



*The*  
**Willamette  
University  
Alumnus**

JANUARY, 1927

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# Willamette University Alumnus

*"That We May All Be Acquainted"*

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## *New Societies for Old*

TO an older generation of students probably no phase of university life calls up more interesting memories than those associated with literary societies. The passing of these societies, their place being taken by a new form, the so-called honorary societies, is an event of more than passing interest to the student of a generation ago. Probably no phase has more, or more vivid, associations and it is doubtful whether any organization in its day performed a more valuable service. To the training secured in them many a student owes much of his present success. They supplemented the work of the classroom by giving opportunity for social life as well as practice in forensic and literary effort.

The beginnings of literary societies are doubtless linked with that movement in the first half of the last century which found expression in societies of many sorts organized for the propagation and diffusion of knowledge more or less useful. When the Lyceum and other societies were in vogue it was natural that student life should express itself in a similar form. The literary society of the college was the counterpart of such societies outside college walls. This accounts for their popularity and remarkable vitality. If the college society persisted longer than its sister organization, it must be because of the conservative tendency of the college in all matters in which tradition is involved. Their history parallels that of the Lyceum. Organized for educational ends they gradually lost sight of their more serious mission and concerned themselves with entertainment and, as newer forms of entertainment arose they became little more than a name, an honorable history, a happy memory.

Literary societies, furthermore, both in and out of colleges arose in a time when great national issues were being determined and the living voice had an influence which it has lost through the multiplication of other means of communication. It was the day of Webster and Clay; of Everett, Emerson, Phillips, Garrison, Hale, Douglas, Gough and Greeley; of Julia Ward Howe, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mary A. Livermore. And since other

forms of self-expression were fewer than now it was natural for students to throw their energies heartily into the work of a society which promised valuable training against a day when they too would help to determine the policies of a nation. In public speaking, in debate, in literary expression they gave opportunity for valuable practice, to say nothing of the social advantages which they offered in coeducational institutions and the countless occasions for practical jokes at the expense of rival societies. Small wonder that the societies have a large place in the esteem of the older generation and that it is with grave misgivings they note their passing.

But this is an age of specialization. General erudition is looked upon with disfavor. We seek the solution of a problem by scientific and statistical methods rather than by argument and persuasion. We seek specialized scholarship rather than culture and with this change comes change in student societies. Here as elsewhere these commonly take the form of honorary Greek letter societies. So we have at Willamette a local scholarship society, Alpha Kappa Nu, membership in which is especially coveted by the better students. Beta Chi Alpha is a national honor society whose membership is open only to those who have had a year of experience in the staff of a college annual. Theta Alpha Phi is a national dramatic fraternity whose honors await the student who has succeeded in dramatic art. Tau Kappa Alpha bears a similar relation to forensics. Pi Gamma Mu, a social science fraternity, is open to those students who have won honors in social science. Last in time of organization is the Blue Key, a service organization. Willamette students support numerous other clubs of which it is sufficient to mention only the Writers Club and the Science Club, both strong organizations.

Times change. These forms of activity will doubtless give way in time to other forms. For the present they afford a valuable medium for the expression of student initiative and interest. They are for the present generation what the literary societies were for the older generation.



## Page of the Presidents

### President Doney

THIS is written during the holidays and the campus is deserted; students and faculty are gone, halls are silent. No place is so lonely as a college in vacation: one day utmost busyness, crowded rooms, five hundred persons criss-crossing from building to building, conversation extending from pre-historic ages to the millenium, laughter, thoughtful faces, couples, groups, individuals. It is life halfway to noon; youth with one-fourth of the day behind them, the major fraction ahead.

Today is silent; maybe the wind stirring a loose window, the jar of contracting steam pipes. It would be gruesome if one did not know. But we do know and, knowing, we almost shout with the holiday happiness of students who have gone home. From Los Angeles to Seattle and as far east as Boise, they have sought and found the place which is home. They passed countless homes caring for none until they reached the doorway framing faces full of love and welcome.

Questions are legion: Have you kept well? Is the school really good? Do you work hard? You did have a fine football team? What about your professors? You weren't on the Junk list? And the religious influence is strong? You made a lot of friends? And so on to the late hours of night and every day until vacation ends. These are family talks and individual talks, outside visits and calls received—all the while, I suppose, there is in the background of everyone's mind the searching appraisal of what Willamette does for students.

To this end was the University born and for this purpose does it exist—that it may make better, stronger and richer citizens. Libraries, buildings, laboratories, athletics, endowments, professors, trustees have no other meaning. And at this holiday respite, the professors especially are taking inventory of stewardship—could they have done better? How can they do better? These are the great questions always.

These are the questions asked by trustees, interested alumni and friends. Always; and the answer is made by the doings of each joined to the doings of all. He who omits the doing weakens the total.

When the students return, the campus, halls and rooms will live. Once more they will be the scene of the Quest. The more abundant Life will still be calling.

—Carl G. Doney.

### President Eakin

IN the last *Alumnus* we urged all who could to attend the annual homecoming. Quite a few of you did, but many did not. In fact most of you were conspicuous by your absence, and for your information we make known that we had a real party.

There were fifty or sixty at the luncheon and business meeting. Following that, we saw Coach Keene's team in action. We lost, but every one who saw the game says that it was great football and that Keene had a wonderful team for the first season. Another year, we feel confident Willamette will be the champions of the Northwest Conference; and it is the hope of the writer that every alumnus will witness at least one Willamette game next season. Promise yourself now that you will.

And, by the way, you might warm up to this by dropping in on the State High School Tournament in basketball. On March 10, 11 and 12, you'll see a crowd in the gym which will set the blood tingling. And there will be real playing too. Also, follow the Varsity Quint schedule.

The response to our plea for dues was quite gratifying, but we have enough funds for a short time only. There are many who still owe for last year, and we hope that after you have recovered from the financial relapse following Christmas, your interest in the Association will prompt you to pay your dues.

If the matters discussed at the homecoming meeting are to be realized, we must have at least five hundred contributing members every year. The support this year will be the criterion by which we can plan for next. If you want the activities of this Association to enlarge and grow, vote "Yes" by sending that check.

Willamette is growing in size, influence, service and scholarship. The Alumni Association must extend its activities in proportion. To do this we must have some of your time and money. With but one, we are paralyzed; with neither, we are dead. But with the cooperation of every member, we can be a great factor in Willamette. If we put ourselves to the task, we can very largely make the Old School what we want it to be.

What are we going to do: Meet, eat, speak and slide? Or give, work, plan and climb? It is up to you.

—Harold E. Eakin.

## Morton Eaton Peck

MORTON E. PECK can be excited when he runs across a rare flower or a particularly hairy bug. Only for an exuberant second; then he cuddles down



Morton Eaton Peck

to the flower, mumbling Latin jargon or smooths the bug's back and asks whether it has used Pear's soap. And he knows birds better than they know themselves. Prof. Peck was born in Iowa and remained there until he garnered two degrees from Cornell College and a teaching experience of six years in Ellsworth and Iowa Wesleyan Colleges. He also garnered a wife among the co-eds of the

former institution. Her name is Jessie and she can teach biology, too. Mice? She ascends a very high stool when she operates on them.

The Pecks' wedding trip took them to Central America and they couldn't or didn't wish to return for over two years. They lived on the beaches and in the jungles, cultivating acquaintance with lizards, insects and plants: all welcome to the Peck tent, shack or mansion. They made a collection big enough to stock a museum. They also collected a color so brown that no one recognized them at home until Jessie laughed.

Willamette picked up a bright horse-shoe in 1909 and the good luck brought the Pecks to Oregon. The Professor's classes soon filled so that Mrs. Peck assisted him until there had to be a full-time assistant. This is the euphemistic way of saying that biology became and is popular, that Prof. Peck's courses are as fascinating to students as serenades and movies. Terrible, too, the amount of work he requires and his "sang froid" in flunking an embryonic scientist afflicted with overtiredness. The students say he is square, so wondrously square that he wants the same quality in them. Technical knowledge and teaching skill go without saying; as for common sense, straightfire good judgment, he is a mingling of Lincoln and Coolidge.

Peck has a passion for facts, always for more facts. If his middle name were not Eaton it would be Industry or Research. Before Commencement visitors are gone, the car is packed and he, with

Mrs. Peck, is headed for some place which isn't on a map—a corner in the high desert, a mountain ravine, a sloppy inlet from the sea—wherever there is promise of a new plant or bug. Philemon and Baucis! Peripatetic pals, grubbing over the world for another fact and having a whopping vacation. The herbarium they have collected is probably the largest and best classified on the Pacific Coast. For its proper use, Willamette needs a new science building which some friend should give before another winter comes.

The vacation over, they reach Salem at night, hiding the car in the alley until it is fit for the garage. The spoil finds its way to Eaton Hall. For a few days the Mistress bakes pies, compensating for camp fare, while the Master mows the lawn (just once a year) or sits under an apple tree communing with Poesy. Poetry? Aye, and good poetry. A scientist, yet a man who "Koude songes make and wel endite."

Two volumes of Prof. Peck's poetry have been published, the last "The Book of the Bardons," out a year ago, was reviewed in the *Alumnus* last May. Read this of Prof. Peck's entitled, "Cling to Him Then."

"When tears are but as May snows are  
Smiled from the eyes,  
Love can but grow as the flowers are  
Under spring skies.  
Give him the dearth and the winter,  
Flowers—not a sign;  
When the loud blasts wrench and splinter  
Maple and pine.  
He will grow stately and oaken,  
Strong with the strain,  
All summer promises spoken  
Fixed in his grain.  
Cling to him then, he will hold thee  
Where thou canst rest;  
So would I shelter and fold thee,  
Love, on my breast."

Delicate, subtle, an aeolian whisper from the flowers and trees and skies, slipping into the human heart to interpret its deep experiences.

Maybe his poetic instinct helps him to interpret the beauty and majesty of the biological sciences. Maybe it is this which makes his teachings redolent of spiritual values. Mechanistic facts? Not to one who sees unity and plan ordered and touched by infinite Intelligence.

Prof. Peck is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Iowa Academy of Science, Cooper Ornithological Club, Botanical Society of America, American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Northwest Poetry Society. His home is on Court Street, Salem, and in the hearts of some three thousand men and women whom he has instructed and inspired.



# Chronicles of Willamette

## Part One: Beginnings.

1834-1853

THE history of Willamette University offers a wealth of romantic and sacrificial incident to the chronicler, while the sociological historian finds it a perfect institutional "cross-section" study of Pacific northwestern history. The school had its origin as a direct result of the work of the first American settlers on the Pacific Coast and it has enjoyed a continuous existence to the present time. Its span of life is ninety-three years if we date its genesis with the mission school of which it is an out growth; or eighty-five years if we start the chronicle with its organization; or eighty-three years if we take the date of the actual opening of the school doors. During all of these years the university has developed with the country of which it is such an essential factor.

The school is the child of the Oregon Mission of the Methodist Church. The Indian God-seekers' call that brought this mission to the Oregon country is so touched with romance and idealistic faith that the modern historians of cynical tendency squirm painfully because they can not discredit its historic foundations; but they find enough bitter reality and disappointment in the after story of the mission to satisfy even their savage love of realism. Jason Lee and his comrades in the great quest found not the God-seekers of their dreams but the plague-afflicted remnants of the Willamette valley tribes, and burned out their hearts and lives in an heroic effort to save a doomed race. On the banks of the Willamette River, about ten miles below where Salem is now located, they builded their log cabin in the late fall of 1834. In early winter the first orphan children of the neighboring tribes were received into the mission which from the first was an orphanage and school. The teacher and home-keeper was Cyrus Shepard who was a great teacher and nearer a saint than many who have been canonized. The school taught reading and writing and "numbers" from books; and agriculture and housework in the practical work of farm and home; and the Christ-life in all things. Strong men found their chief ministry to little children. With fearful frequency death hovered over the mission school, for into it even little children came with bodies weakened by tuberculosis and racked by deadly venereal diseases. Only a great

faith made it endurable for the heroic group to struggle on under such discouraging conditions.

Mission re-inforcements in 1840 made it possible for Lee to attempt his greatest project, an enlarged school, teaching the manual arts to Indian youths gathered from all parts of the Pacific Northwest. He selected a site on what is now the Willamette campus and in 1840-41 he erected a large three story frame building in which the school was to operate. The better surroundings could not save the afflicted youth and death continued its visitations. The new missionaries came with exalted faith which shriveled in contact with a dying race. They turned against Lee because they could not understand his faith, and their complaints to the Mission Board caused Lee to be replaced in leadership after he had pioneered for a decade and had burned out a giant's strength in the labor he loved.

Before Lee left Oregon, never to return in life, he had glimpsed the coming of white settlers and knew that a ministry for his own people must be provided. Finding his co-laborers appreciative of this need, prophets concerning the new day, he worked with them to found a school for the white children, one destined to develop with the country and become a university as soon as the new land could support it. On February 1, 1842, at a public meeting held at the Old Mission House on the Willamette, the Oregon Institute was organized and its first announcement declared that "as soon as the resources of the institution shall justify it, that it will become a university." Thus in the land whose ultimate ownership between Great Britain and the United States had not been determined, in a land with no government except an embryonic one established through the efforts of the same group, in a community still dependent largely upon direct barter in its financial transactions, in a land with but a handful of settlers these men had the courage to plant a university.

The Trustees of the Institute planned to erect a school a few miles north of where Salem now stands, and to plat a town about it in the hope that incoming settlers would make their homes near by and create a village. However, before the new building was ready for use Jason

Lee's successor determined to close the Indian school for which he could see no future. He offered it to the trustees of the Institute for the nominal sum of four thousand dollars, because the new school like the Indian school was the child of the same mission family.

On August 13th, 1844, the Oregon Institute opened with five students. Around this school centered the fondest hopes of the Mission group as we term the pioneers who came to Oregon in the Mission, even though at this time many of them were no longer officially connected with it. The distant Mission Board also was interested; although not officially sponsoring the new school, the board in the annual report for 1847 said, "It is ardently hoped that this Institution is destined to wield a powerful influence in molding the mind and heart of the medley mass with which the valley of the Columbia is so rapidly filling up."

The first teacher of the Institute was Mrs. Chloe A. Clarke Willson. Splendidly endowed by nature and having enjoyed fine educational advantages, Mrs. Willson was well prepared for her work. That she was conscious of the full significance of the work is well shown by her diary record of the opening day of school when she wrote: "I feel the weight of responsibility which rests upon me in giving character to this infant Institution. O my Father, thou seest my insufficiency, be thou my strength, my wisdom, my all in all. . . ." We find the key to the ideals of this first teacher of Willamette in a record of a lecture she gave to the young women of the school many years after its opening when it had reached the full dignity of being a university. In speaking of the mission of woman in making a Christian home she said, "Love is the power with which she is to melt and mold characters around her after the model character of Christ. Gentleness, loveliness, sweetness and purity are the elements of her power."

From the first the school was principally a boarding school, for the settlement close at hand was too limited to furnish many students, and the lack of roads made it impossible for students at any distance to be day pupils and live at home. In 1845 there were about fifteen families living near the Institute; these constituted the total population of the newly platted town of Salem. In the early years of the school most of the students were young, because the pioneer conditions tended to keep the older boys and girls in other occupations. The opening of new lands demanded the labor of all the family. The laws permitting a married man to take up six hundred and forty acres of land, and the absence of laws regulating the age of

those who could be married encouraged mere children to marry and maintain households. Naturally such a school was concerned primarily with the elementary subjects, although the more advanced "Classical" subjects were offered as older and more advanced students came seeking them. Reports from visitors to the school during these years of its beginnings had only favorable words to say concerning it, expressing their firm conviction that its work would compare favorably with the work being done in the eastern academies.

The teaching staff changed rather constantly before 1853. We find Joseph S. Smith, James H. Whitbur, Cushing C. Ellis, Nehemiah Doane, Francis S. Hoyt, and many others listed among those who taught at the Institute for varying periods of time. Some came from the east primarily for the purpose of taking up the work, some took part in it until they made other adjustments in the pioneer community. But the struggling condition of the Old Oregon Institute, its constantly changing teaching force, the impossibility of having more than two or three teachers at any one time, need not surprise us. The greater cause of wonderment is that the pioneer conditions permitted any school at all, and they would not have done so had not the group of people first brought into the country by the work of the Indian mission made great and heroic sacrifices to keep the doors of their school open. They sacrificed not only because of the need of their own day, but also because they glimpsed a great future for Oregon, and were determined that it should be a Christian Oregon with worthily trained leadership, furnished by Christian schools. So was born Willamette University in the heart of the Oregon mission group. Robert Moulton Gatke,

#### Der Tag

HOMECOMING Day, Nov. 6, was the biggest and best to date. The urge seized several hundred old Willametteans to do the right thing. Mighty good to hear their matured basso-pro-fundos carrying on with the adolescent tenors to the tune of "Rah, rah, rah, Willamette!" The weather was kind, everything was lovely except the score. The Loggers themselves say they were simply lucky. But Willamette's jinx is in the hospital, the doctor is on our side and the old hoodoo is headed for the cemetery.

What the youth of this country needs is narrower pant legs and broader ideas.

—Will Rogers.



## Athletics

THE 1926 football season may be summarized, now that the final gun has sounded and the men have turned in their suits, not as a phenomenal success, but as a definite step upward.

True, the Bearcats lost two conference games and won but one. That victory, however, was the one which the Willamette of today and the Willamette of yesterday—the Alumni—wanted most and toward which the season's efforts were aimed: a 10 to 6 defeat of W. U.'s dearest enemy, Pacific University.

The Cardinal and Gold had not defeated Pacific since R. L. Mathews was coach, nor since the advent of Coach Frank at the Congregational school. This victory alone marks the end of the epoch which the "old grads" will gratefully forget.

For the rest, the alumni will judge the season in accordance with their individual attitudes and amount of information about the team. The many who saw the team perform, were highly pleased at the fighting spirit shown, and will have little consideration for the story told by the score board. Those who viewed progress from afar and looked only for victories, undoubtedly were disappointed.

The first test of Willamette's strength came when they played the officially disbanded Multnomah team and downed them 28 to 6. The consistent defensive work of Willamette's line was one of the features of the game.

Pacific was the next hurdle to be faced, and for this contest Coach Keene "hopped" his men during the week that intervened, and sent out to the Forest Grove gridiron the hardest fighting team that Willamette had produced since 1920. Starting the game with the odds decidedly against them, this team outfought the more experienced P. U. team, and displayed the punch necessary to put over the winning scores.

In order to understand the 1926 season more fully, it is necessary to consider two significant factors. The first is Willamette spirit. Alumni for several years have known, down deep in their hearts, that the "old fight" was lacking. This year started out with signs of the same condition, and it was not until after the victory over Multnomah that real spirit was displayed. That victory and the occurrences of the following week—matters which had to do with a painted grandstand and Willamette students held prisoner and forced to wash dishes for Pacific co-eds—brought cam-

pus spirit up and resulted in a full train load of rooters making the trip to Forest Grove, and a type of support during the game which warmed the hearts of the many alumni who were there.

The other significant thing is that Oregon and Multnomah and Pacific scored on Willamette through "breaks" of the game. Despite the fight shown by the team, these costly bobbles somehow occurred in every game. Still Multnomah and Pacific were defeated; but bobbles kept on happening.

Puget Sound came Saturday after the Pacific game, and Coach Keene made every effort to get his men back in the same fighting mood they had carried against Pacific. A beautifully executed double pass ending in a 50 yard forward pass and a blocked slow kick resulting in a safety gave College of Puget Sound its score. The team did come back in the last half and played an uphill game that resulted in one touch down for the Cardinal and Gold. Bad judgment on the part of the quarterbacks prevented the game ending in our favor. We lost by a score of 9 to 6.

The Whitman game was the same story; the Bearcats outplayed the Missionaries, gaining more than twice as much yardage; but they couldn't score, and Whitman turned a fumble and an intercepted pass into 10 points.

Mention of these "breaks" is not made with the purpose of excusing the defeats; they were not all luck nor even excusable blunders, but are mentioned to bring out the essential point, that Willamette had a fighting team; and the students on the side lines did their part.

THE invitation to the state athletic association to hold the annual high school basket ball championship tournament at Willamette again this season was formally issued by Dr. Doney recently. The invitation was acted upon at the annual business meeting of the state athletic association in Portland December 31st and accepted. The tournament dates are March 10, 11 and 12.

The following men comprise the Varsity Basket Ball Squad: "Hank" Hartley, high point man of the Northwest Conference last year; "Kenny" Litchfield and Gurnee Flesher, members of last year's squad; "Shadder" Reidel, Jack Minto, and Glenn Ledbetter from last year's Frosh; "Bill" Twedie, "Shorty" Roundtree, Clive Zeller, and "Buck" Winslow from previous Frosh teams. "Bob" Ashby and Harold Hauk



are the only Freshmen to make the Varsity Squad.

The Varsity opens the basket ball season at McMinnville January 7 with Linfield College. It will be the opening game of the Northwest Conference.

The Basket Ball Schedule for 1927:

Jan. 7—Linfield College at McMinnville.

Jan. 8—Linfield College at Salem.

Jan. 14—Oregon at Eugene.

Jan. 15—Albany College at Albany.

Jan. 21—Pacific University at Forest Grove.

Jan. 27—Whitman at Salem.

Jan. 28—Whitman at Salem.

Feb. 4—College of Puget Sound at Tacoma.

Feb. 10—College of Idaho at Salem.

Feb. 11—College of Idaho at Salem.

Feb. 16—College of Puget Sound at Salem.

Feb. 25—Pacific at Salem.

Post these dates over your desk, above the kitchen sink, out in the garage. Let your business, your domestic relations and the flivver know when you are going to see the teams perform—aye, perform.

### Marriages and Engagements

NO marriages have been reported since the last issue. Cupid, overworked in summer, is off for quarry in the antipodes, but will return next June. Engagements thus far are halting, cautious, tentative, too tenuous to risk offering to the public.

At the recent annual meeting of the Oregon State Teachers' Association the following Willamette professors were on the program: W. E. Kirk, Chairman of the Department of Classical Teachers; H. C. Kohler on "The Classics and English;" G. H. Alden, reporting for the Committee on Higher Education Standards, and F. M. Erickson, discussing athletics, scholarship and character.

Because the world is like a huge potato which has eyes but sees not, it takes it for granted that college life is a huge joke, that all students have only an excessive desire for play and no ambition.

—Ohio State Lantern.

Elmer Strevey, '23, since graduation, has visited the University of Washington, garnering a cum laude M. A., now teaches history in a Seattle high school. Next year he will gun in some eastern university for the doctorate. He is unblestly single despite all the undergraduate campus to-do.

### The Seattle Club

ON Friday evening, Oct. 15, at Meves' Cafeteria an interested group of Willamette people gathered for "old time's sake" and learned that their numbers and strength were far greater than any had anticipated. Twenty-three attended the dinner, and those who were unable to come, swell the number of Willamette Seattle folk to over fifty. The organization of the Seattle Willamette Club was the outcome of the meeting. Edwin H. Norene was elected president and Blanche Baker Proctor secretary-treasurer.

Willamette is represented in the Seattle pulpits by Ray Attebery, Paul Green, and David Hassell; in Seattle schools by Elmer Strevey, Ralph Rehbock, Albert Geyer, and Alma Wells Bratton; in the University of Washington (instructors) J. R. Bain, Norman Haynor, Victor Hicks, and Martha Leavenworth Hicks; in the Y. M. C. A. by Ed Socolofsky, Elsworth Anslow, and Archie Smith; Deaconess Training School, Nellie Gleiser; the insurance business, Ed Norene and Ed Huston; and the field of commercial art, Errol Proctor. Rev. Arthur Brown and Rev. Earl McAbee have pastorates just out of Seattle. Lyle Perrin is manager of a University District store. Many others have found their places as teachers in neighboring towns. One works in a book store, another in a tea room. One is a librarian. Several are students in the University; and of Seattle's educated and efficient housewives a goodly number attended Willamette University.

The second meeting of the Seattle Willamette Club on Nov. 12th was a dinner at the Grace Methodist Church, of which Ray Attebery is pastor. Over thirty attended.

### Fraternity Marks

THE Joseph Albert cup is awarded each semester to the fraternity which excelled in scholarship the previous semester. The cup was taken this semester by Alpha Psi Delta. The grades for are fraternities are as follows:

Alpha Phi Delta	86.45
Epsilon Delta Mu	84.73
Sigma Tau	84.05
Kappa Gamma Rho	83.86

The only difference between the student body of today and the student body of twenty years ago is that, as the result of a great war, the boiling point is lower.

—Pres. Hadley.

## "My Rest a Stone"

EVERY museum has unique pieces, but it is probable that Willamette has the only "Bishop's Pillow." When the museum was moved to the second floor of the gymnasium last summer, the strange relic was again brought to light. It is of grayish marble about the size of this page and a little more than an inch thick. For years it was used as a pillow by Bishop William Taylor.

Bishop Taylor, in early manhood, was a missionary to California during the gold-rush period. Later he went to Africa and stirred the entire Christian world by his flaming zeal for the negroes. Elected to the episcopacy in the Methodist Episcopal Church, he made the world his parish with Africa as his headquarters. During a long period of worldwide itinerancy, Bishop Taylor carried with him the block of marble which is now in the museum.

Dr. M. C. Wire, an honored minister now retired and living in Newberg, recounts the incident associated with securing the block of marble. We are indebted to the California Christian Advocate for Dr. Wire's story.

"It was in the summer of 1890. The Oregon Conference camp-meeting was to be held in Canby and I was to be in charge. Bishop Taylor was just home from Africa and I could think of no one whose presence at the camp-meeting would be a greater spiritual uplift. So I wrote him and, rather to my surprise, he consented to come. I met him at the station in Salem. Among his impedimenta was a very heavy package about the size of a teacher's Bible."

Dr. Wire and his helpers had put up a cloth tent on the camp ground for the Bishop's use, and had written across the front in large letters, "Bishop Taylor." He looked at it and said, "This is the first Episcopal residence I ever had."

The story of Dr. Wire continues: "One morning I went into his tent early to see if I could be of any service to him. There he lay, his giant form stretched out in the bed and his head (perfectly bald) resting on a piece of marble about the size of a Bagster Bible. The marble was laid upon the feather pillow. I said to him, 'Bishop, what makes you lay your head on that piece of marble?' 'Because,' he replied, 'there is so much African fever in my system that my head feels cooler on the marble.' How it thrilled me! His devotion to his great work in spite of sufferings, hardships and fevers!"

The good man then went on to say to Dr. Wire that he formerly used a book for a pillow, but on one occasion, not finding a book, he saw a piece of marble, used it and found it so much better that he had a piece of marble cut, and carried it with him.

Dr. Wire then asked him if he cared for that particular piece of marble, and he said, "Oh no, any piece would be just as good." So they had a duplicate made for the Bishop's use and kept the original.

In some way not known to the writer, the "Marble Pillow" eventually found its way into the museum at Willamette where it speaks the message of the consecrated Bishop. For with St. Paul, he could say, "Neither count I my life dear unto me, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the good news of the grace of God."

### Deaths

CHARLES E. HILL, '09, Med., died in Portland, Monday, October 25, 1926, at the age of fifty-seven. Dr. Hill, prominent among the Portland physicians, is survived by his widow and a married daughter.

\* \* \*

Helen Rose Medler, '19, the wife of John Medler, '21, died December 4, 1926, in Los Angeles, California, where the family have been several years seeking a healing climate. Mrs. Medler leaves the husband and a little daughter, Barbara.

\* \* \*

J. Benson Starr died at Albany Thursday, Oct. 7th, 1926. He graduated from Willamette university with the class of 1887. He was a solo singer and went to Pasadena, Calif., seventeen years ago and was a leading teacher of voice and choir leader in Pasadena and Los Angeles. He was aged 62 years.

\* \* \*

Chauncey Bishop, who died Jan. 16 at Pendleton from an accidental gunshot wound, was a member of one of Willamette's earliest football teams and served for a time as coach. As treasurer of the Bishop mills and as manager of the Pendleton branch, he had become well known as a successful manufacturer.



## Alumni Loyalty Defined

WHAT does loyalty to one's college involve? What does loyalty to one's mother involve? What does it not? One's mother is the source and background of life. All that one is and all that one may be, one owes to her. So with one's college. In a sense more so, for duty to one's college grows not only out of a debt to the past but out of an obligation to the future.

Subtract from life, yours and mine, all that college gave: interests, appreciation, sympathies, judgment, skill, connections with people and things, associations, friendships, memories, ideals, energy set free, personal power. What a narrow, limited thing life would be without these things. The hopes, the joys, the aspirations, the successes of every day have their roots back in those golden days. As one realizes these things a wave of gratitude rises and seeks expression.

The College, our College, is so much greater than the great thing it has done for each one of us, so much greater than the sum of all that it has done for us all. It stretches out its arms to all the future—to that horde of merry, laughing, eager, aspiring, youth, of all the years to come. They are a part of the great whole.

Loyalty to one's college involves persistent and intelligent interest in all that concerns the welfare of our Alma Mater. It means that steadily through all the years we keep ourselves informed of the affairs of our College: of its personnel and equipment, of the work that it does, of the product that it turns out. It means that we should study from the outside angle the demands of the hour upon the colleges, and that we should know from the inside to what extent our College is meeting these demands. What of equipment? Is our College suffering for lack of tools? Are salaries adequate to secure men and women of power? It means that we should know, as far as possible by actual acquaintance, the outstanding personalities which are directing and forming college life: trustees and faculty, alumni, undergraduates. What do they stand for? What quality of life exists here to-day? What of the courses offered and their adequacy as preparation to meet present-day conditions?

Loyalty means that one can always be counted on by one's college to stand by, to respond with information, advice, influence, work, money; that busy as one

is, one can do one more thing; that poor as one is, one is willing to share what one has, if by any means one can serve Alma Mater.

Loyalty means love, deep and abiding; loyalty means confidence in the present of one's college and faith in its future; loyalty means service to the limit of one's powers—thought and care and sacrifice in some degree commensurate with the inestimable gifts we have received from the noble College that is ours.

(Bertha Bailey, Wellesley, '88, in the *Wesleyan Alumnus*.)

### Glee Clubs

MATERIAL for the two glee clubs is the best in several years. The men are to have a quartet which is in a fair way to rival that to which "Windy Gus" Anderson belonged from his knicker days until corpulent age split his dress suit. The club's itinerary is not fully completed but the plan is to give concerts in the Columbia River cities, Spokane and in towns of central and western Washington. The club has no trouble to make engagements, but alumni should have their cities insist on hearing these singers. And if the club appears within a hundred miles of you, drop everything except the baby, and go.

The girls' glee club is puzzled how to accept all invitations. They do not know where to go—but, trust 'em, they'll go. And you can afford to run a tire off to hear them sing. Some say they are a bit better than the best. And you remember how it used to be.

### More Gratitude

IT is still quite all right with Mr. Kennell, of the Kennell-Ellis studio: he wishes to help the *Alumnus* and therefore we have another line drawing for the cover. Several thousand students have passed under the cloistered arch into Eaton Hall. Do you remember the first time you entered? Thank Mr. Kennell for recalling the ecstatic thrill.

College papers have their ups and downs, but the *Collegian* is coming back to its old excellence and purposes to stay at the top of college journalism. Take the word of the *Alumnus* and arrange to have it come to your breakfast table regularly. Vic Carlson is editor—sounds like Greeley, Pulitzer or Ochs.

## Samuel L. Simpson, W. U. '66

Remarks at the Celebration of his Birthday Anniversary, Portland, Nov. 13, 1926.

THE appearance of a man great in any field is always a matter of interest. He is vicariously an encouragement to the hope and ambition of every normal person for greatness. Men are eager to uncover the forces which produce high achievement. Much of the charm of biography lies in the imaginative comparison made by the reader between his own life and that of the career described. It is a process of debit and credit, the subtle inquiry being prompted by a wish to know wherein and to what extent the mighty character overtops the common mortal. A few pages of Shakespeare or of Shelley, of Macaulay or of Hume cause the honest accountant to lay aside his mental balance sheet with the inward acknowledgment that the reckoning is futile, that the man of enduring power has a quality not vouchsafed to the ordinary person.

Reduced to proper humility, we still are concerned to fathom the causes which so converged in a man as to lift him above the level of others. Heredity and training are analyzed to their utmost limits. The equation is prolonged to its final terms, seeking to show that  $a+b+c+d=x$ . The equation never balances: there is always a factor missing, something not contained in ancestry or education. "He is great," says Emerson, "who is what he is from Nature, and who never reminds us of others." Something which transcends analysis, an imponderable which fixes destiny accompanies the great career.

Certainly those observations are confirmed by the life of the man whom we honor by this observance of his natal anniversary. Unfortunately, there is no recorded biography of Samuel L. Simpson. He sang his songs at a time when songs were little desired. He lived upon no Olympus to excite attention or regard; instead he wandered with the common, carefree people who counted him not different from themselves. And he was not different save in that touch which rested on his soul, the presence of a spirit which intensified the senses and let him for a season dwell in higher spheres. Some friend of culture and lover of his kind should write the life of Simpson before the facts and echoes of his days are lost forever. Written with skill and care, the biography would be an interesting and valuable contribution

to letters. Simpson was not a Shelley or Keats, a Burns or Poe; but he had distinct likenesses to these and his life had a pioneer setting which provided an atmosphere unlike any other and which should be preserved.

Visualizing for a moment the career of the man, we see him greeting life on the 10th of November, 1845, in the State of Missouri. The next year, a helpless babe, he was brought by his parents across the plains and mountains to this State, settling in Marion County. At the age of four he learned his letters from tracings made by his mother in the ashes of the fireplace of their cabin. This is a revealing glimpse of poverty and the aspiration of a mother who fought it for her child. It is only a glimpse for we next see the family at Grand Ronde Indian Reservation, a military post frequented by Grant, Sheridan and other soldiers who were later to be famous. Simpson's father owned the sutler's store and the boy of fifteen was the clerk.

Here imagination may wander, conjuring probabilities—a sutler's store at a military post on the farthest fringe of a pioneer civilization; a boy who had already steeped himself in Robert Burns serving his father's customers at the counter; bacon, flour, clothing, candles, tobacco, whiskey to be measured and sold; lurid conversation, ribaldry, coarseness falling on the ears of a wondering youth; Sheridan, moved by a discovered quality in the boy, presenting him with Byron's poems and touching some center which caused a craving for a higher education.

Was it this—something like this—which sent the boy to Willamette University? And what was his record there—his interests and friends, ambitions and achievements? He became a lawyer, apparently realizing that poetry could not provide a livelihood for the poet. Did he seriously attempt the practice of law or was his mind already divided? And had drink, which he was to fight throughout his years, already taken hold of him? As an editor did he show the strength which characterized his poetical writings? Who were his friends? Some are still living who can answer a biographer's questions. I seem to see in Simpson's life an American epic—the adventuring pioneer, touching a wide series of experiences which ranged from raw primitiveness of the forests to the ecstasies of ineffable spirit. A career epitomizing every stratum of America's development offers the



biographer a moving opportunity for his utmost genius.

Concerning the final merit of Simpson's poetry, I am not qualified to speak. Poetry seems to be a thing apart and yet an incorporeal essence of every life. We are born with a latency which seeks union with the good and true and beautiful, a quality which aspires to lose itself in perfectness. Poetry of high order catches us up into a nobler kinship. It interprets our emotional longing after the infinite and gives food for the spirit. Sam Simpson saw and heard and felt that which I could not enter into except for his voice to guide me. And when I follow him whether to listen to the mystic Willamette, to gaze upon the "white despot of the wild Cascades" or to feel the curse which bears him "Down to the wailing sea" I am led by a spirit of revelation.

Simpson was twenty-three years old when he wrote "Beautiful Willamette," his lyric masterpiece. Only eight years away from the sutler's store, he was touching manhood's opening. It is said that poetry takes its shape and content from the poet's moral nature. Burns and Poe and Byron and Simpson, broken winged, carried the wistful note of battles lost. Fighting, striving, pushing down the foe, they lift a note of hopeful triumph; fighting, striving, losing to the foe, they voice the tragic tone of grief.

I know of nothing more sadly beautiful, more filled with loving bravery than Simpson's voluntary exile in the forest cabin in Jackson County to struggle with his enemy until he felt his life was free. A mighty man was he. And there he found his genius coming back as the solitude yielded poem after poem each mounting to increasing fineness. If he had but won, finally won, who knows that his aeolian harp might not have caught immortal strains and filled this valley with pilgrims come to honor the places made splendid by his greatness.

Tonight we would honor him for what it was, a great and valiant struggler, and we honor him for what Sam Simpson tried to be, a white soul singing to the world the wonder which enthralled him.

James Rettie, a junior, was the official delegate to the great student conference held in Milwaukee, Wis., during the holidays. He returns with inspiring messages and deepened religious convictions.

Ralph Rehbock, '22, who went around the world with Bryan McKittrick, '22, to see if the old geography was right about it, is another Seattle high teacher who hasn't the least trouble to hold his job.

## The Loyalty Fund

IT is well to keep the Loyalty Fund before us constantly. It is certainly the finest possible plan by which an alumnus may contribute to the University each year an amount to be fixed by the contributor himself. It keeps our interest alive, deepens our gratitude and affords the joy of doing an unquestionably good work.

Here are some words about this Fund from President Lowell of Harvard: "If a university is doing good work, the great body of its living graduates must feel that they have derived a benefit from that work, and they must feel also its great value to the country in promoting and transmitting knowledge. They must, therefore, have a sense of gratitude to the benefactors who have made all this possible, and especially to the graduates no longer living who in their day furnished lifeblood to the institution. They must desire to pass on these benefits to posterity, that in the future graduates yet unborn may feel the same gratitude to them."

Next June, the treasurer of Willamette's Loyalty Fund will make a report of the gifts received during the year. It should also be a matter of prideful interest to have your class respond well, even to a hundred percent. It is not so much the amount as it is some amount—a dollar or more, as you wish.

Willamette has not meant a great deal to some alumni just because they have forgotten to do anything for the school. The surest way to kindle affection for an institution is to do something for it; you then keep in touch with it, learn what it is doing and are laudably pleased to have a part in its progress. Willamette has come to the position where but a small fraction of the dollar is used for overhead—an increasing number of cents goes directly to benefit the student.

Still further, the gifts to this Fund are for endowment and are counted in requisitions from the General Election Board. That is, for sixty-five dollars now paid in, the University will receive an additional thirty-five dollars. This is a great opportunity and a thousand alumni should have their names on this roll of honorable cooperators. Please send your gift—any size you wish—to Treas. Harry W. Swafford, 888 N. Cottage St., Salem, Oregon. Better do it now, before the old forgettery gets its work in.

## Adventures of Life in Modern Poetry

THE true distinction between poetry and prose does not lie in the manner of expression—in verse as opposed to prose form, but in content and spirit. Prose is informational, matter-of-fact; poetry is imaginative, although it may deal with the most realistic subject, and it is inspirational, and imbued with the spirit of beauty. The poet sees beneath the surface, the outward appearance of things and finds there eternal laws in operation or universal truths which link up one situation with the whole of life and experience. So it is in poetry that we may look for the expression of the true adventure of life, that adventure which each man has for himself along the highroad of experience, yet which all men share as they come in contact with its strangeness, its romance, and its responsibilities.

There are times in the history of verbal expression when poetry has appeared to develop far away from the paths of reality, when it has seemed to soar among the clouds of fancy or wander aimlessly in the midst of vague and purposeless mystery. But the scientific interest of the late nineteenth century and the powerful impetus toward realistic thought which has marked the three last decades have exerted a strong influence in causing the poet to be concerned about subjects of immediate reality, with the result that much of modern poetry has arisen out of situations which are familiar to nearly every reader and has had to do with thought and emotions that are more or less common to every man, in almost any walk of life.

To the old and honored subjects of love, chivalry, patriotism, religious faith, and the like modern poetry has added new subject matter gleaned from the fields of science, invention and commerce, has delved into mines of mental growth and personality and expressed new truths of human relationships and influence, and in a no less important way has revealed new significances and beauty in every-day, ordinary experience. Modern poetry in its range of interest has proved conclusively that poetry is not, as someone has put it, "a mere pastime for scholars," "a subtle and delightful occupation for mature minds," but that at its best it is the fullest expression of the sorrows and joys of life, with all the intervals of doubt and despair, of hope and assurance, of conflict and attainment clearly indicated by the way. No situation of any importance seems remote from its attention, and it

seems to catch out of every significant channel of life some truths of experience that are worthy to add to the human store of joy that is had from experience.

Merely a limited investigation of the poetry of the last few decades will reveal the wide and searching range of its subject matter and the immediacy of its contact with every-day life. One poet utters the discontent of the labourer who realizes that plodding and physical weariness are evermore to be his lot; one voices the yearning of youth for freedom and personal access to truth; another cries out against the hypocrisy of those who, fortunate in the possession of the world's goods, become law unto themselves and expect an admiring obeisance from their fellows. Here a poet with the vision of a true seer becomes aware of the dwarfing of men's spiritual natures under the enclosing details and influences of modern wealth and "conveniences," and discovers that many persons are led to become so engrossed in social affairs and commercial activities that all opportunity for personal enrichment and acquaintance with the life of the soul is rendered impossible. Another senses the great injustice with which one nation or race looks down from a self-made pedestal of moral or spiritual superiority upon another, or glimpses the contribution of truth which science through dim and frequently misunderstood research must make to men's awareness of the wisdom and fatherhood of God.

Some interesting examples of the close relationship which modern poetry bears to ordinary and immediate aspects of experience may be had from any collection. From one picked up casually which includes the work of both British and American poets I come upon the following:

### ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE

By Edwin Markham

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,

Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,  
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite  
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands  
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw  
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;  
Till at the last across the chasm swung  
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought  
Across the void, out to God's reaching  
hands—

Send out our love and faith to thread the  
deep—

Thought after thought until the little cord  
Has grown to a chain no chance can  
break,

And—we are anchored to the Infinite!



## WORKWORN

By E. Pauline Johnson

Across the street, an humble woman lives;  
 To her 'tis little fortune ever gives;  
 Denied the wines of life, it puzzles me  
 To know how she can laugh so cheerily.  
 This morn I listened to her softly sing,  
 And, marvelling what this effect could  
 bring,  
 I looked: 'twas but the presence of a child  
 Who passed her gate, and looking in, had  
 smiled.

## THE CENTRAL I

By John Masefield

O little self, within whose smallness lies  
 All that man has, and is, and will become,  
 Atom unseen that comprehends the skies  
 And tells the tracks by which the planets  
 roam;  
 That, without moving, knows the joys of  
 wings,  
 The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,  
 And in the hovel can consort with kings  
 Or clothe a god with his own mystery—  
 O with what darkness do we cloak our  
 light,  
 What dusty folly gather thee for food,  
 Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,  
 The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good!  
 O living self, O god, O morning star,  
 Give us thy light, forgive us what we are!

## EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

By Wm. Herbert Carruth

A Fire-Mist and a planet—  
 A crystal and a cell—  
 A jellyfish and a saurian,  
 And caves where the cave-men dwell:  
 Then a sense of law and beauty,  
 And a face turned from the clod—  
 Some call it Evolution,  
 And others call it God.  
 A haze on the far horizon,  
 The infinite, tender sky,  
 The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,  
 And the wild geese sailing high—  
 And all over upland and lowland  
 The charm of the goldenrod—  
 Some of us call it Autumn,  
 And others call it God.

## "FROST TONIGHT"

By Edith M. Thomas

Apple-Green West and an orange bar,  
 And the crystal eye of a lone, one star . . .  
 And "Child, take the shears and cut what  
 you will,  
 "Frost tonight—so clear and dead-still,"

Then I sally forth, half sad, half proud,  
 And I come to the velvet, Imperial crowd,  
 The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the  
 pled—  
 The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till tonight!  
 A gleam of the shears in the fading light,  
 And I gathered them all—the splendid  
 throng,  
 And in one great sheaf I bore them along.

In my garden of life with its all-late  
 flowers  
 I heed a Voice in the shrinking hours:  
 "Frost tonight—so clear and dead-still . . ."  
 Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill.

## THE HARBOR

By Carl Sandburg

Passing through huddled and ugly walls,  
 By doorways where women haggard  
 Looked from their hunger-deep eyes,  
 Haunted with shadows of hunger-hands,  
 Out from the huddled and ugly walls,  
 I came sudden, at the city's edge,  
 On a blue burst of lake—  
 Long lake waves breaking under the sun  
 On a spray-flung curve of shore;  
 And a fluttering storm of gulls,  
 Masses of great gray wings  
 And flying white bellies  
 Veering and wheeling free in the open.

## RICHES

By Robert Loveman

What to a man who loves the air  
 Are trinkets, gauds, and jewels rare?  
 And what is wealth or fame to one  
 Who is a brother to the sun?  
 Who drinks the wine that morning spills  
 Upon the heaven-kissing hills,  
 And sees a ray of hope afar  
 In every glimmer of a star?  
 What to a man whose god is truth  
 Are spoils and stratagems, forsooth—  
 Who looks beyond the doors of death  
 For loftier life, sublimer breath:  
 Who can forswear the state of kings  
 In knowledge of diviner things,  
 The dreams immortal that unroll  
 And burst to blossoms in his soul?

Such poems speak for themselves.  
 From any number of them which may  
 be had at random one may learn that  
 modern poetry has much to say of the  
 common adventure of every man along  
 the highway of life. Poetry no longer  
 seeks its themes solely in the ecstasies  
 of imagination where the ideal goodness  
 or the extreme badness whitens or red-  
 dens the jewelled words. It can suck  
 its inspiration from common experiences  
 and sublimate a crass reality with the  
 glory of a spiritual essence. Thus it  
 speaks an intelligible language to a  
 greater multitude and becomes an inter-  
 preter of the souls who walk the dusty  
 highways and carry burdens in the heat  
 of day.

Roy Shields, Willamette alumnus who  
 is counted among the charter members  
 of the Websterian literary society, has  
 recently been advanced to the position of  
 assistant solicitor-general of the Union  
 Pacific system. Mr. Shields practiced  
 law in Salem before becoming counsel  
 for this railroad.

Lawrence Davies, '21, with his genial  
 wife, Edna, who once wrote her last  
 name as Gilbert, is in Philadelphia as  
 head of the New York Times news  
 bureau there. Lawrence and Edna added  
 to their European experiences the novel  
 one of returning to America on board  
 the same ship on which Queen Marie was  
 a passenger.

## Who? What? Where? When?

*Loren Basler*, '20, is athletic director in the Boise, Idaho, high school. He married Evelyn De Long, '21, a sister of Merton De Long, '12, who is president of the Portland Alumni Club and a trustee of the University.

*Christmas in Cambridge, Mass.*, was celebrated at 18 Shaler Lane by Vic Logan, '24, "Bunny" Wilkin, '19, Elmer Goudy, (O. A. C.), Mrs. Grace Collins Goudy, '22, the host and hostess, Paul H. Doney, '20, and Lucy Holt Doney, U. of W. '22. Jean Doney, thirteen months, had the drum stick.

*Harvey McLain*, '22, was married June 13, 1926, to Miss Claire C. Shaw of Burlington, Iowa. He is a teacher in the junior college of Burlington, has his M. A. from the University of Iowa and purposes to peg on for the doctorate.

*Raymond A. Schmale*, '21, 1407 Julian Ave., San Francisco, is a banker in the Bay City. Always see him on your California trip when rattling Henry needs gas.

On Oct. 30, 1926, Harriet Louise came to the home of Principal and Mrs. Geo. Allen Odgers, Ex-'16, the Boys School, Calcutta, India.

*Rev. Frank T. Howell*, '94, lives at 304 W. Anaheim, Long Beach, Calif.

*Wilbur F. Round*, '92, is at home in Los Angeles, 4814 Wadsworth St.

*Eva Foster Brown*, '93, 615 W. Center St., Pomona, Calif., writes that the *Alumnus* pleases her—which shows her training is fine.

Four Willamette graduates are teaching in the Woodburn, Oregon high school. Milton Gralapp, '25, Laura E. Rugges, '22, Lucia L. Card, '25, and Ruth E. Ross, '25.

*Leona J. Hansen*, ex-'22, is away off in Glenn's Ferry, Idaho. Happy, and prosperous enough to help the *Alumnus*.

*Roy F. Shields*, '10, Law, is counsel for the Southern Pacific Railroad, having offices in the Pittock block, Portland. He subscribes to the *Alumnus* for two years! Now say somethin' 'bout a lawyer!

*Ina V. Moore*, '21, is no more, having changed her name to Mrs. Ina V. Potter and gone way off to 2108 Commerce St., Wellsburg, W. Va., to live.

*Rev. F. M. Jasper*, '16, is associated with Dr. Clark, in the work of the First Congregational Church, Portland.

*Mrs. Esther Lemery Paquin*, '24, is a resident of Seattle—5029 Sixth Ave. N. E., where her husband is a student in the University of Washington.

*Dr. David and Marguerite Cook Lawson*, both '21, have located in Prairie City, Oregon, where he will practice medicine and conduct a hospital. Folks, cattle, mining, timber and the Lawsons to help.

*Tinkham Gilbert*, '21, is State Bank Examiner, located at 409 Henry Bldg., Portland, Oregon. This way to have your bank examined!

*Norman Earl Rickli*, '48, discovered America at 11:50 P. M., Oct. 25, 1926. His parents, Benj. Rickli, '22, and Irene Walker Rickli, '24, were with him at the time. Ben had a birthday himself ten minutes later. He is helping Mr. Kells run the Salem Y and is making a mighty fine job of it.

*Esther Jane McCracken*, '23, who has been in China as a missionary since graduation, has returned to America and was married Nov. 25, 1926, at Moore, Pa., to Edward E. Dixon. Mr. Dixon was also in the mission field but is home to finish work in the Boston School of Theology. The address is 47 Hancock St., Boston, Mass.

*Dr. Ralph Stearns*, '14, is in Philadelphia for a year's special study in diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

*Mabel C. Fraley*, ex-'14, is head of the Commercial work, Powell County High School, Deer Lodge, Mont.

*Paul Homan*, '14, a Rhodes Scholar also, is a professor in the department of economics, at the University of California.

*Sophia E. Townsend*, '03, is Preceptress in the North Pacific Evangelistic Institute, Portland, Oregon.

*Mrs. Valeda Hoxie Swabb*, '16, lives in Kennewick, Wash.

*Florence Shirley*, '19, Music diploma, was graduated last June from the Chicago Conservatory of Music and is now a teacher of piano in the William Woods College, Fulton, Mo.

*Mildred Grant*, '26, is teacher of English and music in the Condon high school.

*John F. Rodman*, '23, is principal of the Metolius, Oregon, high school.



Mrs. Sarah E. Cromwell, '71, is living at 2204 Atlantic Street, Los Angeles. She is already planning to attend the next Commencement. M. L. Jones, Brooks, Ore., and Mrs. E. E. McKinney, Turner, Ore., are the other living members of this class of nine graduates.

W. N. Byers, '22, is superintendent of the Odell, Ore., schools. Eloise Reed, '25, teaches in the same school.

Paul Irvine, '15, is in the field of education now rounding out the Ph. D. at New York University after three years of work. He formerly taught in Oregon high schools and taught mighty well. He is a member of Phi Delta Kappa.

Robert (Bob) C. Story, '21, is a student in the Round-the-World College and about this time his ship is beginning to climb the grade toward home. It's a prophet's penny to a damp sea-biscuit that even the Colonel, marooned on a ship for eight months with a lot of co-eds, will contract something more permanent than sea-sickness.

J. Fred McGrew, '22, is head of the department of public speaking in the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville. He married Glyde Ausman, '20, and by all reports is a good husband and professor. 'Sposin' he hadn't got out when Waller burned!

W. A. Smith, '09, born in Switzerland nevertheless came to Willamette for his college course. He took A. B. in '09, B. D. and O. B. in '10, then went to University of Washington for M. A. in '11 and in '16 received Ph. D. from University of Chicago. For six years he has been assistant professor of Education in the University of California, Southern Branch, and has written the following books: "An Experimental Study in the Psychology of Reading," (U. of C. Press); "The Reading Process," (MacM); "The Junior High School" (MacM). Another volume on Secondary Education is in preparation. Looks like he is doing a job mighty well.

Mrs. Susan (Harrison) McKinney, '67, is living at 2406 Estes Street, Baker, Oregon.

Gladys Wilson, '22, and Carolyn G. Wilson, '24, are teaching in the Hood River, Ore., high school. The former has History, the latter Latin.

Walter E. Nydegger, '24, is head professor in the department of History and Social Science in Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill. He has two assistants, also the M. A. from U. of Iowa and is shooting toward Ph. D. from U. of Wisconsin.

Rosamond (Gilbert) Haight, '17, lives in Ritzville, Wash., where her husband, Dr. Loyd R. Haight, is a dentist. Tinkham is five and Phyllis is two and Rosamond sees that their teeth—and everything else—are just lovely.

J. A. Nickel, '22, is teacher of science in Grants Pass high school.

Paul Johnston, '26, is a teacher in the Cathlamet, Wash., high schools—Latin, Geometry and athletics.

Other Willamette people in New York are Paul Day, '21, studying at Columbia for Ph. D.; Mabel Garrett Wagner, '18, serving in the field of religious education, and Sam R. King, '17, an engineer with the American Tel. and Tel. Co.

Harold Nichols, '19, is an officer in the Hillman Fuel Co., Salem, Oregon.

Mary Findley, '20, was in Europe and Palestine for five months during the summer and fall, a member of the Sherwood Eddy party. She was present when Germany was seated as a member of the League of Nations. What she heard and saw during the trip would make a book. And she should write it. She is now the director of Religious Education in First Church, Eugene, Oregon.

Mildred Bartholomew, '15, is director of Religious Education in the great new Methodist Church at Corvallis, Oregon.

Sellwood Methodist Episcopal Church, East 15th and Tacoma Streets, Portland, Oregon, will hold a Willamette University Night on Sunday evening, Jan. 16, for Portland and other alumni. C. B. Harrison, '12, is pastor.

Lloyd Wheelwright, '26, is teaching science and history at Moro, Oregon, high school.

Rein Jackson, '21, who teaches and coaches at West Linn high school, submitted a plan to the Oregon State Athletic Association for determining the championship in football for 1927. It is being considered by the Board of Control of the Association.

John Francis Cramer, '20, principal of Coquille high school, was an official delegate to Oregon State Teachers' Association at Portland in December.

Zelda Mulkey, '25, teaches English in Rainier, Oregon, high school.

Blanche Drake, '20, is English teacher in the Bend high school.

Marion Wyatt, '25, teaches English and Latin in the Mt. Vernon, Oregon, high school.

## Gifts to Willamette

WHILE in Europe last summer, Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Franklin executed a delightful commission by purchasing on behalf of friends certain works of art to be given to the University. The formal presentation was made the evening of January 5 in Waller chapel. Mrs. Franklin described the pieces and recounted the story of their procurement. President Doney and Mr. C. P. Bishop spoke on behalf of the school and trustees respectively.

The principal work is an original bust of Robert Browning in pure Carrara marble made by Antonio Frilli of Florence. Inquiries were directed to American and European dealers but none was able to furnish a bust of Browning. By means of photographs and the suggestions of a close friend of the poet, the sculptors fashioned what is considered to be an admirable likeness of the great man as he appeared in middle life. The bust is the gift of Dr. Henry Waldo Coe, the notable physician and benefactor of Portland. Dr. Coe was once a professor in Willamette and cherishes a tender affection for the school he served. His

presence was greatly desired for the presentation, but he was unavoidably prevented from coming.

Another marble is a smaller representation of the Venus de Milo, exquisite in the perfection of line and purity of color. This will grace one of the parlors of Lausanne Hall. It also is from the studio of Antonio Frilli.

Three pictures are to be hung in the most appropriate locations until such time as an art building or gallery is provided.

A painting in oil by Annabale Gatti, a celebrated painter of historical subjects, represents Michael Angelo at the quarries selecting the marble out of which he is to carve his David. Another by R. Foscardi, President of the National Association of Artists, is a landscape, "A Scene in Tuscany." A third picture, an etching, "Morning Song," is by Arbert.

The Venus and the paintings are gifts by friends whose modesty in insisting upon anonymity is only exceeded by their generosity. Everyone thanks them, while cherishing the hope that this is the beginning of a large collection of art for Willamette.

## How's This?

Nov. 1, 1926.

Dear Alumnus:

I have noticed with great interest two or three recent issues of the Alumnus. They seem exceedingly well edited and I simply wish to express my appreciation, as an alumnus of the University, of such a fine piece of work.

The entire issue bears clear marks of good editing, both in the manner in which the copy is written and also in the manner in which it is arranged. Willamette needs just such a publication and I hope the good work will continue.

Find enclosed one dollar to cover one year's subscription to the magazine.

Very truly yours,

Sheldon F. Sackett.

This is from the Editor of the Telephone Register, McMinnville, Oregon, and he knows.

"In expressing my appreciation of this excellent little magazine, I know I am voicing the opinion of all Willamette people who have migrated this far north."

Ruth A. Hill, '24.

Seattle, Washington.

"Yes, we like it! Come again."

Dr. Neal L. Zimmerman,  
65 E. 35th St., Portland, Ore.

"Pleased with the Alumnus."

Mabel C. Fraley, ex-'14.  
Deer Lodge, Mont.

"Dear Alumnus: You are a wonder magazine and I am sure we are all proud of you."

Chas. R. Randall, '17.  
Supt. Schools, Farmington, Wash.

"We surely enjoy each issue and are saying it as you suggest."

Grace Jasper Patty, '25.  
Amity, Oregon.

"I want it."

Gladys Wilson,  
Hood River, Oregon.

"I admire your covers, I like your contents, I approve of your style. May you and the Loyalty Fund bring great things to pass for the dear old Varsity."

Geo. Allen Odgers, Ex-'16.  
Calcutta, India.



"If liberty is to be saved, it will not be by the doubters, the men of science, or the materialists; it will be by religious conviction, by the faith of individuals who believe that God wills man to be free but also pure; it will be by the seekers after holiness, by those old-fashioned pious persons who speak of immortality and eternal life, and prefer the soul to the whole world; it will be by the enfranchised children of the ancient faith of the human race."

—Amiel.

Do you still like this magazine?

How does the Alumnus know?

Have you said so with a dollar?

Send a Dollar to the Alumnus, and the Alumnus will bless you for a year. If you don't send the Dollar, the Alumnus may Bust, and what would you think of that? Send the Dollar and tell us about yourself. Also, tell about other alumni. And can't you do it now?

The Alumnus,  
Willamette University,  
Salem, Oregon.

“ONLY through work that is some real expression of our largest self can there come to us in this measure either character or happiness or influence. Carlyle seems to have all three in mind, and the law of expression upon which they so largely depend, when he urges so impatiently: ‘Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce in God’s name! ’Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then. Up! Up!’ No mere truth hunting, no speculation, no high emotions, no dreams, no raptures, no thrills, no beautiful visions, no transcendental revelation of the divine will avail anything, if they do not mean better character, shown in more active service. They all need active valuable expression. The biblical vision is always an appeal—‘What doest thou here, Elijah?’ And it calls for an answer, ‘Here am I; send me.’ There is no transfiguration scene that allows a tarrying in the mount. This holds, once again, not only for character, but, because of our very constitution, for the highest happiness and influence as well.”

—Pres. H. C. King.