

Dedication

. . .

To Senator Robert A. Booth,
as a token of our appreciation for his many
kindnesses to Willamette University, this book
is dedicated.

foreword

We can say but little more than the pages of this book will tell you regarding the life, spirit, and patriotism of Willamette and her students.

For the Trustees and President, we hope the book may mean progress;

For the Alumni, we hope the book may recall some pleasant memories of the days when they had a part in the things we now enjoy;

For the Senior Class of this year, we hope it will be a help in the years just opening before them;

For the Under-class-man, we ask that it may be no other than an inspiration to undertake the greater things yet to be done;

For the Reader, who may be outside of our life, we hope it may leave a pleasing and lasting impression of Willamette.

We have labored hard. We have met discouragements where we looked for encouragement. We have felt our hopes rise when given a kindly word, and lastly, dear reader, we have done the best we could.

THE EDITORS.



Vol. 2

Wallulah

1905

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Edited by the Associated Students of Willamette University



Photo. by
Lee Moorhouse,
Pendleton, Oregon.



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A. M. SMITH
President of Board of Trustees

John H. Coleman

To him, who in the vigor of mature manhood is giving himself for our welfare, strong, fearless and tender, we owe an inestimable homage, for a broader outlook, nobler aspirations, and deeper convictions.

Our President,—a man whose life has been a labor for mankind; a man whose eloquence has stirred thousands; a man who has sat with bishops and statesmen; a successful and a strong man.

Yes, we are proud of him, prizing those qualities of greatness which belong to him. We exult that we have him for our leader, knowing that, as such, he shall make our old Willamette leader among the great institutions of learning.

But, beyond the depth of pride and exultation, we are profoundly grateful to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," that He gave this man to be our friend.

He loves us. He applauds our orators. He supports our athletics. He is always ready to listen to our troubles and worries, to give us words of sympathy and encouragement with such a tenderness that we know him to be a true friend.

When our college days are but a memory, and our characters have become hardened in the mould, we shall many a time recall with thanksgiving, the kindly face, the sympathetic heart of Dr. Coleman, our President.



PRESIDENT JOHN H. COLEMAN, D. D.

Willis C. Hawley

Willis Chatman Hawley was born at Monroe, Oregon, on the fifth day of May, 1864. His ancestry is historical, and their deeds closely woven with the growth of the nation from its earliest infancy to the present time. Blessed by being the descendant of sturdy Englishmen who braved the dangers of the New World in early colonial times, gave their lives in the struggle for independence from the tyranny of the mother country, and led the van of western immigration to Oregon in 1847-8, he has received the most priceless heritage of an American citizen, a crown of honor whose jewels are the many deeds of sacrifice and devotion commanded by sincere patriotism and love of country.

Dean Hawley has been true to these traditions of his progenitors. His life has been a constant advance toward the higher planes of usefulness and the service by means of which to reap noble results. His name is inseparably and indissolubly connected with the true meaning to be conveyed in the words "Old Willamette." Within her halls when a young man, he began the study which was the basis of his present scholarly attainments. From her he has taken the degrees of B. S., A. B., LL. B., and A. M. But his time of greatest service to his Alma Mater occurred during the interim between the years 1893 and 1902. Then, when everything was fastly disintegrating, when Willamette's friends were becoming fewer every day, when popular feeling was constantly turning against her, and when unwieldy because of a burdensome debt, Dean Hawley took the president's chair and by the aid of a loyal and devoted faculty, and unprecedented sacrifice on their and his own parts, he stemmed the terrible tide which portended inevitable destruction and established his school so firmly that she will never again rock on her foundations. No person can appreciate the sacrifice or understand the magnitude of his Titan undertaking unless it were those devoted few who struggled with him. It was the work of a man among men. Dean Hawley was the man.

But there was still a herculean task to be performed. The old debt must be liquidated, erased. Another giant personage was needed. President Hawley wished to stay with the students and continue his work as an instructor. The trustees thought his plan a wise one to follow, and so the office of Dean of the College of Liberal Arts was created for that special purpose.

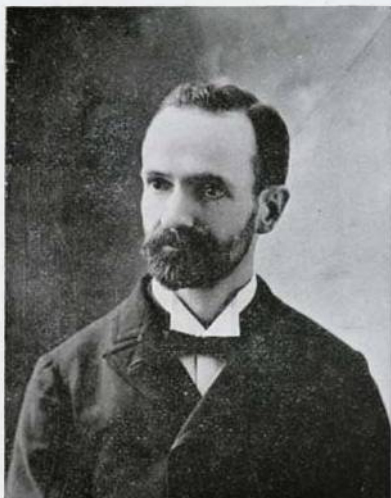
Such in brief is his official career. Loved and honored by all, an unexcelled instructor of history and economics, he occupies a place second to none in the regard of all his students.



DEAN WILLIS C. HAWLEY, A. M.

FACULTY

College of Liberal Arts



J. T. MATTHEWS

CHARLES A. DAWSON

Professor of English Language and Literature

A. B., Ohio Wesleyan, 1899; Assistant Principal and Instructor, Ashland, Ohio, 1899-1900; Principal of High School, Clyde, Ohio, 1900-1901; Graduate Student in History, University of California, 1901-1902; A. M., Ohio Wesleyan, 1902; Professor of English Language and Literature, Willamette, 1902-05.

J. T. MATTHEWS

Professor of Mathematics

Prepared at La Creole Academy and McMinnville College; A. B., Willamette, 1889; A. M., Willamette, 1894; Professor of Mathematics, Willamette, 1893-1903.



CHARLES A. DAWSON



W. P. DREW

W. P. DREW

Professor of Latin and Greek

Englewood High School, Chicago; Northwestern University, 1888-89; University of Chicago, 1893; B. D., Drew Theological Seminary, 1897-99; Professor of Latin and Greek, Willamette, 1899-1902; A. M., University of California, 1902-03; Professor of Latin and Greek, Willamette, 1903-05.



C. O. BOYER

C. O. BOYER

Professor of Natural Science

A. B., Puget Sound University, 1898; Principal of Goucher Academy, Montesano, Washington, 1898-99; connected with the Puget Sound University, 1899-1904; Acting President for two years; Vice President, 1903-04.

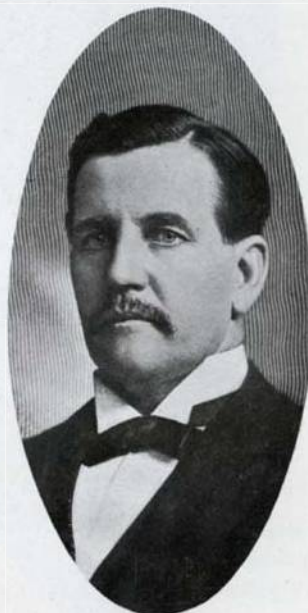


W. H. McCALL

W. H. McCALL

Professor of Modern Languages and Literature

Born in Malvern, Ohio; Malvern High School; Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. A. B., 1900; A. M., 1904; Professor Modern Languages and Literature 1901-05; Secretary of the Board of Trustees 1905.



W. H. MAHAFFIE

W. H. MAHAFFIE

Professor of Chemistry

High School, Logansport, Indiana; Normal Course, Northern Indiana Normal; B. S., Smithson College; Ph. D., Allegheny College; Taught in Indiana and Iowa schools fourteen years; Willamette, Professor of Chemistry, 1904-05.



MARY E. REYNOLDS

MARY E. REYNOLDS

Principal of Normal Department

B. S., Willamette, 1880; taught in Public Schools three years, Willamette, twelve years.

MARY FIELD

Librarian

Attended Willamette, 1897-1902; A. B. University of California, 1902-04; Librarian and Instructor in Latin and Greek 1904-05.



MARY FIELD

College of Medicine

Established 1865



W. H. BYRD, M. D.

W. H. BYRD, M. D., Dean
Professor of Surgery and Clinical Surgery



J. N. SMITH, M. D.

J. N. SMITH, M. D.,
Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine



E. A. PIERCE, M. D.

E. A. PIERCE, M. D.

Professor of Physical Diagnosis and Diseases of the Chest



W. D. McNARY, M. D.

W. D. McNARY, M. D.

Professor of Physiology



W. C. SMITH, M. D.

W. C. SMITH, M. D.
Demonstrator of Anatomy

A. B. GILLIS, M. D.
Professor of Ophthalmology, Rhinology, Otology, Laryngology



J. A. RICHARDSON, M. D.

J. A. RICHARDSON, M. D.
Professor of Pediatrics



L. F. GRIFFITH, M. D.

L. F. GRIFFITH, M. D.
Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics

G. H. BURNETT
Professor of Medical Jurisprudence



E. M. HURD, M. D., D. M. D.

E. M. HURD, M. D., D. M. D.
Professor of History and Biology



F. E. SMITH

F. E. SMITH

Professor of Obstetrics

J. L. HILL, B. S., M. D., Albany, Oregon

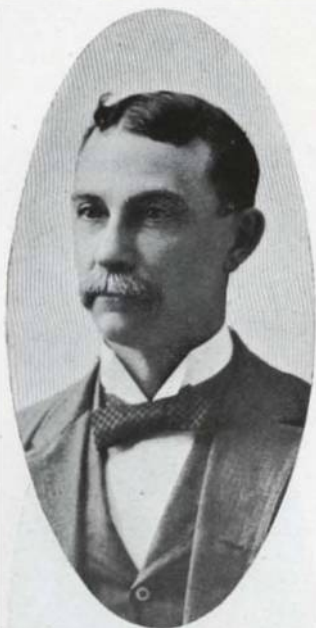
Professor of Genito-Urinary and Sophlology



W. H. MAHAFFIE, A. M.

W. H. MAHAFFIE, A. M.

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology



W. T. WILLIAMSON, M. D.

W. T. WILLIAMSON, M. D.
Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases

R. CARTWRIGHT, M. D.
Professor of Diseases of Women



A. E. TAMIESIE, M. D.

A. E. TAMIESIE, M. D.
Professor of Anatomy

College of Law

Established 1884



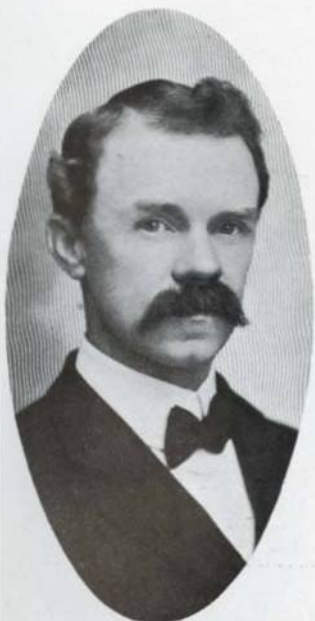
JOHN W. REYNOLDS, A. M., LL. B.

JOHN W. REYNOLDS, A. M., LL. B., Dean
Professor of English and American Elementary Common Law



GEORGE G. BINGHAM, LL. B.

GEORGE G. BINGHAM, LL. B.
Professor of Code, Pleading and Evidence



A. O. CONDIT

A. O. CONDIT, B. S.

*Professor of Criminal Law and Procedure and Negotiable
Instruments*



JOHN BAYNE

JOHN BAYNE, LL. B.

Professor of Equity and Common Law Pleading



C. L. McNARY

✿
C. L. McNARY, LL. B.
Professor of Contracts and Torts
✿



College of Music

Established 1880



FRANCESCO SELEY

FRANCESCO SELEY, Dean

*Voice Culture and Singing, Harmony, Theory, Public
School Course, Sight Reading, Chorus*



FRANK E. NEWBERRY

FRANK E. NEWBERRY

*Principal of Piano Department; Organ, History, Form,
Composition, Counterpoint*



IDA STEGE

IDA STEGE

Assistant in Piano Department

College of Oratory

SARAH BROWN SAVAGE, Dean

Born, Bangor, Maine; graduated from Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, 1888, with the degree of O. B., receiving the Master's degree the year following; taught one year in Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tennessee; two years, Denver, Colorado; Professor of Oratory, Willamette, 1893-99, 1903-05.



SARAH BROWN SAVAGE



H. H. MARKEL

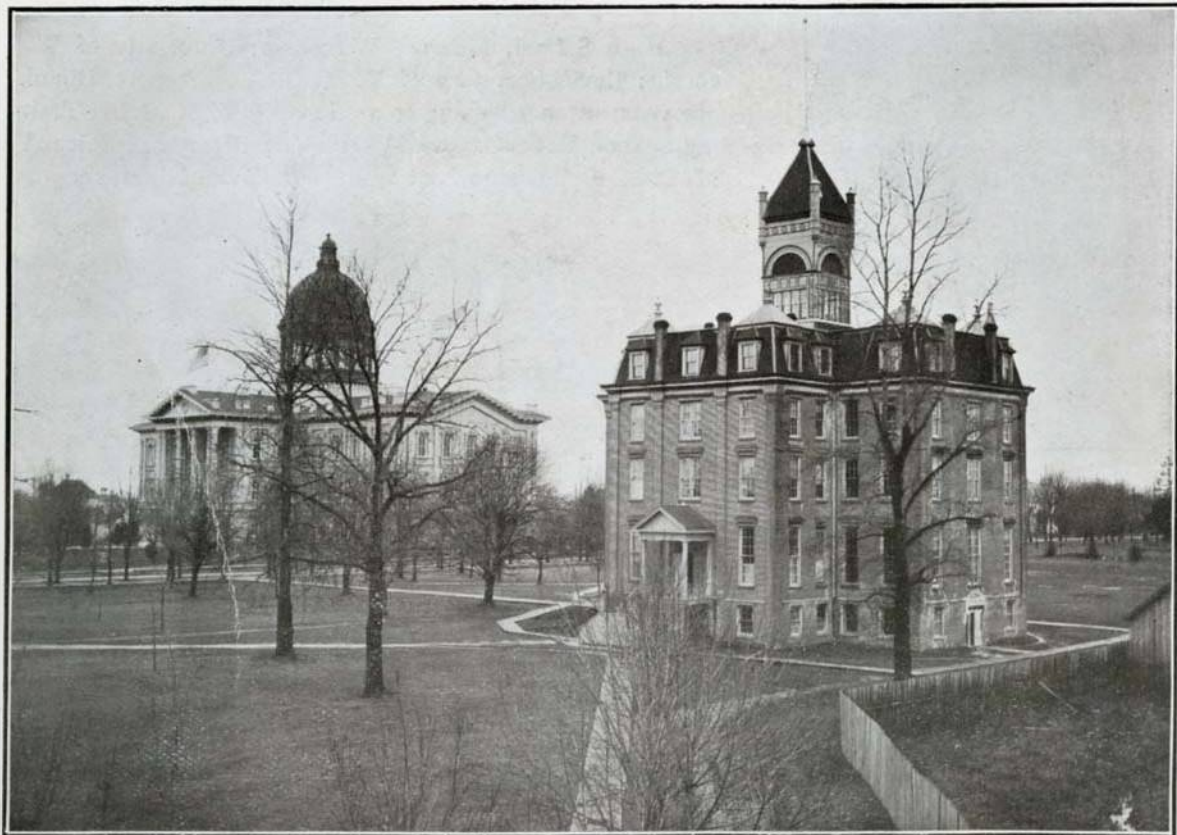
H. H. MARKEL

Physical Director

High School, Monroe, Wisconsin; University of Wisconsin; Boys' Secretary of Y. M. C. A., Freeport, Illinois, one year; attended summer sessions of Y. M. C. A. Training School, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; Director of Salem Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium and Willamette Gymnasium, 1903-05.

School of Art

MARIE CRAIG, B. S., Dean



SENIORS



College of Liberal Arts

President, E. KINNEY MILLER
Secretary and Treasurer, LILA V. SWAFFORD

CLASS YELL
Senior hip! Senior hop!
Nineteen-five always on top.

MOTTO
Non nobis solum nati sumus.

CLASS FLOWER
Red Carnation.

FAREWELL

With a strange interplay of inward feeling, we approach the threshold of Willamette's body of alumni. With a lingering glance, akin to that of an ambitious boy leaving the old homestead for the first time, to seek his fortune in a great city, we stroll around the familiar campus.

How well we remember all sides of our student life—the college sports, the social life, the morning chapels, the class room, and the activity of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., which has meant the changing of some of our lives. Even the old trees are helpful friends and bespeak the greatness of Willamette. And now—so soon it seems—we are to be numbered among those whose feet once helped grind out that hole in the door-step, to do so never more, save in fancy.

Seven years ago one of our number registered for the first time, was joined the next year by two others; and again after a few years the fourth came into the class; and in the Senior year we numbered five.

We, who came into the folds of this institution as Preps., entered with queer ideas of the world, and with a thoughtless acceptance of life and its responsibilities. But we learned that there was something underneath all this, as we came to know and to be swayed by the Christian strength of the Faculty, and we found this underlying something to be—love.

Love, expressed in the sacrifice of the pioneers who laid the foundations for our opportunities; love, expressed in the consecrated lives of President and Faculty; love, expressed in the sacrifices of self-denying parents; and above all, in all, and through all, shines the Master's great love.

To thee, beloved Alma Mater, we owe more than we can express, save by our lives as thy sons and daughters.

For thee will our loyalty and patriotism ever live—our prayers ascend.

To thee, when obstacles block the way and darkness overshadows our ambitions, will we look for strength, and, setting our determination as in football games of old, we will fight and win, while rings in our ears the famous Rockwell battlecry, "Charge! Charge! Charge!"



College of Music

President,	Chester J. Catlow
Vice President,	Frank E. Churchill
Secretary,	Jennie Sanders
Treasurer,	Margaret Fisher
Historian,	Jennie Sanders

YELL

Do Ra Mi Fa

Do Ra Mi Fa

Music Seniors

Rah! Rah! Rah!

MOTTO

"Sempre Vivace"

COLORS

White and Old Gold

FLOWER

Marguerite

To me, historian for this talented class, comes the feeling—would that my pen could utter the thoughts that arise in me, when remembering the past victories, and contemplating the future glories of this, the greatest class Willamette has ever fostered.

Perhaps we might be likened unto some great Sonata, the product of a master hand, which with its five movements, Andante grazioso, Adagio, Menuetto, Allegro and Presto. Each a study, beautiful in thought and expression, though each one not complete in itself, but taking every movement to form the master-piece.

Thus are we: *sempre marcato in tempo, sempre con espressione*, be it dolce, cantabile, legato, staccato, glissando, or presto con fuco, but we trust it will not be *molto agitato* in the grand finale.

Many and difficult are the passages we have scaled, and many the chords we have broken and lost, still many are the melodies we have mended.

So high our aims and modest our claims, that without further recital of our greatness, we now bid you adieu, and shall wait until time writes a brighter history for us, the naughty five.

College of Oratory

As freshmen, first we studied voice
—It seemed to be the teacher's choice—
At once we learned to make a tone
Quite near, 'tis true, the nasal bone—
Not every tone this point doth reach;
No teacher—but that fact doth teach.
But if toward it all tones are aimed,
A pleasant voice you will have, 'tis claimed.
By practicing on "m" and "nom"
Both here and by ourselves at home,
The tongue, unruly though it be,
Would keep its place, we soon did see.
We sang, that broad the tones might be,
Ma, za, sca, ah, in many a key.
And fourthly, as the preachers say,
For one more thought to pave the way.
We learned some truths about mankind,
While well we drilled with nose and mind.
The nose is ruler of the voice,
O'er this we all do now rejoice.
For if the tones be too far back,
And have an element of "quack",

Or if the palate soft doth drop
Like to a branch for want of prop,
Good faithful drill with nose in mind,
Will make the voice quite clear, we find.
While we the voice did cultivate
Our work on "poise" did not abate.
This exercise gives man address
In pulpit, hall or wilderness.
Much strength 'twill give to manage brooms
As well as grace in drawing-rooms.
On gesture we no rules did write,
Each "carved the air" as best he might.
But one thought was well on us impressed,
Gesture is neither planned no guessed.
Two seniors now we are in name,
For this our teachers are to blame.
What wonders we shall yet behold,
Have not to us, so far, been told.
We tremble with an untold dread,
When e'er we stop to look ahead.

College of Medicine

Eight graduates are the products of the College of Medicine for 1905.

These men have had a more thorough course in medicine than any who have ever before completed the curriculum. Not only was the original course of study pursued more thoroughly, but an addition of three important branches threw a greater burden upon our Seniors of this year. This necessitated more application upon their part, but they felt that the extra duties thrust upon them were a means of better equipment for the practice of medicine.

The class was pleased, at the beginning of the year, to have three new students from other colleges of note join the class to graduate with them. The medical colleges thus represented are: The College of Medicine of the University of Tokio; College of Physicians and Surgeons, of San Francisco; and Rush Medical College, of Chicago.

Short biographies of the Seniors of this class will be found accompanying their photographs on a subsequent page.

Miles sat at one end of the class and was always happy provided he could find someone with a "match."

Dalton was next, when he was not in the rear of the room with his microscope.

Van Winkle was a target for questions in surgery.

Schmidt wore the whiskers.

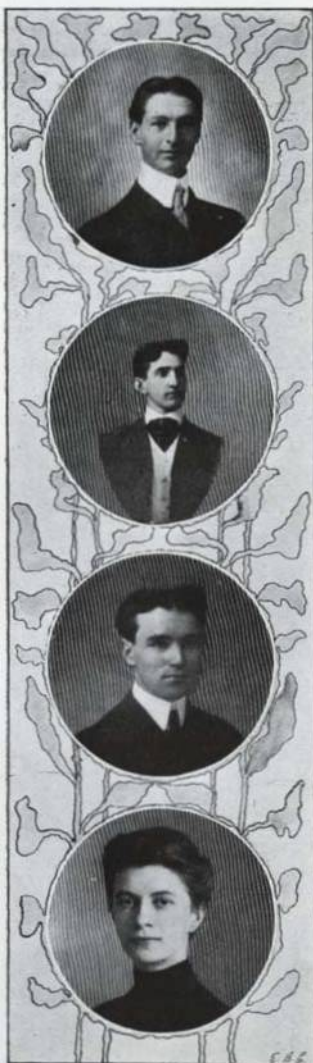
Nakaki stopped questions passed up by other members.

Williams wore the moustache.

Beauchamp always got the first question in surgery.

Allen was the tall one who sat at the other end of the class.





EDGAR F. AVERILL—"DAD"

College of Liberal Arts

When Edgar came to this town, six long years ago,
He determined to seek renown, but decided to be a beau.
First it was Lila, then Juanita and Winnie,
Then Erma, and Myra with a pretty face,
Then in his favor came Nellie, the nurse,
But newest and latest is his darlingest Grace.

PAUL W. BEACH—"RASTUS"

College of Liberal Arts

Paul Beach,
Regular Peach,
Out of reach,
For alas!
Carrie,
She's the lass
He's to ——

E. KINNEY MILLER—"KIN"

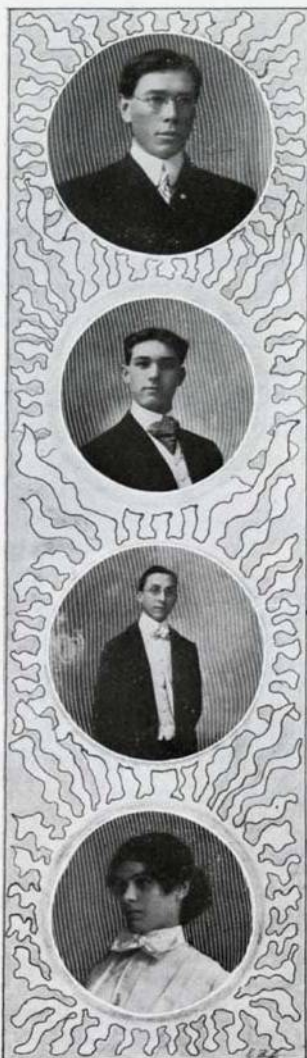
College of Liberal Arts

Can he play football? Well, I should say!
And sing tenor, too, just any day.
In basket-ball he's not outdone,
And in the mile you should see him run.
He's a jolly good fellow, and we'll miss him in the fall;
But here's good luck to him for all and all.

LILA V. SWAFFORD

College of Liberal Arts

Like a dainty flower in desert places
Is she whose name I now impart;
Little maid with pleasing graces,
A sunbeam in the heart.



EUGENE WHIPPLE—"HIGH"

College of Liberal Arts

A very bashful little lad,
Ever laughing, never sad,
Who walks toward the east, tra la,
And all he says is "Lila."

CHESTER J. CATLOW—"C. J."

College of Music

The march, the waltz, the polonaise,
They are all very fine,
But the thing that tickles my palate most
Is classical rag time.

FRANK E. CHURCHILL

College of Music

Behold in me, a prodigy!
For me, music is quite easy.

MARGARET FISHER

College of Music

I am always merry when I hear sweet music.



JENNIE SANDERS

College of Music

She is sometimes very Grave(s),
And then again she's Hasting(s),
But having her profession chosen,
Her fancy won't be lasting.

ELIZABETH WILL

College of Music

Though I am small,
I'll soon be wise;
For success comes
To her who tries.

EDGAR F. AVERILL—"TED"

College of Oratory

I care for nobody—no, not I—
If nobody cares for me.

GERTRUDE JOHNSON—"DOT"

College of Oratory

Oh, say, do you know what he gave me?
It's a little gold ring, as dear as can be.



W. W. ALLEN

College of Medicine

Graduated from High School, Santa Anna, California.

Two years course at University of California.

Entered College of Medicine of Willamette, 1902.

Vice President of Senior class.

Earlier life devoted to mining, surveying and travelling salesman.

H. A. BEAUCHAMP

College of Medicine

Attended Willamette University.

Entered College of Medicine of the same, 1902.

Previous occupation, school teaching.

E. C. DALTON

College of Medicine

Graduated from Eoling College, England, 1888.

Attended College of Medicine, University of Oregon.

Attended Rush Medical College two years.

Entered College of Medicine, Willamette University, 1904.

O. B. MILES

College of Medicine

Early education received in Public Schools and County High Schools of Kansas.

Taught school until 1902.

School Superintendent of Wheeler County, Oregon.

Principal of Fossil Public Schools five years.

Entered College of Medicine of Willamette, 1902.

President of Senior Class.

House Physician at Salem Hospital.



KIVOHIDE NAKAKI

College of Medicine

Graduated from Tokio High School, 1893.
 Graduated from Tokio College of Medicine, 1896.
 Chemical course in Tokio Jikei Hospital.
 Dental College three years.
 Course in Chemistry, University of Washington.
 Entered College of Medicine of Willamette, 1904.

R. E. SCHMIDT

College of Medicine

Graduated from Turner High School, 1900.
 Entered College of Medicine of Willamette, 1902.
 Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class.

J. O. VAN WINKLE

College of Medicine

Graduated from High School, Halsey, Oregon.
 Two years course in University of Oregon.
 Entered College of Medicine of Willamette, 1901.
 Class Historian.
 Assistant House Physician at Salem Hospital.

ALFRED WILLIAMS

College of Medicine

Graduated from New York High School.
 Two years Pharmacy course in New York.
 Entered College of Physicians and Surgeons, San Francisco, 1898.
 Entered College of Medicine of Willamette, 1904.



College of Liberal Arts

OFFICERS

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Frank Grannis
Sylvia Jones
Howard H. Markel
Clara Holmstrom

COLORS

Green and White.

MOTTO

Make the Seniors Miserable

YELL

Hic, Haec, Tra, Boom,
Killi Kannick, Rah, Zoom,
Willy, Wally, Rolly, Rix,
Jolly People, Nineteen-six.

In the halls of "Old Willamette,"
Tall and stately "Old Willamette,"
Three short autumns long ago,
Gathered a group of youths and maidens,
As the Freshmen of the college,
As the First Years of the college.
Of that number
Only three are now together,
In the class of nineteen-six,
Only three, and they are maidens.
One is sweet and quiet,
Quiet as the summer sunshine.
One is gentle and good,
And the other wise and winsome.
In the second autumn,
Sophomores they were that autumn,
Two others came to join the class,
One a youth and one a maiden.
He, a strong and sweet singer,

She, with common name, and manners pleasing.
Now has come the third year of the history;
It finds them grave and learned Juniors,
Two youths since have joined them,
Two youths, to do them honor.
One is plodding, slow, but honest,
A friend to all who knew him;
The other a warrior and a chieftain
Who, with his eloquent talking,
Has brought glory to his class.
Now of our number there are seven,
Three young men and four young maidens.
We have won honors for our tribe,
And for our dear Willamette.
But our course is not yet finished,
A year of moons lies yet before us.
Many deeds are still before us,
And at the end we'll reach the goal.

The Great Junior Histrionic Troupe of Impostors

Arrived in Salem, Oregon, September 29, 1904. The impression which they made upon the public will never be effaced. The audience is convulsed with laughter from the opening of the play until the heavy parts, where all interest is lost. They are always received with immense enthusiasm and unstinted applause. They are the best yet.

James Garfield Heltzel, as heavy villian, has made a record which eclipses either Hanford or James.

Miss Mary Lucile Salomon, the leading lady, in grace, dramatic power and artistic finish, is equaled only by such artists as Ellen Terry and Modjeska.

Miss Bertha Beatrice Hewitt as soubrette, and Miss Winifred Bird Duncan, as leading Juvenile, are inimitable in dainty grace, and characteristic charm.

Only the future can reveal what is yet in store for this brilliant company.

Business Manager,
Corresponding Secretary,
Treasurer,
Advance Agent,

Bertha Hewitt
Mary Salomon
Winifred Duncan
James G. Heltzel

College of Law.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

President,	C. H. Medcalf
Vice President,	M. H. Gehlar
Secretary,	R. C. Clover
Treasurer,	M. M. Long
Historian,	H. G. McCain

"Small in number but mighty in deed" is a phrase embodying a true characterization of the Junior Class of the Willamette Law Department.

However inferior numerically they may be, they acknowledge no superior in college patriotism, and the criterion of their actions may be summarized by the expressions, Loyalty to Willamette and Reverence for her glorious traditions.

Possessed of high ideals, they cherish ambitions of the most laudable type, which aim at places high in the service of their state and nation; and each member of the class is endowed with such energy and indomitable determination that it is safe to predict an ample realization of their aspirations.

Also, to form a more stable organization than has been in existence for the past few years, a constitution has been drafted and adopted which is designed to further the uniting of the law students into a closer friendship with the other colleges of the University, and also to give them a special interest in their particular department.

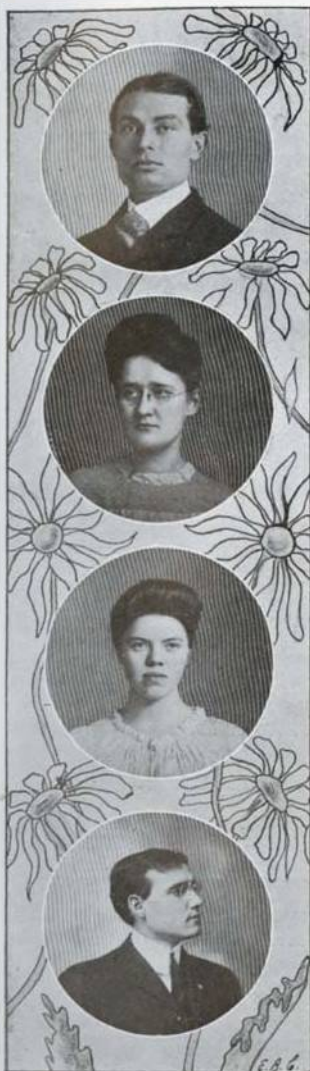
College of Medicine

MEMBERS OF CLASS

R. Biswell
L. A. Bollman
Roy Byrd
John Evans
C. P. Fryer
Mrs. Maude Holt
R. F. Hunter

W. C. Judd
Dr. Kelty
W. W. Looney
H. C. Randall
W. C. Rebham
W. P. Snyder
L. U. Smith





FRANK L. GRANNIS—"GRANNIE"

College of Liberal Arts

He went a-fishing for a Minnie, but made so much noise he scared it away. He tried for another, but someone else had caught her.

CLARA HOLMSTROM—"HOME STROLLER"

College of Liberal Arts

"There are other things in life worth living for, besides going to school, aren't there?"

Sure, Clara, we don't blame you.

SYLVIA JONES—"JONSEY"

College of Liberal Arts

What are the charms of the laboratory to this girl? There are some, but she won't tell, and we can't find out. What are we going to do about it?

HOWARD H. MARKEL—"MARK"

College of Liberal Arts

The gentleman from Illinois, who possesses a pair of bewitching brown eyes, and who delights to sing "The Four-Leaf Clover."



ANDREW MARKER—"STONE WALL"

College of Liberal Arts

This is our orator and the Hale(s)
Right guard of the 'Varsity eleven.
Here's to you.

GUSSIE RANDALL—"GUSTENA"

College of Liberal Arts

"Polly" . . . !
What ?
"Polly" . . . ?
Yes, just "Polly."

WINIFRED DUNCAN—"SPARKLE EYES"

College of Oratory

Oh, my! What joy, what bliss!
To gaze those long-lashed eyes into.
She's fine, the best what is.
She loves a "toothist"—not you.
Favorite hat—"Darby."

BERTHA HEWITT—"BERT"

College of Oratory

"Georgie, porgie, pudding and pie,
Kiss the girls and make them cry."
How about it, Bertha?



MARY SALOMAN—"SWEET MARIE"

College of Oratory

Little Mary came to Willamette
Just a year ago.
And, talk softly, whisper low,
She has really caught a beau.

MAX H. GEHLAR

College of Law

Learned in the law of crimes,
Versed in the signs of the times.

RONALD C. GLOVER—"RON"

College of Law

He edits the Collegian,
And we like him mighty well.
What his future is going to be,
No girl at present can tell.

M. M. LONG—"THE PROHI"

College of Law

I care not for diamonds,
I care not for pearls,
For I really think Ruby
The best of all girls.



H. G. MCCAIN—"GOOD NATURED HARRY"

College of Law

Single life may have its charm,
But far above, I say,
Is a wife's presence to cheer
The lawyer's rough pathway.

C. H. MEDCALF

College of Law

A man, the possessor of his own heart,
Skillful in business, acknowledged as smart.

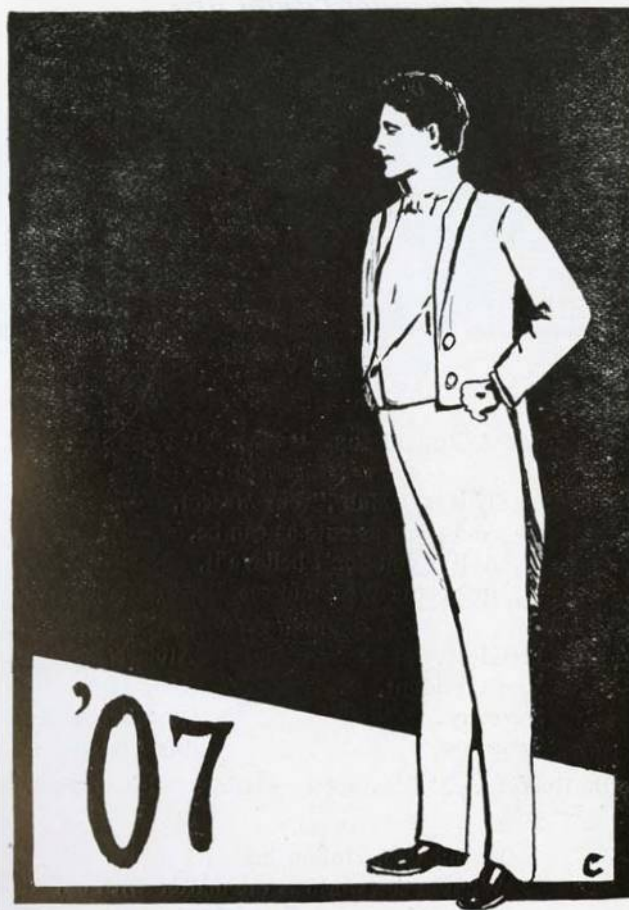
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

None so hard to make do as those who wont.

RUTH FIELD—"TRUTH"

College of Liberal Arts

Within this fertile field doth Latin, Mathematics, and all
the 'ometries, 'isms and 'ologies right sprightly grow. Not a
weed or an unlovely thing, but many flowers attractive to the
Ray's (Marquam) of the sun.



College of Liberal Arts



MABEL ROBERTSON—"MAB." "PATSY"

College of Liberal Arts

This is "Mab.," our Mascot,
And she's as cute as can be,
And if you don't believe it,
Just come West and see.

OFFICERS

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Alvia Nace.
Alma Hales.
Lena Schindler.
Ray Chapler.

MOTTO—"To Do Everybody."

COLOR—Black.

FLOWER—La France Rose.

YELL

Hullabaloo, Hullabalus,
What in the world is the matter with us?
Hity, 'Tity, we're the mighty
S-o-p-h-o-m-o-r-e-s.

HISTORY

All of us can remember the beginnings or birth of the class of 1907. Most of us were prepared for that class in the Academy, but, nevertheless, a few strangers were heartily welcomed. Ray Andrews, one of these quickly won our love and confidence to such an extent that we made him president of the class.

We, who stand beneath the black, have an unbounded amount of class spirit, which was demonstrated in the great "rush" which took place, when, in spite of the strength displayed by the green and white, the royal black floated from the flagstaff for a whole day.

Then there was a basket-ball game which was won by us, the score being 18 to 20. Not a big margin, and yet it gave us a jolly moonlight picnic, away out in the country to a big farm, the home of one who claimed allegiance to the green and white. This was the result of a wager.

The next event was an oratorical contest, in which the president of our class was awarded second place, and as the other three orators were Sophomores, we felt that we were doing pretty well, so well, indeed, that we gave a party for the orators and two classes.

When college opened in October, we found that we had both lost and gained members. Our former president having entered a university nearer his home, caused us to give his position of trust to another new man, Mr. Nace.

Some of the offices which are held by members of this class are: Editor-in-Chief of the '05 Wallulah; Vice President and Secretary of the Student Body; Manager of the Football Team for 1905-06; Presidents of the Clara Coleman Sorosis, Philodorian Society and Prohibition League.

We have endeavored to live up to our motto, "To Do Everybody," and it is evident that we have succeeded to a certain extent.

College of Medicine

OFFICERS

President,	O. B. Long.
Vice President,	W. H. Pollard.
Secretary,	D. A. Williams.
Treasurer,	E. J. Wainscott.

MEMBERS OF CLASS

Randolph J. Barr,	L. L. Hewitt,	E. J. Wainscott,
David A. Forbes,	W. C. Cantner,	R. L. Wood,
J. L. George,	O. B. Long,	O. K. Wolf,
R. R. Hamilton,	Smith J. Mann,	D. A. Williams.
Fred Hewitt,	W. H. Pollard,	

HISTORY

The present Sophomore class of Willamette Medics. registered as embryo Docs. during the month of October, '03. Our nativity represents eight states and one empire, Kansas and Oregon having an equal number of representatives. Prior to the beginning of our present career, each had made an enviable reputation for himself, and since that time has gained one for the class. We have the largest membership in the Medical Department of the school. Although not having any of the fairer sex enrolled in our class, we are justly proud of possessing many of the qualities commendable in either sex, notably the grace of quietness (excepting during rough house). The entire class is a product of the farm, and their various occupations just prior to the present course were: Five farmers, five teachers, one minister, one scissors grinder and one bum. Thus, being of varied occupations, we are necessarily a class of broad talent and experience; and it is a well known fact that these qualities can not be concealed. It is made throughout of those sturdy, reliable characteristics, that make each a power within himself, though each may plod along in his own peculiar way, yet by this all will be led to the best advancement of the profession to which they aspire. It is well that it may, for they are aspiring to that which is the highest, the most difficult, the most important, the most ancient, the most honorable among the merely human vocations of men. It is a profession necessary for every grade and age in life, therefore requires the very best brain of the land to fill its positions. It answers the penniless appeals of the poor, and

climbs the steps of the rich. It was honored by the Christ himself, who selected a physician as one of the beloved twelve. Read the story of the human race, and it will tell you that here and there in every age and in every clime genii shed their light on their time and on their country.

It has been declared that a joyous spirit is a good medicine, of which drug the class has an abundant supply. Yet we remember it takes a life-time to achieve success, and that we will have to be patient. We realize there are great rewards in store for us. The business man is planning larger profits, but we are spending nights, days and years in hard toil preparing to save his patrons. But there will come the reward of confidence. The hour when strong men will stand upon the threshold of their homes with palpitating hearts and look for our coming as they do for no other thing in the world. There will come hours when fond mothers and loving wives shall look into our faces with pleading and hope, and last of all, the highest reward any person will ever have is simply this, when we approach the pearly gates where remedies are unknown, where anesthetics are not needed, where pain is a stranger, where death is never seen, and hear the hosts within say, "walk in, Doctor, and take a front seat, for I was sick and ye visited me." Then will the present Soph. console himself with the assurance that, *finis laborem coronat*.





RAYMOND CHAPLER—"CHAPPIE"

College of Liberal Arts

His very step has music in it,
As he comes up the stairs.

WALDO COLBERT—"SHORTY"

College of Liberal Arts

Waldo, twin brother of Wallace,
Though you would never guess it,
Can trace his ancestry clearly
To the Colberts of Louis XIV.

WALLACE COLBERT—"WALL"

College of Liberal Arts

"A merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth, I
never spent an hour's talk withal."

MINNIE CORNELIUS—"MINERVA"

College of Liberal Arts

Who lives in a world all of her own,
And dreams of days to come.



E. BELLE CROUSE—"OUR ARTIST" "ED."

College of Liberal Arts

Chime forth ye merry Willamette belles
Let your sweet notes penetrate Oregon's dells;
But wherever you go, 'tis sweet to tell.
There is no one can equal our charming Belle.

ALMA HALES—"HALESIE"

College of Liberal Arts

She hails from the bunchgrass country,
From a place called Pendleton town;
And in place of roping bronchos,
In music is seeking renown.

ALVIA NACE—"RACE HORSE"

College of Liberal Arts

In the great game,
Or in the race
For one Young face,
He surely wins.
But who can tell,
When fame's grown old,
And that young belle
Has become cold,
What he will do?

NELLIE PARSONS—Just called "NELL"

College of Liberal Arts

President, we congratulate you;
Captain, we salute you;
Vocalist, we admire you;
Girlie, we adore you.



LENA SCHINDLER

College of Liberal Arts

Sweet, witty and pretty—loved by all.

CHARLES E. SKIDMORE—"SKID"

College of Liberal Arts

Acquired name and fame as manager of football, and of the first issue of Wallulah, '03.

He took the liberty of going out to Liberty,
And gave the Liberty Belle a ring;
And she responded in no uncertain tone.

LLOYD WHIPPLE—"CAPTAIN"

College of Liberal Arts

Brother of Eugene Whipple—chaperone and general good fellow for U. S. & Co.

EDWARD WINANS—"EDDIE"

College of Liberal Arts

Once't I gave a party
For the class of '07.
We wanted to play dominoes,
But my papa, who's a preacher,
Said we could never to heaven go,
So to dominoes he said "no."



D. A. FORBES—"ANANIAS"

College of Medicine

A most upright young man.

O. B. LONG—"UNCLE JOSH"

College of Medicine

We wish you the best of everything.
From good pies to the sweetest song;
And we hope your life
May be, ah yea, may O! B.(be) Long.

W. H. POLLARD—"POLLY"

College of Medicine

Big, strong, athletic,
These things of him we know;
But the thing of which he's proudest
Is, that he is Gussie's beau.

D. A. WILLIAMSON

College of Medicine

Kind and obliging, the boys all say,
And we'll take their word for 't, most any day.



O. K. WOLF

College of Medicine

They do say that wolves like fish, but this Wolf likes a Fisher.





College of Liberal Arts

OFFICERS

President,	John Elliott
Vice President,	Bess E. Cornelius
Secretary and Treasurer,	Roy McDowell
Historian,	Austin Price

MEMBERS

Ora Black,	Ralph Matthews,	Nell Stone,
Bess Cornelius,	Roy McDowell,	Glenn Unruh,
Myrtle Duncan,	Fred Neal,	Ruth Whipple,
Edward E. Elayer,	Austin Price,	Laneta Young.
John Elliott,	Wilfred Smith,	

YELL

Never late! Up to date!

Always straight! 1-9-0-8.

MOTTO—Now the foothills, later the mountains. COLORS—Royal Purple. FLOWER—Marguerite.

History is valueless unless it be true to fact, hence nothing but verities shall appear in the history of this illustrious class of '08. Indeed, so great is the renown of this class, that a written history, so far as the present generation is concerned, is superfluous. Our past achievements have been so marked that all men are familiar with our deeds of greatness. Were it not for the fact that the world would be poverty-stricken in knowledge, if the darings and deeds of this class be lost, we would spend no more time in a permanent record.

Now let no one suppose our unparalleled success as a class has come to us by chance, for such is not the case. We began at the bottom, when, as little folks we were passed carelessly by and scarcely noticed by the busy world. But daily we applied our hearts unto wisdom, and so surely did we advance, that today we enjoy the pleasures of knowing that all eyes are upon us, even those of the entire Faculty, who are quite familiar with our history.

Though small in number, we are prominent in college enterprises, having furnished men for the Collegian management, the band, and also for football and basketball.

As a class we are not unmindful of our destiny. We do not forget that the University controls the social, scientific, political and religious world; and some day we hope to step forth as the finished product of the only thing greater than ourselves—the Willamette University.

Now if the above is not strictly true to fact, the slight deviations which appear may be attributed to our following the adage, "Hitch your chariot to a star," and if there were anything higher we would surely throw the rope of our little sled over it.

College of Oratory

MEMBERS

Vera Byars,
Ruby Coryell,
Edith Eyre,

Mrs. Margaret Lachmund,
Olive Riddell,
Olive Rigby.

Ruth Rigby,
Bess Thompson,
Wallace G. Trill.

HISTORY

We are the class of '07, and have come here to do things. To spend too much time on our studies is sloth, and to use them too much, for ornamentation is affectation. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are the natural plants, needing pruning by the study. Studies themselves do give forth direction too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Wise and crafty students are we. We read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and consider.

"History makes men wise; poetry, witty; mathematics, subtle; philosophy, deep; elocution, eloquent; oratory, pleasing." So you see, we will be considerate, wise, witty, subtle, deep, eloquent, and pleasing.

What a class, then, are we,
Out of nine, eight girls we be,
And the ninth one, why he
Is a "batch" of thirty, see?

College of Medicine

OFFICERS

President,	M. Ward McKinney
Vice President,	Miss Roberts
Secretary,	Malcolm Irvine
Treasurer,	Claud Chandler
Sergeant-at Arms,	Roy Knotts

MEMBERS

Zack Barker,	M. W. McKinney,
W. H. Becker,	F. T. Mendenhall,
C. E. Chandler,	G. O. Paxton,
E. W. Haas,	Mamie E. Roberts,
M. L. Irvine,	C. P. Wilson.
R. R. Knotts,	

YELL

Skull and cross bones; Skin and bone;
Freshman Medics., Leave us alone.

MOTTO—Seize the day: time flies. COLORS—Blood red and black.

There is no class in which everybody ought to feel a deeper interest than in the Freshman. It is the most essential. Without it there would be no other classes. They were once Freshmen and will not deny the fact that every good thing has its beginning.

The Freshman class is, on the opening of school, a dormant seed, or factor, in the college. It is the germination of a mighty element. It soon grows. It develops intellectually and in various other ways. It branches here and there and in its allotted time, reaps its harvest of a trained course.

Although the Freshman is said to be the most despicable, the most trifling, the most inferior member of the Student Body—unless it be a Prep.—he is the most useful in school. The higher classes feeling their superiority, endeavor to give all odd jobs to the little freshie, to 'oust him in every rough-house, and to receive the honor of every meritorious act of the school. Notwithstanding all of this, it is rightfully paged in this history, that the Freshman Medics of '04-'05,

thirteen in number and the will-be M. D.'s of '08, have made their presence felt in every contest and have held their own with the greater numbered brother classes.

This class was gathered from a vast territory and each represents an important factor. With the Atlantic breeze from North Carolina, the cowboy spirit of Texas, the colder wave of Iowa (ice-cream), the Wilson strawberries of Tennessee, the splendid Murphys from Nebraska; then with seven representatives from various parts of Oregon and one fair damsel from Washington, we feel that we have a variety of class composition,—such as is capable of producing the best fruit of any kind, from good lookers to a Japanese soldier.

Feeling that we can conquer our enemies, surmount every obstacle, we stand at the end of the path we have trod as Freshmen, and are ready to step upon the threshold of Sophdom.

We would not forget the merits of our brother classes. We regard them with great respect and honor. As we think of them we are thrilled with the desire to be included in their ranks.

With all this we would have them note:

The Freshies are strong,
The Juniors are fleet,
The Sophs. and Seniors noted for big feet,
And all are uncommonly hard to beat.





MYRTLE DUNCAN—"MYRTE"

College of Liberal Arts

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

EDWARD ELAYER—"EDDIE"

College of Liberal Arts

I'm a preacher, so you see
I must very dignified be.
To tell your faults
And teach you to do right,
Is what I do with all my might.

JOHN ELLIOT—"HEAD-LIGHT"

College of Liberal Arts

Here's to "Head-Light." May the brightness of your
smile never grow dim.

RALPH MATTHEWS—"MR. BLUMENSTEIN"

College of Liberal Arts

He's the chap that does things up Brown,
Though at times they have been a little Gray.



ROY McDOWELL—"Mic"

College of Liberal Arts

"With her conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their changes all please alike."

FRED NEAL

College of Liberal Arts

I'm just as quiet as I can be,
And I study hard, as you can see,
I guess that's all I have to say,
Though I may tell you more another day.

AUSTIN PRICE—"HIGH PRICE"

College of Liberal Arts

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

WILFRED SMITH

College of Liberal Arts

He's the fellow who went and got married.



NELL STONE

College of Liberal Arts

" A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew."

GLENN UNRUH—" SLIM "

College of Liberal Arts

Next year do you know what I'll be?
I'll be a business man completely,
For I'll manage the 'Varsity Weekly.

LANETA YOUNG—" NETA "

College of Liberal Arts

Soul occupant of Ft. Nace.

VERA BYARS—" WILLAMETTE'S SUNNY SUMMER TIME "

College of Oratory

Always bright and merry and full of the elixir of youth,
Giving cheer to others and making wrinkles smooth.



RUBY CORYELL—"MIDGET"

College of Oratory

Tho' I'm not very tall,
I can play basket-ball;
And, oh, you should hear me talk,
For Mrs. Savage has told me just how
To stand up, sit down, and walk.

OLIVE RIDDELL

College of Oratory

I live out on State street,
So does Percy Hunt;
I go to school at nine o'clock,
So does Percy Hunt.
I think it very queer, don't you,
That he and I should meet?

OLIVE RIGBY—"AUNTY" "PAPA'S BOY"

College of Oratory

You see I have a little niece,
Who is needing my protection,
So Willamette I attend,
And study to perfection.

WALLACE G. TRILL—"THE BISHOP"

College of Oratory

I'm the only man among eight girls,
Oh, my, don't you wish you were me?
They keep me in all sorts of whirls,
For I'm as bashful as bashful can be.



ZACHARIAH BARKER—"ZACK"

College of Medicine

Little, but mighty.

E. W. HAAS

College of Medicine

"To shine," his one aim in everything.

ROY R. KNOTTS—"STUBBY"

College of Medicine

Very bashful; plays football a little; never was known to speak to a girl more than several times during the same day.

M. W. MCKINNEY

College of Medicine

"And even his failings leaned to virtue's side."



G. O. PAXTON

College of Medicine

"I would make reason my guide."

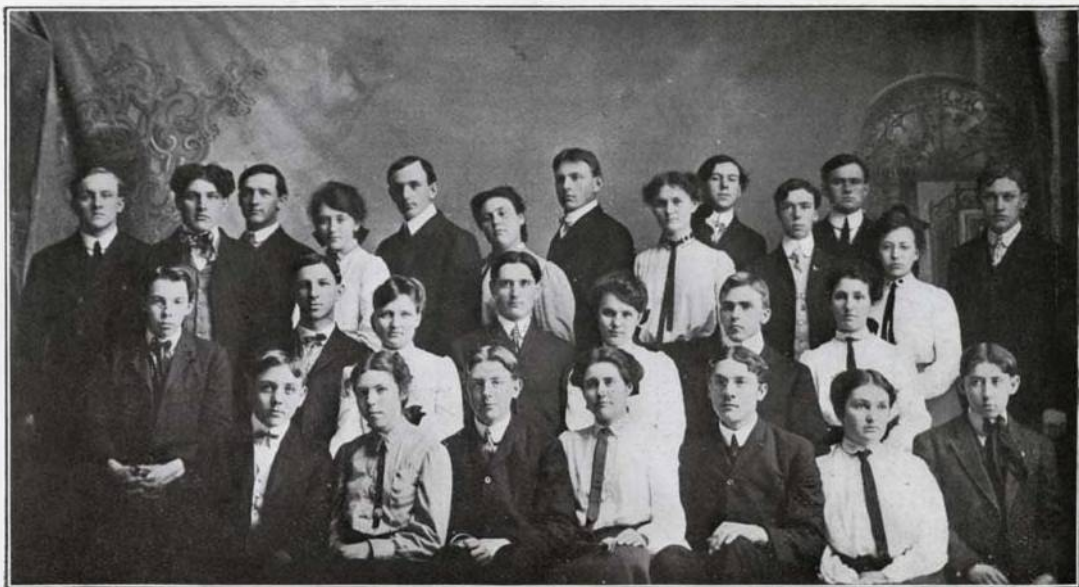
MAMIE E. ROBERTS

College of Medicine

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, the downcast eye.
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned,"







THIRD YEAR CLASS

"The Star Class" Third Year

OFFICERS

President,	Murray Shanks.
Vice President,	Alice Shepard.
Secretary,	Isadora Winans.
Treasurer,	Clark Belknap.
Sergeant at Arms,	Asa Fisher.

MEMBERS

C. Roy Brown,	Anna I. Hume,	Wilda Roland,
Clark P. Belknap,	Jesse F. Jones,	George B. Simpson,
Ruby M. Coryell,	Virgia L. Lloyd,	Alice G. Shepard,
Claud E. Crandall,	G. Ray Marquam,	William A. Schmidt,
Ida D. Evans,	Mary Mann,	Harvey R. Scheuerman,
Asa Fisher,	Clyde V. Nelson,	Murray D. Shanks,
Arthur L. Grinnell,	Grace M. Oliver,	Elwina Schramm,
Mabel C. Glover,	Roy D. Price,	Nellie Tucker,
Ryth Gatch,	John L. Phillips,	Carroll W. Underhill,
James G. Heltzel,	Leila E. Rigdon,	Violet West,
Sylvia Hewitt,	John E. Reichen,	Wilfred H. Winans,
Stella M. Hardwick,	R. Bruce Robbins,	I. Isadora Winans.
Lily C. Hardwick,	Ralph M. Rader,	

YELL

Razzle, Dazzle! Razzle, Dazzle!

Sis! Boom! Ah!

Naught nine! Naught nine!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

MOTTO:—Plus Ultra.

COLORS:—Old Rose and Pearl Gray.

FLOWER:—Rose.

"THE STAR CLASS," '09

The artist has done what he could to reproduce sparkling eyes, lustrous cheeks and grand physiques. But what are these, compared with history, which is left for the pen to depict?

What have we accomplished since coming to the halls of "Old Willamette?" With enthusiasm unequalled in ancient or modern history, we have entered into every college enterprise. Indeed, the new epoch of development and prosperity of this institution dates with the arrival of this class.

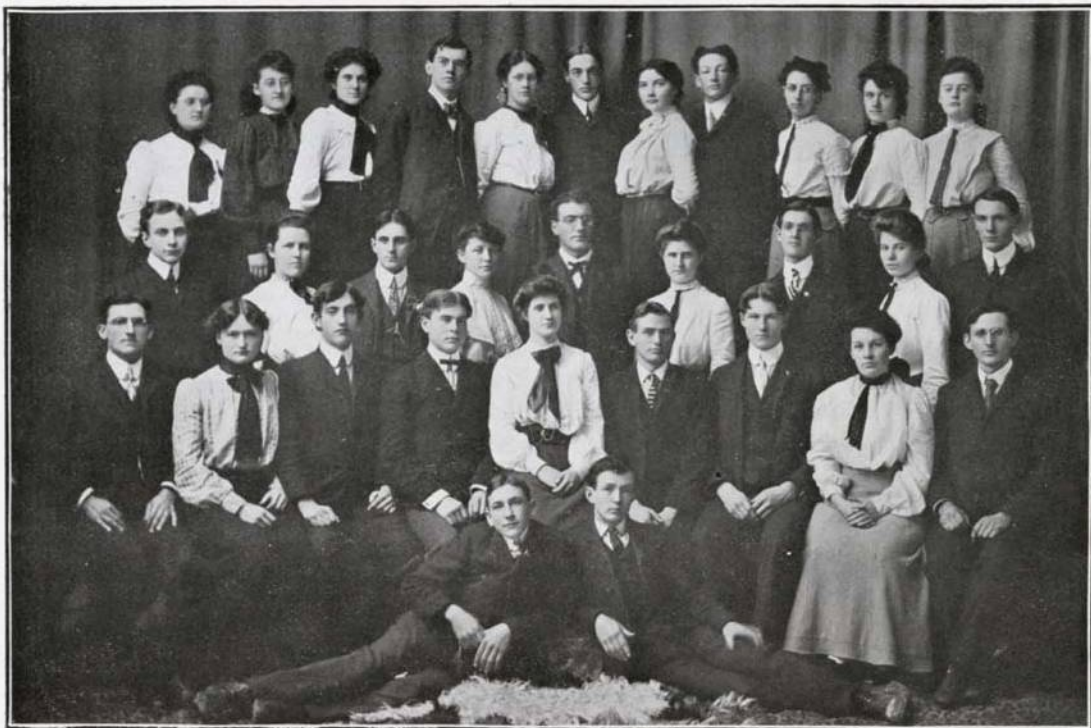
We have become the pride of President, Faculty, and Student Body. When Oregon's first orchard, which had been growing on the campus for nearly a century, was condemned to be burned, the class of '09 snatched from the flames a brand which was transformed into a cane for Dr. Coleman. It is now numbered with the list of priceless relics.

In athletics, as well as in class combats, our foes have been cast aside with broken swords. Woe unto those who in coming years shall meet with us on the rostrum or upon the sands of the arena.

In the various organizations, "The Stars" take a most prominent part, either as members or officers. We, however, like the high-spirited steed, whose life and energy knows no bounds, may at times deviate from the regulations imposed by the powers who reign.

When the venerable piano was forced to descend, with tremulous voice and mournful tread, from its lofty abode on Olympian heights, and stand once more amid the tumult of earthly life, who was to be thanked for the deed?

Move on, ye who boast to be above us, lest ye be trampled in the dust by our ceaseless advance, and ye who are proud and frivolous beware lest you meet destruction coming upon you from "The Stars."



SECOND YEAR CLASS

Second Year Class

OFFICERS

President,	Frances Newcomb.
Vice President,	Chas. W. Van Winkle.
Secretary,	Ray Mason.
Treasurer,	Robert Shepard.
Sergeant-at-Arms,	Ross Soward.

MEMBERS

Greta Bailey,	Sylvia Marquam,	Helen Smith,
Carrie Belknap,	Ray Mason,	Marian Smith,
James Crawford,	Olive Metcalf,	Lorena Smith,
Hollister Chamberlin,	Harry Mosher,	Guy Smith,
George Fenske,	Frances Newcomb,	Ralph St. Pierre,
Viola Fisher,	Reynolds Ohmart,	Elepha Starns,
Emil Hornschuch,	Annie Pigler,	Charles Van Winkle,
Percy*Hunt,	Olive Riddell,	John Will,
Harry Jones,	Robert Shepard,	Gladys Wood,
Ruth Ketchum,	Roy Shields,	Albert Wright.
Bert Kook,	Gladys Soward,	
Ethel Law,	Ross Soward,	

YELL

Zip! Boom! Buff!
Zip! Boom! Buff!
We're the Second Year's,
We're the stuff!

MOTTO:—Nihil desperandum. COLORS:—Blue and White. FLOWER:—White Rose.

The class that in the year nineteen hundred and three was known as the First Year's, represent all sections of the state of Oregon, and parts of Idaho and Washington.

Soon after the opening of the school year they established a class organization and promised to furnish able members to the many organizations formed for the advancement of the students of "Old Willamette," and they have in no respect fallen short of their aim.

In the many athletic sports this class bears a prominent part, and when class rivalry runs rife, its members invariably display an unwavering determination to uphold the honor of their class, but always possessing true Willamette spirit, in as much as they regard the welfare of the school as much higher than that of their class. They are also well represented in the various departments of literary, social and religious work.

But we are not seekers after vain glory, the sole purpose of our course being to prepare us to meet life's duties and responsibilities in a more able manner, to fit us to perform the tasks that will be assigned to us, and to do something worth the doing, and thus "make life, death, and the vast forever, one glad, sweet song."



FIRST YEAR CLASS

First Year Class

OFFICERS

President,	Wallace G. Trill.
Vice President,	Lucy Parsons.
Secretary,	William Mott.
Treasurer,	Theo. Bennet.
Historian,	Frank B. Culver.
Acting Historian,	Jonas Jorstad.

MEMBERS

Ivan C. Beers,	Edna Jones,	Edward Pittmann,
Hovey Belknap,	Nina Johnson,	Whitley Richardson,
Theo. Bennet,	Jonas O. Jorstad,	Olive Riddell,
Roy Bryant,	George Lounsbury,	Julia Round,
Vera Byars,	William Mott,	Anna Solomon,
Frank B. Culver,	John Moore,	Russel Stephens,
Ralph Gilbert,	Chester Mason,	Maude Vandever.
Edward Gittins,	Lucy Parsons,	

YELL

TUNE:—The Campbells Are Coming.

Our class is the greatest, ho-ho, ho-ho,
Our class is the brightest, ho-ho, ho-ho,
Our class will be wisest in nineteen-eleven,
For then we are seniors, ho-ho, ho-ho.

MOTTO:—Strike while the iron is hot. COLORS:—Pink and Olive Green.

FLOWER:—Pink Carnation.

We, the class of 1911, are now beginning to equip ourselves for the great responsibilities which devolve upon the twentieth century man or woman. Brought here from many of the Central and Western states, by an ambition to learn, we are determined to accomplish something, not for ourselves alone, but for all humanity.

We now stand at the break of day, hopeful and confident of the future; the skies are clear and the rosy dawn discloses to our view the student's path winding up the Mount of Knowledge. Before the sun reaches its meridian, our never to be forgotten college days will have gone by, and our life's work will have commenced in earnest.

Some of us, perhaps, will delve into the obscure realms of scientific research and discover the golden truths which have thus far remained hidden, while others of our class will endeavor to carve for themselves professional careers and attain positions high in national service. We have battles to fight, our sky may become dark with clouds, and storms may threaten our progress, but all these trials will only make our triumph the greater and prepare us for a more glorious sunset.



Alumni
Faculty
Student Body
Girls' Student Association
Music
Religious
Societies
Eta Pi
Political
Ladies' Hall
Art



The **Alumni**



OFFICERS

Willis C. Hawley, '84, President

Vice Presidents

Mrs. Amelia Miller, '71; B. F. Irvine, '77;

F. P. Mays, '76; M. C. Royal, '75.

Miss Ethel M. Fletcher, '00, Secretary

Miss Mattie F. Beatty, '98, Treasurer

Members of Executive Committee

Miss Mae Boise, '89; J. W. Reynolds, '95

[NOTE: An article of some length concerning the alumni will be found in the literary department of this book.— Editor.]



FACULTIES

A man has one brain of many faculties; a college has one faculty of many brains. Hence, although to each brain belongs a soul, it has been argued that a faculty, like a corporation, has no soul.

Now this is a matter worth thinking on; for, it is surely the height of impertinence publicly to reflect on the character of a being with a soul. Nevertheless we are here driven either to some serious reflection upon the Faculty, or to plain airy nothings. This latter we abhor. Imag-

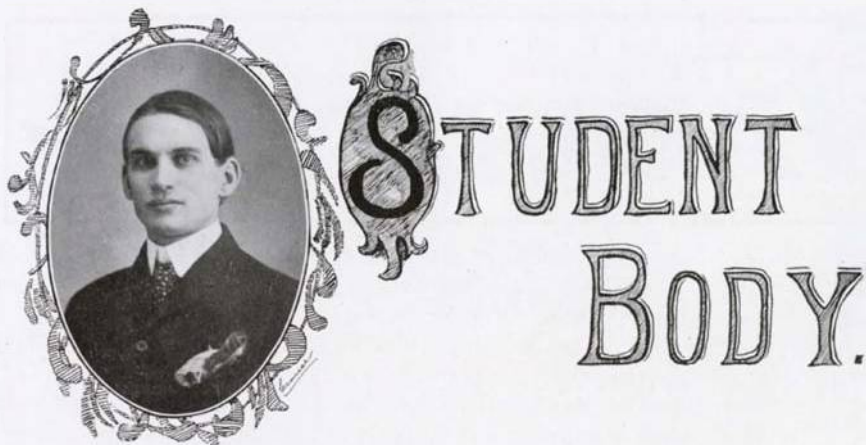
ine, then, our state! To save ourselves, we here maintain, albeit not without some qualms, that the body called the Faculty *has no soul*.

What shall we say, then? Ah, leadership! That is the part of the Faculty, is it not? Then we will call this Faculty a generalization, a major-generalization, if you please. There, once more we feel our feet on solid ground—a piece of satisfaction not to be deemed of light worth.

The Faculty, ah, the Faculty! That body, uncreated, yet being; whose beginnings no man knows, whose endings are yet but phantoms of dim foreshadowings; the focus of innumerable streamings of scholastic tradition and culture; the star-point of light and direction for a new generation of scholarship and human service.

The Faculty! toward whose becoming, a universe of celestial currents has borne age—long; on whose being play rays from the myriad-hued spectra of student life, the fleckered shadows of the class-room, and ineffable harmonies of a young world's ideals; and toward whose endings angels, principalities, and powers bend searching, awestricken gaze.

But this will never do, and after all, we sing the Faculty, who are, not is! May they live and prosper, and their days be long in the land.



OFFICERS

President,	Burgess Ford, '05
Vice President,	Alma Hales, '07
Secretary,	E. Belle Crouse, '07
Treasurer,	W. C. Rebhan, '06

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

E. K. Miller, '05,	G. E. Unruh, '08,	Wallace Trill, '11.
R. C. Glover, '06,	Ruby Coryell, '09,	
W. H. Pollard, '07,	Violet West, '10,	

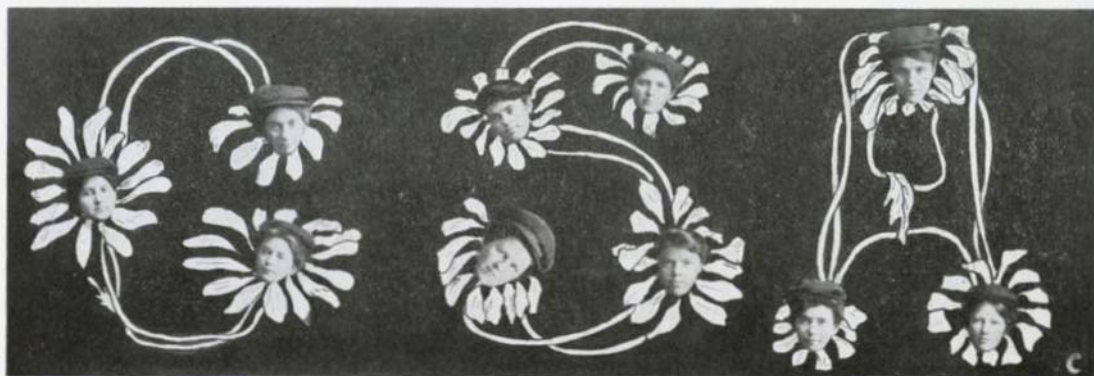
The Associated Students of the several departments of Willamette University is the supreme student organization of the institution. It is the court of final appeal in all matters which directly relate to the welfare of the student in general and which have any bearing upon the University, its faculty, and trustees. By its action all athletic and educational enterprises are supported, and,

when in times of depression its aid is needed, its loyalty rises to the highest pitch, and, by heralded resolutions of support and confidence, it so manfully throws itself into the conflict that all seemingly tremendous obstacles sink into insignificance and are entirely smothered by the forces of progress marching on to a larger and grander future.

Old Willamette's student body is the glory and domestic life of the famous pioneer institution. The spirit it always manifests is proverbial. "Willamette Spirit" has ever been synonymous with such terms as "college patriotism," "fraternal cheer" and "Christian conduct." It is this spirit which holds the new student and makes him feel himself to be a part of his school; and when he has finished his course or finds that he must leave school, it is this spirit which tugs at his heart and compels sincere tears of regret to bear witness to his great love for dear "Old Willamette," and her warm hearted students. It is a sacrificing student body. No matter what the cause, if it is but worthy, the students support it with such zest and earnestness that it invariably succeeds.

Its business affairs are conducted with a systematic precision which bars all lethargy and inactivity. A student body tax is levied upon each member for the support of athletics. The officers are chosen from the several departments. The president of the associated students appoints a committeeman from each class, who, together with himself as chairman, form the executive committee, audits all expenses and affairs of athletic managers, and reports upon all matters which are to come before the students for their consideration.





The Girls' Student Association

President,	Lila V. Swafford, '05
Vice President,	Annie Pigler, '10
Secretary,	Sylvia W. Jones, '06
Treasurer,	Alma E. Hales, '07

Some organizations are formed for the pleasure to be derived from them, others for the direct benefit they offer. This association is primarily for organized *work*, and was formed to meet the requirements of existing conditions. It is true, the work has given us pleasure, but when did one fail to find pleasure whose motive in action was to give pleasure and to do honor to others?

The membership of the association is limited only by the number of co-eds at Willamette who are willing to bear their share of responsibility. Its work is to care for the social functions of the student body, and more especially to tender receptions to visitors, such as visiting athletic teams.

A number of very pleasant receptions have been enjoyed during the year, but probably the one most universally voted a success was that tendered our own "football heroes" at the close of their season's work. At this time each member of the team was presented with a little cardinal silk pennant embroidered with an old gold "W", bearing also a small burnt leather football, with the date. As each was presented, one of the young ladies responded to a toast in honor of the recipient.





OFFICERS

Director,
Manager and President,
Secretary,

Ivan G. Martin
Glenn E. Unruh
Roy R. Knotts

MEMBERS

Clarinets:

Herbert Nutter
Austin Price

Euphonium:

Wilfred Winans

Solo and First Cornets:

Ward Fisher
Frank Rhodes

Second Cornets:

George Fenske
George Forbes

Altos:

Roy Price
David Forbes
Millard Long

Trombone:

Mr. Gillmore

First and Second Tenors:

L. Brown
C. V. Nelson

Bass:

R. R. Knotts

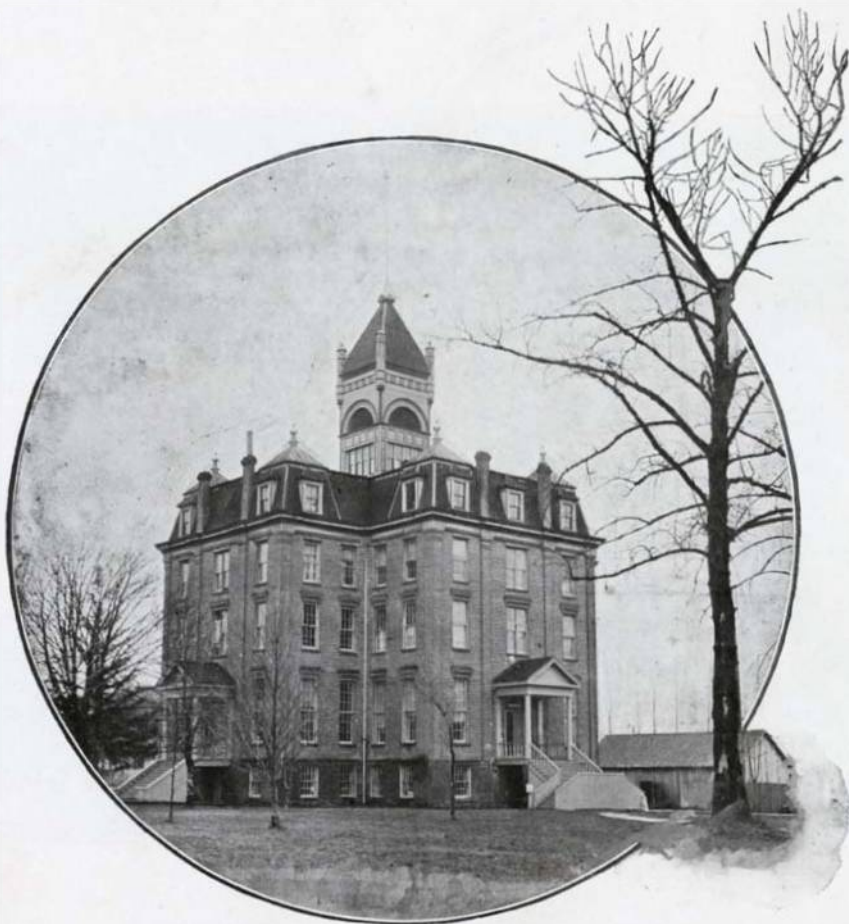
Bass Drum:

Ralph Rader

Snare Drum:

Glenn Unruh





GLEE



CLUB



The 'Varsity Glee Club, '04, was the best club Willamette has ever had. They made a tour through Eastern Oregon and Idaho, gave eleven concerts on the trip and closed the season with a well received home concert. Such an extended tour as this has never before been attempted, but the club had confidence enough in themselves and their program to believe that they could stand the test. At every point touched where clubs from other institutions had appeared our club was compared very favorably.

The first part of the program was Act II of Robin Hood, presented in concert form, while the second part was replete with college fun and frolic. The audience always enjoyed the levity of the humorous club num-

bers, Zercher's readings, and the stunts. These were kept fresh enough by constant additions so that the fun seemed not artificial in the least but perfectly free and spontaneous.

The success of the club is due to the efficient directorship of Professor Seley, while the trip was made possible by the good efforts of Manager Van Winkle.

The places where concerts were given are Halsey, Oregon City, Hood River, The Dalles, Pendleton, La Grande, Union, Baker City, Weiser, Caldwell, Nampa, Boise and Salem.



Program

PART I

ROBIN HOOD, - - REGINALD DEKOVEN

ACT II, Presented in Concert Form.

CAST

Robin Hood,	E. K. Miller
The Sheriff of Nottingham,	G. G. Randall
Sir Guy of Gisborne,	J. O. VanWinkle
Little John,	H. H. Markel
Will Scarlet,	R. H. Zercher
Friar Tuck,	E. G. Hornschuch
Allan a Dale,	R. H. Chapler

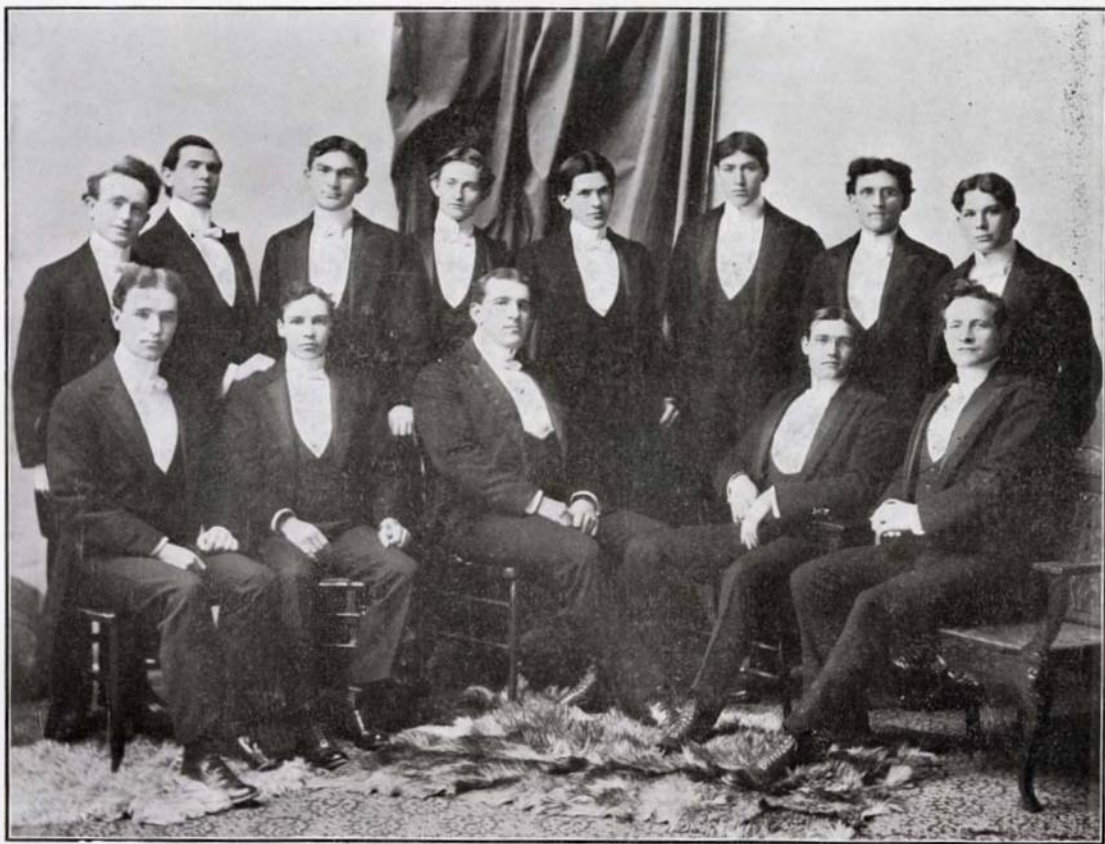
- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1. Hunting Chorus. | |
| 2. (a) The Tailor and the Crow, | Scarlet |
| (b) It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man, | Allan a Dale |
| 3. Song of Brown October Ale, | Scarlet |
| 4. Oh Promise Me, | Allan a Dale |
| 5. Tinker's Song. | |
| 6. (a) Oh, See the Little Lambkins Play, | Sextet |
| (b) Ho, then for Jollity. | |

PART II

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. A New Medley—Atkinson, | Glee Club |
| 2. Bass Solo, The Two Grenadiers—Schumann, | Mr. Zercher |
| 3. (a) Old College Chum. (b) Our College Cheer, | Glee Club |
| 4. We're All Good Fellows—Witmark, | Mr. Markel and Glee Club |
| 5. Reading —Selected, | Mr. Zercher |
| 6. Organizing a Glee Club—Wolf, | Messrs. Miller, Chapler, Wolf, Trill |
| 7. Advertisement—Harrington, | Glee Club |

8. Quintet, Massa's in the Cold, Cold, Ground—Arranged,
Messrs. Markel, VanWinkle, Chapler, Wolf, Zercher
9. Euphonium Solo,
Mr. Martin
10. Good } Little Boy—Rich,
Bad } Glee Club
11. Duet, 'Deed I Do—Edmunds,
Messrs. Markel and Chapler
12. Down by the Riverside—Arranged,
Messrs Zercher and Glee Club
13. Stunts,
Messrs Chapler and Miller
14. The Sword of Uncle Sam—Bullard,
Mr. Seley and Glee Club







Y. W. C. A.

Many delay on account of the weather,
But Y. W. C. A. girls—never !

OFFICERS

1904-05

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Clara A. Holmstrom, '06
Sylvia Jones, '06
Alma E. Hales, '07
Ida D. Evans, '09

1905-06

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Gustina A. Randall, '06
Lena Schindler, '07
Olive I. Riddell, '10
Isadora Winans, '10

Some one has recently called to our minds the thought that, "The great forces of nature move and work silently." In a general way, this description may be applied to the Young Women's Christian Association for the past year. Not a great deal of publicity has been given to our work this year—yet it is safe to say, there is not a girl in school but has been at least indirectly influenced and helped by it.

With a president who is a natural leader, our work has been systematic and thorough. The business side has received special attention, and the spiritual side speaks for itself through our devotional meetings and our love for the association.

The Bible study work has been of great interest, four classes having been conducted; three of these were in "Sharman's Life of Christ"—one led by Miss Hales, met on Sunday morning before the church hour, the other two which met during the week were led by Miss Holmstrom; the fourth class was in White's Old Testament Studies, and led by Miss Randall. A Mission Study class, held jointly with the Y. M. C. A., took up the study of India, with Miss Hewitt as leader, and unusual interest was developed.

The mid-week prayer meetings gave way this year to the newly instituted college prayer meeting, but the mainstay of the association has been the five minute prayer meeting held each day at noon, and the devotional meeting with its address on Sunday afternoon.

We come to the close of the year with girls added to our number for whom we are daily moved to thank our Heavenly Father. As we look forward to next year it is only with the hope of even greater success; we have the gain of past years as our foundation, and an eagerness to work out the plans acquired by Miss Schindler and Miss Hales at Capitola, as well as to prove the wisdom of a Northwest Conference at Gearhart. But best of all we have the assurance that He who is the personal friend of each, stands ready to assist us as we unite in work for Him.





Y. W. C. A. CABINET



The officers for the year 1905-'06 are;

President,	A. R. Marker
Vice President,	Mark McKinney
Recording Secretary,	J. G. Heltzel
Corresponding Secretary,	R. R. Matthews
Treasurer,	R. R. Hewitt

The Young Men's Christian Association of Willamette stands for that sound educational policy of St. Peter—"Add to your virtue knowledge." Believing that education is good only as it is subordinated to the ends of virtue, the association strives to imbue the young men of the University with the spirit of Christian chivalry, to equip its knights with the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation; then to send them out into the world to wield the shining blade of scholarship in the interest of mankind.

Though the range of its activities has not been extensive, the association is to be credited with the promotion of that fine spirit of brotherhood and Christian fellowship which exists among the young men of the University and which is such a marked characteristic of its student life. In all the wide educational domains of Oregon there is probably no institution that enjoys a more wholesome religious atmosphere, or a more broad-browed, big-hearted, virile type of Christian manhood, than Willamette. And this is largely true because the Young Men's Christian Association has made it so, it having been entrusted with practically all the religious work among the young men in the University.

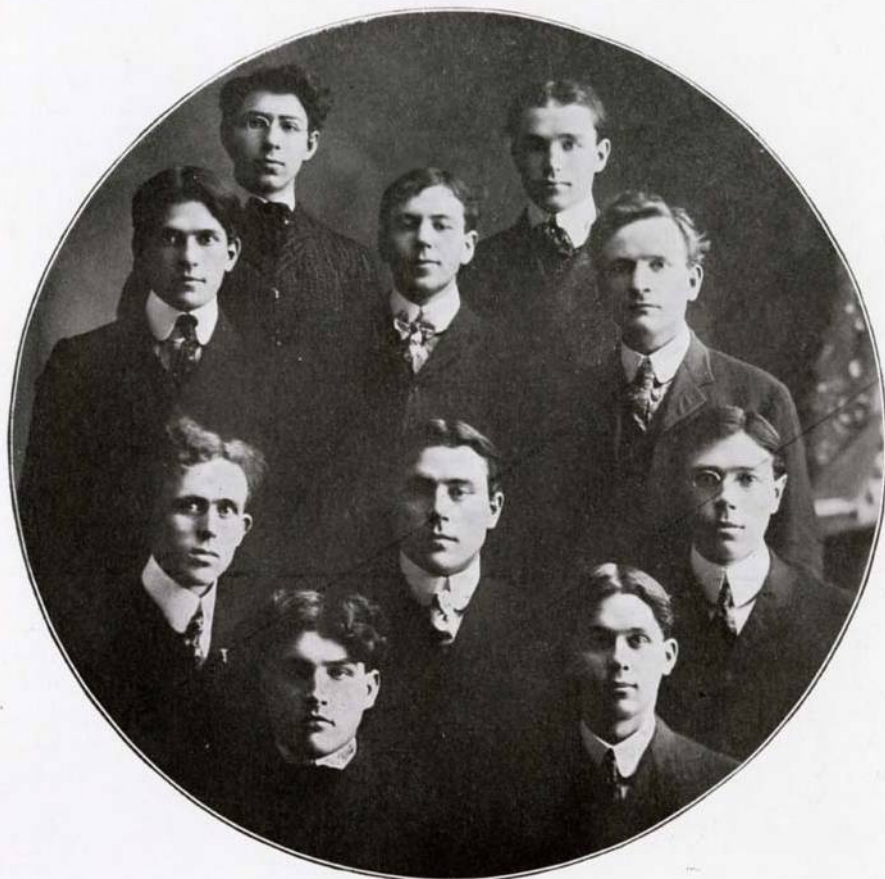
Last fall the association was early in the field with

the Gospel artillery, and under the alert leadership of Mr. Miller, began at once a vigorous campaign. The first gun was fired at that most enjoyable "stag" party which was given in the Gym. under the auspices of the association. After distributing a wagon load of watermelons and barrels full of fun, Mr. Miller seized the propitious moment to press home the claims of the association in a very manly and stirring appeal. Later, the joint reception given by the two associations to the new students was made a very attractive advertisement of the association work.

Eight classes in the regular Y. M. C. A. Bible study courses were immediately organized, and under the efficient leadership, this work has been made very profitable and enjoyable. The daily noonday prayermeetings conducted by the prayer circle of the association have been well attended and have resulted in bringing the young men into close personal and spiritual fellowship, besides giving them a more felicitous use of that mightiest of all weapons in the battle of life—the power of prayer. The public meetings for men, held in the college every Sunday afternoon, have been addressed by the ablest speakers that the committee in charge could obtain.

The Y. M. C. A. conference for the colleges of the Northwest which is held every spring at Gearhart, is becoming a splendid factor in quickening the spiritual life and activity of the students, and Willamette association plans to send every young man who is worthy and willing to go. No one can attend these conferences, coming in contact as he does with the choicest collection of Christian manhood, without being uplifted, and inspired to new and nobler exertions.

In these tremendous times, when life is so intense and when character counts for so much, a young man without a religious experience is fighting the battles of life with a broken sword. No college student should neglect this most important part of his education. To every student of Willamette, whether old or new or prospective, the Y. M. C. A. extends a cordial welcome; it needs your co-operation and you need the inspiration of its fellowship and the peculiar power of its religious life.



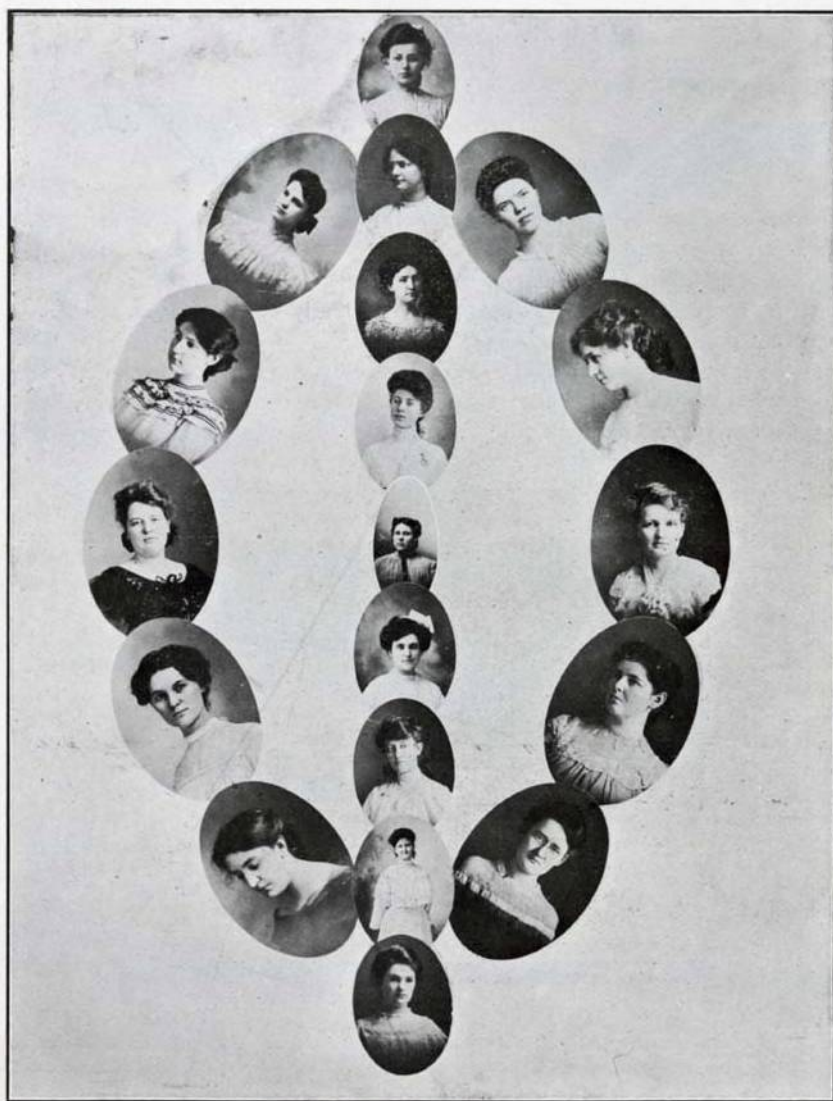
Y. M. C. A. CABINET



The officers for the third term are:

President,	Clara Holmstrom, '06.
Vice President,	Alma E. Hales, '07
Secretary,	Ruth Ketchum
Assistant Secretary,	Olive A. Rigby, '07
Treasurer,	Sylvia Hewitt
Censor,	Mabel C. Glover
	Ida Evans, '09

Clara Holmstrom,	Sylvia Marquam,
Alma Hales,	Isadora Winans,
Ruth Ketchum,	Violet West,
Sylvia Hewitt,	Theo Bennett,
Mabel Glover,	Ruth Field,
Ida Evans,	Olive Metcalf,
Nell Parsons,	Nellie Tucker,
Vera Byars,	Leila Rigdon,
Alice Shepard,	Viola Fisher,
Olive Rigby,	Iona Fisher,
Bertha Hewitt,	Bertha Elworthy,
Mary Salomon,	Birtie Bailey,
Sylva Jones,	Ethel Gerding,
Ruby Coryell,	Ora Black,
Lily Hardwick,	Ellen Thielsen,
Stella Hardwick.	



Philodosian

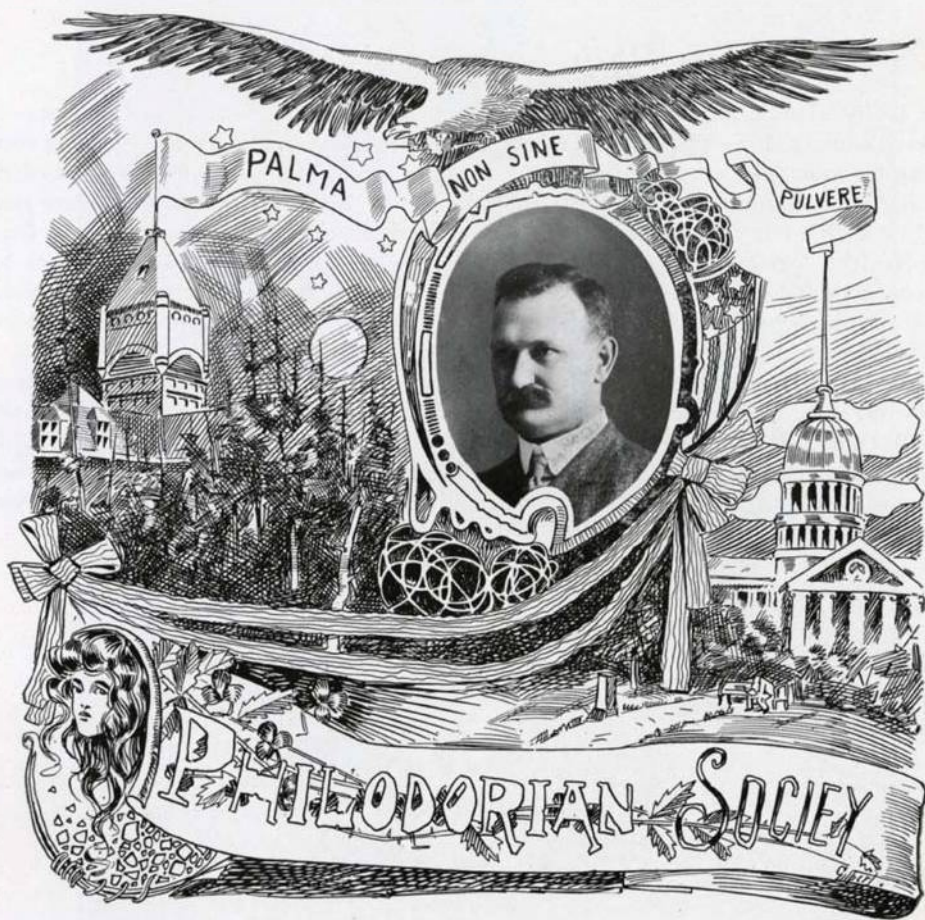
The Philodosian Society is the oldest literary society for girls at Willamette, having been organized since 1881.

It is composed of college and academy girls who desire to cultivate ease and grace in extemporaneous speaking, correct social deportment and the many other advantages to be gained from mutual ambitions for intellectual and social advancement.

During the present year particular attention is being paid to parliamentary drill and social etiquette. The society hopes to be able to offer a lecture course in the latter, by some well-informed, efficient ladies. They have already had some of the ladies of the city present to speak to them.

The school year is divided into four terms, officers being elected for each term.





Philodorian Society

The Philodorian Society was organized in 1883 by a few manly and ambitious students—among whom was Dean Hawley—who recognized the urgent need of a literary and debating society in developing the most priceless attainments of a collegiate education, the power to speak originally, forcibly and thoughtfully upon practical subjects, before a critical audience of fellow students. Founded for such a purpose, its aims have ever been in accord with the principles of its founders, and as a result it, together with its sister society, the Philodosian, has ever been the back-bone of literary endeavor at Willamette. The work has always been in harmony and besides furnishing the flower of forensic array at Willamette, they give joint meetings which are unsurpassed as intellectual social functions for the entertainment of a polite and refined public.

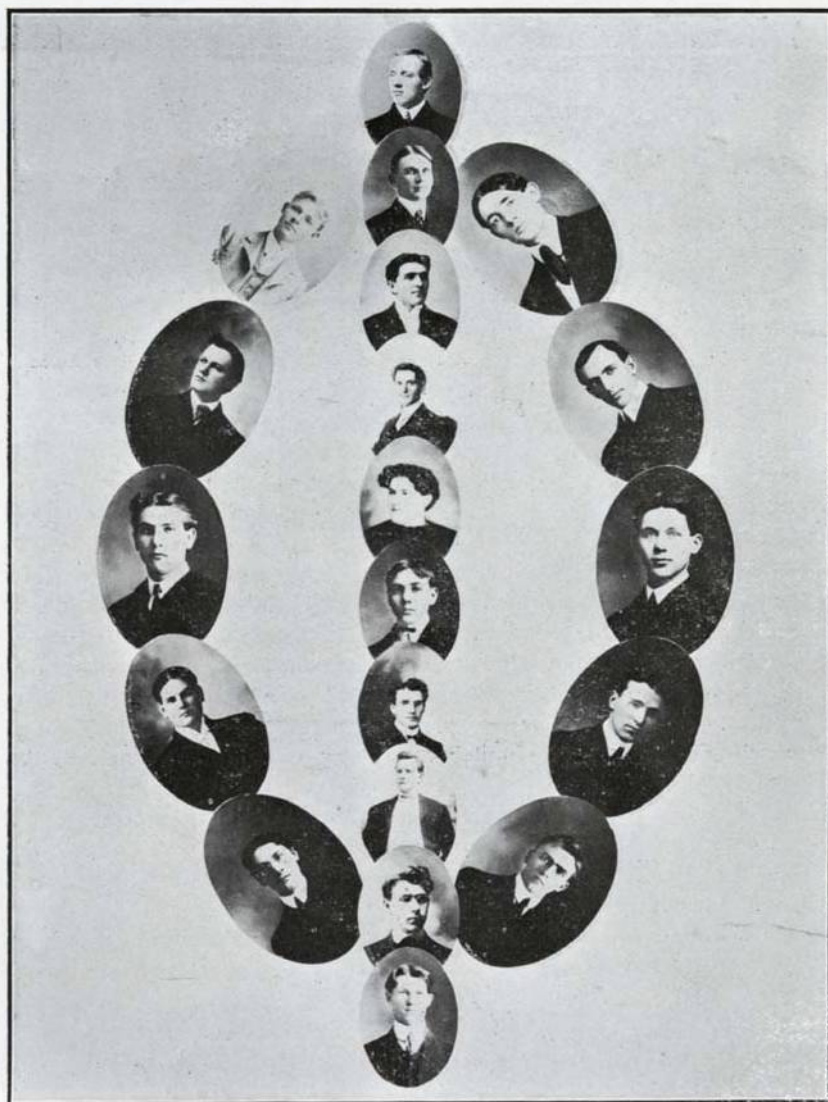
The society recognizes itself to be a training school and therefore pursues an "open door" policy, restricting none who are loyal Willamette students and willing to work for the honor and glory of "Old Willamette." It is within the Philodorian's hall that the genuine, good, fraternal fellowship of the Willamette man is generated, and at the close of the school year their last program is given over to a rally night for their old school, and pledges freely and earnestly given to work for her best interests during vacation.

MEMBERS

Ralph Matthews,
Andrew Marker,
Waldo Colbert,
Burgess Ford,
Roy Shields,
John Reichen,
Murray Shanks,
W. A. Schmidt,
Geo. B. Simpson,
M. M. Long,

Geo. Lounsbury,
Jonas Jorstad,
Ray Mason,
Geo. Fenske,
E. J. Winans,
R. C. Glover,
E. K. Miller,
D. H. Mosher,
Ross Soward,
James G. Heltzel,

Wallace Trill,
Claude Crandall,
Clark Belknap,
H. C. McCain,
M. H. Gehlar,
Roy Hewitt,
Virgia Lloyd,
Ray Marquam.





Mabel Robertson,
Lila Swafford,
Grace Oliver,
Laneta Young,
Mary Rader,
Gertrude Moores,

Gustena Randall,
Annie Pigler,
Gertrude Johnson,
Olive Riddell,
Ida Stephens,
Ryth Gatch.

On the evening of the second of November, ten young ladies met in the University Chapel for the purpose of organizing a new literary society, which would be a sister society to the Coleman Literary Society, organized a few weeks before.

The new organization was named the "Clara Coleman Sorosis," in honor of Mrs. Coleman, the "better half" of our beloved President. You must not construe from our name that we intend to become more than sisters to the members of the Coleman Society, for such is not the case.

The membership of the Sorosis is limited to sixteen, college girls preferred, and the object is "literary and social refinement."

Special stress is laid on parliamentary law, as well as the literary work, which includes readings, papers on assigned subjects and extemporaneous speaking. The "Coleman Societies" have jointly, with the aid of Dr. Coleman and the Trustees, furnished halls on the fourth floor, which are very pleasant and conducive to the best of literary efforts.

Although the Sorosis is but newly organized, it has already begun to take honors in the college world, Miss Swafford having won the second place in the Local Oratorical Contest.





Howard H. Markel,
Edgar Averill,
Alvia C. Nace,
Ralph M. Rader,

R. H. Chapler,
E. K. Miller,
Paul W. Beach,
Bruce Robinson,
A. R. Marker.

Progression is the natural order of education. This condition is best stimulated by competition. Hence it was, that with a just appreciation of the literary societies already enjoyed at Willamette, early in the Fall term a number of the men formed a new organization for literary work.

With the Society once organized, the first step taken was to secure for it the highest honors, as is evidenced by the fact that it was named for our President, dear to each student as a friend.

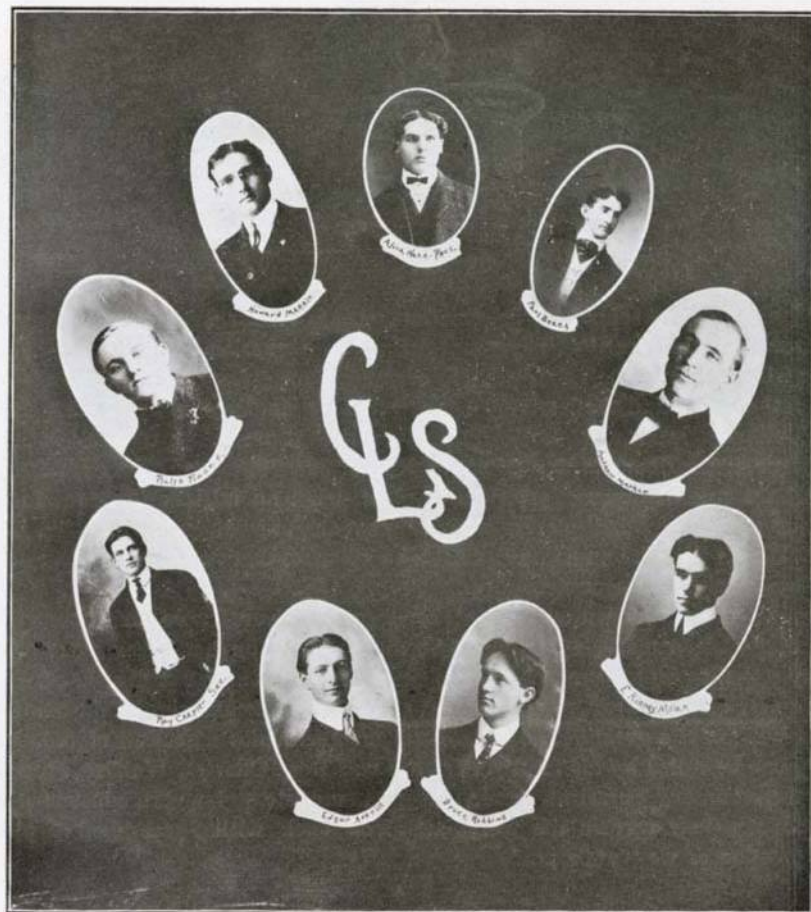
Next, it was necessary to have a place to meet, and having been granted three rooms on the fourth floor of the college building, the Coleman Society, together with its newly organized sister society, the Clara Coleman Sorosis, and aided by Dr. Coleman and the Board of Trustees, transformed these rooms into very attractive halls.

As yet but few in number, and delayed as a new society by the energy required in "getting under way," nevertheless, let it be remembered—we are Willamette men, and determined to succeed. Another year will find us taking our place in debates and literary work of all kinds. And our place will be in the front ranks.

Nor must we even wait for another year. Already the society cheer has been heard as it greeted a victorious member. In the local oratorical contest each literary society was represented, and the victor, Andrew R. Marker, was our representative. Thus we were also represented in the state contest by the man who brought Willamette's name to the highest place it has held in years.

But one open meeting has been given by the Coleman Society and the Sorosis; yet, we can claim for this that it was a success from both a literary and a social point of view.

As we close the year, we thank those who have assisted us in our beginning, and bespeak from you an interest in our future work.



WILLIAM H. HARRIS



LEWIS H. HARRIS



JOHN HARRIS



JOHN HARRIS



JOHN HARRIS



JOHN HARRIS



JOHN HARRIS



JOHN HARRIS



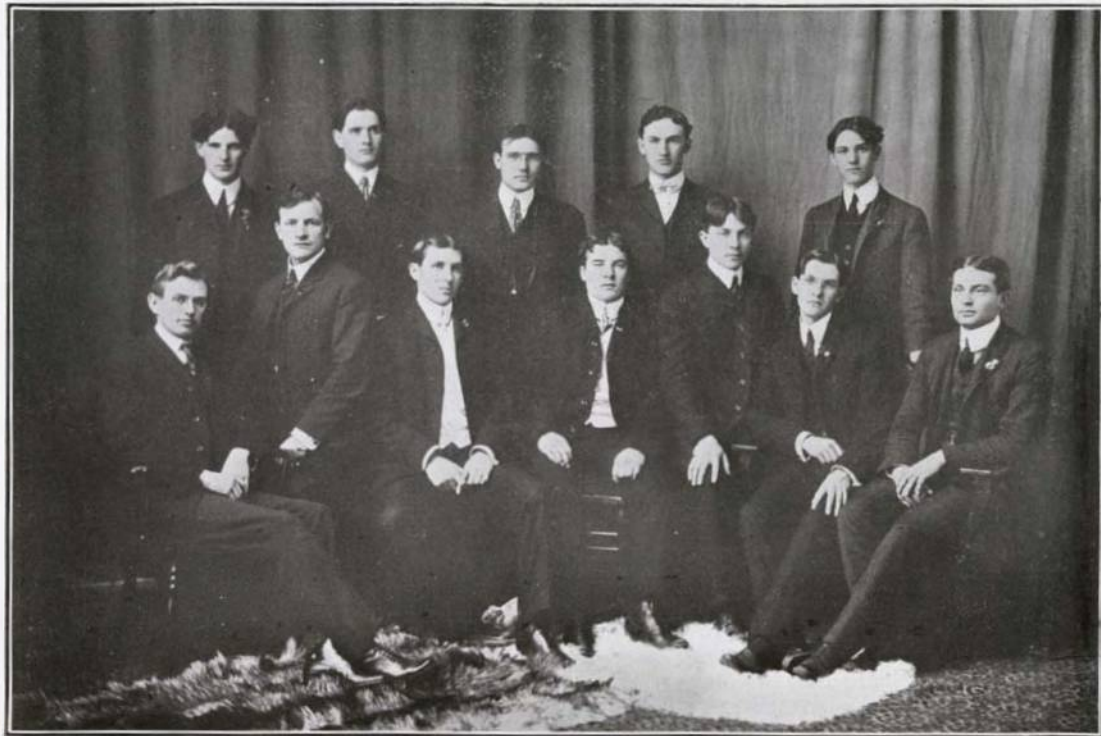
JOHN HARRIS



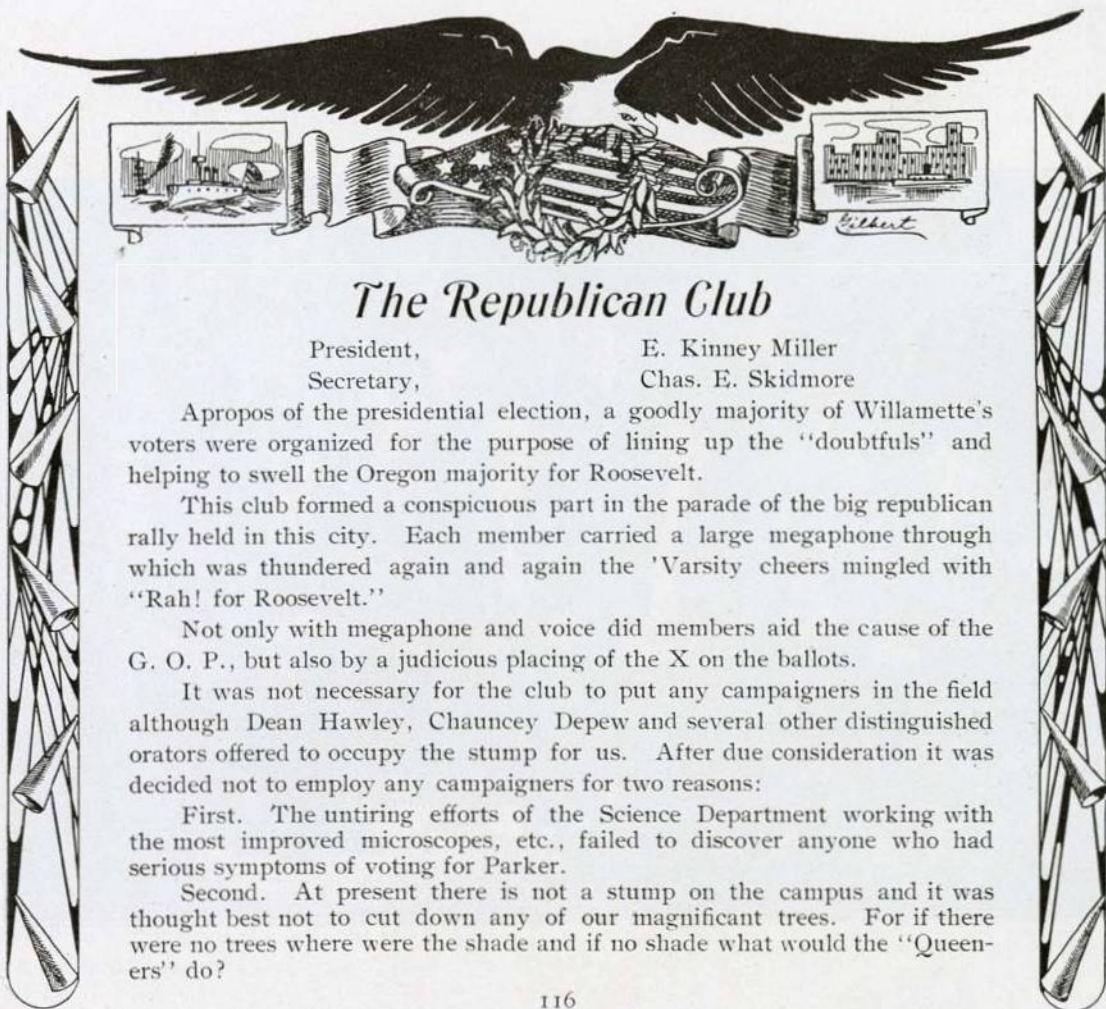
Last September, before school began, two students got their heads together and said, "We must have a fraternity this year." They sent letters to a number of their friends and found out who would be willing to join such a Frat. When school opened, a full dozen of the best students in the school gathered around the festive board, which our landlady had provided. Of course our Fraternity must have officers, and H. H. Markel was elected president; Charles E. Skidmore, secretary and treasurer; and Roy R. Knotts, sergeant-at-arms. This last officer was rendered necessary because of the rule that every new member must make an initiation speech, and as some objected, he, being a husky football player, was duly installed, and right worthily did he serve. He was very useful in settling the numerous quarrels and disputes between Brothers Mosher and Trill, who were always getting into trouble.

"What would a Frat. be without a name?" thought several wise heads, and hence search was made for a suitable name. It was thought that it must have a Greek letter or it would not be a Fraternity. As it was too much bother to get a charter from one of the old established Frats, we organized a new one of our own, and gave it the appropriate and significant name, "Eta Pi."

One thing which did a great deal to unite the members into a feeling of fellowship was the rule that every one be called by his first name; so it was Roy, Charles, Wallace, Howard, Chester, etc. We numbered among ourselves coming doctors, ministers, lawyers, musicians and business men, who will make their way in the world and look back with a great deal of pleasure to the time we had together as we "ate a pie."



ETA PI



The Republican Club

President,
Secretary,

E. Kinney Miller
Chas. E. Skidmore

Apropos of the presidential election, a goodly majority of Willamette's voters were organized for the purpose of lining up the "doubtfuls" and helping to swell the Oregon majority for Roosevelt.

This club formed a conspicuous part in the parade of the big republican rally held in this city. Each member carried a large megaphone through which was thundered again and again the 'Varsity cheers mingled with "Rah! for Roosevelt."

Not only with megaphone and voice did members aid the cause of the G. O. P., but also by a judicious placing of the X on the ballots.

It was not necessary for the club to put any campaigners in the field although Dean Hawley, Chauncey Depew and several other distinguished orators offered to occupy the stump for us. After due consideration it was decided not to employ any campaigners for two reasons:

First. The untiring efforts of the Science Department working with the most improved microscopes, etc., failed to discover anyone who had serious symptoms of voting for Parker.

Second. At present there is not a stump on the campus and it was thought best not to cut down any of our magnificent trees. For if there were no trees where were the shade and if no shade what would the "Queeners" do?



Democratic Club

Father of our Democratic host,
 The patriot's pride, the nation's boast,
 The man of all we love the most
 Since Washington.
 For him we stand and him we toast,
 Who gave the Declaration and this Coast—
 The patriot Jefferson !

President,	Edgar F. Averill
Vice President,	Murray Shanks
Secretary,	Andrew R. Marker
Treasurer,	George B. Simpson.

During the last portentous days of the late presidential campaign, it was apparent to everyone that the Democratic party was marching through a slaughter house to an open grave. The ominous tread of the arrogant and dominating political party, rallying around the standard of the picturesque Rough Rider, foretold an overwhelming Republican majority. But the spirit of that fearless fistful of Spartans at Thermopylae lived again in the Democratic minority at Willamette. Instead of shuffling supinely away back in the face of inevitable defeat, the young party patriots at the University resolved to fight, as did that heroic three hundred, to the last ditch in defense of their country. Accordingly they banded themselves together into the Parker-Davis Club and did what

they could to arouse their compatriots in a last, desperate effort to stem the threatened Republican invasion. The world has seldom witnessed such heroic devotion to a lost cause. Along with the stories of the unyielding heroism of that glorious bunch who died to a man in defense of the Alamo, and the unvanquished patriotism of Marshal Ney, standing defiant amidst the wreckage of his battalions at Waterloo, history will record the story of this intrepid band of student heroes who stood by their convictions until they were all shot to pieces, as it were, and had to be gathered up in a bedtick.

It has been suggested that a marble shaft be erected to the memory of the Parker-Davis Club, bearing this inscription:

"Stranger, tell the Democratic party that we lie here in obedience to its orders."





The Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association

The purposes of this organization are:

1. "The broad and practical study of the liquor problem, and related social and political questions."
2. "The promotion of the political application of the principles of Prohibition."
3. "The enlistment of students for service and leadership in the overthrow of the liquor traffic."

As seen from these statements, this organization is non-partisan in character and stands on a broad and sound basis. The association has auxiliary leagues in most colleges of the country.

Our league has a membership of about thirty students, and meets semi-monthly. At these meetings the various phases of the subject are discussed. Under the supervision of the association, local, state, interstate, and national oratorical contests are held. Our league has been in existence about two years, but as yet has not had a representative in this contest.

Officers and Members

President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

E. J. Winans
John Reichen
Ross Soward

W. R. Colbert,
Ray Marquam,
Elepha Starns,
R. C. Glover,
Ray Mason,

Roy Shields,
Claude Crandall,
Chas. VanWinkle,
Gladys Soward,
Lorena Smith,

Eugene Whipple,
George Fenske,
Murray Shanks,
G. G. Forbes,
J. G. Heltzel.



Ladies' Hall

One of the best and most interesting features of life at "Old Willamette" is that life spent within the walls of the Dormitory or the building better known as the Young Women's Hall.

This girls' home is one of the best that can be found in the Northwest, for it is always filled with jolly, enthusiastic college students who desire to make the very best of their college days and who endeavor to maintain the reputation of our school. The hall has been recently remodeled on the interior and furnished with all the conveniences that any student could desire. In its old halls and parlors many a heart has been lightened and inspired to nobler and better things.

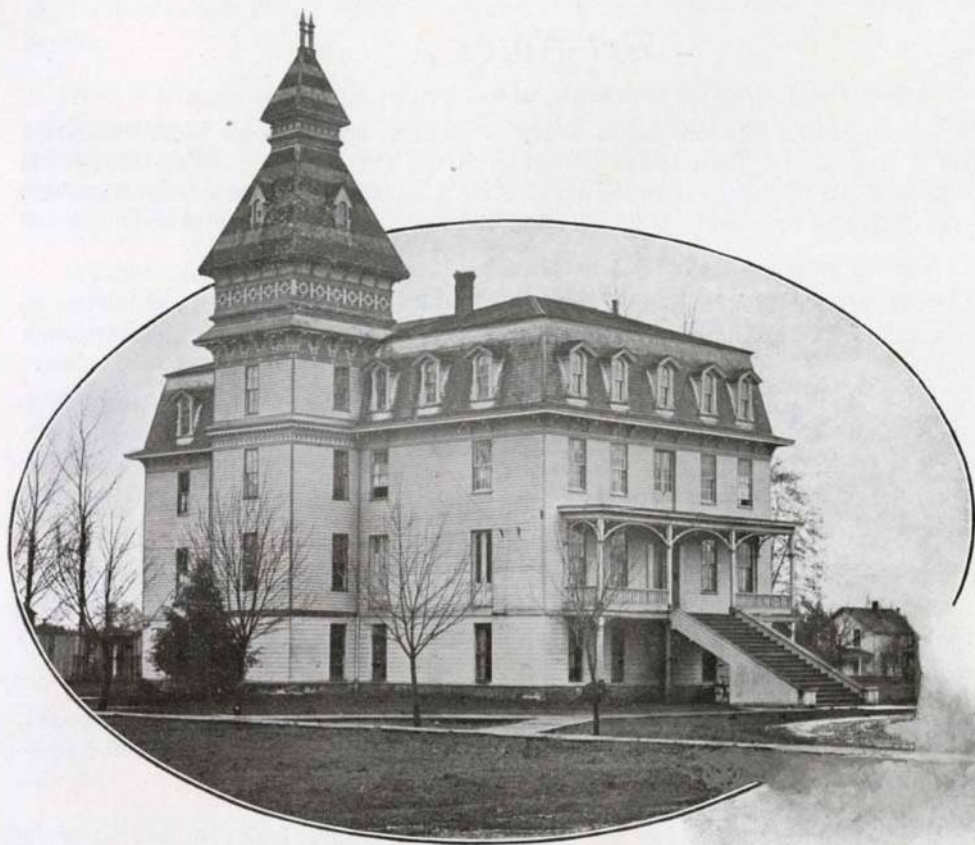
The dinner hour, from six to seven o'clock in the evening, is one of the happiest hours of the day. During this seemingly short period it is impossible for one to think of his troubles and hardships but that he throws them off and becomes young again as he listens



to the joke and witty sayings which pervade the atmosphere of the room. A girl cannot imagine, unless she has witnessed it for herself, the pleasure and happiness which can be received from the merry crowd gathered after study hours in the cozy corners, which, if they could speak, would tell many stories both queer and interesting. The spreads which are always an enjoyable feature of a student's life are frequently indulged in by all.

The Young Women's Hall has gained in the past few years, a reputation which we are determined shall be wide and permanent. We are all greatly interested in its future welfare and prosperity and expect to see the hall, under the excellent supervision of Professor and Mrs. Mahaffie, become the center of social and intellectual life at "Old Willamette."





LADIES' HALL AND COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Art Notes

From the Studio

"Pensee" a photographic reproduction of which is given on another page, is the latest work from the brush of Marie Craig, Dean of the College of Art. The original painting is in oil, life size, and was painted in four sittings from the model, Anna Eastham, a talented young art student. One of the chief charms of the picture is its coloring, the flesh tints being peculiarly delicate and life-like.

Anna Eastham, Margaret Gill and Jessie Martin constitute the class of 1905 and hope to receive their diplomas in June. All three are earnest workers and will doubtless make their mark in the near future.

Asa Fisher has been working in water colors this winter. Now that color is being used so extensively in illustrations, it is absolutely necessary for an illustrator to know how to use it. Mr. Fisher shows much taste and skill in his work already. His specialty is figure, either in black and white or in color, and he possesses undoubted talent for that most difficult of all arts—portrait painting.

Percy Hunt's career as a caricaturist is already assured. His style is bold and effective, and bids fair to make the future guilty politician "tremble in his boots." Caricature might be called a short cut across lots in the whole realm of art. For the rest of us, "Art is long and Time is fleeting."

John Elliott, Carrie Belknap, Maude Griswold, Lillie and Stella Hardwick, Sylvia Hewitt, Elwina Schramm, Freda Schindler and Laneta Young, all display more talent than the average—some in marked degree.

Anna Eastham's still life study of big red Oregon apples in a silver fruit dish, is delightfully realistic. She has caught the glow and bloom of the fruit, the "shine" of the silver and the shimmer of the damask tablecloth, and transferred them bodily to canvass.

Helen Dechabach, Hazel Downing, Zoe Olmstead, Helen Perkins, and Dorothea Steusloff, of the children's class, are an enthusiastic band of little workers from the object, cast, nature and the flat.

The Art Students' League, of New York, extends an invitation to the students of the College of Art to take part in the yearly competition for a free scholarship. This is one of the best Art Schools in the United States, having a list of instructors it would be hard to equal or excel anywhere. One of the instructors, Mr. Henry McCarter, the well known illustrator, was a fellow student of Miss Craig's at Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

Professor Craig has an interesting collection of sketches drawn from life in the Pennsylvania Academy sketch class, of many of her fellow students, now famous men and women. Jo Pennell heads the list. He had only begun the study of etching when the sketch was made. He now stands at the head of etchers the world over. Henry R. Poore, Alice Barber Stephens, Colin C. Campbell, W. T. Trego, Elizabeth Bonsall, H. Latimer Brown, Frederick Waugh, Jerome Ferris, Will Birney, and many others, were all more or less promising students when these sketches first saw the light.





"PENSEE."

Painted from life for
the "Wallulah," by
Marie Craig, Dean
of the College of Art.

Publications.



Weekly Willamette Collegian
Wallulah
Y. M. C. A. Handbook

Weekly Willamette Collegian

The Collegian is the official organ of the Student Body, and is a weekly, published each Wednesday during the college year. Its purpose is to encourage literary work of a practical character, foster and arouse college patriotism and enthusiasm, and also to compile and disseminate such college news as will be of special interest to students. Thus its field is broad and is circumscribed within no petty limitations prescribed by a particular department or class. It is strictly a University publication, and is the power which exerts the greatest unifying influence tending toward a centralization of collegiate ambition and endeavor.

During the current year it has been increased in size and has more than doubled its news capacity. This advance was due largely to the energy and business ability of the present manager, and his progressiveness has brought forth its just fruits, and, as a leading exchange, The Barometer, puts it, "The Pacific Wave, from the University of Washington, and the Weekly Willamette Collegian, are the leading weekly papers of the colleges of the Northwest."

BOARD

Editor-in-Chief,	Ronald C. Glover, '06
Business Manager,	Ralph R. Matthews, '08
Assistant Editors }	Clara A. Holmstrom, '06
	E. Belle Crouse, '07
Assistant Business Manager,	Glenn E. Unruh, '08

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Andrew R. Marker, '06,	Chester Catlow, '05,	H. H. Markel, '06,
E. Kinney Miller, '05,	Mabel Robertson, '07,	J. G. Heltzel, '09,
J. O. Van Winkle, '05,	Ida D. Evans, '09,	Alma Hales, '07,

Weekly Willamette Collegian.

VOL. XVI

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY
SALMON, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1924

WORTHY MENTION

A Chicago Lady Editor Speaks of Dean Hawley at the Chautauqua Session of 1924

"GLADSTONE" OF THE WEST

His Personality, Bold Philosophy and Ability as an Orator Have Won the Honors of the Chautauqua Session of 1924

In the first days of January, the Chautauqua Session of 1924, the Honorable W. L. Gladstone, of Chicago, was the guest of the Willamette University at the Chautauqua Session of 1924. His personality, bold philosophy and ability as an orator have won the honors of the Chautauqua Session of 1924. He is a man of great power and ability, and his presence at the Chautauqua Session of 1924 was a great honor to the Willamette University.

The Paul's View
The Paul's View is a view of the future of the world. It is a view of the future of the world, and it is a view of the future of the world. It is a view of the future of the world, and it is a view of the future of the world. It is a view of the future of the world, and it is a view of the future of the world.

A CLASS RIVALRY

Sophomore and Third Year Classes Try for Supremacy at Basket Ball

THE SOPHOMORES WIN

State Basketball Playing and School for the Improvement of the Willamette University

The following game of basket ball was played at the Willamette University on Wednesday, January 9, 1924. The Sophomore and Third Year Classes tried for supremacy at basket ball. The Sophomores won the game by a score of 15 to 10.

1205



VOL. XVI

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY
SALMON, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1923



Willamette Defeats Albany College

Use Thorough Systematic Game Plan, Willamette Wins in Final Game of Season

The Willamette basketball team defeated Albany College in a game played at the Willamette University on Thursday, December 5, 1923. The game was a close one, with Albany leading for much of the first half. However, Willamette came back in the second half and won the game by a score of 15 to 10.

The following game of basket ball was played at the Willamette University on Thursday, December 5, 1923. The Willamette and Albany College teams tried for supremacy at basket ball. The Willamettes won the game by a score of 15 to 10.

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Wallulah

The Wallulah was given to us for the first time two years ago, when, with Edgar Meresse, '03, as editor-in-chief, and Charles E. Skidmore as business manager, it made its bow and received more than the usual amount of homage paid to a new enterprise. This year it has tried to take upon itself the real responsibility which falls upon such a publication, and has endeavored to show to the best advantage and in the truest light the many different sides of the present college days.

Edited every two years, it has a broad field from which to gather material to swell its pages.

A word or two concerning the staff. We regret that each of you can not be one of so merry and busy a crowd. The meetings held each Monday evening at the home of the editor-in-chief were greatly enjoyed and looked forward to because of the rare bits of fun found sandwiched in between the strenuous life, to give it a relish. If you wish to know something about some of these times, ask Mr. Miller where his favorite hiding place is; Miss Robertson, what excuse was given over the telephone for a member's absence; Mr. Ford and Mr. Long, who lived nearest; Mr. Glover, where the apples were kept; Miss Crouse, who went with her to get the apples; and ask the rest of the staff to tell you all about it. They know. And so, it is with a feeling of regret when we think of the merry times, and a feeling of joy when we think of the labor, that we see our work drawing to a close. But we wish to those who come after us all the pleasure that we have enjoyed—and hope that they may prosper.



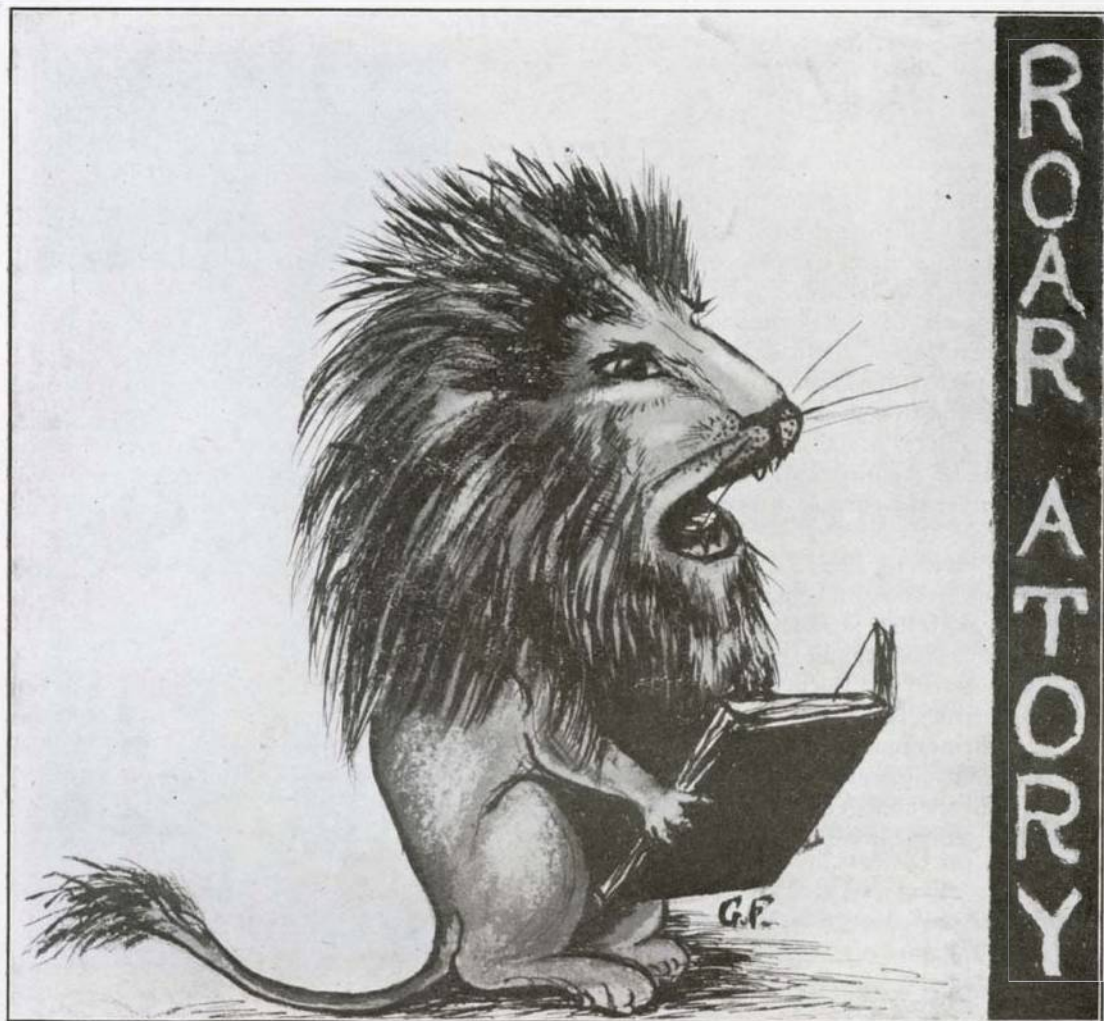


Y. M. C. A. Handbook

It is small.
It is large.
It is neat.
It is useful.
It is unique.
It is helpful.
It is jolly.
It is clever.
It is brief.
It is handy.
It is a FRIEND.
It is FREE.

It informs.
It introduces.
It gives pointers.
It has the spirit.
It is for every student.
It lasts the whole year.
Its purpose is to serve.
It serves its purpose.
It is for a welcome.
It is worth knowing.
It is for WILLAMETTE.
It is for CHRIST.

HANDBOOK.—Published yearly by the Christian Associations.



Oratory

As "The pen is mightier than the sword," so is the word which is spoken more powerful than the word which is written. History vouches for its patent influence and all nations, barbarian and Christian alike, have encouraged and cultivated it. Monarchs have been elevated and dethroned through its influence, tyrants have felt its sting, and the cause of right and liberty from time immemorial has been defended and advanced by its aid. It is not only the great uplifter, but also the great leveler, and is one of the most useful and practical elements in a college education.

Willamette University was conscious of its importance in the moulding and forming of well poised men and women and founded the Department of Oratory.

Other colleges in the state having also taken great interest in forensics, an annual contest was arranged under the direction of the "Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Oregon," an association formed for the purpose of encouraging public speaking and composed of the Oregon Agricultural College, Albany College, McMinnville College, Monmouth State Normal, Pacific College, Portland University, Pacific University, University of Oregon and Willamette University. This organization has been in being for twelve years now, and still has the same membership as at the beginning, with the exception of Portland University which has ceased to exist. The annual contest is held in rotation among the different colleges of the association, on the night of the second Friday in March; and the different colleges meet in force, and during the first half hour give full sway to the rooters who vie with each other in giving the yells of their schools and singing the praise of their orators. At the conclusion of the contest a banquet is given the visiting colleges by the local institution. This is usually a magnificent social affair where college spirit and college jokes are all bound together with a close fraternal feeling which results in a more friendly and amicable relationship between them.



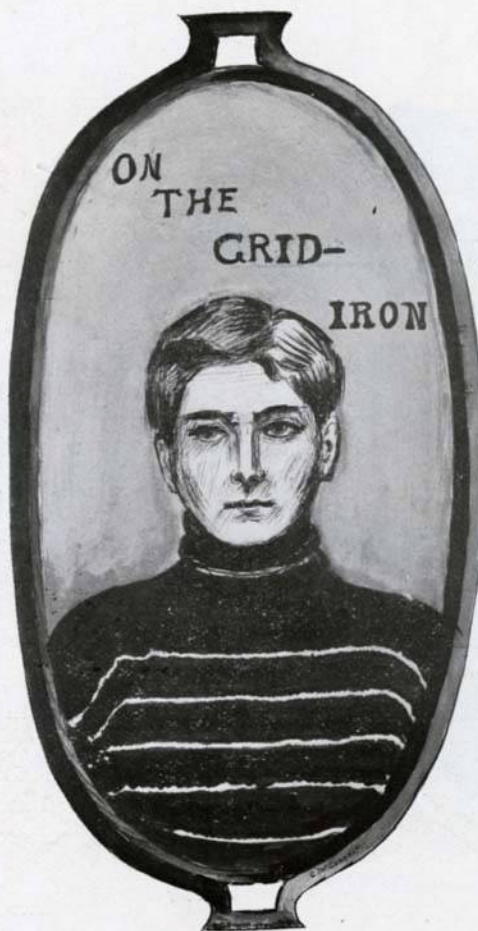
Our Orator

Andrew R. Marker, the man who so successfully represented Willamette in the state contest held at Newberg, winning third place therein, is a man of varied attainments. He is a good example of the broad minded college student. A man of an exceedingly refined and sensitive nature and possessed of an unexcelled appreciation of the beautiful and sublime in literature and art. His development, however, is not restricted solely to the valuable traits of character and mind, but rising above the average man of his age, he also plays guard of the football team with such vim and earnestness that all who play with him feel more confident for his presence. When asked for some data in connection with his former life, "Mark," as he is familiarly called, in his characteristic manner, said: "Was found running at large at an early age in the wilds of Idaho. Was rounded up, roped and branded on a farm. Became successively a cowboy, a miner, a reporter, a soldier, chief-of-police and finally a student, so-called."

His oration, entitled "Moses," was a gem, and replete with rhetorical figures and passages of rare fancy and sound thought. The local newspapers called it a "prose poem." With such thought as was displayed in eulogizing the great Hebrew law giver turned into more modern channels, Marker will some day himself be a leader of men.





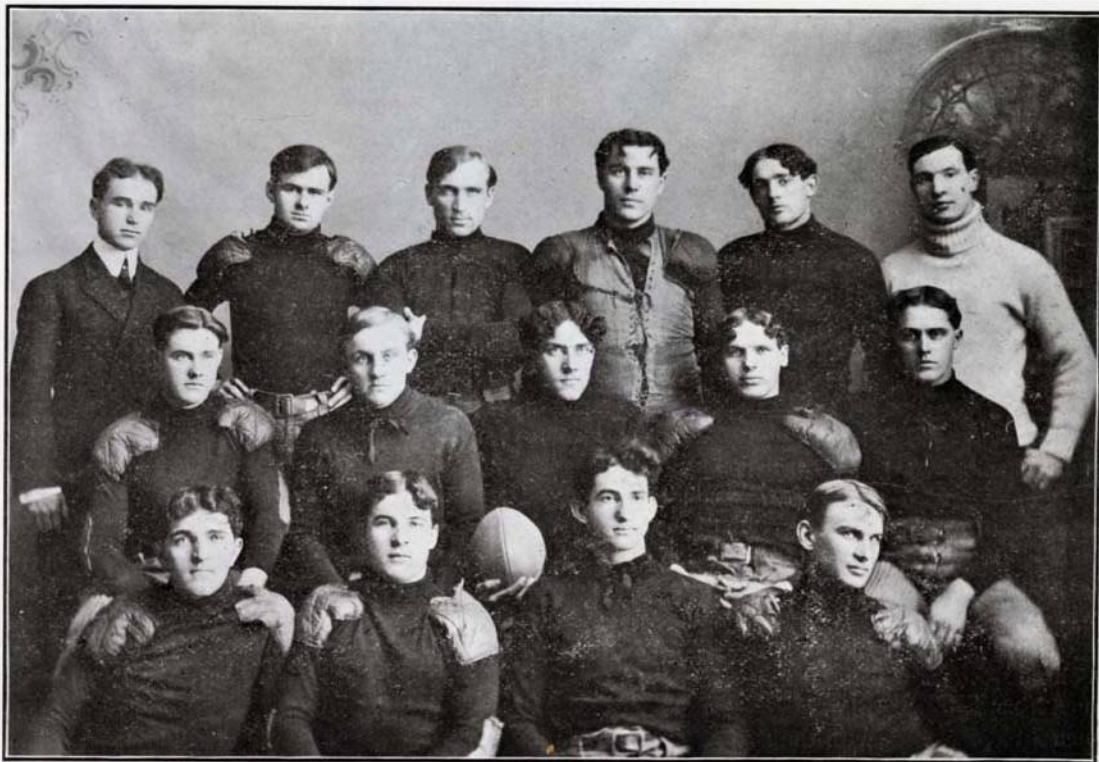


The football season of '04 was the best Willamette has experienced for years. Near the close of the season when the men had been well trained, had come to know and love each other, backed by the best coach we have ever had and by a united spirit of confidence emanating from Student Body, Faculty and city, we had a team ready and anxious to meet any college in the Northwest or even Berkeley.

The season began inauspiciously with defeat at U. of O. This should have been played on November 5 instead of October 15. By that time our men would have been in much better condition. But with the prospects of a game on November 5, shelved, and its other date as the only alternative—we braved it and lost on a muddy field.

The next important game was with Pacific, November 18, and proved an easy victory. On Thanksgiving Day we tried out with Albany on our home field and won, 16 to 0. This was the same score Multnomah had chalked against them so the coming game with that Club was the most interesting to contemplate.

On the M. A. A. C. field, outweighed about twenty pounds per man, our valiant eleven battled against the Club men—held them at bay and were really their superiors at every point of the game except punting. By their timely booting they kept out of danger and by the aid of a decision contrary to the rules managed to score during the last few minutes of the game. Great was the rejoicing at the excellent showing our men made, but bitter was the thought of that unearned score.





Coach Bishop

The coach of a football team is not the whole team. But a coach with the proper spirit, besides teaching the men the game, can instill into them that inspiration, loyalty and love, which will hold them together, "eleven as one" and make them play even better than they know.

Fortunately, Manager Miller secured such a man when he signed Chauncey Bishop, End Columbia, '03, for the season. Coach Bishop surely did his part. He had the right spirit and his men learned to love him. He put himself into the work with all his splendid power, and sent the men into the games with the true Willamette spirit, which never quits, but grows stronger—stems the tide of opposition and wins.



Basket Ball—





Girls' Basketball

The Girls' Basketball team of Willamette was composed of five of the pluckiest girls that ever bloomed forth in bloomers. Most of them had never before played in a match game, yet they did not fail to put up a strong fight in their first game on the home floor, against Albany, which team later won the state championship.

On the spacious floor of the Agricultural College Armory, against the swift farmer maidens, they lost by a few points, but the game was played with an earnestness and vim which showed that they were doing their best for "Old Willamette."

Lebanon High School and Chemawa were both defeated on the home floor, and these games gave the Co-ed worshippers a chance to go wild.

Enthusiasm runs high at Willamette at all times, and the Girls' Basketball team has certainly deserved its share of all good things.

SCORES

Albany, 9	Willamette, 5*
Lebanon, 9	Willamette, 15*
Corvallis, 9	Willamette, 4
Chemawa, 13	Willamette, 8
Chemawa, 11	Willamette, 18*

*Played on the home floor.



Boys' Basketball

The Boys' Basketball season ended with Willamette in the trio for the intercollegiate championship for Oregon.

The first game of the season was played on our own floor with the splendid aggregation from Newberg, a game which ended in a decisive victory for Willamette. This victory at the beginning of the season was a great impetus for the encouragement of basketball; and the way in which the wearers of the cardinal and old gold upheld their insignia was a true manifestation of the spirit which is found in the breast of every Willamette athlete.

The next game was played between the City Y. M. C. A. and our invincible quintet and was a repetition of the first.

The game which we most reluctantly recall was the game played at Monmouth. The floor was too small to permit good team work, and, although the game ended ingloriously for us as to score, we had every confidence in our team, which played as they never played before. We regret very much that a return game could not be secured.

The game in which our men showed what kind of stuff they are made of was that played on the floor at Corvallis. Although fighting at tremendous odds, the upholders of Willamette colors fought like demons, and never showed the white feather from the start until the finish; yet, while defeat stared them in the face, their hopes were undaunted, and in the return game they proved to their opponents that they not only knew how to play but also how to win. This game was the best exhibition of basketball ever witnessed on Willamette's floor. For the first time and the only time during the season, the old team got together, and such team work and passing was never witnessed in our home gym. This splendid playing was due mainly to Pollard, our "Old Stand By," who, as a center, has no equal in the Northwest; also to Judd who has yet to meet his superior as a forward. Captain Whipple showed himself not only to be an expert player but a general who knew how to handle his team. Swift-footed Miller was everywhere in a minute and proved himself a mighty arm of strength. There is one more, Simpson, who is deserving of worthier mention than pen can proclaim. He has the stuff in him and with a few more years experience as a guard will have no peer in the Northwest.



The last game of the season and by no means the least spectacular was played upon the Evangelical floor at Dallas. The swift Dallas aggregation proved themselves to be the better players on their own floor. The quintet from Willamette were greatly handicapped by the loss of Pollard and Simpson; notwithstanding this fact, the men who tossed the sphere did all that could be asked of any team; they did their best, and Willamette feels proud of every man who upheld the colors of his Alma Mater. Dallas forfeited the return game to us, to the deep regret of every student, because we were sure of victory and without doubt would have shown our Polk County friends how it is done.

This ended the Boys' Basketball season for the year 1904-05.



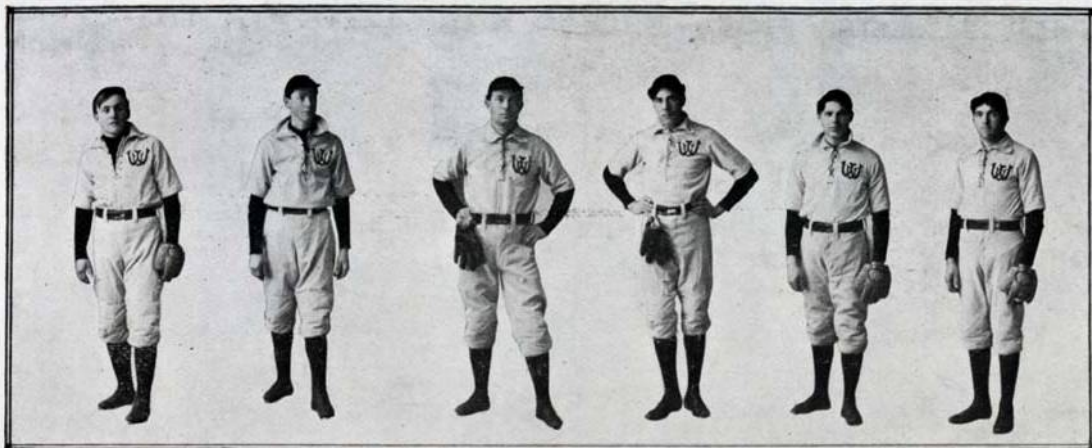
This year, at the suggestion of the University of Oregon, the old Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of Oregon has reorganized, and the meet of this association, which is to be held June 10, at Salem, will decide the state championship of Oregon.

Willamette does not aspire to be state champion this year, but with the able training of Mr. Keller, good foundation for a future victorious team will be laid.

Through the efforts of members of the Board of Trustees and other prominent men, a new crushed granite track has been put around the football field, and with this improvement our men will be able to train at all seasons of the year.

Willamette has no star track men this year, but better, she has plenty of material, the kind that will in the near future, win many victories for the cardinal and old gold.

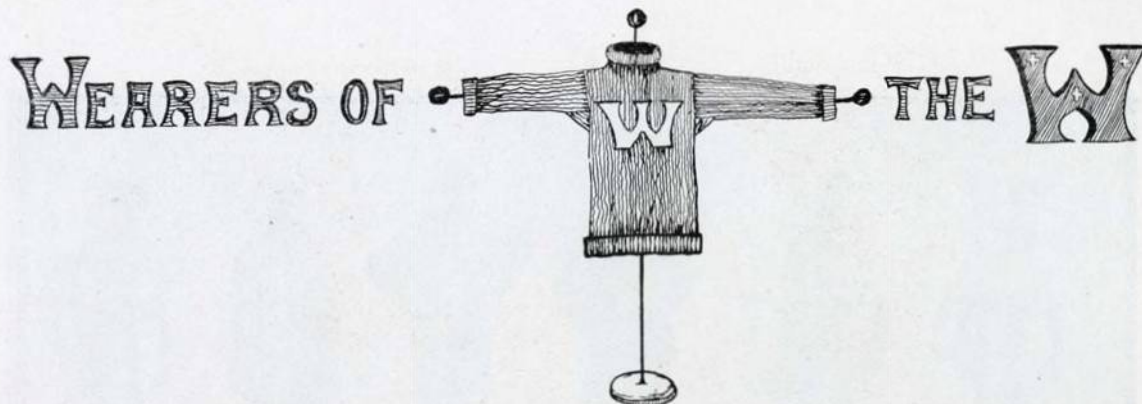
The best men on the track so far this year are Miller, Ford, James and Lounsbury. All of these men are old track men and promise to show to the other colleges on June 10 that they are formidable antagonists.



every university and at most of the colleges in the state, the great game promises to take, in Oregon, the place it already holds throughout the United States.

The prospects for a winning team at Willamette this year are bright. There is almost an unlimited amount of material to choose from, and the fact that the squad is composed entirely of old players avoids the usual embarrassment of "working up raw material."

Games are being arranged with all the best amateur teams in the state, in addition to the college teams. The schedule is a good one, and will include games with the University of Oregon, Columbia University, the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club, Hill Military Academy, Mt. Angel College, the Chemawa Indian School, and practice games with Dallas College, the O. S. N. S. at Monmouth, the Salem High School and the Eugene High School.



This list extends back only to 1902.

FOOTBALL

Judd,	Marquam,	Beauchamp,	Nace,
Gale,	Young,	Hewitt,	Rader,
Wolf,	Lucas.	Unruh,	Patton,
Cashatt,	Miller,	Love,	Beach,
Clark,	Riddell, W.,	Knotts,	Long, M. M.,
Simpson,	Riddell, E.,	Henkle,	Ford
Parsons,	Pollard,	Marker,	
Jerman,	Rebhan,	Nelson,	
Matthews,	Long, O. B.,	Lounsbury,	

TRACK

Judd,	Spires,
Ford,	Love,
James,	Unruh.
Miller,	

BASKETBALL

Pollard,	Miller,
Judd,	Whipple,
Matthews,	Rader,
Winslow,	Simpson,
Parsons,	Jerman.



CAMPUS TENNIS CLUB

Campus Tennis Club

Inasmuch as the majority of the members of the Campus Tennis Club for some years were actual students of the University, the game lagged through the vacation season because of the absence of many members at their homes and upon business elsewhere than in Salem; but when the by-laws were amended so as to take in former students and some others who evinced an extraordinary interest in the game, tennis again took upon itself new life and for the last two years the courts have presented a gay and festive appearance each evening.

At any time very little "posing" has been done upon these courts, and while dimity, lawn, white flannel and duck, along with shirts and waists of red, blue, and green have been in daily evidence, motion has been a too prevalent factor to allow any person or combination of colors to center upon one spot long enough to present a picture of ease. Our courts lie open to the west, and the game can be carried on almost into the night. Upon an evening when we experience one of our Old Oregon's gorgeous sunsets, with the Woman's Hall and the main University Building in the middle distance standing tall and dark against a sea of fire, one will forget all else for the time but that it is typical of the bright future of Old Willamette, and that we are a part and parcel of this grand old institution.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." What is prettier than a newly marked tennis court, with its perfect setting of grass, shrub and tree reaching up to sky-line—why it is a cameo,—“a thing of beauty” and “a joy forever,” because in after years some of the most pleasant recollections of college days will be of the jokes, tales and songs, as we sat late in the dusk on the “old grand stand” for many years a piece of portable 4x4x16.

Two years ago, “Daddy” presented a new grandstand to the club and as the treasury was a minus quantity a house-mover could not be had, so Thielsen, Emmett and others carried it from down town. The following summer so much of it was whittled away that it was found necessary to build an extension 2x10x8 feet, and for the present season one will be erected having a seating capacity of at least eight. The courts will be put in perfect order, the lawn mower will buzz—whitewash will appear over night upon all the wooden backnet fixtures, up-to-date faucets, a log chain on the tin cup or vice versa—an eight ton safe for the “marker” and the “line” over night, a machine gun and four cases of squirrel poison for those who play in heeled shoes (breathe here). Well—everybody will have it put up or shut up (dues) and that is the way the Campus Tennis Club will appear in its new spring suit in its fourteenth year—1905.



NETTIE BECKNER

CHESTER COX

MABEL ROBERTSON

JNO. W. REYNOLDS

ALMA HALES

LUCIA COCHRANE

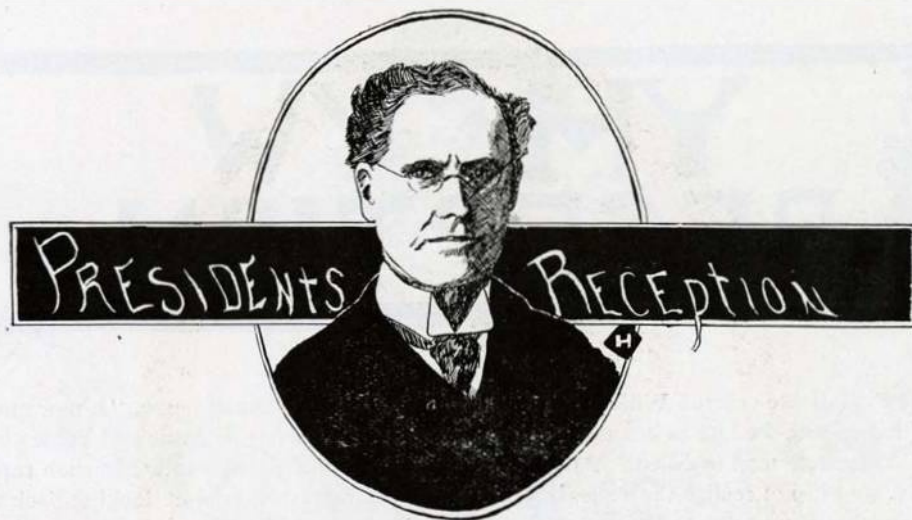
OLIVE RIGBY

FRANK WILLMAN

- OFFICERS -
PRES.
PAUL WALLACE
SECY.
FRANK WILLMAN
TREAS.
NETTIE BECKNER
- 1905 -



In a Social Way



As the crow flies, there's many a weary mile stretched out between Hood and Jefferson, Adams and St. Helens. Yet to travellers in retrospect these peaks of infinite beauty are held in pleasant memory.

Epoch marks as these, the President's receptions loom before us. Its features of multifold variety; its results a complete harmony, whether lights go out and candles sputter, whether the receiving row of dignified Faculties shake us one by one by the hand; whether the souvenir is our President's face or his favorite expressions; no matter the program, no matter the decorations, we, having been there, know that the President's Reception crowns our year.

Held at the Hall where many a nook and corner lurk, where cheery rooms and spacious corridors abound, whether in Fall when choke of homesickness estranges the new-comer, or in Spring time when thoughts of approaching separation tinge with sadness the otherwise so gay a throng—we welcome the eve on which, clad in our best, we climb the broad steps and twirl the bell. Then, as amid the hum and buzz of conversation or to the strains of sweet music we move from room to room, a nod here, a bow there, stopping anon for a longer exchange, as we—never alone—seek quiet corners or descend to the dining rooms, we are conscious of the feeling that here, at last, is college life—the college life of which we had so fondly dreamed.



YM AND YW RECEPTION

Each of us, as we entered Willamette's halls, assumed the common name, "a new student." One other experience we had in common—we very soon laid aside this name and knew ourselves only as a Willamette man or co-ed. At the times, events followed one another in such rapid succession that we did not realize the cause of this happy transformation; but looking back upon it later we saw that it was due to our reception by the old students, and that the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. played an active part in this reception.

How could we forget those first two weeks and the pleasure they brought us? The first week, every one was talking of Saturday: "Oh, you'll get better acquainted with her Saturday," etc. What did it all mean? Ah, we learned; for, after the Y. W. C. A. reception Saturday afternoon, and in the evening the "big time" which the Y. M. C. A. provided in the Gym., each girl felt acquainted with every other girl in school, and each man with every other man.

But this was not all. On the following week there came an invitation to a reception given jointly by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. This was followed by an announcement in chapel of the same event. If it was Professor Hawley who made the announcement, he probably said, "it is an opportunity for meeting one another, which no one should miss." We went, nor did we regret it. During the evening there was an address of welcome from one of the students, and also from one of the professors, and these, together with the cordial greeting we received from each old student, made us feel that we were, indeed, one of them.

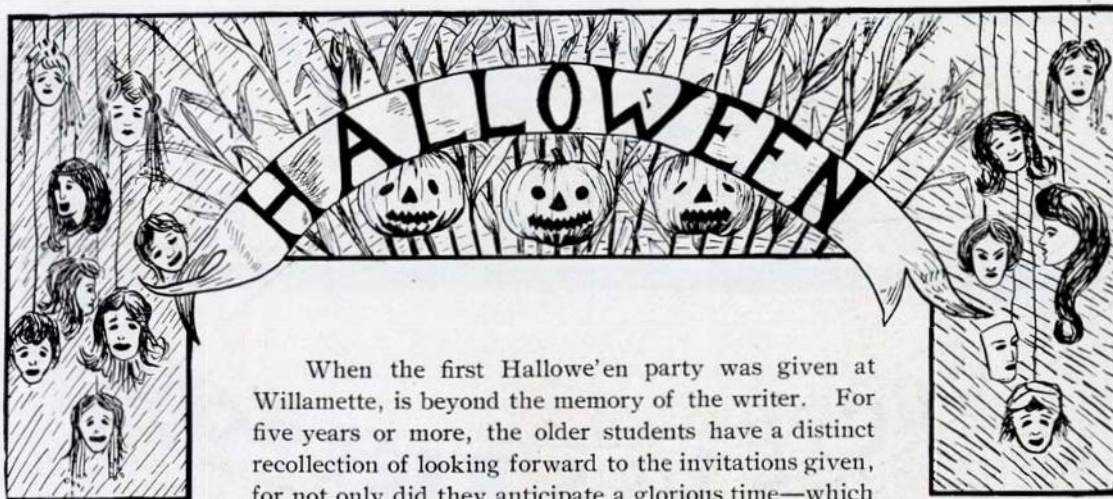


When one enters the University, his time is well occupied during the first two weeks in becoming acquainted, accustoming himself to his surroundings, and in settling down to study. But at the end of that time he begins to find something besides his class work.

During these two weeks the Literary Societies have been opening up their work for the year, and with their "wheels oiled" so the machinery runs smoothly, they, too, have time to take up something new.

And so it is, that at the end of the third or fourth week, the Literary Societies present a further interest to the new student, and by a joint reception to all students, first introduces him to their circles through the social door. An interesting program is enjoyed, and there is usually something new as a feature of the entertainment.

When the evening is over, many have found in the societies the "something" they need in addition to the class work, and hope to become members of some one of them; while all who must elect to deprive themselves of this advantage have learned to appreciate the societies and regret that their share of the benefits must, for a while, be only those which are open to all.



When the first Hallowe'en party was given at Willamette, is beyond the memory of the writer. For five years or more, the older students have a distinct recollection of looking forward to the invitations given, for not only did they anticipate a glorious time—which they always had—but also they found a question mark

hanging on their tongues, as to what shape these little messages themselves would take. One year there was a ghost on a ball of red which enclosed the coveted words; another time brown paper burned into fanciful shapes, with a drawing of some special Hallowe'en feature sketched in one corner, bore the message; pumpkin-shaped cards with eyes, nose and mouth in prominence, telling when, where and how, appeared the year following; and this last year an old witch with her broom carried the invitation on her skirts.

The decorations are always well made up of grinning pumpkin faces, strings of apples, and bowers of autumn leaves.

The amusements are varied. You can read your fate any time you desire, as the opportunities are numerous. A ghost related to us one year a few of the things yet to befall us; an old Indian spoke our future in magical words at another time; and then again a wizard, with a deep voice, told the signs of the times and gave us salt and sugar to eat. That was cheerful. But we had other things to eat also—there were sandwiches of brown bread, beans, pumpkin pie, apples and cider.

After this came the stories around the fireplace as the lights burned low, and then the good-nights, for the Hallowe'en party was a thing of the past.

VARIOUS

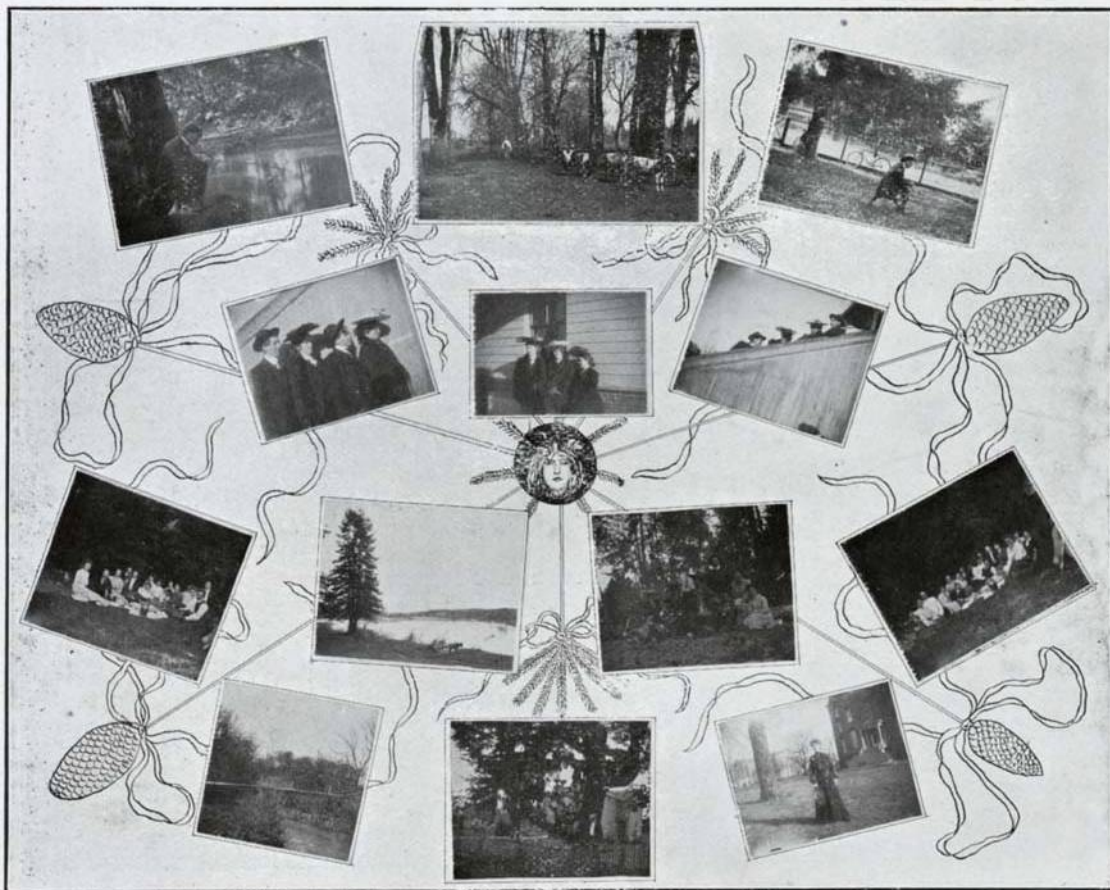


VIEWS





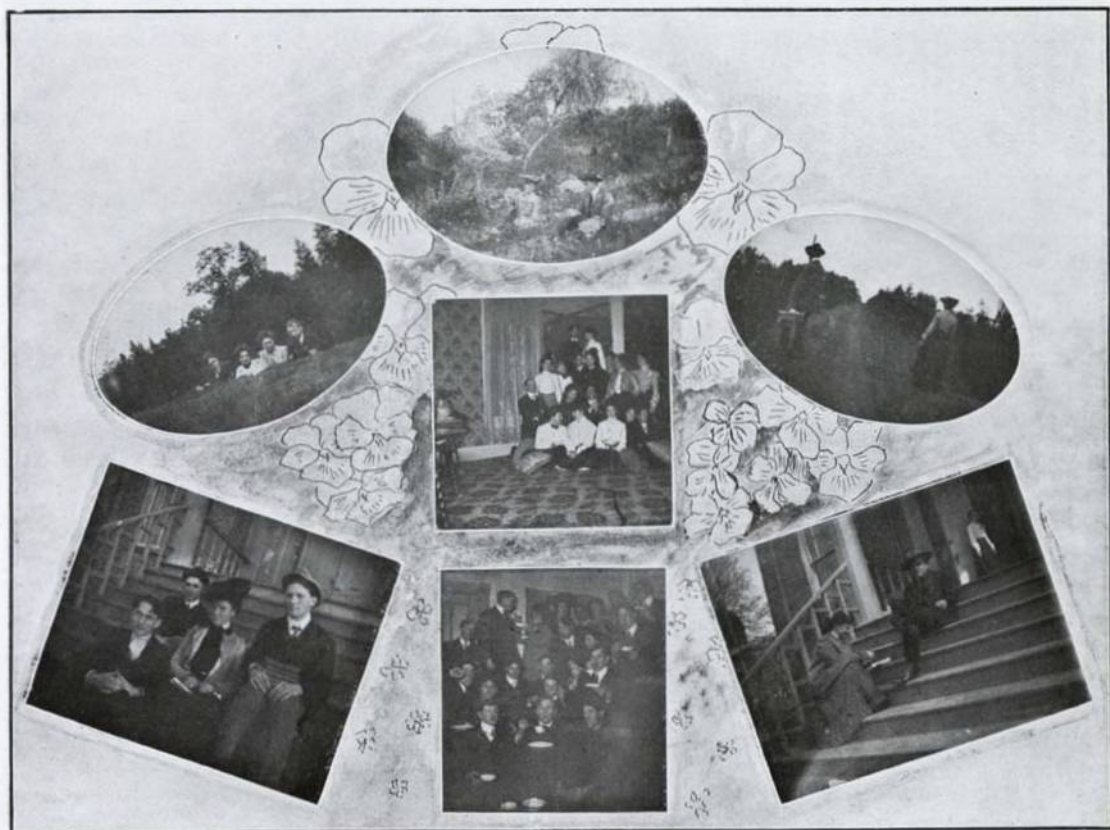


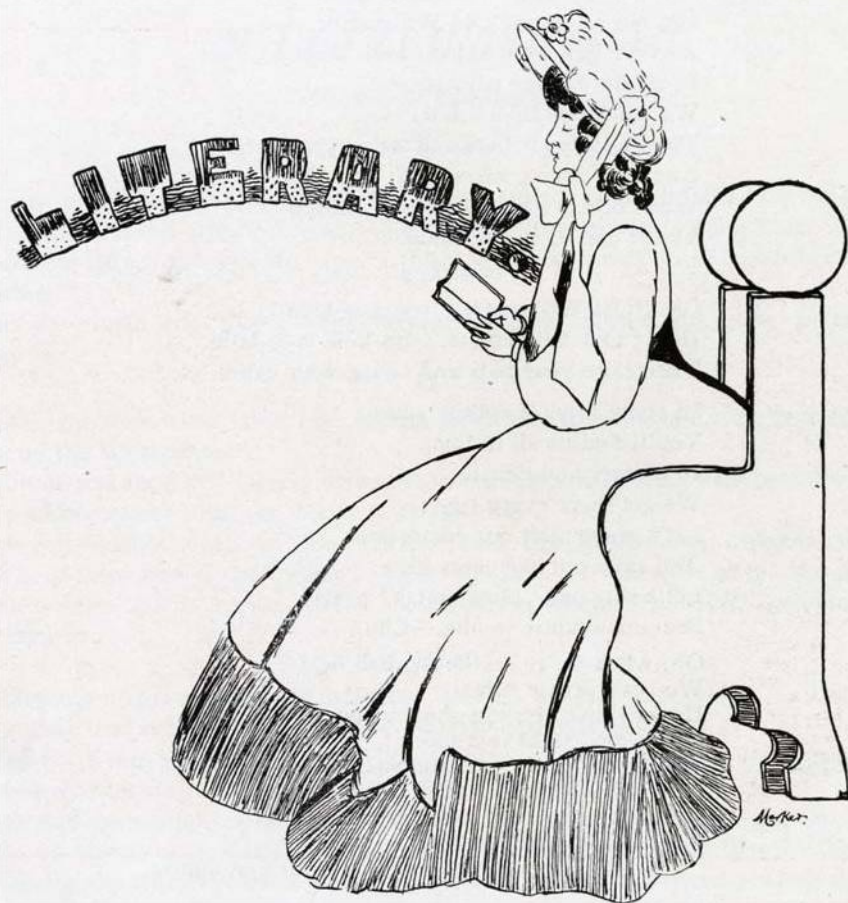












“Old Willamette”

Tune—Solomon Levi

Oh, our name is “Old Willamette,
And we hail from Salem, too,
In all the college contests,
We win more than a few.
Then raise your hats and swing your canes,
And sing your praises loud;
When others reach the mountain-top
You'll find us in the cloud.

CHORUS

Oh, “Old Willamette,” tra-la-la-la-la-la.
Dear “Old Willamette,” tra-la-la-la-la-la.
Then raise your hats and swing your canes, etc.

In every kind of college sport,
You'll find us all in line,
In oratory and debate
We get there every time;
Let's wave aloft our colors bold,
And raise our pennants high,
Let's sing our “alma matas” praise
From now until we die.—Cho.

Oh, when we're on the football field
We never knew defeat,
If you think you can show us one,
We're glad to have a meet.
We'll rush your ends, and smash your line
And run our tackles through,
And when you find where you are ‘at’
Your chances will be few.

Chorus—and repeat first stanza.

A Tale of Old Oregon

In Seven Chapters

J. T. Matthews, '86

I

Like many another tale of Old Oregon this story gathered color and direction before the characters came to the country. Jason Lee and Anna Maria Pittman met in New York.

"A charming lady," thought Mr. Lee, "but I am not sure I should wish her for my wife, notwithstanding."

So wont are single men to ponder a certain question, always the same, pertaining to the maidens they see.

II

Then came the time when Jason Lee, Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard were managing the Oregon Mission by the Willamette.

The solitude was absolute:—Every man of them was unmarried, they kept batch in a log cabin, with never a white woman from the Pacific to the Rockies.

"This savage loneliness eats my life," cried Jason Lee to his heart, "besides, the Christian family must be planted here if the Indian is to be elevated. I will write to the Missionary Board in New York to select a wife for me. They can send her along when Sarah Downing comes out to brother Shepard.

III

"A reinforcement for the Oregon Missions sailing around Cape Horn——disembarked at Honolulu——take first ship to the Columbia——ladies in the party."

The good news was brought in 1836, in September, by Dr. Whitman's company, which included the first white women that crossed the Rocky Mountains.

And now autumn scarlet and gold must tarnish, then winter wail and weep great showers, and spring trip in all dressy and warbling. But every day the lonely watchers by the Willamette would be guessing the whereabouts of the voyagers, and praying for friendly winds to waft them.

Rosy cheeked June tossed a letter to Jason Lee.

"Brethren," he cried, "they have come—eight adults and several children, all safe and sound at Fort Vancouver. Brother Shepard, your Sarah is there too."

Then away sped this modern Jason to fetch the reinforcement and—the one that had been sent expressly for him.

IV

Fort Vancouver was a simple rectangular stockade. Within, facing the great double-ribbed front gate, stood the residence of the governor, Dr. McLoughlin. Here in his spacious reception hall the ever hospitable doctor and his officers are entertaining the newly arrived missionaries.

Jason Lee enters.

"Mr. Lee, allow me to present Miss Anna Maria Pittman, of New York."

Every one present knows that these two are to be married if mutually suited.

A dramatic situation at a psychological moment. In the fore-ground a man and a woman, facing, her right hand in his; she, a tall, dark lady, blushing slightly, palpitating a little; he, a mountain of a man, six feet four, with high forehead and blue eyes,—evidently delighted with the prepossessing lady before him. The back-ground is a little array of faces where amusement and concern are mingled.

V

At the landing in front of the Fort the canoes are ready, the Indian paddlers waiting, the visitors bidding their hosts farewell.

Miss Pittman's friends whisper, smile, nod, point,—then embark, and leave her to seat herself in a canoe alone with Mr. Lee and a crew of Indians, who understand no English whatever. Happy arrangement. The Mission was sixty miles away. Two days the flotilla must leap under the paddles to reach the destined port. When has courtship had better chance?

Miss Pittman will talk about her long voyage. The sea-going missionaries rejoiced in the conversion of the steward of the ship, and gave Christian burial to the remains of the colored cook. Every Sunday at the Presbyterian Mission in Honolulu they saw a thousand or more natives assembled to hear the gospel.

Mr. Lee will tell how he came to Oregon,—on horseback—subsisting on game—driving cattle—encamping—decamping—away up the Snake River preaching the first sermon ever delivered west of the Rockies—at last reaching Fort Vancouver hungry and drenched.

Soon, very soon, Jason Lee would be leading his companion to discourse about the dear homeland, the persons he used to know, and the events since he left.

And he, in turn, would recite what the bachelors had been doing at the Mission. It was building and farming. It was baking and sweeping and mending. It was praying and preaching and teaching and trusting. It was getting one or two mails in a twelve-month. It was dreaming of home and the past, and planning for the coming empire.

Bye and bye Miss Pittman breathes out her hopes, her fears, her zeal. Mr. Lee sketches his previous life. Born in Canada of New England parentage, while a student at Wilbraham called of God to evangelize Indians, and again while teaching in the Stanstead Academy, he had already offered himself to the Wesleyan Missionary Society of London, when Dr. Fiske showed him the door that Providence had opened in Oregon.

The little fleet kept on, now racing, now plodding. The argonauts shouted from canoe to canoe. They sang, they laughed. Many were the exclamations excited by the majesty of Hood and the beauty of St. Helens. The first night they camped where Portland is now, the second at the mouth of Pudding River. The third day they left the canoe at Champoege, and galloped across the prairie on horses.

Cyrus Shepard was in the kitchen doing his morning work. He heard the tramping of hoofs. Hasten, Cyrus, to brush up a bit. Sarah has sailed half way round the globe to come to you. Too late for preparation is Shepard. So out he comes to greet his betrothed, his big, tall frame incased in an old brown kitchen frock.

At home now. A log cabin—puncheon floors—attic—chimney of sticks and clay—window lights of dried deer-skin—home made stools and tables—hearth of clay and ashes. Humble? Yes. But here were the beginnings of Willamette University, and, in an important sense, of the State of Oregon.

VI

Father Time boasts another month. This lovely Sunday morning will be famous for the first Anglo-Saxon wedding service in all the Oregon Territory. Cyrus Shepard and Sarah Downing are to be married.

In a grove near by the missionaries and their pupils are seated, and some wandering whites, and the Canadians from Champoege with their dusky wives and half-caste children. Indian

women, too shy to enter, stand about, their beaded leggings and scarlet shawls making a gay fringe around the auditorium.

A hymn, a prayer, some words about marriage,—then, to the amazement of all, except the two concerned, Jason Lee leads Anna Maria Pittman to the altar and calls upon Daniel Lee to marry them. When that is done Jason Lee pronounces Mr. Shepard and Miss Downing man and wife.

VII

“But I do not wish to go.”

Jason Lee has been married eight months. All the chronicles testify to the perfect harmony of that union.

“You must go, Mr. Lee. We must send reports and appeals to the Missionary Board and a memorial to congress. You are the man to take them.”

“I will talk it over with Mrs. Lee.”

“If you feel that it is your duty to go, go, for I did not marry you to hinder, but rather to aid you in the performance of your duty.

The reply has become historic. Mr. Lee went. At the moment of parting his poet wife gave him an original poem ending thus:

“Farewell husband ! while you leave me,
Tears of sorrow oft will flow;
Day and night will I pray for thee,
While through dangers you may go.
Oh remember
Her who loves you much, Adieu.”

Five months later Mr. Lee had gone as far as Pawnee Mission near Council Bluffs. At night he knelt in his bed-room to thank God that the worst part of the way lay behind him. He knew not that, nine weeks now, by swift relays, a black-sealed letter had on his trail been following.

Some one knocks. Mr. Lee opens the door. The black-sealed letter stabs deep. The infant son he never saw and his Anna Maria are dead.

Wunst

Bert Geer

Wunst when I wus a boy,
I didn't know they wus nothin'
In the world
But joy.
I haddent heard there wassent folks
'Tud play jokes
'N be good about it
'N ferget,
'N I aint yet
Got over bein' sorry
They aint
The things I used to know
'N loved so.
I wush I cud go back agin
'N be
'Nother boy,
Like I bin
Wunst.

They aint a place
Under the sun
'T I'd chase
'N run
Tu
Quicker' I wud
Back home
If I cud.
Wuddent you—
Wunst?

“Dad” Williams and the Debate

Frances Eolia Cornelius-Siewert, '01

“We’re up against it, Brown, unless we do some pretty tall scheming within the next twenty-four hours. That junior tryout is to be tomorrow night, and if we don’t get some of our frat men to smoke up, the anti-frats will scoop the whole thing. We can’t expect to handicap each one of the team; we’d be caught sure. What we have got to do is to find out their strongest man and knock him out. Yes, I know that it is a precious delicate job, but I’ll tell you, Brown, we’ve got to do it. If our team, which has been raised in the debating atmosphere of the Delta Phi, lets those anti-frats win—gee whtakkers! it will kill us. Our team thinks it’s dead easy, and it doesn’t stand a show, unless something is done. Murray went out to the mountains Monday to see about his timber claim, and won’t be back until tonight, and, to tell you the truth, I would not give a row of pins for the brains in Gray’s and Jackson’s craniums combined. We’ve got to do something and do it quick. I was looking over the library register this morning, and would you believe that that man Cole, the anti’s leader, has had out every book in the library that begins to bear on the subject? I looked over our team’s list, and not one has begun to read what he has. I’ve got twenty dollars toward a buy-off for the judges, but since this reform song has been going the rounds, that will be a pretty risky business. The thing we’ve got to do is to knock one of their men out completely, and it had better be Cole. With him nonplussed it will be a walk-over for the frats.”

Williams, the speaker, was the leading spirit of the Delta Phi. Though he had never been able to command a place on a debating team himself, he felt that his personal honor was at stake in the contest between his society and the members of the junior class, who were opposed to fraternities and hence called “anti-frats.” The only son of indulgent parents, he had always looked upon college life as an inexhaustible reservoir of excitement and fun, its only detracting feature being the occasional necessity of study. Though a source of untold annoyance to his teachers, he had been the originator of so many schemes which had rescued the organizations which he chose to honor with his allegiance, and numerous school friends who, but for him, would have long since been expelled, that he was the joy of his colleagues and the dread of his opponents. Nothing seemed to daunt “Dad” Williams—for so he was called, because of his paternal air toward his

schoolmates—and frequently after the success of a doubtful undertaking he would assume a tragical pose and exclaim, "Ah, Williams, thou wert born to wield the rod of victory over thy chosen ones and to bring sorrow to the hearts of those who dare to oppose thee."

Brown was one of Williams' ardent admirers, and willingly aided in carrying out his plans, feeling complimented that His Majesty had seen fit to select him for an accomplice. At nine o'clock on the evening in question, a low whistle sounded at Brown's door. It was answered from within and Williams entered. The room was dark and its sole occupant was evidently in bed.

"Sick, Brown?"

"Yes, old man, sick as a dog. I say, but it's a scheme! I've got a bottle here on the table filled up with water, plus coloring of blackberry juice, and a box of capsules filled with powdered chalk. I put the light out so that if any of the fellows should come in they would not notice. My cheeks have had a dose of water colors and I am in a high fever. Oh, my, but it's great."

"You'll do," commented "Dad." "When he comes you had better be in a stupor and keep your face toward the wall. Got your medicines labeled, have you?"

"Yes," replied Brown, "one every three hours if awake. You're sure he will come?"

"Gee whtakers, yes! He's so sympathetic, he'd sit up all night with a sick cat. Well, so long," and Williams slipped out the way that he had come.

Ten minutes later he knocked at the door of Cole, the leader of the anti-frat junior debating team.

"Why, good evening, Williams. Will you come in?"

"No, thanks; I just came over, Cole, to tell you that Brown has taken down with a violent fever and is needing some one to sit up with him tonight. I have just come from there. The doctor says it may be the beginning of a lingering attack, though he can not be sure until morning, and he advised me to run down on tonight's train and send some of his folks up to look after him. They live in a little town and can not be reached by wire. If you can go over I will relieve you as soon as I get back in the morning."

"Why, yes, certainly, I'll go right over. Good night."

A few minutes later Williams again stood at Cole's door, trying a key in the lock. With little difficulty he gained an entrance. Then, locking the door after him, he lighted a small lamp which stood on the newspaper-covered table.

The principal object of his visit was the first thing that met his eyes. Fifteen sheets of care-

fully prepared manuscript lay on the table. He read the first page and exclaimed, " Gee whita-
kers, but this is luck!" He looked over the pages to see that he had them all, then folded the
whole and put it in his pocket.

Next he took a survey of the room. Everything bore an air, not only of economy, but of
poverty. Cole evidently did his own cooking, for the doorless closet disclosed some cooking uten-
sils and a few groceries, while the stove was an old range ready for the junk pile. To his astonish-
ment he discovered that the only suit of clothes which Cole had must be on his back, for no others
were in sight and he remembered that those Cole wore were badly worn. The bed was made of
straw, and the only ornament which the room contained was the photograph of a white-haired,
care-worn looking woman. Williams thought of his comfortable apartments in a twenty dollar
boarding house and muttered invectives against the circumstances that made it necessary for him
to be elsewhere tonight. He picked up a stray sheet of paper. It contained a list of names of
persons for whom Cole had apparently been honing razors, with the amount recived from each.
Then he noticed a dozen or more letters all addressed in the same hand writing. He started to
pick one up, but his eyes met those of the careworn face in the picture. She seemed to be reproach-
ing him for his unkindness to her boy and he cowered before her accusations as he would not have
done had he been listening to his condemnation from the lips of the university president. Remov-
ing his hat he apologetically took from his pocket King's manuscript and laid it before the pic-
ture. Then, from another pocket, he took the twenty dollars that he had laid aside to buy off the
judges. Wrapping it in a scrap of paper, he wrote on it "For your mother's sake," and laid it on
top the manuscript. Extinguishing the light, he quietly left the room.

A few minutes later, Williams appeared in Brown's room. Approaching Cole on tip-toe, he
said, " I met a man that was going down there and I told him to tell them. I'll stay with Brown
tonight; you've got to save yourself for the junior debate and I haven't."

To Robert Louis Stevenson

Earl S. Riddell

Thou master mind of a day just past,
To whom the cares and many ills of life were but one great, glad joy,
Whose vision was not dimmed, e'en at the last,
Nor pain nor suffering could they hope destroy.
Daily it was thine to "play the man,"
To make life gladder for the ones whom thou could'st reach,
To keep thy thoughts unsullied, tho' they ran
In channels wide and deep, that thou the truth might'st teach.

Stories of the Old Third Story

Rev. P. S. Knight

I fear that some who read this will recognize these old yarns as now being told for about the three hundred and thirty-third time. Everything here related happened before the year 1862. The writer lived in the third story of the old institute, did his own cooking and all his studying in a room about ten feet square, and part of the time had a room-mate. He has forgotten the number of rooms in the story, but all were generally occupied, and we were all "boys." Some of us were church members, all were earnest students, and all had ready eyes and ears for everything in the line of innocent fun.

All that part of Salem now known as the depot ground and Yew Park was a wooded wilderness then, and we used to go out there to recite our "pieces," and our elocution teacher often took his class out for vocal and oratorical exercise. One boy in our crowd found it hard to memorize his declamations. He was seen one afternoon going down stairs with a book in his hand. When asked where he was going, he said: "I am going out in the woods to commit this declamation to memory or die." Two hours later he was seen coming up the stairs with slow, discouraged steps. As the boys greeted him he said: "Well, I have about concluded to die."

Our teacher in Latin one day said to the class that he would be glad to have any member of the class bring Latin sentences found while reading to the class at recitation time as side exercises in translation. Not long after the writer found DeCartes' celebrated sentence, "Cogito, ergo sum" (I think, therefore I am). One of the class looked at it a moment and translated as follows: "I think I am some." No one who knew that student's estimate of himself questioned the aptness of the translation.

In those days we used to play American baseball, in the plain, old-fashioned way, but we never heard of an inter-collegiate contest of any kind whatever.

Of the dirty English mud-hole scramble called football we knew as little then as the boys of today know of Jiu Jitsu. In fact, most of us were trying to work our own way in school, and we had little time for such things. We had no money to spend on professional sports, and our fun was incidentally and accidentally woven into our daily life. Sometimes it even took the form of

mischief. One New Year's eve one of the students climbed into the bell tower, fastened a fine wire to the clapper, tied a long string to the end of the wire, hid in a tree some distance away and tolled the bell for the dying year. One of the professors, thinking to catch the disturber of his rest, climbed into the tower with a lighted candle, looked all over the bell, and, failing to see anything, started down. As he reached about the third round of the ladder the clapper gave the bell a stunning stroke. The professor dropped his candle and disappeared in the darkness, and the doleful tolling for the dying year went on. It was common report among the students afterward that the professor believed in spooks.

One of the best remembered jokes of the old time was one in which the joke was turned on the jokers. There was an accession to the third story crowd from old Yamhill, a modest appearing young fellow, and two of the boys marked him for a "greeny." In great confidence they whispered to the other boys that on a certain evening they intended to take the young Yamhiller out "sniping." Then some more whispering was done on the side. The boy from Yamhill was taken into confidence, posted on all points in the old sniping trick, and told to follow the lead of the two jokers to a certain point, and then vary the program in an unexpected way. When the appointed evening came they led him to the creek a little south of where the depot buildings now stand. They explained to him how to hold the sack, and then pretended to go up the stream to drive down the snipes. So soon as they were out of sight in the brush he dropped the sack and started at full speed for the Institute.

When he arrived he was immediately hidden in one of the rooms. In a little while the jokers came, telling in wonderful glee how they had played the stale old joke on the young greeny from Yamhill. The boys all appeared to join in the enjoyment of the joke for a time, but finally some one suggested that the night was dark, that so unsophisticated a young fellow as that might fall in the creek or get lost in the woods, and the joke might end in a tragedy for which the jokers would be held responsible. Finally they began to look at the matter seriously and went out to look for their victim. They found the sack, but he in whose hands they had placed it was gone. For hours they tramped up and down the stream and out into the woods calling his name, while their "sympathizing" fellow students stood at their windows listening and laughing. Finally, well on toward morning, they gave up the search and started, wearied and troubled, for their rooms. And it was so planned that the first person they met at the head of the stairway was the victim of their "joke." And when they heard the loud laughter that came from the rooms and echoed along

the narrow hall of the old third story, they began to understand that the jokers had been joked and the snipers sniped.

But let no one dream that the third story boys were always dealing in jokes. It would be as reasonable to suppose that their only food was pepper and salt. They used pepper and salt at times, but mingled these with the more needful and substantial articles of food. Their fun was not their life, but simply the spice of life.

They dealt not only with the sobrieties of life, but also with its solemnities. We had our literary exercises, our hot debates, and our societies. And it is to the few of us still living an often mentioned cause for regret that the old Philomatheon and Hesperian Societies have not been kept alive by the younger generation.

In our literary meetings various exercises were given. At one of them a certain member was asked to read an original poem, being given a week in which to write it. Feeling his inability to satisfy himself, he read the following as an excuse:

Nature's Poetry

Is there no poetry in this bright world
Save that which flows in verse or metred rhyme?
Has Nature's voice no soft and solemn strains,
No sounds to please the ear of harmony?
Go thou and stand by yonder rolling stream
And view the restless current as it flows
Down toward old ocean. Dost thou need the sound
Of jingling rhymes to teach thee that thy life
Floats softly, slowly, silently away,
Even as the waters of that rolling stream
Flow downward to the sea? Go climb yon cliff
That overlooks the ocean's wide expanse,
When storm clouds gather in the murky sky,
And rushing whirlwinds dash the feathered spray

Against the surf worn rock. Dost thou again
Ask for some stirring strain to fill thy soul
With thoughts of grandeur and sublimity?
Go when the moon is up and all the stars
Have lit their lamps, and scan the azure dome,
Where planets roll and stationary worlds
Light their eternal fires and hold the reins
Of planetary systems. Dost thou ask
Some favored bard to strike his smooth-toned lyre
That thou may'st hear the music of the spheres?
No; Nature's poetry is not in rhyme
Or measured verse. It burdens every breeze
And breathes in every gale that sweeps the earth.
Its spirit fills the soul with glowing thoughts
That fettered genius strives in vain to stamp
In metred lines. The brook, the rolling stream,
The ocean with its never ceasing swell,
The grove, the glen, the forest and the plain,
The mount that lifts its bald and hoary head
High up toward heaven; the revolving worlds
That fill immensity with light, all speak
A language of their own, a silent tongue,
Man may not utter but may comprehend.

The Vacationist

Bert Geer

Out, out, out of the town.

Away back, back to the hills.

I'll tan my face to a dusky brown,

And roam the whither my spirit wills.

Care free out of the town,

Up where the babbling brooks come down.
Over the beautiful hills.

Away down, down by the sea.

Down where the cooling salt winds blow,
I'll tan the torturing skin of me

To a hue of a healthy rustic glow—

Care free, down by the sea.

Down where the winds bring peace to me,
Down by the billowy sea.

Ye Olde Willamette Students

One of the "Old Timers" has been asked to furnish an article for "Wallulah," concerning what has been accomplished by the old time students of Willamette. Here follows his response.

It is almost entirely statistical. To moralize or philosophize at any length upon the influences that have radiated from "Old Willamette" through the work of her students during her sixty years history would consume more space than can be spared. A string of names and titles is suggestive just as are the tables of a census report. They invite contemplation and they may furnish inspiration.

The brief summary which is here submitted, imperfect and incomplete as it is, shows that our Alma Mater has made no mean record.

A large proportion of her pioneer students are still doing active and effective service, and it is a pleasure to know that Dr. Hoyt, who was president of the University in the early fifties is still in the harness, and that Dr. Gatch who was president more than forty years ago, and who served in that capacity for fourteen years, is still doing effective work as the president of the Oregon State Agricultural College.

Some of the old University programmes of forty and fifty years ago, illumined as they are with the names of those who are still active and prominent in public life, effectually refute the suggestions of Dr. Osler that after forty a man is useless and after sixty he should smother himself in chloroform.

On July 17, 1861, forty-four years ago, at an entertainment given by the Hesperian Society, one of the pioneer societies of the University, the following, among others, took part:

C. B. Bellinger, now United States District Judge, subject, "What I believe."

George H. Durham, now a practicing attorney of Grants Pass, subject, "'Tis a time for memory and for tears."

Rev. P. S. Knight, of Salem, who has since pronounced over 350 wedding ceremonies, and officiated at over 750 funerals, subject, "Liberty is too young to die." After a lapse of forty-four years she still lives.

From 1860 to 1865 on the Society and University programmes the names of C. B. Bellinger,



T. T. GEER

P. S. Knight, P. L. Willis, George H. Durham, T. H. Crawford, J. A. Sellwood, C. W. Parrish, S. C. Simpson, R. O. Dunbar, P. M. Denny and H. H. Gilfry frequently appear.

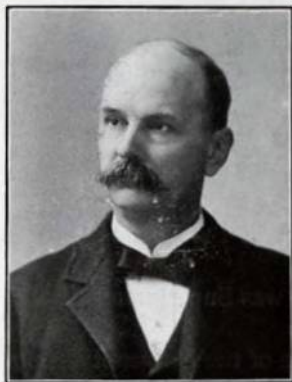
On the programme dated February 24, 1865—over forty years ago—there appear the names of J. A. Sellwood, still a resident of Salem, and for nearly a quarter of a century a teacher in our public schools; R. O. Dunbar, for years past a Judge of the Washington Supreme Court; P. M. Denny, afterwards Speaker of the House of the Utah Legislature; P. L. Willis, afterwards State Senator, member of the Portland Police Commission, now a member of the Port of Portland Commission, and long a conspicuous citizen of the state; J. L. Carter, late superintendent of the State School for the Blind; S. C. Simpson, afterwards State Superintendent of Public Instruction; and Henry H. Gilfry, later a member of the Oregon Legislature and for nearly thirty years past an official of the United States Senate.

The prophetic topic of his oration was "Visions of Office."

The name of William Galloway, now Circuit Judge of this District, frequently ornamented these old time programmes. The subjects of his declamations for three successive years, which were "Plea for Ireland," "Emmett's Vindication," and "Oppression" have given rise to suspicions that he is of Irish descent.

Upon a joint programme of the Alka and Athenaeum Societies of the University for March 13, 1874, thirty-one years ago, appear the names of Geo. W. Belt, late Superior Judge of Spokane, Washington; Stanley O. Royal, for many years past a leading member of one of the Ohio Conferences; J. N. Duncan, late County Judge of Linn County; L. H. Wells, now and for more than twenty years past one of the editorial staff of the Oregonian; Miss Ida Hutton, now Mrs. Ida Vaughn, stenographer of the Oregon Supreme Court; Gertie Holmes, the well known principal of the Holmes Business College of Portland; A. N. Moores, for more than a quarter of a century the manager of the Capital Lumbering Company, of Salem; Miss Sallie Chamberlin, now Mrs. C. B. Moores, of Salem; Miss Ollie Chamberlin, now Mrs. Geo. W. Belt, of Spokane; and Miss Bertha Moores, now connected with the Oregon Commission of the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

In every department of human activity the sons and daughters of Willamettee have been conspicuous.



HENRY H. GILFRY

Numbered among the ministry are C. C. Stratton, P. S. Knight, J. N. Denison, Stanley O. Royal, S. A. Starr, W. H. Miesse, L. F. Belknap, Harold Oberg, Frank Spaulding, M. T. Wire and H. N. Rounds.

Among the leaders in educational work are:

Thomas Crawford, formerly of the faculty of Willamette University, for a number of years City Superintendent of the Public Schools of Portland, and during recent years a member of the faculty of the State Agricultural College.

C. C. Stratton, a minister of unusual eloquence, and president in turn of the University of the Pacific at Santa Clara, California, Mills College at Oakland, California, Willamette University and Portland University.

Francis H. Grubbs, for years a member of the faculty of Willamette University, and now at the head of a leading printing establishment in Portland.

Syl. C. Simpson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and now a practicing attorney of San Francisco.

Joseph A. Sellwood, for over twenty years a teacher in the public schools.

Joseph L. Carter, County Superintendent of Union County and Superintendent of the State School for the Blind.

George A. Peebles, at one time County School superintendent of Marion County, and now principal of the State Normal School at Weston.

Thomas C. Jory, formerly of the faculty of the Willamette University, and well known for his work in Oregon and California.

Willis C. Hawley, for years president of Willamette University, president of the Willamette Valley Chatauqua Association, one of the best equipped educators in the Northwest, especially distinguished for his researches and lectures in the line of American History.

J. B. Horner, long a Professor and Dean of the faculty of the State Agricultural College.

Frank M. McCully, County School Superintendent and now Deputy State Superintendent of Schools in the state of Washington.

Samuel W. Holmes, for years past principal of public schools of Corvallis.

J. L. Wortman, who has a national reputation as a Professor of Geology in Yale University.

S. A. Starr, for more than ten years a member of the faculty of Willamette University.

Professor Matthews, for years, and at this time, a member of the faculty of Willamette University.

M. T. Crawford, at one time Superintendent of the Public Schools of Washington.

M. G. Royal, at one time Principal of the State Normal School at Weston, now a practicing attorney in Portland.

W. C. Alderson, who has done most excellent work as a Principal in the Public Schools of Portland.

H. S. Strange, who at the time of his death, a few years since, was Superintendent of the Schools of Clackamas County.

Some of the best work in our schools has been done by the Alumnae of the University, among whom entitled to special mention are Lucy A. M. Lee, Ellen J. Chamberlin, Nellie J. Stipp, Jane Miller Kellogg, Ida Hutton Vaughn, Sarelia Griffith Miller, Althea and Bertha Moores, Gertrude Holmes, Ruth Rounds, Margaret Cosper and Mary Reynolds.

Among those distinguished in journalism are Edgar B. Piper, now managing editor of the Oregonian; George E. Strong, formerly of the Oregonian staff; and L. H. Wells, of the same paper; and B. F. Irvine, the editor of the Corvallis Times, who is brilliant and versatile both as a writer and a public speaker.

In poetry, Sam L. Simpson, author of *Ad Willamettam*, and numerous other beautiful poems, stands in the first rank.

Rev. P. S. Knight is the author of a number of poems of great merit, and among others who have shown fine poetic talent may be named Professor Matthews, Pauline Whitson Shelton, Nellie J. Curl, Jane Miller Kellogg, and Henry H. Savage.

Along special lines should be named Captain Roswell H. Lamson, Oregon's naval hero, and Frederick G. Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, who achieved an international reputation.

Space will not permit the naming of all who have been and are conspicuous in professional life, but among those who may be named as sample sons are John W. Minto, ex-Chief of Police of both Salem and Portland, ex-Sheriff of Marion County, and now Postmaster of Portland, Dr. Richmond Kelly, Dr. William H. Taylor, Dr. Norris Cox, Dr. E. G. Clarke, Hon. Benton Killen,

R. L. Durham, J. K. Gill, Major George Williams, W. L. Boise. L. A. and H. P. McNary, and J. O. Goltra, of Portland; Hon. C. W. Parrish, of Burns; Dr. Hugh Logan, Dr. O. D. Doane and A. A. Bonney, of The Dalles; S. D. Crockett, George F. Meacham, W. T. and George B. Gray, H. S. Jordan and D. W. Bass, of Seattle; H. Z. Foster, of McMinnville; M. O. Lownsdale, of Lafayette; Hubbard Bryant and N. M. Newport, of Albany; Cato Johns, of Sumpter; W. J. Clark, of Gervais; Hon. P. H. D'Arcy, Hon. Tilman Ford, E. E. McKinney, S. T. Richardson, Charles S. Weller, A. N. Moores, A. N. Bush, Claud Gatch, R. P. Roise, E. C. Cross, C. A. Gray, Loring Adams, Walter Pugh, W. J. Culver, H. P. Minto, Lloyd and John Reynolds, W. H. Downing, C. J. Atwood and John W. Jory, of Salem.

The success achieved by the old students of Willamette in public life is indicated by the following imperfect list, showing official positions with which they have been honored:

United States Senator, George W. McBride.

Governor, T. T. Geer.

Congressmen, Richard Williams, LaFayette Lane, M. C. George and John N. Williamson.

United States District Judges:

C. B. Bellinger, Oregon,

Edward Whitson, Washington.

United States District Attorney, Franklin P. Mays.

Judges of Supreme Courts, John B. Waldo, Oregon; R. O. Dunbar, Washington; Mark A. Fullerton, Washington; J. F. Ailshie, Idaho.

United States Consul General, Owen N. Denny.

Secretary of State, George W. McBride.

State Treasurer, Charles S. Moore.

United States Surveyors General, W. H. Odell, W. H. Byars, John C. Arnold.

President of Oregon Senate, William Waldo.

Speakers of the House of Representatives, George W. McBride, Oregon; T. T. Geer, Oregon; Charles B. Moores, Oregon; Presley M. Denny, Utah; R. O. Dunbar, Washington; George Comegys, Washington.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Syl. C. Simpson, Oregon; Frank M. McCully (Deputy), Washington.

Superintendent of State Penitentiary, Julius A. Stratton.

Judges of Circuit, Superior and County Courts, M. C. George, John Catlin, S. W. Rice, Robert Eakin, Henry H. Hewitt, William Galloway, J. P. Jones, J. A. Stratten, George W. Belt, E. H. Sullivan, S. J. Chadwick, T. L. Davidson, Chas. A. Johns, J. E. Magers, J. N. Duncan, and George S. Washburne.

Registers and Receivers of U. S. Land Offices, Robert M. Veach, W. R. Dunbar, William Galloway, Robert A. Miller, Chas. B. Moores.

State Librarians, P. S. Knight, P. L. Willis, S. C. Simpson, J. B. Lister, X. N. Steeves.

State Superintendent Deaf Mute School, P. S. Knight.

Superintendent of State Reform School, H. R. Bickers, N. H. Looney.

Superintendent State School for the Blind, Joseph L. Carter.

District Attorneys, N. L. Butler, George H. Durham, Henry H. Hewitt, George W. Belt, George M. Brown, John H. McNary and L. F. Conn.

Members of the Oregon State Senate, O. N. Denny, E. L. Eastham, M. C. George, P. L. Willis, N. L. Butler, J. B. Looney, William Waldo, E. T. Hatch, F. P. Mays, W. W. Steiwer, Alonzo Gesner, N. H. Looney, M. L. Chamberlin, J. N. Williamson, R. M. Veatch and George S. Wright.

Members of the Oregon House of Representatives, George P. Holmon, Henry W. Lamson, Ed F. Lamson, Jos. A. Baker, W. J. Plymale, C. B. Bellinger, J. D. Locey, D. M. C. Gault, George W. McBride, T. T. Geer, Tilmon Ford, M. L. Jones, W. T. Rigdon, N. L. Butler, J. I. O. Nicklin, W. R. Dunbar, J. B. Waldo, Henry H. Gilfry, William Galloway, Robert Veach, J. N. Williamson, James Chambers, Charles B. Moores, Virgil Conn, A. R. Lyle, Robert A. Miller, R. J. Nichols, Ralph E. Moody, F. D. McCulley, W. E. Burke, W. P. T. Grubbe, J. H. Bird, J. N. Brown, Abner Lewis, F. A. Watts, Jasper Wilkins, E. H. Belknap, Miles T. Starr, Thomas R. Coon, and W. T. Rigby.

Pages From a College Girl's Diary

E. Belle Crouse



September 1, 1888.—Father and mother have decided that I am to go away to college, and I am so glad. I have always intended that I should. It seems to me that everybody in the world has equal chances to become great. I am going to finish with honors and then go abroad a year or so afterwards. I haven't told Jack as yet. Won't he stare?

September 20.—Everything is about ready. Jack did stare when I told him. He always declared that when I went away to school he was going too, especially if I went to a co-educational school, as he didn't care to see any other fellow spoil his chances. But, goodness! I can't make him understand that I don't believe in a girl tying herself down. The world is too big and there are too many opportunities to really be of some consequence.

November 30.—Well, the first term of work has passed. Mother sent my report to me from home, and it's fine—all "A's." The girl who sits next to me in chapel had a "C" on her report, but she didn't seem to mind it at all. I would have been terribly mortified. Jack has written often since I have been here. I never dreamed I would miss him so little. Most of the girls here in school have regular boy friends, and they seem to enjoy it. If they could only see things as they really are. I suppose their case is one in which that old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, etc.," is true.

October 3, 1889.—It seems strange to be a Sophomore after fighting them as Freshmen all of last year; and it seems stranger to have Jack here. Mother told me he worried so about my not having anyone to show me a good time last winter, and about other fellows getting ahead of him. But, goodness! I haven't had time for such things. I have two committees to see to this year and several offices besides, so I will be kept very busy.

November 1.—The Hallowe'en party was fine. Jack started from the very first to stay right by me. He did look lonesome, and I'm sorry I said what I did to him, but I don't want people to

think that he has any claims when he hasn't. I met a Mr. Bing, he was very nice. He walked home with me, and I think that hurt Jack too, because I wouldn't let him take me. Mr. Bing and I agree perfectly on woman's work in the world, and as to the great possibilities the times offer her. He said a girl with ideas like I had was bound to be heard from. Wasn't that clever of him! I asked him to call. Such men help a girl to widen and extend her views of life.

January 2, 1890.—Christmas vacation is over at last. I went home planning to have such a good time—but for some reason or other I didn't. Jack didn't offer to take me any place, and I know all of our set talked about it, for he always has taken me places at home. I never thought of his treating me the way he did. Mother never said a word either, just acted as if it was what had taken place all of our lives. However, I don't care especially.

June 12.—I was one of the ushers for the Seniors this evening; Mr. Bing took me and after we came home we sat down on the steps to talk for a little while, and he proposed to me. I don't know what happened, but I felt scared and wished that he wouldn't, and I told him so. He didn't seem awfully surprised—he said he knew such a step would be contrary to my ideas of life, and although he had hoped that I might be willing to share my honors with him, he admired me for doing as I had done. We are going to be the same old friends, however. I thought it was so generous of him to promise me that. I hardly think Jack would.

October 1.—I didn't enjoy the Hallowe'en party at all this year. I was tired for one thing, as I had so many things to see to. I had a letter from Mr. Bing today saying that he is to be married in a week or so, marries some Woman's Club president who is quite popular among a certain set. Seems to me that he couldn't have been very serious with me. If I were to be loved I should want a man to care for me more than that. I think Jack wouldn't do that way. He had some new girl at the party last night and was wonderfully attentive to her too. I can't imagine who she can be. I suppose she just naturally almost asked him to take her and he had to. I'm going to phone for him to come up this evening—he hasn't been to see me for a week. I can't imagine what can be the matter.

November 29—I guess Jack thought I was crazy last night, but I don't care what he thought. Some way or other his taking Miss Magel to the party made me feel as if I didn't have a friend in the world, and it seems that she is engaged to his cousin, but I didn't know that. We talked things over and Jack said something that made me cry. It's funny how a man gets scared to

death when a woman cries—poor fellow didn't know what to do. But it's all over now. I don't see how I could ever have treated him so badly when he has been so kind to me all the time. He is going to bring my ring up today.

June 13, 1891—A Senior, almost an Alumna at last. Jack is going to finish, too. I can hardly wait until it is all over, as we have so many plans for the future. I don't see why women spend their time doing things of little value when they can have such royal happiness if they only will. My reports home this last year have been awful. I had a "D" just last month, but I guess there are other things in this world besides study.

I saw Mr. Bing on the street last night. I had almost forgotten that I ever knew such a person. His wife was with him. She looks like an ambitious sort of a person, just the kind who would take advantage of everything—in the line of opportunities—that came along. He looks worn and old, poor fellow, I really pity him. But here is Jack coming for me, so I must stop.

The Fullback in the Wreck

Andrew R. Marker

Two trains met on the selfsame track,

They met with throttles wide;

The "line was busy," then, alack,

These two trains did collide.

Then from beneath the shattered wreck

A dazed voice shouted, "Clown!

Be quick! Get off my neck!

Can't you see we've made the down?"

A Sketch

Pearl Copley Obermuller

Written for the "Wallulah," in memory of happy days gone by. Here's to our Alma Mater! Long may she be to others what she has been to me, and guide their steps from idle paths to paths of greater happiness and progress, as she did mine.

Perhaps among the large crowd of new students who had lately entered college, there was no one who had looked forward to this time with more pleasure and satisfaction than Waldo Morgan. Of learning for its own sake, and the manifold joys it brings to him who triumphs, he cared little. But for knowledge as a step to power, influence, and prestige, he was prepared to struggle mightily.

Brought up in a home where order reigned supreme, and domestic machinery went like clock-work, he had naturally grown methodical and in a measure stilted. His mother was one of those women whose uprightness was so apparent as to be almost oppressive. Plain, without tact to make those around her happy, and never for one moment allowing herself to lose control of her feelings, she was anything but a companion to her only boy. He grew up believing that money and social prestige were the height of a sane man's ambition. Perfectly upright himself, he was intolerant of laxity in any one else and would not admit of there being such a thing as temptation. A man's mind is his own, to do with as he likes, he thought, so why need there be struggle to keep from that which was distasteful to him? He was selfish, too, and would not have sacrificed his personal interests to those of his best friend.

And with such an education and such ideas did he come to college. To college, where temptations are many, and men are esteemed not for their contempt of such things but for their ability to rise above them and help others along the way.

His first few weeks were busy ones. He was taking special work in addition to his regular course, and meant to make the most of his time. Athletics did not bother him at all. He did not mean to go in for physical work, except as he took long, daily walks—usually alone—for he had made no friends. With some astonishment he saw men whom he considered of very little worth on intimate terms with the leaders of the college life—and with the professors, too, which astonished him still more.

One evening as he was coming briskly back to his room and his books, he met a classmate of his, arm in arm with the president of the student body. Now there was no one man in school with whom he had tried to make friends so eagerly as with the president. Of a good family, pleasing manners and brilliant mind, he was the personification of all that was fine to Waldo Morgan. Yet, here he was in close companionship with one of the most awkward, unprepossessing boys in school, one whom Waldo had mentally termed a plodder. For the first time in his life the idea came to him that there might be some good beneath ill-fitting clothes and awkward manners.

During the winter many little things came home to him which rather opened his eyes as to what constituted character and made for popularity. He saw men of no means receive invitations to dinners and receptions which he would have been eager to accept, and counted an honor. But very few came his way, and those were from a Mr. Peyton, an old friend of his father's who also had a son in school. But in spite of the fact that he had known the Peytons so long, he did not seem to get on with the son, and sometimes when he was invited there to dinner, he met other young men students whom he knew only by sight, but they had their own interests, and spoke of pranks and games and meetings of which he knew nothing. He was outside their life—one among them and yet not of them.

The last term a man came to room next to him who had rather an evil reputation. He was a mere boy in appearance, but old in the ways of the world. Oftentimes as Waldo was coming from some of his evening classes, he heard the clink of glasses in this room, and the sound of rather boisterous singing. Now this Jim Carton was a good-hearted, good-natured boy who was ready to make friends with anyone, and would have led a better, cleaner life if he had had some safer guidance than that afforded by his boon companions. Indeed, shortly before the summer vacation, he once came to Waldo's room and told a story which was rather in the nature of a confession. If, at that moment, Waldo had reached out a guiding hand, I do not think Jim would have gone on in his present manner of living. But instead of a cheerful, hearty grip of the hand and a word to uplift, there came to poor Jim only a cold, lifeless argument against his mode of action, and when he left Waldo Morgan's room he was a worse, more desperate boy than when he entered. For such may be one man's influence over another.

And yet Waldo had changed. If Jim had come to him in this fashion when Waldo had first come to college, I doubt if he would have considered Jim's confession worthy of an answer. In his mind was surely but slowly dawning the fact that men are but men, and very human; for "a boy's will is the wind's will"—and we never can prophesy in which direction it will lead.

For there had come a sore temptation to Waldo Morgan during this year—a temptation to profit by another's loss—and for a day it bewildered him; but with hands clinched and jaw set he stayed in his room alone until he had conquered, and could go out among his fellow-students with a clear brow and heart. All of which was bringing him to a realization of what it means to triumph over one's self. And though, at the end of the college year, he was not so sure of himself, he was more of a man than when he entered.

In his second year he joined a debating society and was soon known as rather a brilliant orator. He found himself looking forward to these semi-monthly meetings with an enthusiasm which he had never before experienced. He delighted to pit himself against a formidable antagonist, and by sheer force of will and brain power overcome all arguments. He became better acquainted, too, with the boys' lives—their joys and sorrows—and learned to sympathize with them in their defeats.

About the middle of the year Jim Carton's name came up for admission to the society, acceptances of names being always decided by a majority of votes. Now, on this particular evening Waldo Morgan as vice president was, in the absence of the president, conducting the meeting. When Carton's name came up there was an equal number of ayes and nos, which left the matter in his hands as the temporary president, so his vote would be a decisive one. For a few moments thought ran riot in his brain. He knew Carton to be a rather dissolute fellow—and yet it might help him to come here—but what if he should corrupt our boys? Well, if it does him any good, we will be repaid.

"Yes," came the president's voice, full and strong.

And so Carton came into the club. From the first he took great interest in all the debates and was considered a hard opponent. Of winning manners and ready speech he soon made friends with those whom he did not already know, and in a couple of months was elected treasurer. By the end of the term everything was running smoothly and the society had never been in better condition financially, when some slight irregularities were noticed in the handling of the funds. Naturally, when this became known, Carton, as treasurer, was suspected. Finally, one blustering, rainy night, as Waldo sat by his fire pondering over the outcome of the rumor, the door was softly opened and Carton entered.

"Morgan," he said, "I want you to help me. You know what has been said of late, and it is all—true. I have taken money—."

"Sit down, Jim," said Morgan very gently, "and don't tell me any more than you wish. Whatever you have done, is over. I have confidence that what you will do, will be very different."

"Morgan," said Carton, "if you believe that, I will do better."

He settled down in a chair and was silent a while; then, vehemently: "I took it to keep going. I'd made a rather heavy drain on my allowance the first of the year, and thought just to borrow the money till I got to work in June, and then pay it back. But that is all off now," at which he relapsed into gloomy silence.

"O, don't give up the ship, Carton. What man has done, man can do, you know, and men have outlived greater follies than this. Besides—"

"Yes, but my position. That's off now. Who would want a fellow that couldn't be trusted with a few paltry dollars?"

Waldo had not known of Carton's having received the promise of any position, and inquired, "What's that, Jim?"

"Bank at Condon. Assistant cashier. But there's no use in thinking of that now."

Waldo saw that nothing could rouse him now, and thought of waiting till morning to speak further with him. They sat a while in silence. Then Carton jumped out of his chair and made for the door.

"Come in the morning, Jim," was all Waldo said. And Jim simply nodded in reply.

Now the next day was Friday, and in the evening there was the society meeting. Waldo was called away directly after breakfast to see a friend of his who had been very ill, and so the promised meeting between the two boys did not take place. And in consequence of Waldo having missed his usual two hours of study in the morning, he was kept busy at the time he always kept for a walk or a talk. He decided to dress early and go by way of Carton's rooms, hoping to have some conversation with him before time for the meeting to be called; but as he was leaving the hall he received a 'phone message asking him to come over to Adams', whom he had visited in the morning.

"Well, that's right on my way to Carton's, and I'll not stop long," he thought.

When he arrived at the sick room, Adams was sitting propped up by numerous pillows and looking very much better than in the morning. He waved a yellow slip at Waldo and said—

"Here, look at this, and tell me what you think of it."

It was a telegram from Adams' mother, saying: "Will start by eight-thirty train. Hope you are better."

"Now, there's no earthly use for her to come trotting down here, and I just believe I'll send one back telling her not to come."

"If you are going to send an answer before she starts, you will have to be about it. It is now" (consulting his watch) "seven-twenty-five, so that don't leave much time."

"Say, that's so." He hastily scribbled an answer: "Don't come. Better. Out in couple days. Will write soon."

"That's not, so to speak, the strict truth; but I won't have her worry."

He was really much improved, but the doctor had told him to make up his mind to a couple of weeks in bed.

"Say, Morgan, can you take this down? There's no one here I can send, and you see that it gets off all right. Do as much for you some day. Much obliged. Hurry up," as Morgan rushed through the door.

It was some distance to the telegraph office, and, just missing his car, he started on a fast walk, that sometimes broke into a run. There was a few minutes' delay at the office, and then he started back to the meeting.

"I'll be thirty minutes late, anyway," he thought, "but I am not on till the last, so it does not matter so much."

However, at the meeting things had taken a rather unexpected turn. The president and a few of the members had decided to bring up the matter of the shortage in as tactful a manner as possible, so as to reflect on no one in particular. With this in view the president arose, and, after a few preliminary remarks, said—

"Before the close of the present term we should arrange all matters in a methodical manner, so as to cause no confusion when we reorganize next Fall. In view of this, I wish to speak of some mistakes which have been made in our finances of late, and ask those who have charge to rectify them as soon as possible. If those who have this to do will go over the books carefully before our next meeting, they will probably find their mistakes and can correct them."

During all this speech Carton had been sitting with his eyes fixed on the president in pitiful appeal. Once he started to rise, but sank back as if his courage had failed him. At the conclusion of the talk there was silence for a moment, all eyes being turned carefully away from Carton,

for he was a favorite and they did not wish to see their suspicions confirmed in his face. Suddenly they were startled by the sound of Carton's voice saying—

"You need not shield me; I am the one—the only one—accountable for any irregularities in the money matters. I took it intending to pay it back—the old story you will say—yes, the old story, but I did mean to make it good, every cent of it; but fate is against me. I'll—"

Here the president arose and motioned kindly for Carton to be seated.

"I want it thoroughly understood," he said, "that—"

But here he was interrupted by a noise at the door. The sergeant-at-arms was admitting some member who was late. As he came into the room they saw it was Waldo Morgan, flushed and breathless, but with a smile on his face. He knew nothing of the turn of events, and was expecting only the usual round of singing and debates; but when he sat down in the chair nearest the door, the president continued—

"I repeat, we make no accusations, for we consider that no member of our society would do that which was dishonest or unmanly."

Waldo, startled, looked toward where Carton was sitting, and at that moment their eyes met, Carton's with a desperate hopelessness in them. Without a moment's hesitation, and knowing nothing of Carton's confession, he arose and strode to where he was in plain view of them all.

"You are wrong, Mr. President," he said, throwing back his head defiantly. "There is some one here who would be dishonest enough and unmanly enough to do even that. And it is I—you understand—I. Whatever punishment you may inflict, mete out to me; and I will take it only too gladly, for my crime deserves to be punished. I am—"

But here he was interrupted by such a storm of applause as had seldom been heard in the old hall, and cries of, "Morgan!" "Hurrah, for Morgan!" were heard on all sides.

When the commotion had somewhat subsided, the president turned to Morgan and said—

"Morgan, a university that can turn out a man like you is a blessing and an honor to any land. Mr. Carton confessed before you came in, and your courageous and noble sacrifice of all that a man holds dearest has made us all feel, I am sure, that the sacrifice shall not be in vain. As president of this society I feel free, without consulting the members, to state that all shortage shall be made up among us, and no word of this shall go beyond those of us who are here."

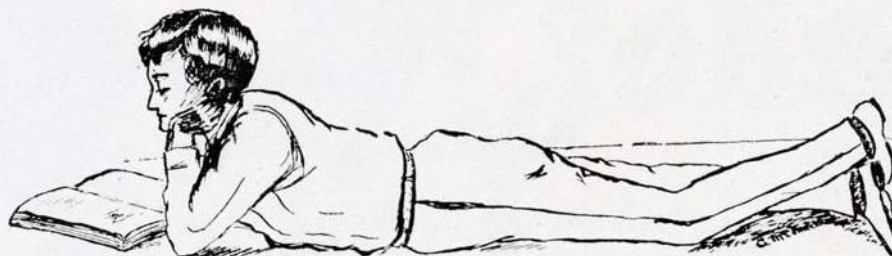
Ringling cries of "Yes, yes," came from all parts of the house, and the president went on—

"It is such acts as this that make us love our Alma Mater as we love our country, with a patriotism that is undying."

There was no meeting after this. The boys stood in groups and slapped each other on the back, shook hands a dozen times, and exhibited the usual signs of men who wish to conceal their deepest feelings.

Waldo was silent, but the boys all gave him some sign of their pride in him, and passed off pleasantries with Carton on every subject except the one nearest their hearts.

Bye and bye Waldo and Carton passed out together, and as the boys left the building and went out into the night, they saw, walking down the moonlit path, Carton and Morgan, and Carton's arm was over the other's shoulder.



A Washout

A. R. M.

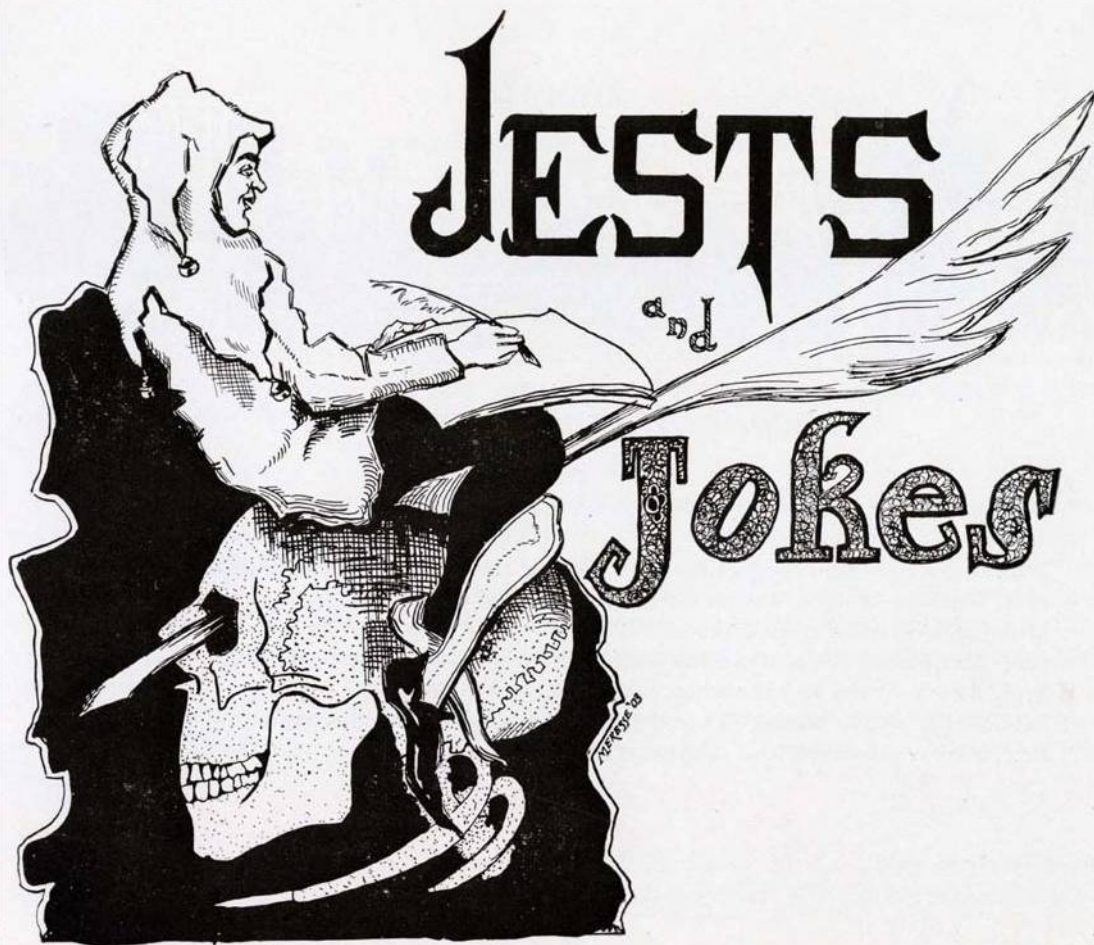
There was a washout on the line that day,
And a splendid train rolled in the dust;
The horror of that scene I can not say,
For oh, the awful, lurid, dreadful way
That washerwoman cussed.

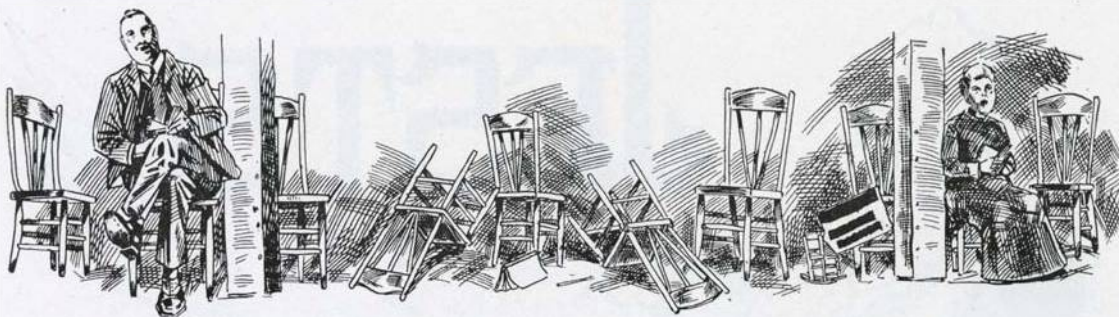


The Maid of W. U.

A. R. M.

I often feel a deep dejection,
I fall so far from the heights essayed;
And yet I know I'm near perfection,
When standing by this little maid.





Faculty Attendance at Chapel

Excuses for Absence Given

Dawson.—Had to stay at home and take care of "Dotty Lizz."

Mrs. Savage.—Clock was slow.

Prof. Mahaffie.—Had to quiet the cook because the girls stole some ginger-bread.

Prof. McCall.—Forgot to wind my alarm clock last night.

Miss Field.—Didn't start in time.

Prof. Matthews.—Went down town before chapel, didn't get back in time.

Prof. Boyer.—Baby had the whooping cough, had to go for the doctor.

Prof. Keller.—Was talking to a young lady and forgot all about chapel.

Prof. Seeley.—Delayed by a telephone message.

Squibs

They had quarreled. She returned from the scene of conflict with feathers ruffled. He had been mean. He was a brute. Yes, he was more—he was an emphatic brute. He never had thoroughly appreciated her anyway. He hadn't seemed to notice the sacrifice she had made to go with him. She would ignore him, yes, she would cut him out. But no, that wouldn't do—because—well, because, she loved him. She could never live without him. Ah! that's it—that's what she'd do—she would end it all! He wouldn't care—nobody would care, or if he did care, she would be glad of it. No. Yes, she must do it, before she became afraid. So with that dainty, white hand, which she had so often fondled—now, so soon to do its deadly work—she clutched at her heaving bosom and drew from its leather sheath—no, not her dagger, but her fountain pen, and soon placed their past beyond recall.



Mrs. B. had the blues that day—she was quite out of humor. Her husband—the sedate, quiet, dignified doctor—noticed this and putting aside his habitual reserve bethought him to detract her from such an unpleasant mood.

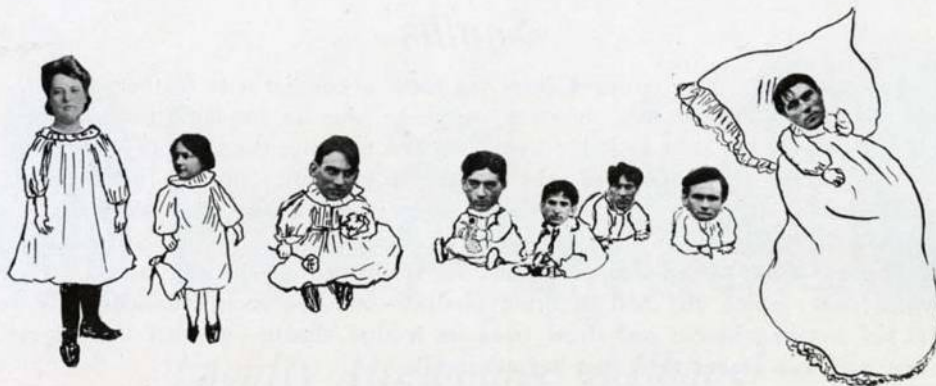
Painfully he began trying to get his mouth around the brass knob on the iron bed-stead, but alas! he failed. She had become interested and said she could do the stunt. He politely bet her ten dollars that she could not, and it certainly looked impossible. Inwardly he congratulated himself on his ruse.

She took out her false teeth and the brass slipped into the opening thus enlarged as easily as if it had been one of his sugar coated pills. She took the money. Inwardly he was sorry his ruse cost him so much.



A famous judge was strolling with a friend in Washington, D. C. They met a beautiful woman. Not intending for her to hear, he remarked to his friend, "What a beautiful woman."

She (overhearing), "What an excellent judge."



The Children's Page

Vera, a sweet tempered little girl of six, shows much musical talent, especially in vocal work, as does her little friend Nellie; they are great chums—never quarrel and are so kind to the smaller children.

Little Burgess is just cutting his first teeth and is cross at times, but since he received a new rattle and rubber ring, he has been of much happier disposition.

Baby James and Beach are very inquisitive for their ages. Jamesie spends most of his time playing with his doll and meditating. He is an unusually good boy. Beach coos and crows and laughs all day long. He's such a cunning youngster.

Baby Long and Nelson are just learning to creep. They go all over the house, and things of value have to be kept out of reach. Some one said they saw little Nelson trying to walk yesterday. It doesn't seem possible, but children grow so fast.

And Baby Pollard, the tiniest, cutest youngster, is still in long dresses. He is a very good baby and thrives on Mellin's food. When he cries, if we give him a picture of a pretty girl, he hushes at once. We are very fond of him. He's such a cunning child!

Missouri Association

President, Orator, Prophet and Seer—Mr. Elayer.

Secretary, Promulgator of Pronunciation, Maker of goo-goo eyes, Cute thing, Hot air Artist—Miss Bailey.



Dawson Amusement Club

Motto.—“To paint early and late.”

President,	Geo. Simpson
Secretary,	Geo. Hunt
Captain,	Ralph Rader
First Mate,	Murray Shanks
Second Mate,	Carrie Nelson
Deck Hands,	Belknap Brothers
	Manager Ford

Pres.—“Won't he be wild!”

Sec.—“He will rage.”

Capt.—“Let him howl, it'll do him good.”

F. M.—“Gee! but he'll faunch!”

S. M.—“Won't the baby catch it.”

Deck Hand Chorus.—“Heave ho! Heave ho!

Now let her go,
Don't be so slow,
Talk low! Talk low!
Here's to Chas., Oh!
Heave ho! Heave!



Up to Date School in Flirting

Diplomas granted with degree B. F.

President,	C. V. Nelson
Secretary,	Carrie Belknap
Principal,	Ethel Gerding

Sayings

President Coleman.—“Hear! Hear!”

Prof. Hawley.—“Why was a head given to a man, any more than to a pin, if it was not to prevent his going too far?”

Prof. Dawson.—“An outrage! Hoodlums! etc.”

Prof. Boyer.—“Gravitation says nobody to nothing all day long.”

Prof. Drew.—“Not a drop to drink.”

Prof. Keller (faintly).—“Will all the track men please be out tonight.”

Prof. Savage.—“The senior Dramaatic Claaaas will please meet me aaafter chaaaapel.”

Mic Hunt.—“Hang Marker!”

Mab (speaking of Wall).—“Dearest.”

Bertha Hewitt.—“I don't know.”

Frank Grannis.—“Oh! I wouldn't dare tell—too many Y. M. and Y. W. people around.”

Rader.—“Shut up.”

Ronald.—“Don't have any. Always say something new.”

Chap.—“Say, do you love me?”

Ryth.—“Thunder and mud.”

Ethel.—“Nothing.”

Unruh.—“I don't give a darn.”

Carrie.—“You awful kid, you.”

Ralph.—“Are your lips sticky?”



DEAR READER:—

We know this is a sad state of affairs—but do not take it too seriously. Fate is not to be trusted—she often tries to charm while she hides behind her back an arrow which is waiting to do its deadly work. But lest the idea here portrayed may keep future students away, we will add that the cause of the present condition is due not to fate but to the fact that all of Love's spare room is occupied—and intruders have to be kept away—but cheer up, first come first served—so come early and save your heart and life from destruction.

What We Have Heard and Observed

Price was conversing over the 'phone the other day. He evidently dissented as he shook his head vehemently.

Ethel (talking in a hurry).—"I want to learn how to play court—tennis—."

Belle.—"Never mind the court part, you'll learn it as you go along."

Prof. H.—"Did you ever raise bees?"

Miller.—"No, but I have been raised by bees."

Miss Conventionality (after hearing Mr. Miller sing).—"Ah! Simply grand. And haven't you ever had your voice cultivated at all?"

Mr. Miller (swelling with pride).—"Thanks—awfully. No, not at all."

Miss Conventionality (serenely).—"Well, you ought to." (Exit Mr. Miller.)

Nace.—“ My face is just as smooth as glass.”

Miss Belknap.—“ Why, I didn't know glass would stretch.”

Nace.—“ Oh, yes it will, when it is warm.”

Miss B.—“ Well, you must be a warm one, then.”

Prof. H.—“ Can any one name another 'ism, such as radicalism, imperialism, Darwinianism? ”

Beach, after profound thought.—“ Rheumatism.”

Edgar is not a graceless fellow.

AS THEY WERE HEARD TO SAY BEFORE THEY MET

Clara.—“ I don't think a man is any good if he doesn't want to kiss a girl or hold her hand once in a while.”

James.—“ I would just as leave hug a telegraph pole as a girl.”

Photographer.—“ I have the picture of the pretty Professor ready for you today.”

Belle.—“ Who? Mr. Markel? ”

Photographer.—“ No. He's handsome. I mean Professor McCall! ! ! ! ”

Mabel.—“ Are the Colbert brothers twins? Oh, why didn't the Officer sisters stay? ”

Marker's interpretation of University motto.—“ It is not good for man to be alone.”

First Student.—“ Mary Salomon sprained her ankle.”

Second Student.—“ How? Running after a boy? ”

Mab.—“ I've been buying half shoes.”

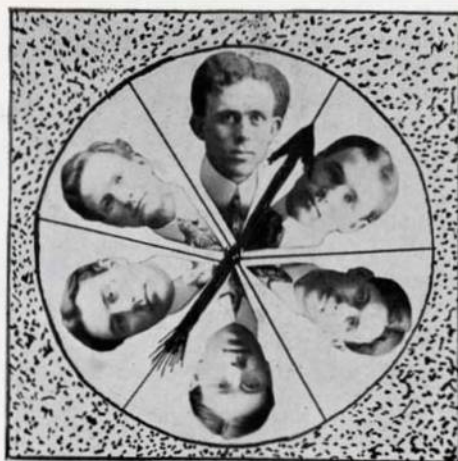
Belle.—“ Who's going to buy the other half? ”

Prof. H.—“ Have you forgotten already, have you? ”

Student.—“ Yes, sir.”

Prof. H.—“ Well, you had better pour some glue into your memory.”

American Government class answered “ paired ” to roll call. It is not known when the invitations will be out.



Girls! Girls! Girls! Girls!

This Way! This Way! This Way.

Ten cents a chance at the wheel of fortune.

Beginning at the top, if the arrow should point here, it will mean travel—Cannibal Islands—soup.

The next to the right will signify auto-mobubbles,—jokes—and a life of contentment.

Proceeding you will next come to be the wife of a business man and will have to know how to speak up and fight your own battles.

The fourth signifies either a life on a farm or fighting your way as a minister's wife—either is hard enough, so you had better take another chance.

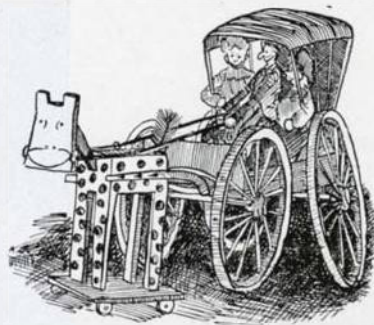
The next is to be feared, for if the arrow points here you will have to go about wearing a boxing glove on one hand and carrying an antidote for poison in the other—this should call for a new chance at the wheel of fortune.

The last means peace, plenty, and prosperity. Ten cents a whirl, three for a quarter !!

This way ! This way ! This way ! Your chance at the wheel of fortune.

Ten cents.

Zerch did come to town one glorious spring day with his new horse and buggy, and tying the horse in the Athletic Field, went to the Gym. to see Baldy and Bo. Presently a Senior called Paul, an editor called Belle, and a maiden who is known as "Mab," spied the horse peacefully resting, and knowing that it is better to "wear out than rust out," ventured to give it some long-needed exercise. Up State street and back again, through the campus and near the Gym.; but who should then appear on the steps but Zerch? So the course was quickly changed; for who could withstand his wrath? It was a pleasant ride, for the grass was green, the sun was shining, and the birds were singing sweet carols. But you who are in Washington must not doubt his constancy, for one of the maidens is engaged, and the other is to lead a life of single blessedness.



OLIVE

You see these hearts around my feet?
It's very hard to choose, they're all so sweet.
But this one, which belongs to Ray,
I believe I'll keep this very day.

“To the Bunch”

Long May You Live in the Land—Some Things to be Remembered

- “ Five o'clock Friday morning walks.”
- “ The brush and comb brigade.”
- “ The sweet sixteen crowd.”
- “ Z-er-guess I belong to the Bunch.”
- “ ‘ Mab ’ at the train when Capitola girls came home.”
- “ Aeoh—Ho-oo-oo-oo ! ”
- “ The baseball practices.”
- “ Four little girls in white.”
- “ Our tree in front of the University building.”
- “ The bachelor-girls' evenings before the fire-place.”
- “ The box social.”
- “ Our whistle.”
- “ Things to be forgotten.”
- “ The night we stole ginger-bread from the hall.”
- “ When the board broke on the campus.”
- “ Unexpected guests.”
- “ The new tin bucket.”
- “ Our united purchase.”
- “ Our nicknames, which were ‘ Isaac,’ ‘ Bill,’ ‘ Bo,’ ‘ Bob,’ ‘ Pat,’—beginning with the smallest and going to the tallest.

Don't Say a Word to Me or Anyone Else About:

Mab.—White ones; East Salem School steps.

Miss Elworthy.—Mistletoe.

Anna Salomon.—Capt. Long's beard.

Pollard.—Why I like room 11.

Beach.—The five reasons why I am happy.

Whipple.—Why I am so long.

Grannis.—The fickleness of maidens.

Hunt.—Hunting.

Professor McCall.—Black eyes. Grouchiness.

Burgess.—Kerr.

Alma.—How far it is to Schindler's.

Gussie.—Why I like room 11.

Violet.—Paul-bearers.

Marker.—Her picture.

Ethel.—Oh, promise me.

Olive.—Bridges.

Averill.—Baseball.

James.—Studying.

Philodorians.—Ice-cream.

Grace.—Stella.

Dawson.—Paint.

Kinney.—My conquests.

Belle.—Where Charlie's letters went to.



In the cool of the evening, Wallulah retired to her tent, where she told the fortunes of the various Willamette students as they came and went. Very few escaped this ordeal, but not all of the prophesies were overheard. Those that were are recorded here.

You, she said to Bill Bailey, are very bashful for your age; not for your size, however. You will—you have met the fair young man whose blue eyes charmed you, whose smiles have Raderated until they have made you sleep and forget that aught save himself and you are—. Your future is a happy one; pass on.

He who paused next won the admiration of the fair Wallulah at once, because of his strength and might. "You," she said, "I almost weep to say, are doomed to a great disappointment. The dark lady you love will love another before many moons have passed. But take not to drinking; Win(e) an(s) hope for the best."

"Mabel, means queen, or beloved of women, or something of the kind," began the next tale of woe. "I see snow-capped mountains, and beyond that vast plains of the central states. But I have lost the trail. However, you will be found some place on this plain. In the mean time I see a school room, a college." Wallulah yawned and the maid departed with such a smile on her face as would capture a Fort of any kind, even though it might try to Dodge.

Then the fortune teller was heard to laugh—long, sweet and musically. "Why, you," she said, between her ripples of mirth, to the new-comer, "you are a man of experience, along certain lines, some of them 'Graceless' lines, too. But your future is what amuses me. Pardon, for you will be happy."

The dignity assumed by Wallulah as the new man took the chair, was a contrast to the

laughter of but a moment before. "You are too frivolous," she whispered, "get serious—then find a clime where 'tis always a summer time, and forget that you have the weight of a nation resting upon your shoulders—and let her—yes, let her sing,—'In the Good Old Summer Time'—and be happy, president of the United States—," she stopped, she choked, and Ronald hastened to call for help—but she had recovered in time to tell the fortune of the one who came to assist her, a slender maiden, with golden hair and brown eyes. "You will assist many an unfortunate one to recovery, you will mend broken heads, arms—and broken hearts too, but there is one—a great medicine man, whom you do not yet know—he,"—but at Wilda's questioning gaze she became silent—"You will know him when he comes—that is time enough."

And while Wilda mused on what had been said, her equal half held out her hand. "Oh dear, for you there is the ocean and a man of war—you will be near the heart of Uncle Sam—and better, near the heart of the one you think of most."

Then it was Anna who came singing down the path and paused at Wallulah's tent. "Come in, child, come in," said Wallulah. "I'm happy to think you came to me at this twilight hour. First loves come to us all and we learn and profit by our experiences. The hardest part, my dear, is finally returning the ring to him who placed it on your finger. But that will also come, but do not be troubled, my child, for all the sunshine has not passed with George."

"And you," she said, speaking to our hale, young orator, "are destined to become famous in the art of speaking and will cause many to look after you in wonder and admiration. When you have finally made a Mark (er) in the world, it will not be through your own efforts alone, but because of the maid with the dark eyes who has been your helpmeet in the college days."

"Ah," said Wallulah, as Paul Beach silently entered and seated himself at her feet, "you are a true young man, indeed. I've watched you all through the year, and have observed with great joy, your constancy to the Northern Star. With all the charms and allurements of the West, you have proved faithful."

Gertrude was next to appear before the Indian fortune-teller, with all the ease and grace which she had acquired through her months of study. "You will have a career. Though I see that you, too, were foolish once, and fell in love, but that a nobler thought came to you, and now you will read beautiful verses and stories to many people, and will, by your love and goodness, lead them in pleasant paths of thought and study. But do not worry, my child, at the end of the path there is a bower of roses, and methinks I see a face peering between them, a face which has grown sweeter by the years of waiting, O'Fling him not away."

Wallulah stood in the tent door and watched the last one departing. "Yes," she called after him, "trill away, and some day echos will follow after the applause that you will call forth from the audience as you pass the stage." He turned, lifted his cap, and vanished down the path.

"Now," said Wallulah, settling herself before her fire, "I'll have a two years' rest."

Bill of Fare at Young Women's Hall

BREAKFAST

Aigs	Mursh	Taters
	Coffy	

LUNCH

Review of Reviews
Prunes may come
And prunes may go,
But apple sass
Goes on forever.

DINNER

Salt Horse	Fried Snails
Bread Stuff, Cayuse Gravy	
Leather Pie	Sampson Butter

Our Picture Gallery



JOHN BELL'S GRAVE



I've started on a journey,
 The end of which I know
 Will mean for me a bakery,
 'Cause some day 'twill turn to dough.

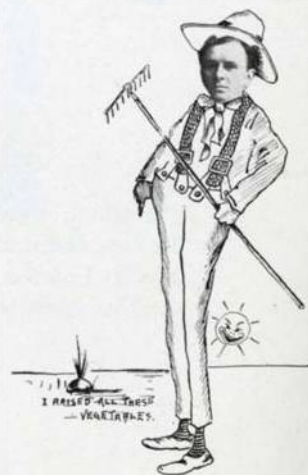
I'm small, my voice is small,
 In fact, about all there is to me
 Is that I own a big dog,
 And its name is His-s-s-tor(y)ie.





He went to school once—
You'd hardly think it so,
If you could hear him tell us
How much we ought to know.

I teach music—generally;
But for small recreation
I get my little rake out,
And cultivate vegetation.



We all
know her
and love her,
in spite of
the fact that
she sometimes
makes small
boys and girls
mind.





Come, get your little hatchets,
We're going to make a raid,
Going to find Carrie Nation,
Don't no one be afraid.
She knows me, and I know her,
We've chummed for many a day.
You ask me if I love her—
Well—yum—I should say!

He's smart—
He writes books.
He makes us write expositions.
But we forgive him
When he gives A plus.



Me's name is
 Thara
 Nourthe
 Bwown
 Thawvage;
 Me likes to speak
 pietheth—me
 likes betht
 pietheth 'bout
 "Tah Baby"
 an' the "Glim
 Comin' Ovah
 the Range," an'
 betht of all,
 "Chariot
 Rathe."
 Me likes
 Thawvage,th,
 too, wif marks
 on 'em.





"Understandable, but not audible,"
Is what the students say,
When Prof. Matthews gets up in chapel
And says they may go away.

A BACHELOR'S SONG

Of all the trinities there are,
Or that shall ever be,
There surely none compares with this—
I, myself, am me!

For we are surely three in one.
And also one in three,
"A most ingenius paradox—"
I and myself and me.





1



2



3

1. High Price (not) marked down.
2. A section of 'Gene Whipple by moonlight.
3. Shanks.



Time Table

A. M.

- 4:00 Ford dreams of Wallulah.
- 4:30 Field Colbert and Schindler Colbert wake up and scrap.
- 5:00 James begins to study.
- 5:15 Shanks milks the bovines.
- 5:30 Jorstad cleans out chapel. Belknap goes after his Latin,—“ By Jinks.”
- 6:00 Professor Savage dreams,—“ Sleep no more ! Macbeth doth murder sleep.”
- 6:15 Vera wakes up and sings.
- 6:30 Auntie begins combing her hair.
- 6:32 Auntie phones to Chap.
- 6:45 Miss Schindler starts to school.
- 7:30 Coyote arises. Bruce says—“ Please pass the Ketchum.
- 7:50 Percy Hunt, the ladies' man, uses Pear's Soap.
- 8:00 Gilbert draws a picture of breakfast. Anna goes to meet George. Miss Sanders practices song to play for chapel.
- 8:15 Belle commences work on Wallulah. Hall girls take a second primp.
- 9:00 Chapel. All but ten of the Professors are present.
- 9:02 Faculty men cross legs, right over left.
- 9:03 Professor Dawson reads announcements, common ones twice, important ones four, and very important ones five times.
- 9:20 Ford makes Student Body announcements.
- 9:22 Faculty men change to left over right.
- 9:25 Professor M. looks wise and gives the signal. Queeners talk to the girls.
- 10:00 Mabel prepares Roman History.
- 10:15 Miss Gatch and Miss Roland take possession of the window.
- 10:30 Miss Belknap roughhouses Nelson, Simpson, Unruh, and defies the rest of 'em.
- 11:00 Glenn and Grace give Dad the slip and study Latin together.

- 12:00 Lunch is served at dorm., in Chapel, Collegian office, Room 15, and on the campus.
- P. M.
- 12:10 Ruth and Lena take a walk. Mary Salomon goes to meet Arthur.
- 12:30 What a gathering. Campus shade all occupied. Sun room only.
- 12:45 Manager Matthews takes a few bites.
- 1:00 Second Spasm begins.
- 2:00 Nace goes to library to wait for her.
- 3:00 Winans asks Missouri to go to recital.
- 4:00 Reichen prepares for debate. Dad plays baseball,—Grace watches from the window.
- 5:00 Anna goes two pieces with George.
- 5:30 Dorm. girls dress for dinner. Dorm. boys don their dress suits for dinner.
- 5:45 They return from the walk.
- 6:00 Mother takes his anti-fat.
- 7:00 Senior quintet has a practice.
- 7:30 Olive phones for Chap. Marker hurls livid chunks of eloquence into the teeth of a Hale storm caused by his being ten minutes late.
- 8:00 Neal starts fire in Gym. Ronald goes out to seek Buyers (Byars) for his love.
- 8:10 Lounsbury and Catlow call on Parson Sanders for a consultation about their love affairs.
- 8:20 Belknap goes down to Ft. Stevens to fight for his lady.
- 8:30 Coach Bishop calls on Ruth.
- 8:45 Senior quintet serenades Lila.
- 9:00 Nace, Dad, Simpson, Eddie, Rebhan and others ponder bitterly over the "once a week" rule.
- 9:15 Mabel writes thirty pages to the Unseen.
- 9:30 Trill decides to renounce women.
- 9:45 Long finds a precious Ruby. Belknap captures the Fort.
- 10:00 Fisher calls on Lazy Bailey.
- 10:15 Dorm girls have a spread.
- 10:30 Polly sings the "Sweetest story ever told," Gussie prompts him when he forgets.
- 11:00 The D. T.'s (Dawson's Tormentors) meet and use a little paint. Naughty boys!
- 11:30 Skid sends a wireless to Belle.

12:30 Catlow begins practice.

A. M.

1:00 D. A. Forbes leaves Julia's.

2:00 Swede, Zerch and Baldie have a feed.

2:10 Ida Evans studies.

2:30 The D. T.'s finish the job. Naughty boys !

3:00 And all is well !





Sunny Jim

This is our modern Sunny Jim. We feel that the picture, as given here, is such a fine example of art that it would be worse than folly to add anything in the way of an explanation. The only thing that we might say, is—he indorses all the good things we could say of that which he holds in his hand.

It was a beautiful day when Ronald shouldered his fishing rod and marched away to do honors for his boarding house. But he didn't catch any fish—the reason why, was because it was April—no—not the first but the second. The fish had all gone to church.



A Last Word

A last word is always considered necessary—by a woman—and so in order that the tradition may not be lost in this, a co-educational school, we hasten to add the last word. It is not a word in retaliation, for we have no need of such; not a word of apology, for we have done the best we could and feel that such is not for us to speak; not a word of mercy, for we believe those who have received roasts, jokes, and nudges will take them as they were meant to be taken, with the best intentions and a heart laugh; but it is a word of thanks to those who have so kindly helped us when we needed help and cheered us when we needed cheer.

We thank the Trustees for making the book a possibility; and Mr. Ford, our business manager, for the conscientious manner in which he has given his time to make the financial part of the annual a success to such an extent that we did not have to "skimp" our ideas.

We wish to thank Mr. Morehouse for giving us our picture of "Wallulah," Mrs. Gatch for one of the prettiest of our various view pages, Mr. Trill for football pictures, and Mr. Grannis, Miss Robertson, Miss Salomon for other of our various views.

For our many clever drawings we have to thank many clever people, Miss McConnell, Miss Frasier, Mr. Meresse, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Willman and Mr. Hunt.

For our literary contributions we thank each one who has helped to make the Literary Department one of information and interest.

To Mr. John B. Waldo, '63, we extend our thanks for his kind wishes for our success and the help which he so kindly gave us.

For the rest—we have nothing but thanks—you know if you gave us your co-operation and help, and rest assured that we also know, the staff of the Wallulah, '05, do not soon forget.

THE EDITORS



P. S.—The Staff has gone on a picnic today.



The End

Advertisements

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SALEM'S LEADING GROCERS

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT is filled with every conceivable good thing to eat in the grocery line.

OUR CONFECTIONERY and bakery department has just been opened and is a veritable palace of sweets.

OUR STORE is always the students' headquarters, for it is filled with Candies, Ice Cream, Bakery Goods, Confections, etc.

456-460 State Street

MARK H. SAVAGE

FRANK DAVEY
Attorney and Notary

Davey & Savage

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Examining Titles*

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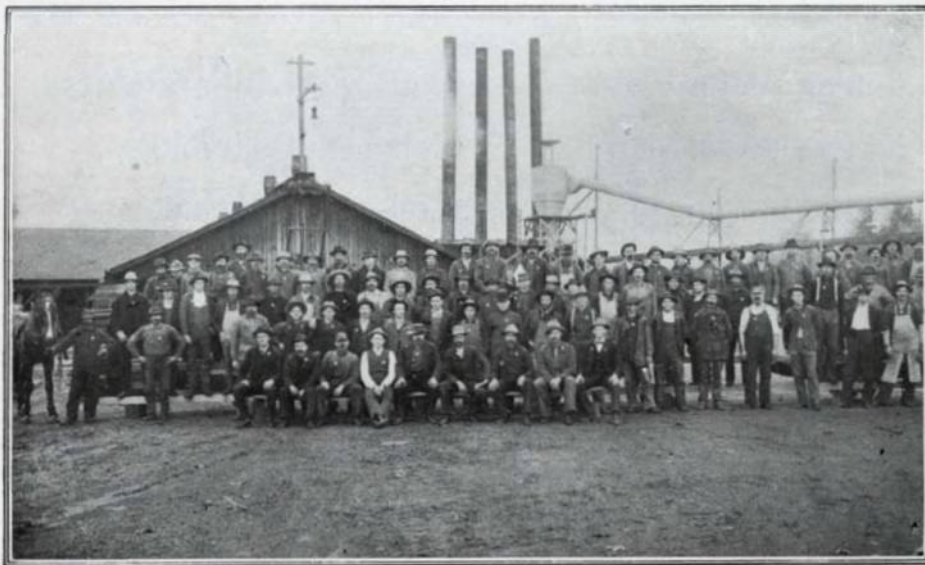
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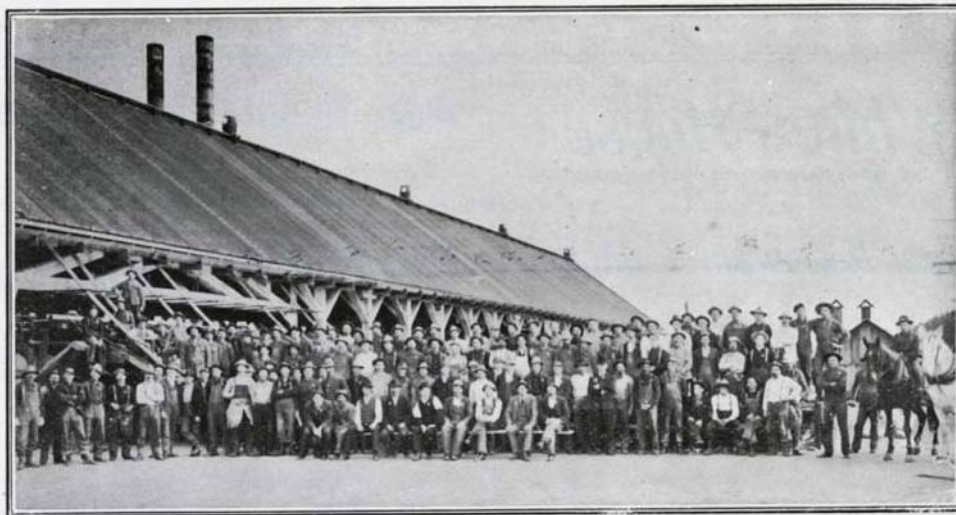
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