methodist preacher in Cottonwood, Idaho.

"Soco"—Edwin Socolofsky, '21, for two years was County Y secretary at Derby, N. H. He paid Y debts, bought a Y camp and shook the rockbound hills. Now he goes to a like work in Kings County (Seattle), Wash., and the Sound country will know he is on the job. His wife, Belle Williams, ex-'22, and daughter Sonia, '42, are rushed to death keeping up with him.

"Vic" Logan, '24, after two years of teaching at Athena, Oregon, is now a student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And he can still cradle the basket ball.

Lost Addresses of Alumni

PLEASE look over the list and send to the *Alumnus* any addresses you know or information which may help us to trace the address:

O. H. Carson, '16, Law, was last heard of as a teacher in Denton, Montana.

Ray A. Grant, '16, Law.

Eva Blanche Hill, '24, Law; last address, Salem, Oregon.

John Lyons, '95, Law, last address, Fossil, Oregon.

John S. Hodgins, '95, Law; last address, Seattle, Washington.

Andrew C. McFarlane, '99, Law; last address, Turner, Oregon.

E. E. Parker, '01, Law; last address, Salem, Oregon.

H. H. Turner, '01, Law; last address, Salem, Oregon.

Geo. N. Murdock, '10, Law; last address, Forestry Department, Washington, D. C.

H. H. Ware, '10, Law; last address, Oregon City, Oregon.

Alphaeus R. Baker, '12, Law; last address, Salem, Oregon.

Mrs. Mary McGhee Day, '63; last address, Albany, Oregon.

Edwin E. Dodge, '66, Minister; last address, Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. Susan Harrison McKinney, '67; last address, Baker, Oregon.

Mrs. Dora Lawson Everett, '68, last address, Tacoma, Washington.

Mrs. Eleanor Simpson Burney, '69, last address, Portland, Oregon.

Ladru Royal, '73, last address, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Ida Hutton Patrick, '77, last address, Decatur, Ill.

Waller A. Graves, '78, last address, Portland, Oregon.

L. O. Nelson, '78, last address, Portland, Oregon.

Hugh Harrison, '79, last address, Moscow, Idaho.

Wm. E. Perry, '90, last address, Twin Falls, Idaho.

Stanton W. Stryker, '90, last address, Portland, Oregon.

Hats Off

MISS Frances V. Melton, in charge of Piano instruction at Willamette, is now a Master of Arts, having received the degree from her Alma Mater, the Woman's College, Jacksonville, Ill., last June. Congratulations to the college and to Miss Melton.

June 3, 1926.

"The Alumnus,"

Willamette University,

Salem, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

A copy of the first issue of "The Alumnus" was recently received and I wish to congratulate the persons responsible for publication. It was a very worth while publication and I am very glad to enclose my check for \$1.00 to assist in the good work.

In reply to your request for information concerning myself would say that since the late war I have become the adopted son of the "Golden State." I obtained my degree of "juris doctor" from the University of California and since then have been practicing law in the city of Oakland, the metropolis on the mainland side of San Francisco Bay. Since September, 1925, I have been a deputy district attorney of the county of Alameda, state of California.

Regarding the question of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness would say that I am married and, what is more, I slipped one over on the native sons and married a native daughter.

My best wishes to the university and to "The Alumnus," its youngest child.

Sincerely yours,

ERROL G. GILKEY, W. U. '14.

Where They Are and Why

Class of 1926

- Anderson, Ross*, Student Kimball School of Theology, Salem, Ore.
Arpke, Frederick, Teacher of History, Republic, Wn.
Bauman, Esther, Teacher of English and French, Amity, Ore.
Beck, George, Teacher, Ketchikan, Alaska.
Beck, Marguerite, Portland, Ore.
Bell, Hugh, Business Secretary, State Normal School, Monmouth, Ore.
Bond, Alvin, Turner, Ore.
Branson, Vera, Grade Teacher, (near) Astoria, Ore.
Bridgeman, Marguerite, Teacher of French, Harrison, Idaho.
Briggs, Richard, Law Office, Kennewick, Wn.
Buckley, Paul, Teacher of English and French, Troutdale, Ore.
Butler, Jay, Medical Student, Portland, Ore.
Carter, Filmer, Salem, Ore.
Christenson, Marjorie, Teacher of English, Salem, Ore.
Church, Susie, married Edw. Huston, Seattle, Wn.
Cleary, Kathleen, Housekeeping, Salem, Ore.
Comstock, Ila, Teacher of Latin, Salem, Ore.
Cook, Geraldine, Teacher of History, Canbyville, Ore.
Corner, Laura Pemberton, Housekeeping, Salem, Ore.
Day, Warren, Insurance Business, Portland, Ore.
Derry, Agnes, Teacher of English, Raymond, Wn.
Derry, Elbert R., Teacher of Social Science, Raymond, Wn.
DeYo, Rachel, Teacher of History, Wasco, Ore.
Drake, Mildred, Teacher of English, Molalla, Ore.
Duncan, Leland, McMinnville, Ore.
Elford, John, Salem, Ore.
Emmons, Ona, Teaching, Amity, Ore.
Erickson, Herbert, Teacher of Science and Coach, Post Falls, Idaho.
Falk, Alice, Teacher of English, Boardman, Ore.
Fanning, Beulah, Teacher of Science, Salem, Ore.
Fasnacht, John, Teacher of History and Coach, Ione, Ore.
Fearing, Harold, Teacher of History, Aberdeen, Wn.
Grant, Mildred, Teacher of History, Condon, Ore.
Hansen, Elmer, Teacher of Science and Coach, Parkdale, Ore.
Heineck, Eloise, Teacher of History, Doty, Ore.
Heineck, Ruth, Teacher of English, Yakima, Wn.
Hewitt, Iris, Sherwood, Ore.
Hewitt, Ruth, Dentist's Assistant, Portland, Ore.
Hlatt, Lroy, Salem, Ore.
Hoffman, Peter, Minister, Salem, Ore.
Jensen, Myrtle, Teacher of History, Bellefontaine, Ore.
Johnson, Helen, Library School, University of California, Berkeley, Calif.
Johnston, Paul, Highway Department, Salem, Ore.
Kadow, Marjorie, Vancouver, Wn.
Kaufman, Louise, Teacher of Mathematics, Klaber, Wn.
Koontz, Alberta, Teaching, Halsey, Ore.
Lang, Guy, Teacher of Science, Echo, Ore.
Ma, Te Chuan, Graduate Student, University of Washington, Seattle, Wn.
McIntyre Gladys, Teacher of Music, Raymond, Wn.
McKinnis, Ronald, Graduate Student, Washington State College, Pullman, Wn.
Maddox, Mabel, Teacher of Science, Victor, Mont.
Mades, Margaret, Teacher of Domestic Science, Nooksack, Wn.
Mahnsten, Hazel, Teacher of French, Bellingham, Wn.
Mickey, Edith, Teacher of Science, Hardman, Ore.
Miller, Pauline, Teacher of History, Springfield, Ore.
Mudra, William, Teacher of Science and Coach, Albany, Ore.
Nelson, Hulda, Teaching, Lynden, Wn.
Newquist, Esther, Teacher of History, St. Helens, Ore.
Noftsker, Isabelle, Domestic Science.
Nottage, Howard, Teacher of Mathematics, Renton, Wn.
Oaks, Howard, Business, Salem, Ore.
Oliver, Clarence, Teacher of History, Bend, Ore.
Pearson, Gerald, Teacher of Science, Umapine, Ore.
Pehrsson, Nora, Teacher of History, Banks, Ore.
Pybus, Jessie, Teacher of Domestic Science, Mansam, Wn.
Ramos, Fred.
Richardson, Helen, Teaching Music, Centralia, Wn.
Robertson, Trufoss, Teacher of History and Coach, Monroe, Wn.
Schreiber, Daniel, Teacher of German, Carnation, Wn.
Sibley, Dorothea, married W. Day, Oct. 15, 1928, Metzger, Ore.
Silvery, Ann, Girls' Reserve Secretary, The Dalles, Ore.
Stebbins, Etta, Teacher of History, Camas, Wn.
Stollar, Villa, Teacher of Science, Mossy Rock, Wn.
Stolzhaas, Marwin, Teacher of Science and Coach, Athena, Ore.
Tachyon, Eva, Teacher of English, Sisters, Ore.
Thompson, Genevieve, Y. W. C. A. Welfare Work, Portland, Ore.
Thompson, Loyd, Teacher Boys' State Training School, Salem, Ore.
Trindle, Jos e N., Teacher in Mission College, Shanghai, China.
Tucker, Mildred, Teacher of Domestic Science, Mossy Rock, Wn.
Vick, Hells, Girls' Reserve Secretary, Bellingham, Wn.
Wang, Teh En, Graduate Student, University of Washington, Seattle, Wn.
Wechter, Ruth, Teacher of French and Dean of Girls, Raymond, Wn.
Wheberight, Lloyd, Teacher of Science, Moro, Ore.
Windell, Albert, Business, Salem, Ore.
Wrenn, J. G., Teacher of Civics and History, Raymond, Wn.
Wylie, Kenneth, Farming, Eugene, Ore.
Wylie, Lucile, Teacher Toledo H. S., Home Economics, Toledo, Ore.
Zeller, Thurston, Teacher of History, Brooklyn, Wn.

"AS I stood beneath the arches of Christ's Church College, I was impressed with the immortality of earthly influence when rightly embodied. Wolsey's designs for national education have gone through generations performing the noblest services. His endowments have been undying, undecaying. Nay, time that wastes mountains has but consolidated his gifts to learning and renewed their strength in every generation. They are more vigorous, with a surer hope of good for the future, than when in the freshness of their original youth. It is not an unworthy ambition to desire such a posthumous influence, having one's name gratefully mentioned through hundreds of years amid scenes of learning by the noblest spirits, who are deriving their very life from your benefactions."

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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"HUXLEY, visiting John Hopkins University on its tenth anniversary, saw no elaborate buildings; and, visiting classes taught in the old Baltimore residences, he said, 'I notice that here you are more interested in men than in buildings.'"

Among the greatest men I have seen and heard, each one of these owed the inspiration and shaping of his life, not to buildings or elegant apartments; they owed their debt to a man. The first was Dean Stanley, who had his Arnold of Rugby; the second was Garman, who had his Seelye of Amherst; the third was Green of Oxford, who had his Jowett of Baliol; the fourth was Henry Drummond, who had his Geikie of Edinburgh; the fifth was Martin, who had his Huxley of London; the sixth was Garfield, who had his Mark Hopkins of Williams. These latter were personalities which saved the most beautiful and valuable things in young men, just as wise orchardists obtain their finest fruit by personal touch upon tree and blossom until the time when it is plucked by hand.

Consider well the claim of the smaller schools of the upper grade. They have always furnished a very high type of manhood and scholarship. A great professor, lifted above the possibility of his personally knowing and influencing a multitude of his students, is about as valuable as fragrant hay placed in a manger so lofty that the hungry sheep get nothing but the scent.

Longfellow and Hawthorne in one generation; Speaker Reed and Chief Justice Fuller in another—this is the kind of product made by as little a college as was Bowdoin, when these boys knew the most eminent men of Bowdoin intimately.

Distance may lend enchantment in the case of a man who is nothing but a scholar, but the most searching thing in the world is a boy's character, and it will never agree that familiarity breeds contempt, except among contemptible persons. Great men breed grandeur by friendship.

Little Kenyon College, in Ohio, gave to our Civil War problem Henry Davis, Rutherford Hayes, Stanley Matthews, Henry Stansberry and Edwin Stanton, not by the efforts of illustrious professors who shone from afar upon them, while these boys were put off with cheaper instructors, but by their personal contact with transcendent ability from the first.

—F. W. GUNSAULUS.