WALLULAH

'03

MANN & BEACH

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The WALLULAH

VOLUME 1

Being Published by the Associated Students of Willamette University

1903

GREETINGS
WILLMAN

WE PRESENT the Wallulah to the students and friends of Old Willamette with the pleasant feeling that several months of hard work has produced the long-looked-for University year book. We have found it a hard matter to tell of Willamette. Her spirit is a difficult thing to portray and her student life is so full of happiness and joy that it is indescribible; when put in cold print it seems flat and dull. College life at Willamette is one of those things that can be felt but not described. One must have been a part of it before he can thoroughly understand and love it.

Meanwhile we hope that this volume may meet the approval of the affiliated colleges of the University, and decidedly enhance the good relation between the students of the various departments.

If, as you look over these pages, your heart is made to beat a little faster; if memory leads you to live your College days over again, we shall not have labored in vain.

THE EDITORS.

One, two, three, four,
Who for? What for?
Who're you going to yell for?
W-i-l-l-a-m-e-t-t-e
That's the way to spell it,
That's the way we yell it
Willamette!

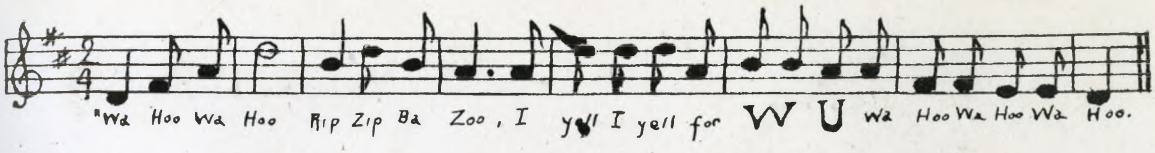
Breke-ke-kex-coax-coax!
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Hullaballoo, Willamette!
Willamette! Willamette!

YELLS

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Old Willamette!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Chemekota!
Siskiyou!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
W. U.

Go way back and sit down,
Spiels of your kind are easy found,
They're not hard to beat,
Get in your place and take a back seat-
Go way back and sit down.



YELLS

Mary had a little lamb

Little Lamb! Little Lamb!

Mary had a little lamb,

Its fleece was white as snow.

Sis: Boom! Ah!

Cuckoo!

Willamette!

The Caliope.

And everywhere that Mary went

Mary went, Mary went,

And everywhere that Mary went

The lamb was sure to go.

Hurrah for Mary!

Hurrah for the lamb!

Hurrah for the teacher

Who didn't give a —

Razzle! Dazzle! Hobble! Gobble!

Sis! Boom! Ah!

Willamette! Willamette!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Dedication

To Hon. W. H. Odell

in grateful remembrance

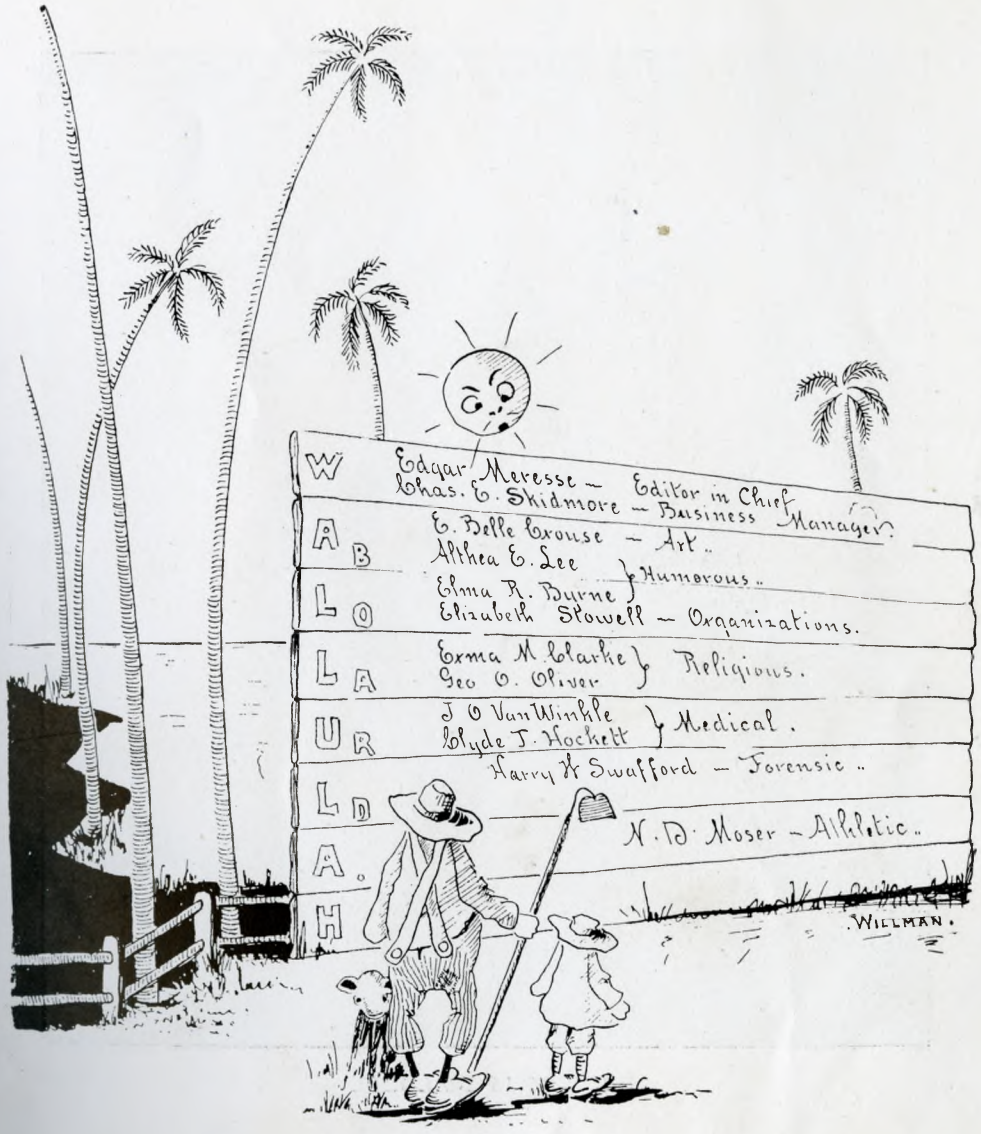
of many years as

President of the Board of Trustees

this, the first volume of the Wallulah,

is dedicated

HON. W. H. ODELL.


W
Edgar Meresse — Editor in Chief
Thos. E. Skidmore — Business Manager.
A B
E. Belle Crouse — Art.
Althea E. Lee } Humorous.
Elma R. Burne
L O
Elizabeth Stowell — Organizations.
L A
Emma M Clarke } Religious.
Geo O. Oliver
U R
J O VanWinkle } Medical.
Clyde T. Hockett
Harry H Swafford — Forensic.
L D
N. D. Moser — Athletic.
A.
H
WILLMAN.

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Historical.

On the 6th day of October, 1834, Rev. Jason Lee and his nephew, Rev. Daniel Lee, and Cyrus Shepard, a layman, pitched their tents on what is still called Mission Bottom, about ten miles below the present site of Salem.

1834. Andrew Jackson was president. There were only twenty-four states. Fort Dearborn had been called Chicago about a year. Missouri was "out west" in those days, and from her borders to the Pacific stretched a vast wilderness that only a few trappers and explorers had crossed. Oregon, the very land Shepard and his friends had traveled so far to labor in, was considered worthless to the Union by many eminent Americans, and even the British, who prized it, held the entire territory for nothing but a great trapping ground for fur-bearing animals.

Across that trackless expanse to this land where missionaries must not come to change the habits of the Indians, nor setters to drive away the animals, Shepard and the two Lees had come from far-away New England to convert the Indian to the faith and practice of the Gospel. One of the first labors was the founding of a school, and Mr. Lee soon had a log house built and here he gathered about him the Indian children, "The Oregon Mission Manual School" they called it.

This little school, conducted in a log house, with Indians for pupils, and a missionary for a teacher, was Willamette University in embryo.

Mr. Slocum, acting for the United States government, visited Oregon nearly three years later, and concerning the school he said: "It is indeed a source of regret that I could continue no longer at your mission on the banks of the Willamette. I have seen with my own eyes, children who, two years ago were roaming their own native wilds in a state of savage barbarism, now being brought within the knowledge of moral and religious instruction, becoming useful members of society."

Not long after this official visit Mr. Lee recrossed the plains and went to New York in the interest of his little mission. In response to his appeals, a large reinforcement was gathered for his Oregon mission and sailed around Cape Horn on the ship Lausanne, the Mayflower of the West. Our own Prof. Mabel Carter's grandmother, Miss Orpha Lankton, was one of the number. It was the year 1839, the centennial of Methodism, and a thousand miles from the dear old home port the missionaries celebrated. Mr. Lee said: "We will have our centennary celebration on shipboard and apply the fund to the starting of a school in the Willamette Valley." Rev. Gustavus Hines preached the sermon, and the collection amounted to $650. That was a generous gift, for the party comprised only nineteen families, fifty persons in all, and eighteen of them were children.

In 1842 on the 17th of January, Jason Lee invited everybody within the immediate settlement to come to his house in Chemekete, now North Salem, to discuss English education. At this meeting a committee was appointed to call a public meeting and prepare business for that meeting with reference to the proposed institution. February first the public meeting was called. The people met about half a mile above the present town of Wheatland in a house which, with the land it stood on, has since been swept away by the Willamette River. It was decided to name the school the "Oregon Institute." The constitution provided that the school should always be under the supervision of some evangelical branch of the Protestant church, and should be surrendered to that church which should first come to its aid with patronage and support. That same year the Methodist Church decided to adopt the school.

THE OLD INSTITUTE.

We shall more highly appreciate the plans and labors of these missionary pioneers in behalf of education if we remember how sparsely settled the country was. There were no settlers between the Missouri border and the Cascades, and probably not an American north of the Columbia river. Oregon City was the principal place west of the Rocky mountains and it contained about half a dozen houses. Salem was a place of three or four houses, and the site of the present splendid city of Portland was a solitude.

About this time Mr. Gary was sent west to wind up the affairs of the Oregon mission. Mr. Lee's first school, the Oregon Mission Manual School, was no longer flourishing. The locality, about ten miles below Salem, had proved unhealthy, and Mr. Lee had moved the school to Chemekete, Salem, where he had erected a building for it at a cost of ten thousand dollars. But many of the

pupils had died, some were sick, and, worst of all, others had gone back to their savage modes of life. It was decided to abandon this pioneer school, and so the building was sold to the trustees of the Oregon Institute, the school founded on the ship Lausanne, for the sum of four thousand dollars, although the Roman Catholics offered twice that amount.

Now at last, in the fall of 1844, ten years after Jason Lee's first entry into Oregon, the Oregon Institute was formally opened. Mrs. Chloe Wilson was the sole teacher. For nine years the school grew and prospered. It came to have its primary and academic departments, and probably a few college students. The teaching force multiplied until there was a principal, with assistants. Then, in 1853, the legislative assembly passed an act establishing Willamette University, and henceforth the school is known by that name.

It was in 1857 that the collegiate department was regularly organized, and the year 1859, the year of Oregon's admission to the Union, was rendered forever memorable in the annals of Willamette by the graduation of her first college graduate, Miss Emily York.

Such, in outline, were the beginnings of our history. Planted here when there were only a few houses to mark the place, Willamette drew the settler and his family to come hither to enjoy the privileges of education and cultured surroundings, so that it is literally true that the city of Salem grew around the school, and grew here rather than elsewhere principally because this institution was here.

All of the men that have acted as president of Willamette have been noble men. Some of them have been men of unusual abilities, and their associates will always hold them in honor. There was the pious and winning Shepard. Many delight to remember the presidency of the scholarly Hoyt, and the administration of the genial, courtly Gatch. A later generation will long recall the sturdy Hawley. And we of the present are happy in our association with that masterful leader, Dr. Coleman.

That the school, dear old Willamette, has done a valuable work, the influence and achievements of her great army of alumni and undergraduates who are in all offices and walks of life, loudly proclaim.

J. T. MATTHEWS, '89.

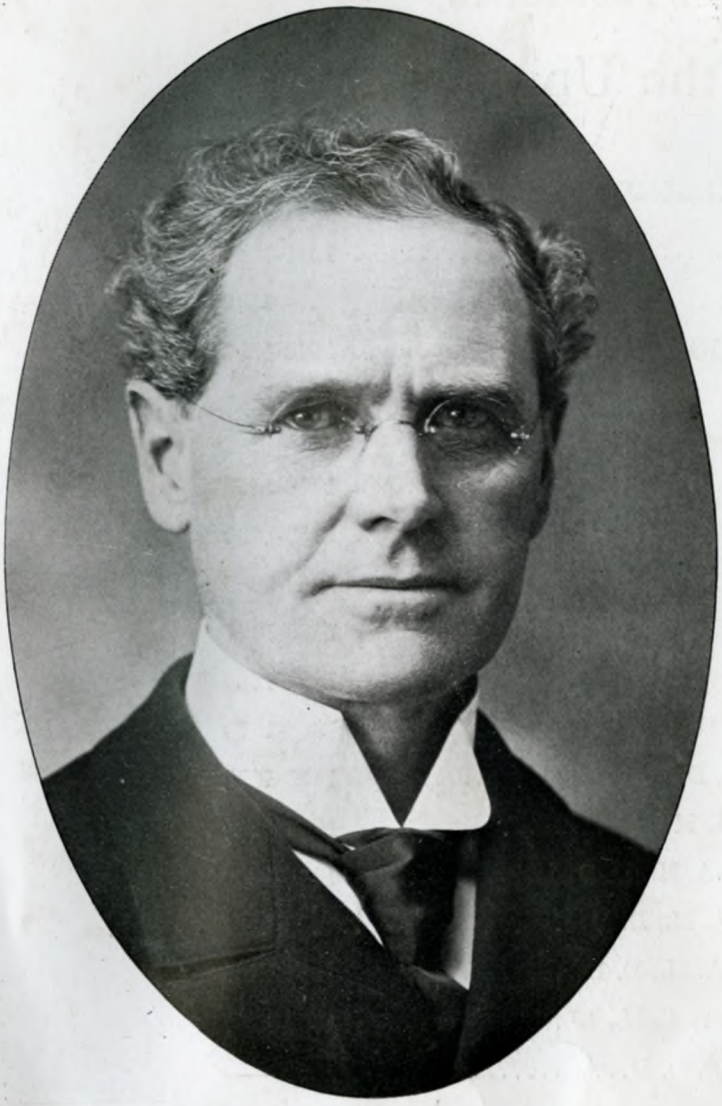
Presidents of the University.

MISSIONARY PERIOD.

Cyrus Shepard	1835-1840
William Geiger	1840
Chloe (Clark) Willson	1840-1850

AFTER INCORPORATION.

—. ——	1850-1853
F. S. Hoyt, D. D.	1853-1860
T. M. Gatch, Ph. D.	1860-1865
J. J. Wythe, M. D., D. D.	1865-1867
L. T. Woodward, A. M.	1867-1868
Nelson Rounds, D. D.	1868-1870
T. M. Gatch, Ph. D.	1870-1879
C. E. Lambert, A. M.	1879-1880
Thos. Van Scoy, A. M., D. D.	1880-1890
C. E. Stratton, A. M., D. D.	1890-1891
Geo. Whitaker, A. M., D. D.	1891-1893
Willis C. Hawley, A. M., LL. B.	1893-1902
John H. Coleman, D. D.	1902 ——



PRESIDENT JOHN H. COLEMAN.

Our President.

The coming of President Coleman is coincident with the opening of the new era of growth and progress for Willamette. His patient, zealous handling of the great task placed upon him has won for him the lasting gratitude of the students and alumni of the University. He has discovered for her, friends new and old. With the management in his hands, a prospect brighter than ever opens before us.

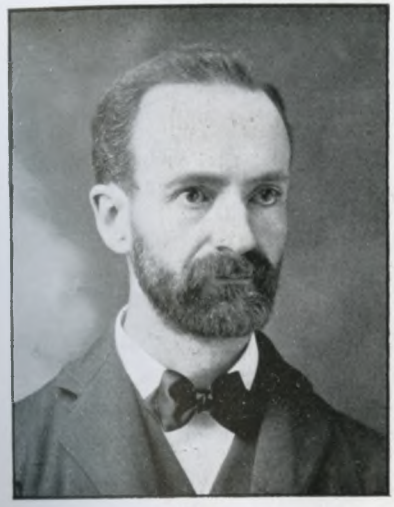
His earnest and genuine sympathy with students, his evident interest in their affairs, have won for him a loyal admiration and support. His determined life and faith in the future of Willamette are a deciding factor in the college life. In nothing are the students more thoroughly at one than in their response to the appeals of the President, with a confidence meeting his own.

In the religious life equally with other interests, his personality is a powerful factor. The rugged faith and intense living confidence in the truths of Christianity which he represents are the very center of our University ideal. More than this, these qualities fit peculiarly for sympathetic, helpful touch with the healthy religious life of students.

We count ourselves fortunate in having for our head a man who, without narrowness is thoroughly Christian, and without vagary cherishes for us the completest educational ideals.

DEAN WILLIS C. HAWLEY.

Faculty.



JAMES T. MATTHEWS.

WILLIS C. HAWLEY,

Professor of History and Economics,

A. B. Willamette University, 1884; LL. B. Willamette University, 1888; A. M. Willamette University, 1888; Chair of Economics and History, Willamette University, 1892-1903.

JAMES T. MATTHEWS,

Professor of Mathematics.

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

B. J. HOADLEY, D. D.,

Professor of Philosophy.

A. M. Baldwin University, Berea, Ohio, 1862; Superintendent Public Schools, Berea, Ohio; Professor Latin and Greek, Baldwin University; Professor English Literature and History, Portland University, 1895-1900; Professor Willamette University, 1901-03.

B. J. HOADLEY.

CHAS. A. DAWSON.

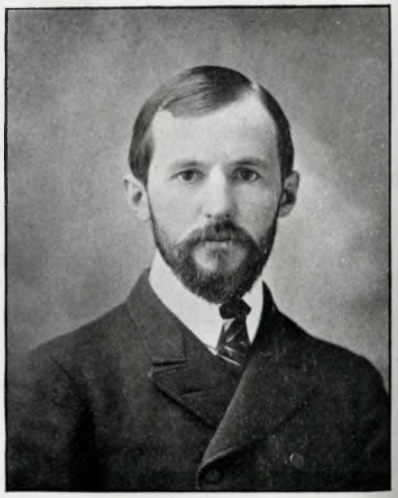
CHARLES A. DAWSON,

Professor of English Literature.

A. B. Ohio Wesleyan, 1899; Assistant Principal and Instructor in High School, Ashland, Ohio, 1899-1900; Principal High School, Clyde, Ohio, 1900-1901; graduate student in history, University of California, 1901-1902; A. M. Ohio Wesleyan, 1902; Professor English Language and Literature, Willamette University, 1902-1903.

W. H. MCCALL,

Born in Malvern, Ohio; Malvern High School; Ohio Wesleyan, Delaware, Ohio, A. B. 1900; studied one year; Willamette University, taught modern languages since 1901.



W. H. McCALL.

LORAN A. KERR.

LORAN A. KERR,

Professor of Science.

High School, 1893; studied law one year with father; 1894-96, Ohio Wesleyan; 1896-98, Tacoma, Puget Sound University; 1898, Summer School, Ohio Wesleyan; 1900, A. B. Ohio Wesleyan; 1900-03, Science Department, Willamette University.

GEORGE A. WARFIELD,

Professor of Greek and Latin.

A. B. from Nebraska Wesleyan, University Place, 1896; admitted to bar, after having studied law, 1896-98, in State University, Lincoln, Ill.; A. M., History and Economics, Eugene, Or., State University, 1898-99; Eugene and Astoria High Schools, taught two years.

GEO. A. WARFIELD.

MARY E. REYNOLDS.

MARY E. REYNOLDS,

Professor of Penmanship.

B. S. from Willamette University in 1880; taught in public schools three years; Willamette University ten years.

HARRIETT WARFIELD,

Librarian and Assistant in English.

A. B. University of Oregon, 1901; Instructor in English, Willamette University, 1903.

HARRIETT WARFIELD.

MABEL LANKTON CARTER.

MABEL LANKTON CARTER,

Professor of Oratory.

Graduate of Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago; Professor of Expression and Physical Culture, Drury College, Springfield, Mo.; private and class work, Chicago, 1898; Willamette University, 1899-1903; Professor of Oratory and Dramatic Expression.

SOPHIA E. TOWNSEND,

Assistant in Latin.

LILA W. SWAFFORD,

Tutor.

ERMA M. CLARK,

Tutor.

H. W. SWAFFORD,

Assistant Librarian.

College of Medicine.

Established 1865.

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

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

J. N. Smith, M. D.
Profaessor Theory and Practice of Medicine.

F. E. Smith, M. D.
Professor of Obstetrics.

W. Y. Williamson, M. D.
Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases.

J. A. Richardson, M. D.
Professor of Pedriatics.

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

W. D. McNary, M. D.
Professor of Physiology.

L. F. Griffith, M. D.
Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

A. B. Gillis, M. D.
Professor of Opthalmology, Rhinology, Otology, Laryngology.

J. B. D. Tuthill, A. M.
Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

J. L. Hill, B. S., M. D., Albany, Or.
Prof. of Genito-Urinary and Suphilology.

G. H. Burnett.
Professor of Medical Jurisprudence.

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

E. A. Pierce, M. D.
Professor of Physical Diagnosis and Diseases of Chest.

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

W. H. BYRD, M. D., Dean.

R. CARTWRIGHT, M. D.

W. Y. WILLIAMSON, M. D.

E. A. PIERCE, M. D.

J. N. SMITH, M. D.

J. A. RICHARDSON, M. D.

A. E. TAMIESIE, M. D.

W. D. McNARY, M. D.

L. F. GRIFFITH, M. D.

A. B. GILLIS, M. D.

F. E. SMITH, M. D.

J. B. D. TUTHILL, A. M.

J. J. HILL, B. S., M. D.

W. C. SMITH, M. D.

G. H. BURNETT.

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

GENERAL VIEW OF CAMPUS.

CRATER LAKE.

College of Law.

Established 1884.

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

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

A. O. CONDIT, B. S.,
Prof. of Criminal Law and Procedure and Negotiable Inst.

JOHN BAYNE, LL. B.,
Professor of Equity and Common Law Pleading.

W. T. SLATER, A. B.,
Professor of Contracts and Torts.

College of Music.

Established 1880.

The Faculty.

FRANCESCO SELEY.

FRANCESCO SELEY, Dean,

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

L. H. GRAHAM,

Principal of Piano Department. Organ, History, Form, Composition, Counterpoint.

L. H. GRAHAM.

MISS FLORENCE TILLSON.

MISS FLORENCE TILLSON.
Assistant in Piano Department.

MRS. ETTA SQUIER-SELEY,
Voice Culture, Ladies' Chorus and Quartets.

LEROY L. GESNER,
Principal of Violin Department.

MISS FLORENCE BOWDEN,
Principal of the Department of Stringed Instruments.

MISS FLORENCE BOWDEN.

College of Oratory.

Established 1875.

MABLE LANKTON CARTER, *Dean.*
EDNA PARRISH, *Instructor.*
MAY CHAPLER, *Instructor.*

School of Art.

MISS MARIE CRAIG, B. S., *Professor.*

N. D. MOSER

University Gymnasium

N. D. MOSER, *Physical Director.*

SENIORS

Senior Class.

YELL.

Klaska Yakwa,
Hiu Hehe,
Kanawe Klatawa,
Nineteen three-three.

Flower, Heliotrope.
Colors, Purple and White.
Motto, "Nulla dies sine linea."

History.

Morituri salutamus!

"There is an end to every good thing," so saweth the old saw, contrary evidence notwithstanding. History repeats itself. Every age has its prodigy, every college its senior class, apparently a (good) by(e) product of many activities, but which invariably turns out to be the real dividend paying stock of the whole investment.

Silent, grave and demure they are passing by, the seniors of nineteen hundred and three. Old Father Time has given the glass its final turn, and soon the sands will all be run. But who are these, the subject of this sketch? "These are they which came out of great tribulation," the remnant of a once numerous people, the heroes and the heroines of many a fierce conflict, for to the mill which grinds out seniors "many be called, but few chosen."

Five of their number have been on the regular pay-roll of the corporation; two are from an earlier tribe of the Willamettes, having elected to come under the vine and fig tree of the Naughty-threes, rather than to suffer with any other class of this century; one came in at the eleventh hour, and he likewise receives his penny.

Prepdom terrors have long been forgotten, and the trials and troubles of the undergraduate are not now worth the while.

The roster shows marked diversities, the records dire calamities. From France west to the balmy shores of the Pacific their birthplaces are known. The calendar refuses to talk about the years they've spent upon this mundane sphere. Some are destined to fill large places in the world, others to find their little niches. The sacred desk, the mine, the foreign land, the school, the press, are to be the fields of their endeavors.

Their affiliations are as dissimilar as their callings, their avoirdupois, the color of their eyes or the smiles upon their faces. Alumni, undergraduates and "preps" are equally qualified in their esteem.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

We have been both the vanquished and the vanquishers. From the gymnasium, the track, the field, the rostrum, the forensic arena we have worn our laurel wreaths, and we've returned upon our shields. We have added to your victories, we have brought to you defeats.

Let the good we may have done remain, the evil be forgotten!

NELLIE J. CLARK, Salem, Or.

Latin Scientific.

Treasurer Oratorical Association.

RICHARD B. WILKINS, Albany, Or.

Latin Scientific.

Editor Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Handbook; member Executive Committee of Student Body; President Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer senior class.

SOPHIA E. TOWNSEND, Salem, Or.

Classical.

President Girls' Student Association; President Philodosian Society; President senior class.

EDGAR MERESSE, Forest Grove, Or.

Literary.

Editor-in-Chief Wallulah; managing editor Ginger Can; Vice-President Oratorical Association; member Collegian Staff; representative in State Oratorical Contest.

ERMA M. CLARKE, Salem, Or.

Latin Scientific.

Assistant Editor Willamette Collegian; member Y. W. C. A. Handbook Board of Editors; member Wallulah Board.

SAMUEL SIEWERT, Salem, Or.

Classical.

MINNIE KOSCHMIEDER, Salem, Or.

Latin Scientific.

Secretary Girls' Student Association; Secretary senior class; captain Basket Ball team.

HARRY W. SWAFFORD, Salem, Or.

Latin Scientific.

Editor-in-Chief Willamette Collegian; member Wallulah Board; member Tennis Club; member University Glee Club.

JUNIORS

Junior Class.

Class Poem.

"WE TWO."

We two are "It" every place we go,
We study in any kind of weather;
If the library invites, or winds by the race do blow,
What matters it if we two are together,
For we two, we learn in any kind of weather.

We two find studies to pursue with every dawn,
Each day holds something of an unknown story;
We waste no thought on past Sophomores gone,
Telling off the days, the year leads us on and on,
And with specter hand and head all hoary
Points out for we two the paths of glory.

We two will banquet on the swellest fare
In the cups of both await a pleasure;
We'll chase from our brows the student's look of care,
And win to smiles the Junior faces fair.
For them life will soon move with lifting measure,
When we two Sophs allow them the pleasure.

We two will be Seniors on this little earth,
We do not need to wait for a time eternal;
We know the worth of profs, we know a student's worth,
Preparation to us is always hope's rebirth.
Our class leads closely to the alumni paternal,
But we two, we two will be the two eternal.

JULIA FIELD, Salem Ore.
Classical.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Member Cabinet Y. W. C. A.; Member of Ladies' Chorus.

MARIE WHIPPLE, Vancouver, Wash.
Classical.
Prepared at Pacific University. Member Y. W. C. A.

SOPHOMORE
HCROUSE

NOAH D. MOSER, Dalton, Ohio,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Wooster University, Ohio; President Sophomore Class; Manager Glee Club and Band; Member Glee Club Quartet, Soph. Debating team, Wallulah Staff.

G. EUGENE WHIPPLE, Vancouver, Wash.,
Classical.
Prepared Tualatin Academy; Member Glee Club.

LILA V. SWAFFORD, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared W. U. Academy; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Member Ladies' Chorus, Executive Committee Student Body, Ladies' Basket-ball team; Tutor in Normal Department.

ARCHIE M. JERMAN, Silverton, Or.,
English.
Prepared W. U. Academy; Vice-President Philodorian Society (third term); Captain W. U. Baseball team; Member Football team, Baseball team.

EDGAR F. AVERILL, Brownsville, Or.,
Latin Scientific.

Prepared W. U. Academy; Manager Basket-ball team; Secretary Y. M. C. A.; Member Sophomore Debating team, Junior Eleven, Baseball team.

H. LOUISE VAN WAGNER, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.

Prepared W. U. Academy; President Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Student Body; Secretary Sophomore Class; Member Ladies' Chorus, Sophomore Debating team.

E. KINNEY MILLER, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.

Prepared W. U. Academy; Captain 'Varsity Football team; Class Historian; Secretary Y. M. C. A.; Assistant Editor Collegian; Member Executive Committee I. O. O. A., Glee Club, Basket-ball team.

FRANK L. GRANNIS, Salem, Or.,
English.

Prepared W. U. Academy; Vice-President Philodorian Society (first term); Member Glee Club, Junior Football team, Junior Basket-ball team, Campus Tennis Club.

Class Officers.

N. D. Moser . . . . . President
Lila V. Swafford . . . . . Vice-President
H. Louise Van Wagner . . . . . Secretary
E. Kinney Miller . . . . . Historian

YELL

Sophomore hip!
Sophomore hop!
Sophomore class
Always on top!

History.

The class of 1905 has a glorious history, and a future full of brilliant features.

The class entered the usually obscure sphere of "prepdom" in '98. It broke the unwritten law, however, in the very first year of its existence by refusing to remain in blissful obscurity. The bell clapper was stolen. The gong disappeared. The stove in the east basement was beaten and battered into disrespectability, to the tune of "Sawed-off Cochran." Noon cakewalks were held in the society halls, supervised by Professor Matthews. In fact, the whole world was suddenly acquainted with the startling fact that in 1905 there would be graduated from Old Willamette a class which would eclipse all its predecessors by far, and set the pace for the generation of classes to come.

The next year was like unto the first—always in evidence, always leading by their unequaled talents, by their unconquerable courage. This class was the main factor in the tongue to tongue combats in the old Philadorian Hall, which ultimately ended in the overthrow and death of that once terrible dragon, the famous A. D. A. C.

In the next year this bright group of conquerors deviated slightly from their traditions, and studied a few hours. But they were not too busy to scale the water pipe in the dead of night, remove a pane from the chemical room window, make themselves known to Mr. Skeleton, take him to the belfry, and leave him dangling from the flagstaff with his lines of communication cut and the pole generously smeared with soap.

In this year the class graduated "summa cum laude" from victorious prepdom into full-fledged happy-go-lucky, all-important, ever-conspicuous Freshmen.

The Freshman year saw the '05 class holding many important student positions, leading in college spirit, leading in athletics, leading in the social functions, etc.

And now we come to the "Jolly Sophomore Boys," the class long victorious in college politics, athletics and literary excellence. The eminent class of 1905, if you please, reinforced by the dignity, refinement and culture of the East, teeming with the aggressiveness of the West, already "sighing for more worlds to conquer."

One more year of success, one more year in which to weave the net around the multitudinous fishes floundering in prepdom, and in the fanciful illusions, the nursery pastimes of Freshmen. Then, then will begin our reign of absolutism and brilliancy, so perfect, so glittering, that it shall become tradition for the later classes to endeavor to realize the height of dignity, the ideal scholarship, the immense success of the best looking, the most illustrious, the best organized, and the most loyal class Old Willamette has ever graduated—the memorable class of 1905.

FRESHIE
E.M. '03

Freshman Class.

Officers.

W. C. Winslow.....President
Althea Lee.....Vice-President
Winifred Rigdon.....Secretary
Arthur Gale.....Treasurer
Chas. E. Skidmore.....Historian
D. A. Forbes.....Sergeant-at-Arms

YELL

Hic Haec,
Tra Boom,
Killi Kanick,
Rah Zoom.
Willy Wallie,
Rolly Rix.
Jolly People,
Nineteen Six!

Colors, green and white.

Motto, Make the Sophs miserable.

WALTER C. WINSLOW, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.

Prepared Oregon Institute; President Class of 1906; Manager Weekly Collegian; Secretary and Treasurer Student Body; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Secretary Philodorian Society (first term); Member '06 Debating team, Glee Club, 'Varsity band, Basket-ball team, Junior Eleven, Track team.

ALTHEA LEE, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.

Prepared Oregon Institute; Vice-President Class of '06; President Philodosian Society (second term); Secretary Y. W. C. A.; Member Ladies' Chorus, Wallulah Staff.

WINIFRED A. RIGDON, Salem, Or.
Latin Scientific.

Prepared Oregon Institute; Secretary Class '06; Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A.; Member Girls' Basket-ball team.

ARTHUR GALE, Baker City, Or.,
Latin Scientific.

Prepared Portland University Academy and Oregon Institute; Treasurer Class '06; President Philodorian (first term); Manager Track team; Member Football Team, '06 Debating team.

CHARLES EVAN SKIDMORE, Monroe, Or.,
Latin Scientific.

Prepared Ashland High School and Oregon Institute; Class Historian; Manager Wallulah; Manager '03 Football team; Assistant Editor Ginger Can; Secretary Philodorian Society (second term); Vice-President Philodorian Society (third term); Member Collegian Staff, Track team.

D. A. Forbes, Oregon City, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Class Sergeant-at-Arms; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Member Y. M. C. A. Executive Committee.

May Chapler, Salem, Or.,
Special.
Prepared Oregon Institute.

Ivan Martin, Salem, Or.,
Special.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Freshman Orator; Member 'Varsity band, Glee Club.

Elma Bryne, Salem, Or.,
Special.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Member Cecilian Quartet.

Nellie Parsons, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Officer Philodosian Society; Member Girls Chorus, Basket-ball team.

MARY E. WARFIELD, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Eugene High School; Member Girls' Basket-ball team, '06 Debating team, '06 Girls' Basket-ball team.

WALTER KEYES, Fossil, Or.,
Special.
Prepared Idaho State University; President Oratorical Association; President Philodorian Society (third term); Freshman Orator.

RUTH FIELDS, Salem, Or.,
Classical.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Member Girls' Chorus, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Capitola Delegate.

P. H. LAUFMAN, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Oregon Institute.

BLANDINA ELIZABETH STOWELL, Salem, Or.,
Special.
Prepared Portland Academy; Treasurer Philodosian Society; Member Ladies' Chorus, Wallulah Staff, '06 Girls' Basket-ball team.

VEVA GARDNER, Stayton, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

G. O. OLIVER, Joseph, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Oregon Institute; President Y. M. C. A. 1903.

MINNIE CORNELIUS, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Member Girls' Chorus.

EARL S. RIDDELL, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Quarterback Football team; Yell leader; Member Student Body Executive Committee, Track team.

IDA WHITE, Caldwell, Idaho,
Special.
Prepared College of Idaho.

CLARA A. HOLMSTROM, Salem, Or.,
Classical.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Class Orator; Vice-President Philodosian Society; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Capitola Delegate.

RAY CHAPLER, Salem, Or.,
Latin Scientific.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Member Junior Eleven, Glee Club, Basket-ball team.

DELTA LEWIS, Salem, Or.,
Special.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Member Girls' Chorus.

ROBT. MORRIS, Salem, Or.,
Classical.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Manager Junior Eleven; President Philodorian Society (second term).

GUSTENA A. RANDALL, New Era, Or.,
English.
Prepared Oregon Institute; Member Girls' Basket-ball team.

GRACE MCCONNELL, Portland, Or.,

Latin Scientific.

Prepared Portland High School; Vice-President Philodosian Society; Secretary Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Joint Associations; Member '06 Girls' Basket-ball team.

H. MAY SPENCER, Tangent, Or.,

Latin Scientific.

Prepared Los Gatos High School, Cal. Stenographer to President Coleman; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Freshman History.

The class of '06 was born one day last October, and ever since the adoption of its constitution and by-laws it has shown most remarkable progress. We were strangers, many of us, when we first met as a class, but we soon learned each other's worth and have since co-operated in impressing it upon the university in general. Right here we may say that we are not going to boast of the things we have done. Kind reader, supposing that you have waded through the boastful histories of the three preceding classes, we have no doubt you are tired of crowing and ready for honest facts.

Facts are what we shall offer you, but we fear to give to history the deeds of our class, thinking they may undeservedly meet with the truly merited fate of all other class histories.

We fear that the unblushing effrontery with which class historians have deceived the credulous public, will have such a reactionary effect, that they will be unprepared to accept, as unerring truth, the recital of the really remarkable and unparalleled achievements of the class of nineteen six.

We will offer them, however, in the simplest garb, and will claim but half our due, fearing that, in our fullness of honor, we may offend our sister class, the Sophomores, who have so little to offer.

That we can play football and basket-ball and baseball, all the school knows, and we need not repeat it. That we have put forth orators and debaters who have rubbed hard even the wise Seniors, is never denied. Once the Sophs tried to do otherwise, but everyone knows how they fizzled.

That we have brought out managers and editors who have conducted themselves in such a manner as to bring honor to the institution and everlasting glory to the class, is an undisputed fact. There are many other triumphs we might narrate, but the truth is, we are too busy making history to have time for recording it. The year is almost over, and, although we think the Freshmen superior to all other classes, still we are beginning to believe that the Sophs are quite good fellows, and no doubt by the time we meet again next fall, we shall be fully convinced of it.

Preps

Academy Seniors.

OFFICERS.

Ronald Glover ..... President
Belle Crouse ..... Vice-President
Nellie Swafford ..... Secretary
Luther Whiteman ..... Historian

MOTTO.

Secundus Nulli.

COLORS

Royal Blue and Lemon.

YELL.

Rickety, Rackety, Rickety, Reps.
Third Year, Third Year, Senior Preps!

MEMBERS OF CLASS.

Lucy Patty
Harry Spaulding
Inez Wheeler
Blanche Lewis
Henry Keyes
Laura Bean
Nellie Swafford
Lloyd Marquam
Eva Marlatt
Jessie Wann
Lena Schindler
Roy McDowell
Mabel Robertson
Alma Hales
Juanita Laufman
William Pollard
Edna Mallory
Ronald Glover
Luther Whiteman
Jennie Coyle
Gertrude Gray
Wallace Riddell
Bell Crouse
Merle Hockett
George Laver
Dorathea High
Greta Phillips
Greta Stowell
Anna Nolan
Ethel Scovel

History Senior Academy.

The average class historian would have his innocent and trusting readers believe that in his class are found all wisdom, wit and virtue. The enthusiastic writer seldom keeps strictly within the bounds of reality. Because of his lack of experience and also because of his lack of wisdom, the chronicler compiles his little effort with bombastic, half-witted, fictitious assertions concerning the class of which he is a member. It might be well at this point to remark that this history is apt to be little better than others of its kind, except that in it truth will be the predominant feature. No flight of imaginative fancy will be used to embellish it, for it would not be necessary, since "truth is stranger than fiction."

It is to be hoped that by these preliminary remarks the reader is prepared for the disappointment which is soon to be his, if he peruse this history with the expectation of finding anything of art or wisdom in it.

Nothing but absolute truth is stated when we describe the members of this class to be the most brilliant that have ever passed through the chaotic state of prepdom, and reached that point in their careers where they can look back over years of achievement and say with honest pride, "at last we are Freshmen." We challenge anyone to prove that we are not the most illustrious class in this institution. The Senior Preps have aroused the envy of prepdom, compelled the respect of the college, and won the admiration of the faculty.

From our earliest infancy in pre-pre-prepdom, our path has blazed with glory, our triumphs are on every tongue. As second-year preps we painted our name in conspicuous places that none might forget our glory. We gave our battle cry with such effect that the weak attempts of others to make themselves known were carried away into oblivion. We were the first class to renew the time-honored custom, which had been sadly neglected of late years, of taking the bellclapper. Our jollification on the night of the big game assumed such proportions that a verdant second-year prep turned in a fire alarm in his terror at the sight of it.

We have always been the most patriotic class at Old Willamette, for have we not furnished the backbone of the gridiron team of '02? We cherish the thought that one of our members has been chosen to lead the heroes of '03 to victory. We gave the basket-ball team their captain, and the football team their manager. Two members of this class financially manage our best college paper, the Ginger Can. Others from this class are on the staff of every university publication, even including the annual.

In social affairs this class has taken the lead easily. We have demonstrated our ability in this sphere time and again. The class reception was the most brilliant affair of the year. Even our rivals admit that in class spirit and college patriotism we are unexcelled.

Consider these facts, dear reader. Be not blind with prejudice. Open up thine eyes unto the truth. Then and only then will you begin to conceive of the glory and renown of '03.

W. U. '08
CROHISE PHOTO
SALEM, ORE.

Second Year Class.

Officers.

Osmor Wolf.....President
Bessie Cornelius.....Vice-President
Ethel E. Allen.....Secretary
George Lewellen.....Treasurer
Ralph Matthews.....Sergeant-at-Arms
Marion Hetrick.....Historian
Laurella Holmstrom.....Poet

Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Roo! Roo! Roo!
1908,
Zoo! Zoo! Zoo!

Colors.

Royal purple and silver.

Flower.

Pink carnation.

Motto.

Now the foothills, later the mountains.

Members.

Bernice Sears
Bessie Cornelius
Inez Bozorth
Winifred Poorman
Eva Umphreys
Gail Benson
Lucile Morcom
Claude Shelton
Elfa Wann
Marie Huntley
Elwinna Schramm
Myrtle Duncan
Austin Price
Marguerite Patty
Bernice Williams
George Lewellen
Laverne Crawford
Lottie Randall
Archie Camp
Sylvia Hewitt
Roy Hewitt
George Bernier
Frances Neal
William Love
Roy Bean
Ruth Whipple
Lloyd Whipple
Marion Hetrick
Albert Siewert
Ruth Gabrielson
Leda Buren
Cora Miller
Elena Fawk
Mac Hofer
Russel Ferrar
Ethel E. Allen
Ilda Jones
Ralph Matthews
Laurella Holmstrom
Hattie Higgins
George Randall
Osmor Wolf
Bertha Hewitt
Zoe Stockton
Ruth Rulifson
Frederick Neal
George Best
Mildred Rizer
Ruby Coryell
Augustus Mallory
Fred Baker
Gertrude Fawk
Althea Jones

History and Prophecy.

"Now the foothills, later the mountains."

If we would climb mountains, we must first pass through the foothills, as they are near the beginning of the road. All things must have a beginning, but as we journey over the sunny hills we keep our eyes fixed on the grandeur and beauty of the snowy mountain peaks, our final destination.

We have hitherto been traveling over a smooth, well-worn path, through pleasant fields and sunny valleys, with only here and there a slight obstruction to remove, or a steep slope to climb. We have done fairly well the work required of us, and have left a record with no disfiguring blots.

We have able representatives in the various departments of industry or pleasure connected with the journey up the pathway of knowledge, and we are justly proud of them. They are helping to make the records of the school, and they are trying to make those records among the best.

Some of our members have found other paths to travel, and while we regret their departure, we are glad to have met them and perhaps have helped them on their way.

As we grow wiser and stronger, soon the path will be more steep and rugged and difficult to travel. It will not be trodden by so many feet, for not many people care for the pleasure of climbing a mountain. There will be many difficulties to overcome and many trials to meet. Huge granite boulders bar the way; or a mountain torrent rushes across the path; or a way must be cut with much hard labor through a tangled thicket.

All these difficulties but serve to make those who overcome them stronger and better fitted to surmount the next obstacle. So, step by step, with patient perseverance, the heights will be climbed; and we hope that many brave souls in the class of 1908 will reach the summit of the snow-clad peaks that now seem so far above us, and see the sun shining on the glorious promised land.

First Year Class.

Officers.

W. D. Moyer.....President

Mabel Glover.....Vice-President

John L. Phillips.....Secretary

Maude Stone.....Treasurer

John Reichen.....Historian

Roy D. Price.....Prophet

Emily K. Moyer.....Poet

Class Roll.

Zachariah Barker
Margaret Bozorth
Claude Crandall
Fred Elworthy
Ward Fisher
Sadie Fiester
Mabel Glover
Estella Hardwick
Clayton Heise
Roy Knotts
Jessie Marten
Harris Mosher
Martha Pollard
John Phillips
James Reid
A. C. Rickel
Ormand Bean
Leonard Daniels
Wyma Duncan
Asa Fisher
Carrie Flowers
Margaret Gray
Cecil Hawley
Aubrey Henderlite
Hannah Laver
Etta Melson
W. D. Moyer
Glen McClelland
Roy Price
Lina Phillips
John Reichen
Leila Rigdon
Maude Stone
Alice Shepard
Ralph St. Pierre
Murray Shanks
Iva Stevenson
Wilfred Winans
Violet West
Curtis Stowell
Ama Strong
Martin St. Pierre
George Simpson
Carroll Underhill
Albert Wright
Isadora Winans
Elva Winslow
Murae Hatch
Emily K. Moyer

Yell.

Hulubaloo-baloo-baluff,
First Year Preps,
We're the Stuff!

Colors.

Dark red and olive green.

Flower.

Pink carnation.

Motto.

"Climb tho' the rocks be rugged."

History and Prophecy.

We are the class of 1909! The last, but not the least, no, indeed! Numerically, we rank first of all the classes, and as students we are excelled by none. We have come here to prepare ourselves for lives of usefulness, and we have begun our work in such a way that we may justly be proud. True to our motto, "Climb though the rocks be rugged." we shall rise step by step, and many of us without doubt will reach the top. A glorious day is coming for Old Willamette, the Commencement Day of 1909. If ye live to see that day, happy are ye.

From the first we have had a full-fledged organization, and we have provided ourselves with yells, designs, motto, colors and what not; we have declared our independence, and though there be many a foe to conquer, our victory is assured and we are destined to change the course of human history.

As for our college spirit and loyalty, we challenge any class in the institution. In almost every student enterprise we are represented, be it athletics, literary, Y. W. C. A. or Y. M. C. A., or of whatever nature. This means a great deal when it is considered that we are here for the first time, just gathered from under the four winds of the heavens.

Our time here so far has been a time of great enjoyment and pleasure; the day when we were the First Year Preps shall ever be dear to our memory. How pleasant the recollections of the days we entered, of the receptions given for the new students, of our own party, really it's all just lovely. Let's all come back next year. That's just what we will do, and we will stick right to it, and stay right with it till we have all wisdom and all understanding, and solve all mysteries under the sun, and who shall there be like unto us?

The College of Oratory.

Established 1875.

The College of Oratory is probably more intimately associated with the University than any other of its departments, since expression is acknowledged by the leading educators to be fundamental to all other branches of learning. It is the aim of this school to teach oratory as an art and to give a thorough and systematic training in the principles upon which the art is based. The object is to develop natural, not artificial speakers. The method of teaching elocution is based upon psychological principles. No mechanical methods are used except in special cases. The student is taught to think and feel while on his feet before an audience, and to express his thought and emotions through his own individuality. This results in a natural, expressive and intelligent system of interpretation. The faculty of the College of Oratory consists of the dean, two instructors in physical and voice culture and expression, and of the professors in the English and history departments of the College of Liberal Arts.

Courses in physical culture, elocution, voice culture, oratory, literature, life study, personation, dramatic art, extemporaneous speaking, parliamentary law, and history are offered. The regular course covers three years' work. A diploma is granted at graduation.

Senior Oratory.

Yell

P. C. B., P. C. B.,
We're the naughty, naughty three.

Colors.

Gold and green.

Motto.

Manus mentem sequens peraget.

Members of Class.

MAY CHAPLER.

ELMA BYRNE

EDNA PARRSH.

Class Poem.

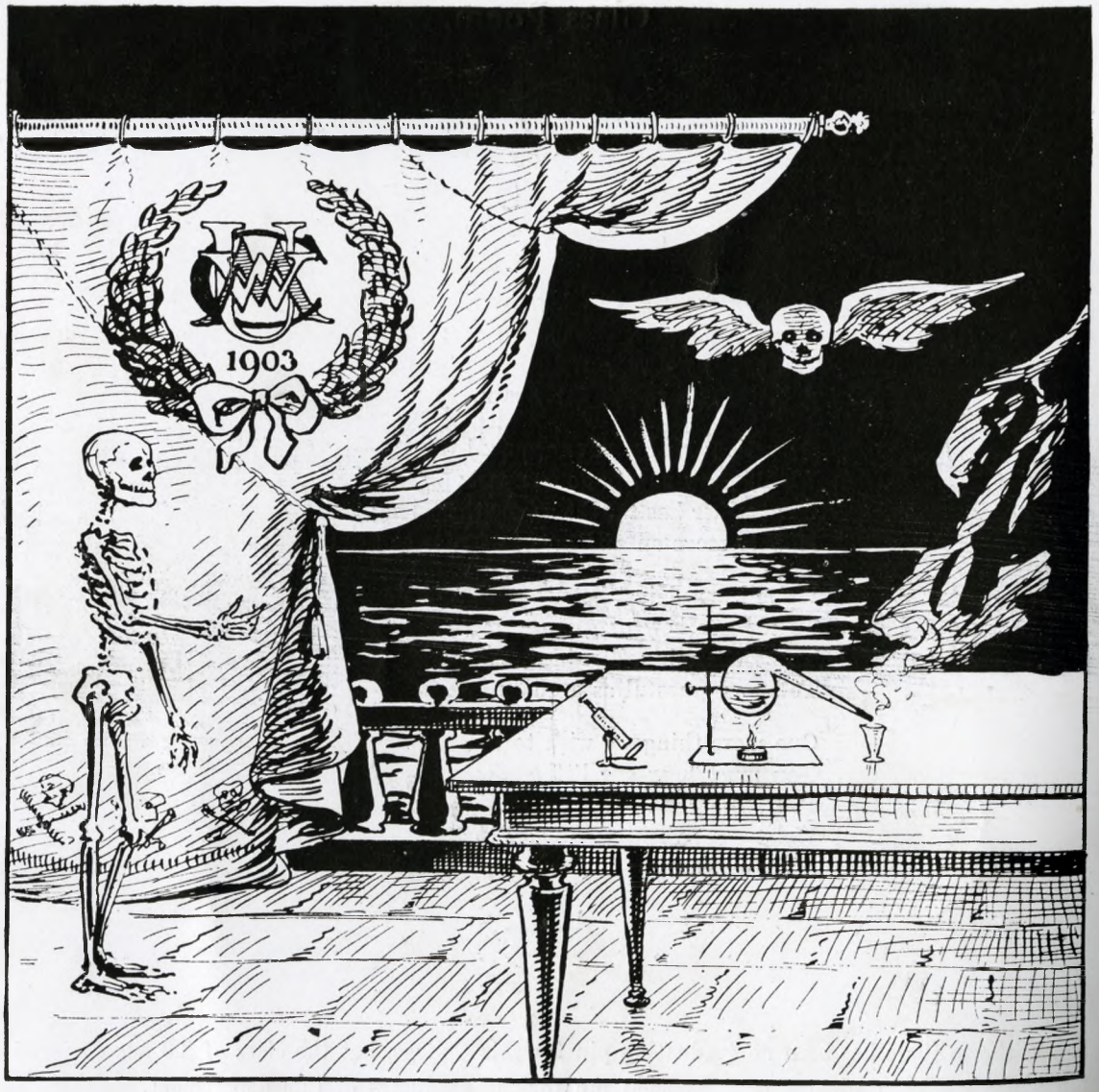
Here we are, the naughty three,
Parrish, Chapler, Byrne, you see;
The colors we wear are gold and green,
A better trio you've never seen.

By patient study we've acquired tne art—
We all know how to do our part;
Our teacher has taught us for three long years
How to move an audience to smiles or tears.

We've learned just how to walk and stand,
To make a bow or gesture grand,
To be charming, dignified, serene,
To be as graceful as a queen.

One more thing we wish to tell,
You must hear our little yell;
P. C. B., P. C. B.,
We're the naughty, naughty three.

Hitherto there has been no graduating pin for this College, but the class of '03 has designed a pin which has been adopted as the official pin for the graduates of this department.


1903

College of Medicine.

Established 1865.

The College of Medicine of Willamette University is permanently located at Salem. It offers a thorough course of instruction and requires from its students attendance upon four full years of lectures in accordance with the highest standards of modern advancement in the realm of medicine. The College is a member of the Association of American Medical Colleges and is conducted in harmony with the requirements of that association.

It is now well understood that the result of modern medical teaching, in comparison with that of a decade ago, is the placing of the recent graduate in a position to cope with the practical, schooling him so that, when he is suddenly called in a case of emergency, or is so situated that he cannot avail himself of the helping hand of an older practitioner, he can act with intelligence and ability. To the clinical method of teaching in colleges of late years must be attributed this happy change. To the earlier years of strictly didactic teaching are added those in the clinics and hospitals, and under the direction of the teachers in the various branches of medicine and surgery, he is made to evolve his own diagnosis and plan of treatment. The members of the faculty devote the utmost attention to this aspect of teaching.

Abundant opportunities are offered the student, not simply to see, but to examine patients, make diagnosis and suggest treatment.

The Salem Hospital, located near the asylum, the Florence Sanatorium, through the kindness of Dr. Cartwright, the Oregon state insane asylum, with its 1350 inmates, and the hospital at the Chemawa Indian School all afford unusual opportunities for clinical instruction.

LECTURE ROOM.

CORNER OF CHEMICAL LABRATORY.

MICROSCOPICAL DEPARTMENT

College of Medicine.

Classes.

SENIORS.

Mary Bowerman, Salem, Or.
E. Parker, Salem, Or.
J. G. Patterson, Salem, Or.
George Russell, Goldendale, Wash.
Clayton Ransom, Turner, Or.
B. H. Wilson, M. D., Port Essington, Canada.
K. Shimada, M. D., Tokyo, Japan.

JUNIORS.

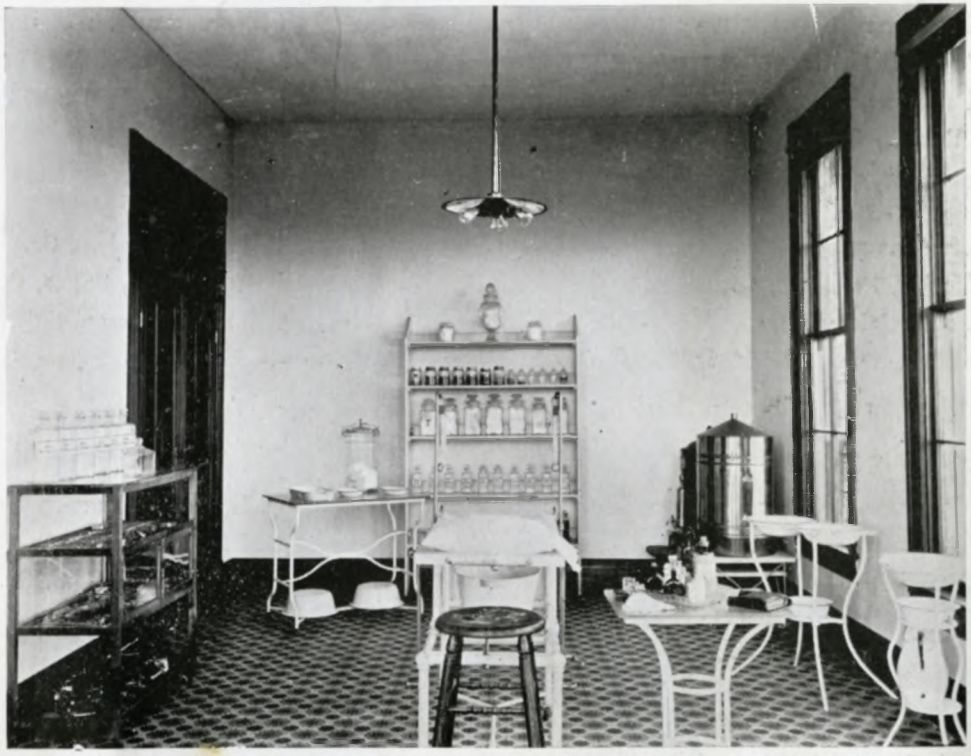
Mrs. Finley Perrine, Salem, Or.
Clyde Hocket, President, Grants Pass, Or.
E. R. Todd, Salem, Or.
Mrs. M. E. Pomeroy, Secretary, Salem, Or.
R. S. DeArmond, Grants Pass, Or.
R. Cashatt, Salem, Or.
Leon Holland, Salem, Or.
Hugh Williamson, Salem, Or.
—. Mortenson, Salem, Or.

SOPHOMORES.

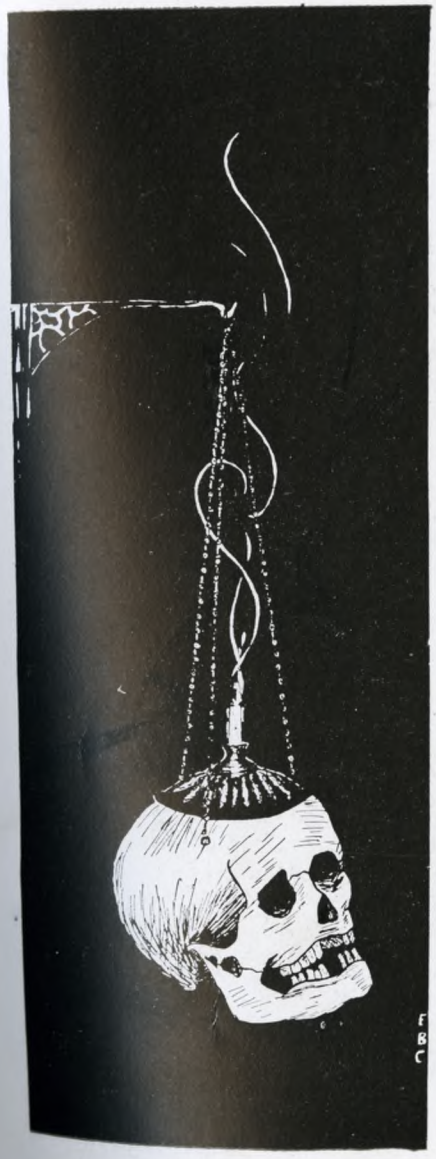
Claude P. Fryer, Secretary, Independence, Or.
Harry Beauchamp, Heppner, Or.
J. O. VanWinkle, President, Halsey, Or.
Mrs. Maud Holt, Corvallis, Or.
R. Schmidt, Turner, Or.
C. E. Kester, Turner, Or.
O. B. Miles, Fossil, Or.
W. W. Allen, Salem, Or.
L. Hooker, Salem, Or.

FRESHMEN.

Roy Byrd, Secretary, Salem, Or.
Geo. A. Cathey, President, Corvallis, Or.
John Evans, Brooks, Or.
Mennil Ong, Treasurer, Scotts Mills, Or.
R. Biswell, Baker, Or.
P. S. Henderlite, Council, Idaho.
W. C. Judd, Salem, Or.
W. C. Rebham, Brownsville, Or.
W. P. Snyder, Heppner, Or.
Fred Hunter, Perrydale, Or.
W. W. Looney, Jefferson, Or.



OPERATING ROOM (SALEM HOSPITAL.)



Medic Chronical.

And now it came to pass that a book was to be written and the names of all the tribes were to be written therein.

And Judas, whose surname was Hooker, and was known for his much speaking, arose and spake unto the people, saying: "There are certain grafts to be made and lest we send an ambassador who understandeth the workings thereof, we shall have no part in the graft." And straightway Parker, who held the chief seat among the tribes, said unto Judas: "Go and spy out our goodly inheritance."

And it came to pass as the year drew nigh unto a close, that the chief priests, scribes and elders of all the land were gathered together in the temple to make laws. Now Judas had forgotten the words of Parker and was found in the temple daily disputing with the doctors of the law.

Byrd, who held the second seat among the tribes, then called them together, and Mary wrote all the acts of the people. Lots were cast, and it fell upon Hocket and Van to write the acts of all the tribes in the book that was to be written.

Now there were four tribes and each tribe had its high priest and scribe.

It came to pass that the Senior tribe murmured among themselves, saying: "We will have no ruler over us, nor any scribe to write our acts.

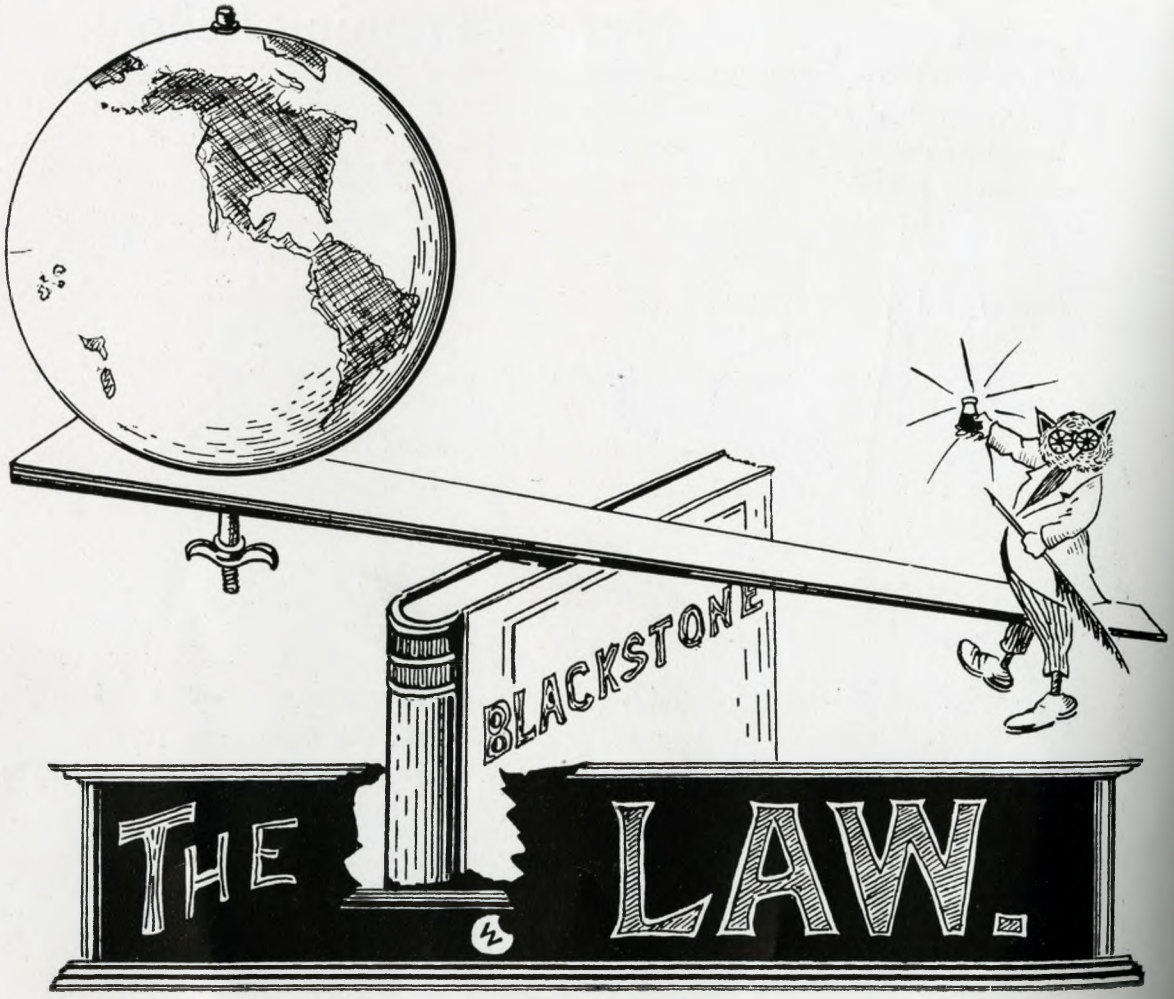
As the end drew nigh many were sore troubled and their knees smote together with fear of the last day, for on that day must every one be examined and give an account for deeds done in the body. Some fled and went home in order to escape the awful judgment, but many martyrs remained unto the last day.

Nurses Training School.

Members Graduating Class.

Miss Emma Hammond Washburne.
Miss Julia Writsman Williams
Miss Mary Edna Peet

In connection with the Salem Hospital is a training school for those who care to take up the profession of nursing. Each year sees a number of graduates from this department. That they are successful, needs no proving, for their many deeds of mercy have superseded anything that might be said of them.


BLACKSTONE
THE
LAW.

The College of Law.

Established 1884.

The Law Department during eighteen years has graduated many who have won honorable positions in the profession of law and in other vocations. Its faculty list has contained the names of some of the most successful practitioners of law in a county which has never been without an able bar. The force engaged in instruction at any one time has varied from one to five, which is the number now acting. It is the policy of the faculty to give conscientious attention to this work, and earn for the Law Department a merit and reputation greater than it has yet enjoyed, and the splendid law library and the variety of courts belonging to the capital of the state make Salem a most favorable place for a good college of law.

The junior recitations are held at 7 P. M. and the senior recitations at 8 P. M., the subjects being arranged by years as follows:

Junior—Blackstone's Commentaries, Criminal Law, Contracts, and Real Property.

Senior—Torts, Negotiable Instruments, Equity, Constitutional Law, Common Law Pleading, Code Pleading, Evidence, Oregon Code, and Conveyancing.

Officers of Law Class.

HENRY MCCONNELL.....President
ARTHUR BENSON.....Secretary
C. H. CLEMENTS.....Treasurer

These officers, being sensitive as to their rights, give the following reasons why they would not submit to having their photos taken:

McConnell—"Fake imprisonment."

Benson—"Libellous *per se*."

Clements—"Unwarrantable infraction of personal liberty."

MUSIC

College of Music.

Those who have special aspirations along the line of music will be able to more than realize their fondest hopes and ambitions at Willamette University. The student is given the highest value of musical history and true musical development. Great as has been the possibilities of this department in the past, we predict greater things for it in the near future, and hope we may continue to say that truly Willamette's Musical Department is the greatest of any in the Northwest.

For several years the registration in this department of the University has been on the increase, until this year it reached considerably over two hundred students.

Senior Music Class.

Officers.

First term—

BERTHA ANDREWARTHA.....President
LELA TARPLEY.....Vice-President
NELLIE RICHMOND.....Treasurer
CLAUDIA CHILDERS.....Secretary
HALLIE WATSON.....Reporter

Second term—

HALLIE WATSON.....President
CLAUDIA CHILDERS.....Vice-President
BERTHA ANDREWARTHA.....Treasurer
LELA TARPLEY.....Secretary
NELLIE RICHMOND.....Reporter

Motto.

"Virtute et labore."

Colors.

Royal purple and lavender.

Flower.

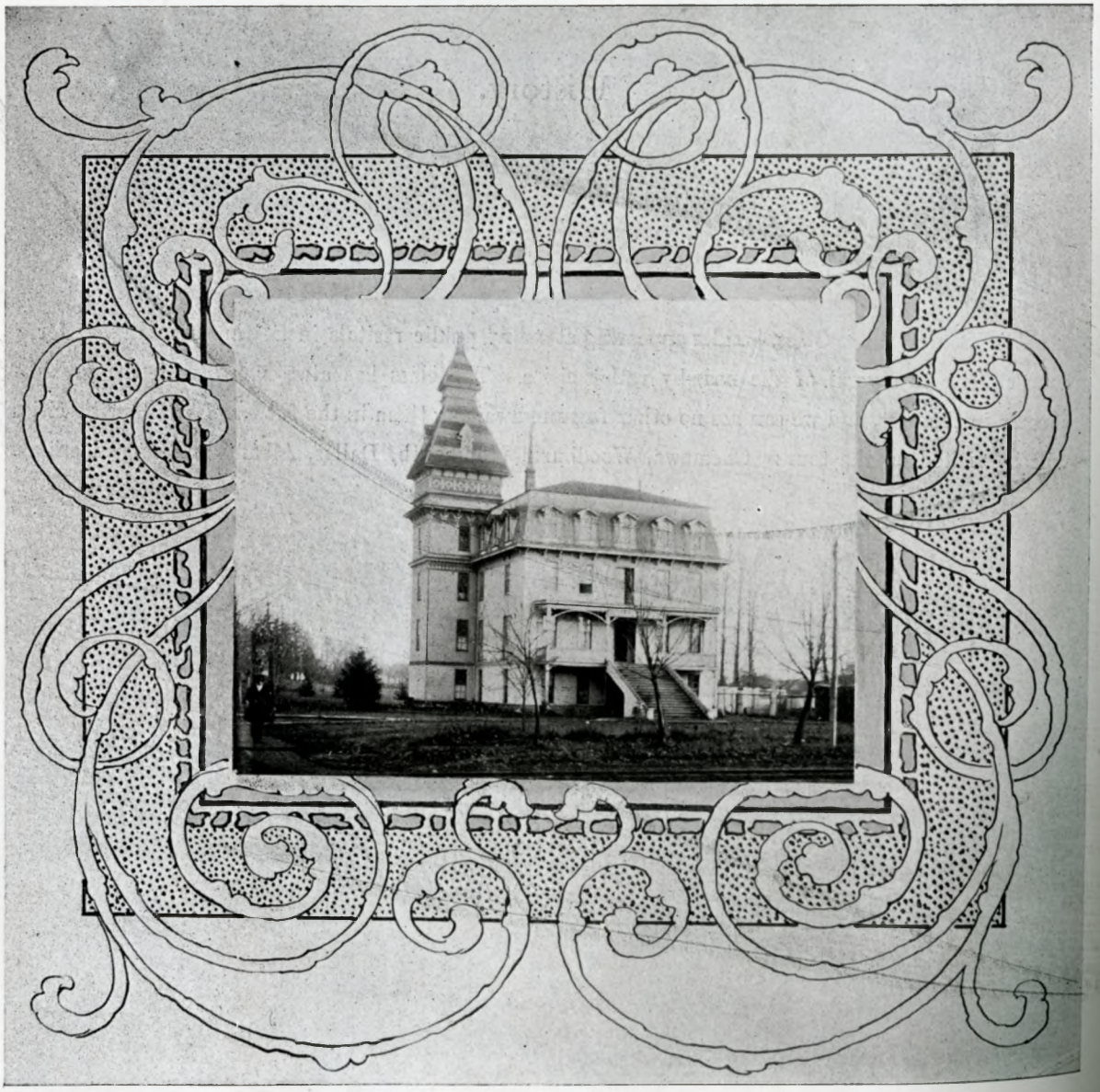
Carnation.

Yell.

C. of M., C. of M., only five,
Hucklo, Hucklo, all alive,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rip Rah, Re,
Hip Rah, Rip Rah, 1903!

History.

The Senior Music Class, besides appearing at many public recitals in Salem, is arranging for a concert tour to several of the near-by valley cities. The class has always met with the greatest success in the past, and we can see no other fortune awaiting them in the future. The following cities will be visited on the tour: Chemawa, Woodburn, Monmouth, Dallas, Albany and several others.



MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Glee Club.

Ladies Chorus.

University Band.

Mandolin Club.

Cecilian Quartet.

Male Quartet.

University Glee Club.

Clifton Claggett, Ivan Martin, Osmar Wolf, Geo. Randall, Wm. Judd, Ray Chapler, Emil Hornschuch,
N. D. Moser, Wm. Zimmerman, E. K. Miller, J. O. Van Winkle, L. H. Whiteman, W. C. Rebham, W. C. Winslow, H. W. Swafford.

Officers.

PROF. FRANCISCO SELEY ..... Director
J. O. VAN WINKLE, '04 M..... President
W. C. JUDD, '06 M..... Vice-President
W. L. ZIMMERMAN, '07..... Secretary
N. D. MOSER, '05..... Manager

University Glee Club.

The Glee Club is one of the organizations that is really keeping step to the music of progress to which the university is marching. The club is under the able directorship of Prof. Francesco Seley, Dean of the College of Music, and has reached a marked degree of efficiency. This year the club made a concert tour. The itinerary included the towns of Brownsville, Lebanon, Dallas, McMinnville, Woodburn and Salem.

Members.

First tenor—
- J. O. Van Winkle
- E. K. Miller
- O. K. Wolf
- F. Seley

Second tenor—
- Wm. Zimmerman
- C. K. Claggett
- Ray Chapler
- I. G. Martin

First bass—
- W. C. Winslow
- W. D. Moser
- F. L. Grannis
- L. H. Whiteman
- Geo. Randall

Second bass—
- W. C. Judd
- W. C. Rebham
- H. W. Swafford
- Emil Hornschuch

BY TROVER, SALEM, OR.

Ladies Chorus.

The Girls' Chorus of Willamette University is a popular musical organization under the able directorship of Mrs. Etta Squier Seley. During the past year the practice has been consistent and effective, but the work of the club as planned at the beginning of the year was not completed because of the illness of Mrs. Seley. The concert given at the First M. E. Church was an absolute success.

The young ladies appeared at other times during the year, but on the evening of the Wallulah benefit they scored a decided hit. The Chorus has been in existence for the past three years, and each successive year has brought the club added perfection and increasing popularity.

Members.

MRS. ETTA SQUIER SELEY, Director.

Miss Nellie Richmond, Pianist
Miss Blanche Lewis
Miss Hales
Miss Van Wagner
Miss Delta Lewis
Miss Cornelius
Miss Gabrielson
Miss B. Stowell
Miss Lee
Miss Strong
Miss Parsons
Miss Philips
Miss Sears
Miss Ruth Field
Miss Bean
Miss Allan
Miss Myra Lewis
Miss Winans
Miss Stockton
Miss Lottie Randall
Miss Martin
Miss Julia Field
Miss Sanders
Miss Higgins
Miss Patty
Miss McConnell
Miss G. Stowell
Miss Lila Swafford
Miss Gussie Randall
Miss Nellie Swafford
Miss Gray
Miss High

WILLAMETTE
BAND.
UNIVERSITY

University Band.

Officers.

L. H. Graham.....Director
O. K. Wolf.....President
G. E. Unruh.....Vice-President
R. R. Knotts.....Secretary
N. D. Moser.....Treasurer and Manager

Members.

Piccola—
O. K. Wolf
French horn—
W. H. Winans
Euphonium—
I. G. Martin
Solo and first cornets—
R. R. Knotts
Ward Fisher
Second cornets—
Wm. Zimmerman
G. Stoller
Alto—
W. C. Winslow, solo
D. A. Forbes, second
First and second tenor—
A. C. Price
G. B. Simpson
Bass—
N. D. Moser
Snare drum—
G. E. Unruh
Bass drum—
H. W. Swafford

Mandolin Club.

The Mandolin Club has been more of a social than a musical organization. They have played only for the amusement of themselves and their friends. It is hoped that the future will see a larger club, and one that will make its appearance in public along with the other musical organizations of the school.

Members.

R. F. Morris
Gustena A. Randall
Ivan Martin
N. D. Moser
Henry Keyes
Wm. Zimmerman
E. Belle Crouse
Ray Chapler

Cecilian Quartet.

Blanche Lewis, first soprano
Ida Stege, second soprano
Leila Cavanaugh, first alto
Elma Byrne, second alto

Male Quartet.

J. O. Van Winkle, first tenor
W. L. Zimmerman, second tenor
N. D. Moser, first bass
H. W. Swafford, second bass

Other Organizations.

TROVER, SALEM, OR.

Philodosian Society.

The Philodosian Society was organized by women of the College of Liberal Arts in 1881. Its aim is the "intellectual development and the diffusion of knowledge" among its members. The society was originally composed of sixteen charter members. Ever since its inception the society has been steadily growing apace with the university.

During the past year the study outline centered around "Japan and its customs." The girls are enthusiastic in their work and are determined to make the society worthy of the position it holds—the first girls' literary society of Willamette University.

Officers.

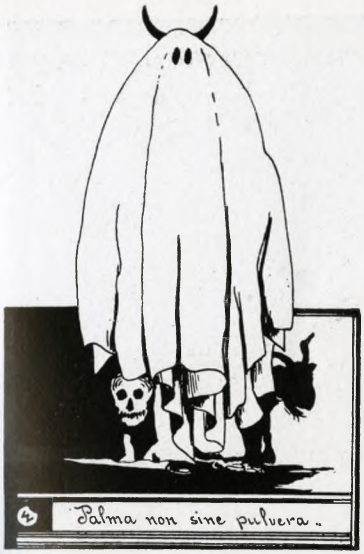
Sophia E. Townsend.....President
Grace McConnell.....Vice-President
Mabel Robertson.....Secretary
Ilda Jones.....Assistant Secretary
Bess Stowell.....Treasurer
Althea Lee.....Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

Clara Holstrom
Ruth Gabrielson
Blanche Lewis
Nellie Parsons
Gretta Stowell
Alma Hales
Bernice Williams
Sophia Townsend
Grace McConnell
Mabel Robertson
Una Baker
Lila Swafford
Edna Mallory
Louise Van Wagner
Mary Warfield
Gertrude Gray
Ethel Scovell
Ilda Jones
Bess Stowell
Althea Lee

Philodorian Society.

A QUORUM.



Philodorian Society.

Officers.

WALTER E. KEYES.....President
CHARLES E. SKIDMORE..... ....Vice-President
HARRY SPAULDING.....Secretary
JOHN REICHEN.....Assistant Secretary
F. W. POORMAN.....Treasurer
ARTHUR GALE:.....Censor
WALTER WINSLOW.....Custodian

Members.

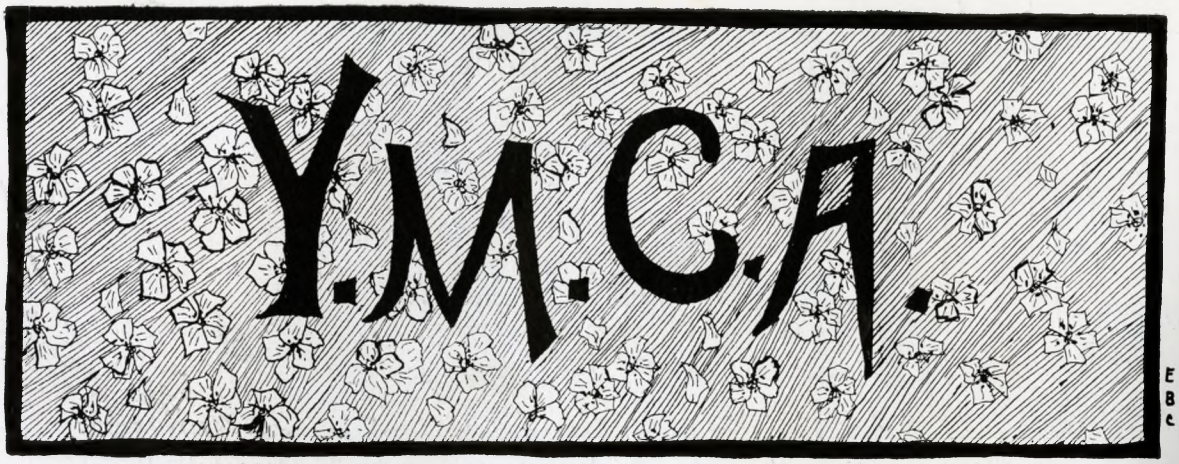
R. F. Morris	Frank Grannis
Archie Jerman	Walter Keyes
R. C. Glover	Chas. E. Skidmore
Roy Price	Kinney Miller
George Laver	Harry Spaulding
Raymond Chapler	John Reichen
W. C. Judd	F. W. Poorman
R. B. Wilkins	Arthur Gale
Ivan Martin	Walter Winslow

Motto: "Palma non sine pulvere."

The Philodorian Society was organized in 1883. It is a literary club for young men. It offers splendid opportunities for the cultivation of forensic ability and the acquisition of a practical knowledge of parliamentary usage.

Besides, the society exerts a strong influence in the social life of the school and promotes to a large degree the social fellowship that stamps every typical Willamette man.

The membership is restricted to students who are willing to band themselves for mutual improvement and the perpetuation of the honor of the University.



Officers.

Oscar Oliver.....President
Roy Hewitt.....Vice-President
Walter Winslow.....Treasurer
E. K. Miller.....Recording Secretary
Wallace Riddell.....Corresponding Secretary

Representatives to Y. M. C. A. Pacific Coast Conferences.

1896—C. J. Atwood.
1899—S. A. Siewert.
1900—H. W. Swafford, E. F. Averill, Raymond Kerr.
1901—E. S. Riddell, R. B. Wilkins.

Speakers for the Year.

Dr. M. C. Wire, Albany.
Reno Hutchinson, Portland.
Mr. C. Staver, Portland.
Dr. Parsons, Salem.
Dr. Ketchum, Salem.
Rev. G. Richie, Salem.
H. W. Stone, Portland.
C. J. Atwood, Salem.
Rev. Hiram Gould, Newberg.

Church Affiliation of Active Members.

Membership	78	Associate members	6
Methodist Episcopal	62	Congregational	2
Methodist South	1	Christian	2
Presbyterian	4	United Brethren	1
Evangelical	4	Church of Christ	1
Baptist	1	Mennonites	1

The Young Men's Christian Association of Willamette University is now entering upon its twelfth year. The first state Y. M. C. A. convention ever held in Oregon convened in Salem, February, 1891. Since the time of its organization it has increased in influence until it ranks as the largest organization for young men in the institution.

The importance and scope of its work reaches every phase of university life. Primarily, the Y. M. C. A. stands for the spiritual advancement, and to train men in active Christian work. But the social, physical and educational development are by no means slighted, as is evidenced by the receptions and assistance given to new students. Bible study classes are maintained in the Association Cycle, while the Sunday afternoon and midweek religious meetings are of great benefit and strong moral uplift.

The Association extends the open hand of fellowship to all and invites every young man to tread in its paths of pleasantness and peace.

Officers.

1902-03—

Erma M. Clarke, '03.....President
Lila Swafford, '05.....Vice-President
Althea Lee, '06.....Recording Secretary
Winifred Rigdon, '06.Corresponding Secretary
Lena Schindler, '07.....Treasurer

1903-04—

Louise Van Wagner, '05.....President
Ruth Field, '06.....Vice-President
Grace McConnell, '06...Recording Secretary
Lena Schindler, '07.....Treasurer

Chairmen of Committees.

Religious Meetings—Lila Swafford.
Social—Louise Van Wagner, Mary Warfield.
Missionary—Nellie Clark, Hallie Baker.
Membership—Ruth Field.
Intercollegiate—Winifred Rigdon, Grace McConnell.
Capitola—Althea Lee, Sophie Townsend.
Nominating—May Spencer.
Personal Work—Veva Gardner.
Finance—Lena Schindler.

Delegates to Capitola Conference.

1900—Frances Cornelius.
1901—Sophia Townsend, Erma Clarke.
1902—Lila Swafford, Louise Van Wagner, Winifred Rigdon, Veva Gardner, Minnie Cornelius.
1903—Ruth Field, Clara Holmstrom.

Church Affiliations of Members.

Methodist Episcopal	58
Presbyterian	5
Baptist	8
Congregational	3
Christian	3
Evangelical	1
Friends	1
Episcopal	1
Church of Christ	1
Total active membership	81
Associate members	11
Total membership	92

Keeping in mind our motto, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," we are striving to set a true ideal before the girls of our college. We realize that our influence will not die as the girls leave college, but that the training in Christian work received here is to help them throughout their entire lives.

The Y. W. C. A. of Willamette has influenced in a marked degree the social and spiritual life of the school. Two-thirds of the girls in school are numbered among its members, and the majority of these are actively engaged in association work.

Several receptions have been given during the past year.

The evangelistic services held in November were under the auspices of the joint associations. Three courses in Bible study are offered: Sharman's Life of Christ, Murray's Life of Christ, Johnston's God's Methods of Training Workers.

Devotional meetings have been held each Sunday afternoon, led by members of the association, members of the faculty or friends.

The sum of fifty dollars was pledged and raised for the debt on the University, and seventy dollars for sending two delegates to the Capitola conference. We feel that the year's work has been most successful, and are confident that the next year will bring forth still greater fruits.

Volunteer Band.

The Volunteer Band at Willamette was organized during the present school year with six members.

Concerning the organization, D. Willord Lyon speaks as follows: "The general purpose of the Band's existence is, of course, fellowship in the one aim of realizing, if possible, the watch cry of the movement"; "the evangelization of the world in this generation." There are, however, three ways in which this fellowship manifests itself.

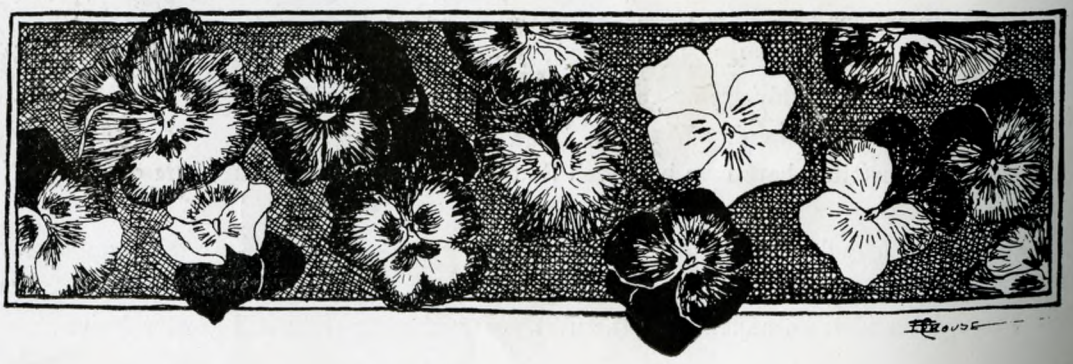
1. The prime object of the Band is fellowship in prayer.

2. A second specific purpose of the Volunteer Band is aggressive work for missions before going to the field.

3. Another definite object of the Band is fellowship on the part of the Volunteers in preparation for their life work. This it seeks to do by educating them in the needs, methods, qualifications and demands of missionary service.

The problem of missions is coming to have a larger place than ever in the student conferences of this country, and we feel sure that the Band at Willamette, stimulated by the North Coast Conference, will become a factor in the "Evangelization of the World," and the center of that missionary interest which should and does hover around this famous old institution.

The Volunteers are: Nellie Clark, '03, Ph. B.; Erma Clarke, '03, Ph. B.; D. A. Forbes, '06, Med.; O. K. Wolf, '07, Med.; E. S. Riddell, '06, Ph. B.



SOCIAL LIFE AT OLD WILLAMETTE.

Officers.

A. N. Moores, '76 ..... President of Association

Mrs. Amelia E. Miller, '71; N. L. Butler, '66; H. N. Rounds, '93; R. H. Dearborn, '95 ..... Vice-Presidents

Ethel M. Fletcher, '00 ..... Secretary

Mattie F. Beatty, '98 ..... Treasurer

A. N. Moores, '76; Ethel M. Fletcher, '00; Mattie F. Beatty, '98; Mrs. Velleda Ohmart, '73; J. H. Reynolds, '95 ..... Executive Committee

Associated Students.

The Associated Students of Willamette University is the dominant organization of the institution. It has direct control of the athletics and all other important student enterprises. All the prominent positions in the various activities of the University are filled through elections held by the student body. The managers of the track, football, basket-ball and baseball teams, the editors and managers of the Weekly and of the Annual are chosen by direct vote of the students. The organization has charge of the debating interests of the institution.

Officers.

E. K. Miller, '05 ..... President
Louise Van Wagner, '05 ..... Vice-President
Walter Winslow, '06 .. Secretary and Treasurer

Executive Committee.

R. B. Wilkins, '03.
Lila Swafford, '05.
E. S. Riddell, '06.
R. C. Glover, '07.
Ruth Gabrielson, '08.
O. Bean, '09.

The Oratorical Association.

The aim of this organization is to foster oratory in the University. Its membership is restricted to college students. Each year a local oratorical contest is held to select a university representative for the state contest. It is a matter of congratulation to the association that it has retained a distinctive place in the life of the school, and has failed to be absorbed by the Student Body organization.

Officers.

WALTER E. KEYES, '06 ..... President
EDGAR MERESSE, '03 ..... Vice-President
JULIA FIELD, '04 ..... Secretary
NELLIE CLARK, '03 ..... Treasurer

Girls' Student Association.

Yell.

Hulla Balloo,
Hooray, Hooray,
'Varsity, 'Varsity,
G. S. A.

The social functions given by the student body of the University are under the management of the Girls' Student Association. Its membership is made up of the loyal young lady students in the academy and college. They have tendered receptions to nearly all the visiting athletic teams. These functions have been informal in character and were thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors and students.

Officers.

Sophia E. Townsend, '03.....President
Julia Field, '04.....Vice-President
Minnie Koschmieder, '03.....Secretary
Una Baker, '07.....Treasurer

I. D. C.

Motto, "Amor omnia vincit."
Color, Brown.

This society keeps its own council. Its membership is not known. Only a few new members have been initiated this year. The society is for the mutual benefit of its members and the promotion of student welfare.

M. P. D. C.

Colors, Dark blue and silver.

Motto.

A gaudy dress, a gentle air,
  May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
  That polishes the dart.

This society was organized at the beginning of the present school year. The reason of organization was to keep the "preplets" in during the latter part of the evening. So far the society has been a success, and but few of the members have broken the rules. The names of the members are not given, as it might prove embarrassing; however, the results of the society can be judged in the future.

Weekly Willamette Collegian.

The Ginger Can.

The Wallulah.

Y. M. C. A. Hand Book.

WEEKLY

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

PRINTED BY E. HUGHES, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, WITH THE W. R. BURGHARDT CO.

VOL. 14. SALEM, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1903. NO. 25

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP.

What a Wind It Has Raised Among the Knockers.

The Collegian, Seattle Times, Oregonian, and now the Ginger Cake has torn the championship limb from limb, though has never expended to fight a moderate sized city for several months. The Collegian now comes up for its second round.

Summing all up there seems to be pretty much of a guess. The All Stars defeated the Seattle team, Seattle defeated Willamette, Willamette defeated All Stars. What is the relation?

Seattle thinks that she is entitled to the championship because she defeated our team on her own floor. The fact it the Seattle team should come [illegible] the hole and play us a game on a [illegible] at least 12x14, instead of in the goods box they have that in magnificity of theirs, they, too, might [illegible] prised into leaving an adverse [illegible] the All Stars were. If either [illegible] Stars or the Seattle team ha[illegible] much confidence in their bos[illegible] would have found fewer petty [illegible] for not playing return games. [illegible] Portland team felt sure they co[illegible] out, there would have been le[illegible] about disbanding after hobbling t[illegible] so long to show their superiority.

But all the talk in the world w[illegible] convince these people that th[illegible] whipped. They know it too well t[illegible] convincing. If they have any fa[illegible] their boasting let them say so [illegible] sportsmanlike way—answer the c[illegible] lenge issued them and prove th[illegible] claims. Portland was entitled to a[illegible] other game. She has refused to take up the gauntlet, thereby relinquishing her claim to the championship. Seattle had already done the same for Portland, and there you are.

Willamette has only to defeat the winners of the West Side League, Dallas College, to prove herself the conquering heroine.

When all is said and done, what does all this amount to? The Collegian has only added another little gust to the wind already roused. What is the use of talk where deeds can speak?

A Medico Married.

Mr Glyde Hockett, a member of the Junior class of the College of Medicine, has taken unto himself a bride. Miss Grace Sutter, a former student of the University, [illegible] the lady. The wedding [illegible] lence of the bride's [illegible]

ENTHUSIASTIC TRACK MEETING.

Many Candidates Show Up for Track Team.

Last Wednesday afternoon Capt. Wilkins called all the men together to discuss track work for this spring. The captain addressed the men and asked them if they would support him in getting out a team. The way the men responded shows that W. U. had the proper college spirit. Stirring speeches were made by Skidmore, Averill, "Spider," Cole and half a dozen others.

The following candidates will train for the different events: Parsons, Winslow, Whipple, Hewitt, Love, Earl and Wallace [illegible] Boyd, Whipple, Millen[illegible] Skidmore, Ch[illegible] Whiteman, [illegible] put the [illegible] mence[illegible] g the [illegible] russ [illegible] ates [illegible] bsa [illegible] able [illegible] ell, [illegible] pect to [illegible] to vic[illegible] hard un[illegible] Carter, and every [illegible] Willamette University [illegible] good chance for the championship. "Spider" and "Ted" have been elected as yell leaders, and every one knows their ability in that line. Will we yell? Well, I guess.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE

He stood where the maiden stood beside
A beautiful blushing rose,
And he lovingly bent his head and sighed,
As he buried his mouth and nose
Among the petals so sweet, so rare,
That the fair maid's lips had pressed,
And a humble boe that was resting there
rest[illegible]

Across the Campus.

Meresse is the man.

Don't forget the lecture tonight.

Remember it is Willamette's time to win.

Miss Luella Dunlap, of Portland, was a chapel visitor Monday.

O. K. Wolf has been ill with the grip for a week, but is O. K. again.

Miss Frances Lane, a former student, was a chapel visitor Monday.

Monmouth's Basketball Team has cold feet and refuses to meet the champions.

The College of Oratory is going to reproduce "The Bicyclers" in the near future.

The Portland All Stars are beginning to be sorry that they refused to play us a third game.

Warren Pohle, a member of the basketball team in 1901, attended chapel exercises Tuesday.

Dean Hawley was confined to his room for several days last week on account of a bad cold.

Miss Gabrielson has [illegible] to school after several w[illegible] account of sickness.

A great lecture [illegible] great man and [illegible] night in the ch[illegible]

President [illegible] land, all of [illegible] ents of the [illegible]

If you [illegible] know wh[illegible] just go to [illegible]

Say, [illegible] le ter [illegible] is getti[illegible]

Be lo[illegible] attend [illegible] ot ser [illegible]

We [illegible] of the [illegible] not d[illegible]

The [illegible] per cl[illegible] What w[illegible] to next?

N—S[illegible] tle dog [illegible] I don't lik[illegible] dogs, anyw[illegible]

Why can't [illegible] of interest m[illegible] of the Oratori[illegible] in the one Frida[illegible]

According to th[illegible] are to be treated [illegible] contest that we will [illegible] to school next year.

[illegible] gene to hear an oration for you can hear one in the chapel tonight, far ahead of anything that will be given up there.

Something must be wrong. Moser has put aside his beloved sweater and donned a boiled shirt. The change is a real improvement, and it is to be hoped that others will follow his example.

And so our friends from Pacific University were compelled to admit that they were unable to debate the question submitted to them by our committee. That looks bad, Pacific.

Two of the University janitors removed the ashes from their respective stoves last Saturday and it was such an unusual performance at Willamette that the University came nearly being set on fire at two different places at the same time.

The lecture to be given tonight by President McClish, of the Pacific University, is easily worth the price of the whole course, and no one can afford to miss it. It is both entertaining and instructive.

Let no one forget the big game of basket ball next Saturday evening. The Oregon City Giants are coming up with the intention of returning with our [illegible]ps, and it will be a game which no [illegible]an afford to miss.

[illegible] Girls' Basketball Team, of Dallas [illegible] are desirous of meeting our sec[illegible] on the same night that the big [illegible]es off between the Boys' [illegible] as they wish to play accord[illegible] rules, the game will proba[illegible] [illegible]nsilize.

[illegible]e management up at the O. [illegible]ainly not up to its high [illegible]mer years. The last bri[illegible] the refusal on the part of [illegible]asketball Team to meet our [illegible]maining two games of the [illegible] were the games which [illegible] been played according to [illegible]nd the games to which our [illegible] looking forward with the [illegible]st all the season.

[illegible]d that we cannot have a [illegible]he track team this season, [illegible] Wilkins has spent several [illegible]e track and worked under [illegible] best trainers on the coast, so [illegible]lly no reason why we cannot, [illegible] direction, put out a winning [illegible]

[illegible]n President McClish visited Sa[illegible] attended his lectures and found [illegible] to be scholarly, entertaining and [illegible]ructive. I regard him as one of the [illegible]est platform lecturers on the Pacific Coast.

T. T. GEER,

"Governor of Oregon."

The [illegible]

The Willamette Collegian.

The Collegian is the official mouthpiece of the Student Body. It aims to disseminate college news, and to publish items of interest to the students. The paper was formerly pubilshed in the style of a monthly magazine, but the continuous growth of the school made the innovation of the weekly a necessity. The newspaper has proven a success and has won the full and hearty support of the students. The Weekly is a bright and up-to-date publication, and offers valuable and practical training to students who look forward to journalism as a life work.

Board.

HARRY W. SWAFFORD, '03.....Editor-in-Chief
WALTER C. WINSLOW, '06.....Business Manager
ERMA M. CLARKE, '03.....Assistant Editor
EZRA K. MILLER, '05.....Assistant Editor

Associate Editors.

G. O. Oliver, '06.
Clara Holmstrom, '06.
E. F. Averill, '05.
Belle Crouse, '07.
Edgar Meresse, '03.
N. D. Moser, '05.
Chas. E. Skidmore, '06.
L. H. Whiteman, '07.

WILLAMETTE
GINGER
the leading brand
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE GINGER CAN.

Published by the Students of Willamette University. Issued when the spirit moves.

Being editorially compiled by Meresse, Skidmore and several others.
Financially managed by Pollard and Keyes.

SUBSCRIPTION, 35c PER YEAR. BY MAIL 50c.

Ginger up!! Again we say, Ginger up!!

This is the comic publication of the University. It is published by the Ginger Can Publishing Stock Company. It is the only distinctively humurous publication among the colleges of Oregon. The editors have more than made good the promise that "a paper replete with fun and frolic, of a good patriotic tone and full of wholesome reading" would be presented to the students during the ensuing year. The Ginger Can has been enthusiastically welcomed and Sir Ginger hailed as "a jolly good fellow."

The initial number of "The Ginger Can," published by the students of Willamette University, appeared Thursday. It is devoted to the interests of the student body. As implied in the name, the publication is charged with ginger. In addition to a well-edited editorial department, it includes the bright, pithy sayings of students and others. Further to emphasize its lively nature, the paper is published in a shade of cardinal ink.—Daily Oregonian, December 18.

The Ginger Can, from Salem, is rightly named. It is spicy all the way through.—The Barometer, Oregon Agricultural College.

The Ginger Can is a hot one.—McMinnville College Review.

Born at Salem, Or., December 18, 1902.

Oratory.

Oratory has done so much for the cause of human progress, and the masters of oratory have always occupied such high place in the estimation of the world that it is natural that the colleges and the universities of the land should give the art of public speaking such prominent place in their curricula, and should encourage oratory among their students.

Willamette University early found need for the Department in Oratory, a department which has become the largest in the University and is destined to increase in attendance.

There came a time when the desire for friendly rivalry among the Oregon college orators led the collegiate institutions of the state to form an association, which has for its purpose and aim the fostering of the spirit of the orator, the bringing of the colleges in one great annual convocation, and thereby foster friendly relations between them. This desire found its realization in an organization effected in February, 1893, at Salem, Or., under the title of the "Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Oregon." The members of the league were: The Oregon Agricultural College, Monmouth State Normal, McMinnville College, Pacific College, Albany College, Pacific University, Portland University, University of Oregon and Willamette University. These institutions, with the exception of Portland University, which has ceased to exist, still retain their membership.

It has seemed best not to admit any other institution into the association, although applications have repeatedly been made by the smaller colleges of the state.

The first contest of the Association was held in the spring of 1893, at Salem, under the auspices of Willamette University.

EDGAR MERESSE.—Our '03 Orator.

1893.
A. C. Stanbrough, Pacific College.
— ———., Willamette University.
1894.
Charles J. Atwood, '97, Willamette University.
1895.
Julia G. Veazie, University of Oregon.
J. W. Reynolds, '95, Willamette University.
1896.
Charles V. Galloway, McMinnville College.
T. P. Collison, Willamette University.
1897.
Fred Fiske, University of Oregon.
— ———., Willamette University.
1898.
A. W. Wight, Albany College.
—. ———., Willamette University.
1899
Homer D. Angell, University of Oregon.
A. O. Garland, Willamette University.
1900.
L. W. Thompson, McMinnville College.
Willamette not represented.
1901.
Elwood Minchin, Pacific College.
Raymond Kerr, Willamette University.
1902.
W. G. Hale, Pacific University.
Richard B. Wilkins, '03, Willamette University.
1903.
Erastus A. Smith, McMinnville College.
Edgar Meresse, '03, Willamette University.

The table gives the winners of the state contest, and the winner in the local contest chosen to represent Willamette in the state.

Inter Collegiate Debating.

Willamette has always taken active interest in debating. She has had her share of victories and defeats in this line of college endeavor, but the teams have at all times reflected credit upon the University. The Inter-Collegiate Debating League was originally composed of the University of Oregon, Pacific University and Willamette University. During the year 1900-01 the executive committee having failed to arrange the series of debates in a manner satisfactory to the State University, that institution withdrew from the league. Since that time an annual debate has been held with Pacific University.

	1897.	
Mattie Beatty,	Harry G. Hibbard, leader.	Bert Haney.
	Won from University of Oregon.	
	1898.	
T. H. Van Winkle,	Harry G. Hibbard, leader.	Bert Haney.
	Won by Pacific University.	
	1899.	
R. B. Wilkins, '03,	R. A. Ackley, leader.	G. W. Ashenbrenner, '01.
	Won from University of Oregon.	
	1900.	
R. B. Wilkins, '03,	S. A. Siewert, leader.	G. W. Ashenbrenner, '01
	Won by Pacific University.	
	1901.	
G. W. Ashenbrenner, '01,	Garbiel Sykes, '01, leader.	S. A. Siewert, '03.
	Won by Willamette University.	
	1902.	
Harry W. Swafford, '03,	Samuel A. Siewert, '03, leader.	Walter E. Keyes, '06.
	Won by Pacific University.	

Words by Tom Hall

Music by L.S. Graham

The whole world knows I love you, I love you. I

love you The whole world knows I love you, The whole world knows about you. I'm laughing and I'm

crying I'm laughing. I'm crying, I'm laughing and I'm crying such is my love to you.

College Song.

Dedicated to the Willamette Girls.

BY L. H. GRAHAM.

I.

The whole world knows I love you,
I love you,
I love you.
The whole world knows I love you,
The whole worlds knows but you.

Chorus.

I'm laughing and I'm crying,
I'm laughing,
I'm crying.
I'm laughing and I'm crying,
Such is my love for you.

II.

The girls all know I love you,
I love you,
I love you.
The girls all know I love you,
The girls all know but you.

Chorus.

And that is why they're jealous,
They're jealous,
They're jealous.
And that is why they're jealous,
They're jealous, love, of you.

III.

The boys all know I love you,
I love you,
I love you.
The boys all know I love you,
They know that I love you.

Chorus.

And that is why they hate me,
They hate me,
They hate me.
And that is why they hate me,
They know that I love you.

IV.

The whole world knows I love you,
I love you,
I love you.
The whole world knows I love you,
The whole world knows but you.

Chorus.

I'm laughing and I'm crying,
I'm laughing,
I'm crying.
I'm laughing and I'm crying,
Ha, ha, ha, ha—boo—hoo.

Hail Willamette, My Willamette.

I.

Hail Willamette, first and best,
Day-spring of the golden West!
Sound her praises, youths and maidens, in your song;
Tell her glorious works afar,
Tell how great her triumphs are,
Tell the world that all our hearts to her belong.

Chorus.

Hail Willamette, my Willamette!
Alma Mater, audi me!
Oh, I sing thy praise today,
With true heart, and true for aye,
Ever singing, dear Willamette, hail to thee!

II.

Happy students are we here,
Bound in ties of friendship dear;
And we owe our hopes of high attainment all
To the blessings we enjoy,
Sheltered from the world's annoy,
In the pleasant shades of Old Willamette's hall.

Chorus.

Hail Willamette, Alma Mater!
Thou art fair among the fair;
Many sons shall bless thy name,
Many daughters spread thy fame,
And their noble deeds shall still thy works declare.

III.

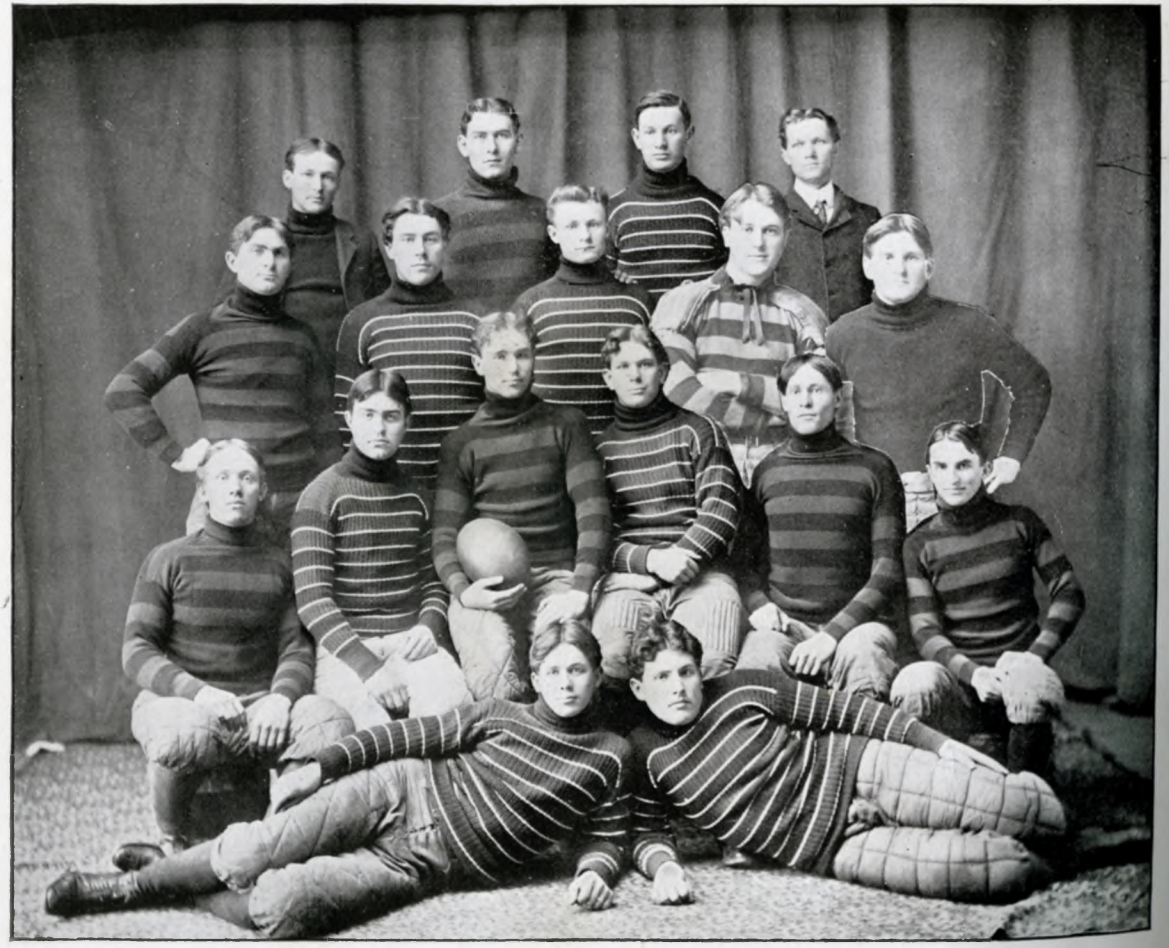
Hail Willamette, hail to thee,
Sing we still thy jubilee!
And when other fifty years away have rolled,
Would we might again unite,
In a chorus of delight,
Singing with our children then thine age of gold!

Chorus.

Hail Willamette, Alma Mater!
We rejoice in thee alway.
Oh may Heaven delight to bless,
Crown thy work with all success,
Magnify thy name forevermore, we pray.

(This poem was first published in May, 1895. It has been suggested that many of the newer students were not aware of its existance. It was written by W. P. Matthews, '96, to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

ATHLETIS
MERESSE



Football.

Ten years ago athletics was an unknown quantity at Old Willamette. A few of the more ambitious and energetic spirits among the young men swung on the rickety trapeze and tumbled on the homespun mats in the old laboratory on the top floor of the main building. Here the athletic spirit grew, and the next year, in 1894, W. U. turned out her first football team. On this historic team were many men now well known in professional and business circles. Willis C. Hawley, then President of the University, wallowed in the mud with the rest of the squad, and by hard work and faithful training aspired to the position of center on the first team. Tne only college we tackled that year was Pacific College, winning over the Quakers by a large score. Practice games were played with the Salem Y. M. C. A. several times a week, and this developed the material for the next season in a marked degree.

This '94 football team brought new life and enthusiasm into Willamette. The next year saw the completion of the large University Gymnasium, and the creation of the physical department. "Brick" Norse was engaged as football coach, and in the first game the boys administered a severe defeat to Monmouth. Two games were played with U. of O., the first one lost by two, the second one by six points. The same year the team went to O. A. C. and buried the "Farmers" deep under a big score.

WILLAMETTE'S FIRST TEAM.

The next year, football at Willamette received a severe blow when her leading spirit, Chester Murphy, went to Stanford. The pigskin was molested but little till '99, when football stock made a sudden rise and reorganization began in earnest. Bert Oliver, of California, coached the team, and the season was the most successful in our gridiron history and will long be remembered by lovers of the sport.

Notwithstanding the claims of other colleges, Willamette holds the intercollegiate championship of Oregon for '99 and has the pennant to prove it. The members of the famous '99 team were husky lads, some of whom have since won high honors in footballdom. The team consisted of the following: Chauncey Bishop, E. P. Holt, "Rube" Sanders, Harry Olinger, Harry Young, John Williams, Marcus Savage, J. J. Murray, Ed. Judd, Albert Jessup, Pearl Jarvis, Ralph Bonham, Lloyd Marquam, L. D. Reed.

Willamette's success in football, as well as other outdoor athletics, has been hampered by lack of a permanent athletic fund. The seasons when 'varsity kickers have had a coach are few and far between.

The 1901 team, while it was on the feather-weight order, still was able to defeat the Chemawa Redskins by a score of 10 to 0.

No apology is offered for the scores of 1902. The majority of the team were entirely "green," some of whom had never seen a game. Some good material was developed which will form the nucleus for a strong winning team next year.

Willamette has turned out several of the best ball players in the Northwest. Among them are Chester Murphy, captain of Stanford eleven in 1900; Bishop, Multnomah's star half back last year; "Rube" Sanders, one of the heaviest and most aggressive line plungers on the coast. Ed. Judd's work at center would have been a credit to any Eastern team, and his younger brother "Bill" did big execution last year. Among the rising stars Wm. Pollard, our last year's full back, attracted the attention of the football critics everywhere in the Northwest. "Polly" is a reliable man and we predict a great football future for him.

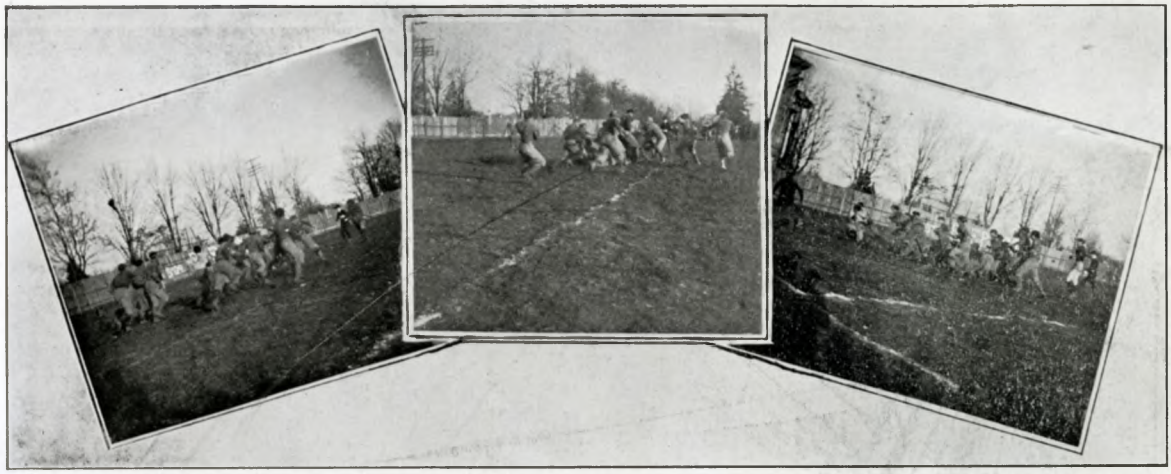
Games.

W. U., 0; O. A. C., 67.
W. U., 0; Albany, 27.
W. U. Second Team, 0; Chemawa, 6.
W. U., 0; Chemawa, 21.
W. U. Second Team, 34; Reform School, 5.
W. U., 0; O. A. C., 21.
W. U., 6; McMinnville, 6.
W. U. Second Team, 12; Reform School, 0.
W. U., 6; Monmouth, 0.

Line Up.

Center—Judd.
Left guard—Gale, Wolf.
Right guard—Coshott.
Left tackle—Clark, Simpson.
Right tackle—Parsons.
Left end—Jerman, Matthews.
Right end—Marquam.
Left half—Young, Lucas.
Right half—Miller (captain).
Quarterback—W. and E. Riddell.
Full back—Pollard.
Substitutes—Winslow, Love, Hewitt, Knotts.
Manager—Ronald C. Glover.

JUNIOR ELEVEN.



Junior Eleven.

The Junior Eleven or "scrub" team of the University, develops material for the first team and furnishes it with practical resistance when practicing. The last season they played several games with minor teams in and near Salem, and the school is proud of their showing.

Yell.

"1-2-3-4-5-6-7,
Willamette Junior Eleven!
Willamette Junior Eleven!"

Line Up.

Manager—R. F. Morris.
Center—Cecil C. Hawley.
Left guard—Archie Camp.
Right guard—Roy R. Knotts.
Left tackle—Luther H. Whiteman.
Right tackle—Claud Shelton.
Left end—Fred Baker.
Right end—C. H. Coleman.
Quarterback—Walter C. Winslow.
Left half—Frank Grannis.
Right half—Ralph Matthews.
Full back—Edgar F. Averill.

BASKET-BALL

ALL STARS ★

WILLAMETTE

VARSITY-GYM

8:00 P.M. SATURDAY 25 CTS.

03.

Boys' Basket Ball.

Willamette's career in basket-ball has been eminently successful, and one of which she is justly proud. No college in the state can claim a better record, since the advent of this fascinating indoor game to the coast states.

W. U.'s prestige in the game has not been one of fits and starts, but of steady, increasing growth. From the organization of the first team in '99 until today we are recognized as players of no mean ability by all intercollegiate Oregon.

The 1900 team was organized with Marvin Kennedy as captain and manager. Only two games were played that season, one with Oregon City, the other with O. S. N. S., and both were won by the Willamette five.

Herbert Junk captained the 1901 team, and a series of five games were played with the Chemawa Indians. W. U. won three games out of the five. W. U. became conscious of her ability and the next year struck out for bigger game. Wm. Judd was elected captain and Walter Winslow managed the season very creditably, securing twelve games for the team with the different colleges and Y. M. C. A.'s of the state. Out of the dozen games W. U. carried away the palm in eight of them, scoring 381 points against 175. O. S. N. S. claimed the championship of the state and Willamette challenged her for a championship game, which was declined for evidently good reasons.

The season of 1902-03 was the most successful in Willamette basket-ball history. Jas. G. Miller, captain of the Portland All Stars, coached the team, and the scores show that his work was of the highest order. Manager Averill took the boys on a ten day's trip through Oregon and Washington and they met the strongest aggregations in the Northwest.

Wm. Pollard captained the team, and to his generalship and ability as a player much of the success of the team was due. Pollard has played on the Willamette team for three years, and as a center has no equal in the Northwest.

Team.

Coach—Mr. Miller.
Manager—E. F. Averill.
Captain—Wm. Pollard, center.
Forward—Arch. Jerman.
Guard—Ralph Matthews.
Forward—E. K. Miller.
Guard—Walter Winslow.
Guard—Wm. Parsons.

Games 1902.

W. U., 22; Salem Militia, 6.
W. U., 46; Salem Y. M. C. A., 6.
W. U., 72; W. U. Second Team, 6.
W. U., 10; O. S. N. S., 12.
W. U., 30; McMinnville, 9.
W. U., 39; Liberal U., 9.
W. U., 63; O. A. C., 11.
W. U., 8; Portland Y. M. C. A., 40.
W. U., 11; O. A. C, 14.
W. U., 28; Chemawa, 18.
W. U., 11; Portland Y. M. C. A., 13.
W. U., 41; Salem Y. M. C. A., 13.

Games 1903.

W. U., 35; Albany College, 5; played at Salem.
W. U., 15; Albany College, 6; played at Albany.
W. U., 62; Chemawa, 4; played at Salem.
W. U., 17; Tacoma Y. M. C. A., 22; played at *Tacoma.
W. U., 4; Seattle Y. M. C. A., 28; played at *Seattle.
W. U., 7; Seattle Y. M. C. A., 29; played at *Seattle.
W. U., 27; Centralia H. S., 16; played at *Centralia.
W. U., 29; Chehalis H. S., 6; played at Chehalis.
W. U., 13; Portland Y. M. C. A., 20; played at Portland.
W. U., 9; Oregon City Y. M. C. A., 7; played at Oregon City.
W. U., 14; Portland Y. M. C. A., 10; played at Salem.
W. U., 18; Oregon City Y. M. C. A., 6; played at Salem.
W. U., 21; Dallas College, 5; played at Salem.
W. U., 11; Dallas College, 21; played at *Dallas.
All games marked with a * were played in gymnasiums less than regulation size.

Girls' Basket Ball.

Not far behind their college brothers are the W. U. basket-ball girls. Organized in 1901-02, they defeated the Chemawa girls and O. S. N. S., who claimed the championship of the state, and tied with Corvallis in two games with an equal number of points.

As strong all-around players, Minnie Koschmieder and Nellie Parsons have not been excelled on any girls' team in the state, and Miss Swafford is one of the speediest little guards that ever chased across a gym. floor. Mary Warfield, who was captain of the Astoria team last year, is a valuable addition to our 1903 team.

1901-02 Team.

Coach—W. H. McCall.
Manager—Sophia Townsend.
Captain—Nellie Parsons.
Minnie Koschmieder
Lottie Randall
Mary Field
Delia Clark
Winnie Rigdon
Jennie Coyle

Game.

W. U., 4; O. S. N. S., 3.
W. U., 15; Chemawa, 12.
W. U., 3; O. A. C., 1.
W. U., 5; O. A. C., 7.

1902-03 Team.

Coach—G. A. Warfield.
Manager—W. H. McCall.
Captain and center—Minnie Koschmieder.
Center and forward—Mary Warfield.
Guard—Lila Swafford.
Guard—Lottie Randall.
Guard—Gussie Randall.
Forward—Nellie Parsons.

Jennie Coyle and Gertrude Gray, subs.

Games.

W. U., 31; McMinnville, 13.
W. U., 1; O. A. C., 11.
W. U., 28; Roseburg H. S., 5.
W. U., 1; O. A. C., 5.

A series of four games had been arranged with O. A. C. After two games had been played O. A. C. withdrew, and thus forfeited the championship to the W. U. girls.

CAPT.
W.U.
03.
CRONISE PHOTO.
SALEM, ORE.

In the spring of 1895, at the suggestion of Portland University, the Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of Oregon was organized and the first field meet was held at the State Fair Grounds under the auspices of Willamette University. During the existence of the association all the annual meets were held at the State Fair Grounds and the event was always a gala day for the University and the city of Salem.

Willamette's record on the track and field is an enviable one. She has been represented in every intercollegiate meet held in the state, and in three out of five of the annual contests has won second place.

In the first years of the league, bicycle racing was a distinctive feature of the meets. Willamette has won honors in those races. In '95 Zadoc Riggs won the five-mile race; in '96 Moore defeated his competitors and in 1900 Shaw won in the two-mile event.

In 1901, Willamette was defeated by Pacific University in a dual field meet; score, 61 to 51. In 1902 no meet was held except a local contest between the Cardinal and Old Gold divisions, which resulted in a victory for Old Gold; score, 54 to 52.

Records of the University's Track Teams.

Intercollegiate Field Day held under the auspices of Willamette University at the State Fair Grounds.

1895.

Willamette University, 26;
Portland University, 26;
University of Oregon, 33.
Pacific College, 19.
State Normal, 9.

1896.

Willamette University, 24½;
Pacific University, 4;
University of Oregon, 59½.
Oregon Agricultural College, 21.
Pacific College, 3.

1897.

Willamette University, 1;
Oregon State Normal, 7;
Oregon Agricultural College, 55.
Pacific College, 14.
University of Oregon, 35.

1898.

Willamette University, 23½;
Oregon Agricultural College, 21;
University of Oregon, 48½.
Pacific College, 19½.
State Normal, 0.

1899.

Willamette University, 17½;
Oregon Agricultural College, 18;
State Normal, 5½;
Pacific College, 18.
Pacific University, 3.
University of Oregon, 50.

1900.

Willamette University, 25;
Oregon Agricultural College, 25;
Pacific College, 20.
University of Oregon, 42.

Oregon-Washington Intercollegiate Field Meet, held at Portland, June 11, 1898.
Oregon, 71;
Washington, 37.

Score of Colleges.

University of Oregon, 35;
Willamette University, 18;
Pacific College, 12;
University of Washington, 23.
Whitworth College, 14.
Oregon Agricultural College, 7.

Willamette's Best Records.

1895—100-yard dash, Rt. Guiss, 0:10 3-5.
1896—Broad jump, Rt. Guiss, 20.6 feet.
1898—120-yard hurdle, Rt. Guiss, 0:17 2-5.
1899—220-yard dash, Rex Russell, 0:23 3-5.
1899—440-yard dash, Rex Russell, 0:51 3-5.
1900—Mile run, R. B. Wilkins, 4:48 4-5.
1900—High jump, —. Buchingham, 5 feet 7 inches.
1900—Shot-put, Rube Sanders, 40 feet, 8 inches.
1901—Half-mile run, Roscoe Lee, 2:05 4-5.

Meresse

Campus Tennis Club.

Executive Committee.

FRANK WILLMAN.....President
HARRIET WARFIELD.....Secretary
MATTIE H. BEATTY.....Treasurer
MESSRS. FULLER and GEORGE G. GANS.

The Campus Tennis Club was organized in 1892. The membership was originally limited to twenty-four and only students actually connected with the University were eligible. As the charter members gradually severed their relations with the University through graduation or removal to other localities, it was thought best to make former students eligible to membership.

In the early years of the organization a local tournament was an annual affair. The winners in the local met representative tennis men from the other colleges at a general tournament which was connected with the intercollegiate field meet held in Salem. But with the passing of the intercollegiate tournament, the spirit of the tennis devotees of Willamette University nearly died away. The students took little interest in the gentle sport and even the old club members ceased to hold business meetings. But in recent years tennis has again come to the front, and a few of the "confirmed friends" have remained faithful to the traditional Campus Tennis Club. The courts have been put in good shape, and the players have had some excellent practice and developed considerable skill.

In 1902 a plan was proposed by W. A. Manning and J. W. Reynolds by which the club would again be made a distinctly student organization, that is, give the students an opportunity to obtain control of the club. This movement was to be brought about by reorganization and by creating student interest in tennis. On account of the difficulty in obtaining full attendance at the frequent club meetings, the management of the club is placed in the hands of an executive committee. At the inception of the club, the racquets, balls and other paraphernalia were held in common. When the reorganization was effected the new members who purchased racquets were remitted their initiation fees. The club had a most prosperous season the past year. The membership rose to more than fifty; two courts were required and additional improvements of the grounds were made.

The executive committee is authorized to provide for an official tournament each year. The occasion is one of the big days in the college calendar.

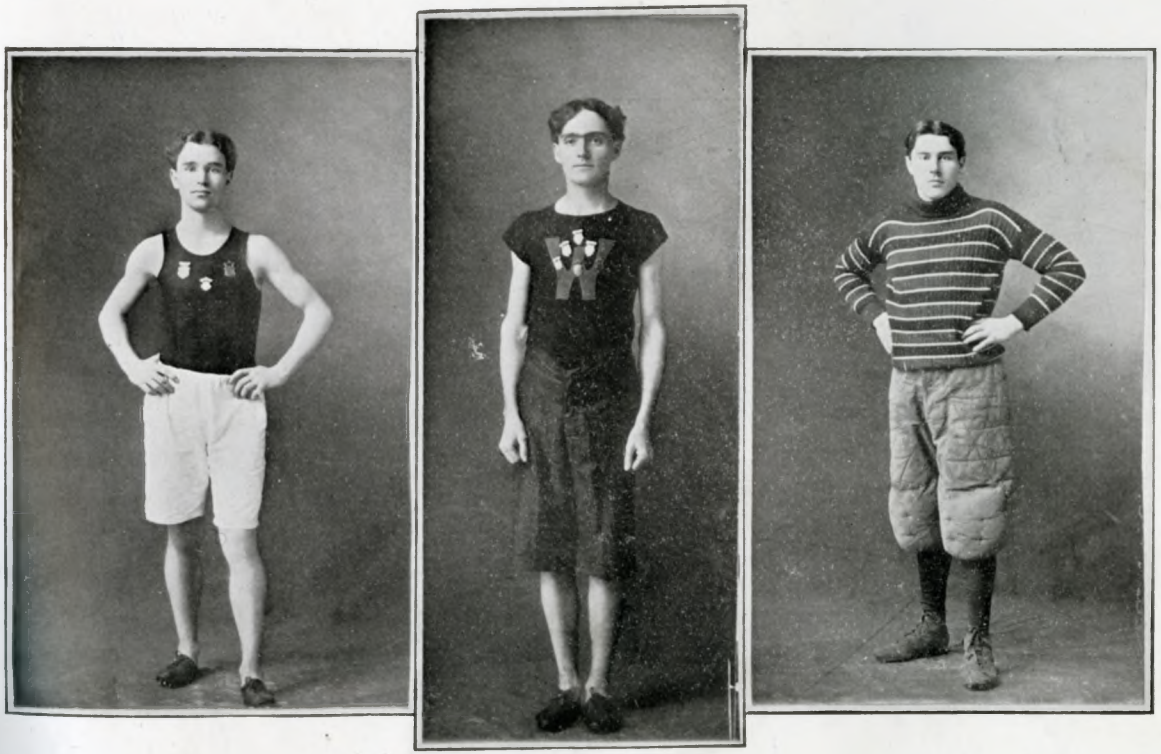
Wrestling.

Wrestling is a comparatively new branch of athletics at Willamette, but much enthusiam was developed in the class organized by Physical Director, N. D. Moser during the past year. The style used is catch-as-catch-can. The wrestling class consists of Simpson, Knotts, Love, Rickel, Hewett, Unruh, Price, Fischer, Reid and Shanks. A number of winners on the mat were depeloped, and Willamette will show her superiority in the proposed tournament to be held next year for the Intercollegiate championship of the state.

Base Ball.

ARCHIE JERMAN.....Captain
RONALD C. GLOVER.....Manager

At this writing the baseball nine is just organized and no games have been played, but the new team is diligently practicing and will certanly win its fair share of laurels.



ATHLETIC CAPTAINS.

MT. JEFFERSON.

Literary
ERC.

The Past.

Mysterious are beginnings
And full of prophecy.
But who can read their meanings
Until the great events
Wrapped in their puny germs
Have crowded distant years,
And men have come and gone
Whose souls did make the most of Now?

"Despise not the day of small things,"
Well said in the olden time.
The origin of all great things
Must then prove also end.
Where is the worthy force
Thrust forth into this life
To test itself in deeds,
Which did not start with such a day?

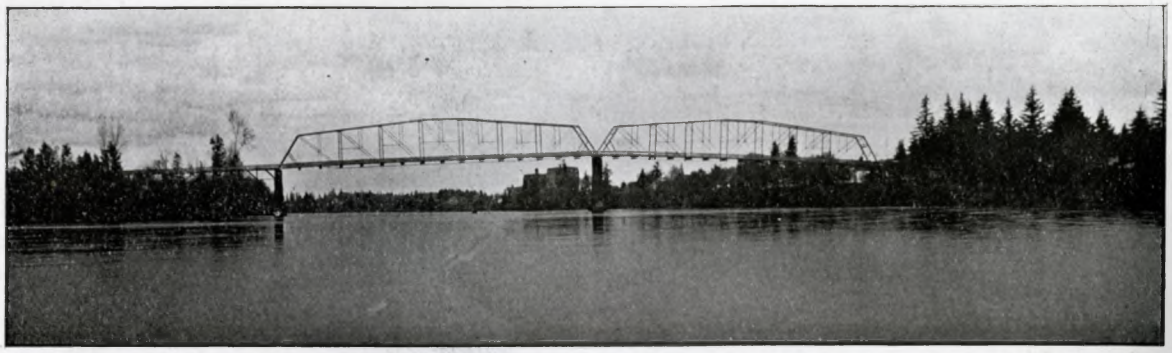
Look at this world's beginnings,
In chaos, far away.
What heaving, struggling efforts
By which it has become
So fair, so trim, so fit
For worship of mankind.
There's That behind all things
Knows more than, night or day, we dream.

Well, we have made our humble start,
From us spreads out a Past.
What would you have us do with this?
Thank God for giving it.
For chance and choice to rise.
Brood not upon its sins
Nor yet deny thou them,
But let God cover them, His way.

With giant grip of Now the Past
Improve, or good or bad.
Today's small task may seem prosaic,
But let it be well done,
Then poetry and music
Of conscience and of God
Shall sing in thy glad soul
Throughout its endless future life.

Such moral Old Willamette points
If we but read aright.
Her "day of small things" lasted long
But crowded with good work,
Led on to golden Now.
The music has begun
Of consecrated gifts.
She's glad, and gladdens all her sons.

—*Gabriel Sykes,* '01.



Beautiful Willamette.

(First published April 18, 1868.)

From the Cascade's frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide;
Through the purple gates of morning,
Now thy roseate ripples dance,
Golden then, when day, departing,
On thy waters trails his lance.
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, splashing,
Limpid, volatile, and free,
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

In thy crystal deeps inverted
Swings a picture of the sky.
Like those wavering hopes of Aidemn,
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away—
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance 'round today.
Love would wander
Here and ponder,
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old questions,
Sad suggestions,
"Whence and whither?" throng thy streams.

On the roaring waste of ocean
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss,
'Mid the surges' rhymic thunder
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.
Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever
Down the sloping paths of Time.
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

—*S. L. Simpson,* '65.

The Green and White.

Prize Story. : : : : : Written and Illustrated by E. Belle Crouse, '07.

"Hail Willamette, first and best,
Day spring of the golden West!
Sound her praise, youths and maidens, in your song,
Tell her glorious works afar,
Tell how great her triumphs are,
Tell the world that all our hearts to her belong."

TENTS' lusty voice swelled with patriotism as he sang the first verse to "Hail Willamette, My Willamette." He sang it twice, then started in on another round when a wise-looking senior, who had a room just across the hall, decided that the "freshy" shouldn't be allowed to waste his music just for the purpose of entertaining a poor sinner such as he. So there was a sudden silence a moment later when the door swung back without the least warning and the big athletic figure of the senior planted itself in the opening.

"I say, kid, look here! Don't you know better than to go 'round here 'tooting' your horn for Willamette or any other primary institution? You are at Yale now; Yale, do you understand?" and the senior drew himself up with importance and frowned down at Tent, who glanced about uneasily, deciding that this was twice as bad as to have Dean Carter look at him sharply as he had done in American history class all the year before.

"Now let me give you a piece of advice," continued the oracle, "and that is, when we want to hear you sing we'll call on you and we'll forgive you, too, if you don't sing as well as Helen Beach Yaw, or some others. So don't be practicing up here, see?"

Tent smied faintly and nodded his head. "Oh, yes, I understand you perfectly," he replied in his most pleasant voice and knew he had spoken the truth.

"But I say 'Freshy,'" said the senior, gazing about the room, "where did you get that rag?" By "that rag" he referred to a great pennant of green and white which Tent was draping on the walls of his room with utmost care and most excellent taste.

"This?" he asked with a quick smile of pleasure, as he lifted a corner of the pennant. "This represents the most thrilling of all my adventures as a 'prep.' The telling of how and when it came into my possession is, however, a long story."

The man in the door came into the room and threw himself lazily into a large leather chair and smiled. "Good! A story—you may tell it!"

"Certainly, if you wish, and with pleasure," answered the freshman, remembering that a senior is a person sacred to respect.

"By the way, first, what is your pet name?" demanded the occupant of the chair.

"Really, I haven't any pet name, but my—er—truly name is Roundy Tent."

"Oh, that's pretty good—your truly name. Well, Truly, my name is Alfred the Great, and you will please address me as 'Your Royal Highness' when you have anything to communicate. Now wait until I call the boys and then you may begin."

A wave of piercing sound went down the hall and echoed and re-echoed as His Royal Highness took his fingers from his lips and settled himself once again in his chair. Only three faces responded to the whistle. "What's up, Wilmot?" demanded the first to appear. "Come in, fellows, come in," answered the senior. "I want to introduce you to little Master Truly. These gentlemen are my maids in waiting," he explained airily, "and boys, this dear little 'freshy' has promised to tell us a story about the rag on yonder wall, so be seated!"

"Oh, come on Wilmot! Who wants to hear a story told by a freshman," and the smallest of the three "maids" started for the door.

"I want to hear it, and I want you fellows to hear it. Come back, Brown, and—you may all be seated."

For a minute the three visitors hesitated, and then they smiled and cheerfully distributed themselves about the room, two taking either end of the bed and Brown the study table.

"Begin!" commanded His Royal Highness, as he closed his eyes wearily.

"Well, it was this way," Tent began patiently, seating himself on the floor beneath the pennant. "It was my second year at Willamette and the best the old college had seen for many a day so far as class spirit and patriotism went. It was frequently remarked that we second years had developed this phase of student life more than any other class and I guess it was true. We made ourselves so much in evidence at all the class parties that the freshman tried to keep theirs profoundly secret. No doubt they would have, had I not overheard a conversation between two of the girls, Marie Battleground and Almira Tee, one afternoon as I was returning from town. The words 'pennant' and 'party' were the ones that attracted my attention, and I made up my mind as I started down another street that there would be an unexpected guest at that party—and there was. I had lots of fun, too. I was entertained royally by little scraps of conversation that came to my ears from time to time. I felt wise when I reached home, for I had learned much of importance. A pennant had been made. It was to be put up before the Freshman-Sophomore debate which would take place in just five days. I was determined to have that pennant." Tent paused to clear his throat and was commanded to proceed at once by Wilmot.

"Well, the thing that really troubled me was how to get a key that would admit me to the fourth story hall from the center of which the belfry was reached. The door which shut the stairway off from the third floor was secured by a Yale lock and there were but three keys about the institution that I knew of, two in the possession of professors and the third was guarded over by one of the janitors, who, as it happened, was a very good friend of mine. During the next two days I helped

him with his Caesar. I even helped him with his work and then invited him to come home with me one evening and stay over night, and to my great joy he accepted my invitation. We occupied the same room that night and did any amount of talking, but finally everything was dark and silent. I lay awake for a long while, wondering if he were asleep; then I determined to get that key. I stole out of bed and slipped across the room to where his clothes lay on the back of a chair and began my search. It was easily found, and I left a hole in the pockets so it might seem to have been lost; then I crawled in for a good snooze. He didn't miss the key until late the next day, and laid it to the hole —just as I intended he should. I heard nothing more about the pennant, but on Thursday evening I decided to watch in the university all night, as they were almost sure to try and get it up before the event of the coming evening. I hid in the chapel before locking-up time, after which I knew I would be safe. Time dragged heavily, but there was nothing to do but wait. After it grew dark I stretched myself out on a bench and went to sleep. I awoke with a start, but the opening and closing of the west hall door helped me to recall my surroundings and the reason why I was there. I stole on tiptoes to the chapel door and, opening it silently, stood listening. I could hear the voices of Churchler and Getthere distinctly.

" 'Come on,' the latter was saying, 'we want to have it up, the sooner the better.'

" 'That's what I say, too,' replied Beam, and the two went on up the stairs. It was some time before they returned. Getthere's smothered laugh reached me before they came to the last landing, and I heard him saying, "That second lock is guard enough. There isn't any use of any one staying here."

"I waited until I knew they had gone and, as it was beginning to grow light, I went on up—yes, up the fourth flight to which my key had given me right of way. When I reached the top I understood Getthere's last remark, for the door leading into the hall was secured by padlock, the staple was driven in too far to be easily removed, and the hasp was put on from the inside. I sat down on the top step to think and a little window directly ahead of me brought to mind a college incident of former years in which one of the students had climbed through this very place and, by means of a broad ledge which ran all the way around the building, had been able to enter a room from which the hall could be reached. I scrambled up, and seeing nothing in sight that would lead to my discovery, I climbed out and crept into the first window to my left. The room was full of loose lumber, over which I picked my way into the hall. Taking my knife I removed the screws from the hasp which secured the stairway door in order that I might depart quickly when once ready and not have to run the risk of being seen by any one from the outside.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

"When I returned to mount the steps, which led from the center of the hall to a little platform, above which was the trap door leading into the belfry, I discovered that the steps were gone. A slight search, however, was all that was necessary to restore them, and I was soon standing by the big bell.

"I knew it would not do to take their colors down just at this early hour, and so killed time by staring out between the little slats of wood that formed the four sides of the little room. Students at last began coming from all directions, nearly all with faces upturned to the pennant. When the

town clock's hands pointed fifteen minutes to nine, the big, old bell near me began to peal forth its warning tones. I clapped my hands over my ears and wondered how soon it was going to stop. Silence came at last for a few minutes, after which the second ringing of the bell and the clock's striking nine told me that chapel had taken up.

"It was with a queer sensation, half triumph and half fear, that I finally had the colors in a neat little roll under my coat and was hurrying across the football grounds to the gymnasium, where I hid my trophy until the following night.

"I returned to the building from an opposite direction and was just in time to see the freshmen all file out, standing to give their class yell. But you should have seen the consternation on their faces when they raised their hands in a final salute, then, looking up, they beheld the flagpole pillaged of the fluttering folds of their treasured pennant as mysteriously as if spirited away.

"Well, they tried to find out who it was that committed the theft, but I was never suspected. Many a fellow of the class was in my room during that year, and the year following, and sat on the

"IT"

trunk in which their lost trophy was securely locked while we discussed its probable fate.

"You have my story. I would only add one thing more, and that is, at the end of next year I am going to send the pennant to the old freshman class and they, then as seniors, may use it as a last decoration."

His Royal Highness drew his hand over his face and smiled. "Kind of you to be so thoughtful, I am sure," he remarked dryly, and, going over to the pennant, took up a corner and looked at it closely.

"Well, Truly, you have spun an unusual yarn for a 'freshy,' but it isn't very often that one of them has an opportunity to tell a story, and to such a distinguished audience, so you will now please get down on your knees and thank us properly." Tent flushed and looked uneasy, for the four stood in a row facing him.

"Gentle—"

"Down on your knees," interrupted the senior.

"I—really, Your Royal Highness—"

"Once again, down on your knees. If you don't do this you may be sorry," was the threat.

Tent slowly fell to his knees.

"Now, we will hear you."

"I thank Your Royal Highness and your friends for honoring me with your distinguished presence." After this declaration, which was made in true freshman style, His Royal Highness, with a slight nod of his head, took his departure, followed by his maids in waiting.

Tent slowly rose to his feet and, after closing the door, locked it and then shook his fist in the direction of the senior's room. He had still more reason to increase his dislike for seniors a few evenings after this, for upon returning to his room, he found his much-prized pennant gone, the following note having been left in its place.

"Little Master Truly: We really dislike to rob you of anything you prize so highly, but after listening to its history so well and so willingly told by yourself, I wanted the pennant for a little collection of my own. You should see how it shines in its new quarters. Don't feel too badly about it, however, for on the evening that you graduate as a senior from Yale, you may have it to decorate with. In the meantime allow us to remain,

"Your guardians,

"His Royal Highness and His Three Maids in Waiting."

The Hole in the Doorstep.

Written about the east doorstep of the University Building.

I saw a hole in the old doorstep,
And I thought "What made it there?"
And ever since I've wondered—
Caught full in a question's snare.

Through lapse of half a century,
Yes, fifty years and more,
The feet of men have ground upon
That stepstone in the door.

To some it's been a stepping stone;
A stumbling block, no doubt,
To those whose walk was void of life,
Who've shambled in and out.

That stone has felt the tread of men—
True, noble-minded men—
Whose feeble step, now slow with age,
Spoke resolution then.

The door 'neath which the hole is worn
Has turned out men of might,
Who've made an enemy of wrong
And grimly stuck to right.

Youth's idle thoughts have shown some in;
Once in they've looked about.
And, having seen what life is for,
Dame Wisdom showed them out.

O stone! where are those trampling feet?
To us your story give,
That we may see how others walked
And by their footprints learn to live.

—*Bert Bye Geer.*

Wallulah.

FRANCIS E. CORNELIUS, '01.

IT was years and years ago, when Salem was a town of but a few hundred inhabitants, that Wallulah, of the tribe of Willamette on her mother's side, and granddaughter of the noted chief Multnomah, but of aristocratic Kentucky blood on the side of her father, was registered as a student of the Oregon Institute. The first few years of her school life wrought wonders in developing the ability for culture, mental and otherwise, which Wallulah had inherited from her father's distinguished family. She drank in knowledge as the thirsty soil absorbs moisture, and her naturally handsome features grew radiant with the inner light of conscious understanding of deeper things.

It was not strange that almost every young man in school fell captive to the beauty and grace of this charming maiden, for her generosity of heart quite equalled the brilliance of her intellect. One student in particular, a fair-faced, curly-haired blonde, believed in his heart that Winifred (as she was known among the whites) was not only the handsomest girl in school, but that she was absolutely necessary to his happiness.

They were both in the last year of their course when he made this fact known to her, and he was quite unprepared for the dignity and pride with which she answered, "I have always respected you above all other men, George, for I recognized in your aims a lofty ambition, worthy of the culture which your circumstances allow, and that very respect forbids my encouraging your advances, for remember, that though taught in the ways of white people, I am in fact—an Indian."

"What care I for that?" exclaimed the earnest lover. "You are sweet and womanly and sincere, and no less a woman because of your tribal relations."

"You remember the fable of the cat that remained in truth a cat tho' changed to the form of a radiant bride," she said. "Think you that culture can eliminate from my nature the desire to rove

the forests, or sleep beneath the star-lit heavens? Imagine me dressed in a blanket according to the custom of my people, and contentedly engaged in moccasin bead-work in the smoke and disorder of a wigwam—no longer Winifred of my father's people, but Wallulah of the Indians. Art charmed with the picture, handsome prince?" And her dark eyes flashed upon him a look of mingled scorn for herself and admiration for him. He gazed at her imploringly.

"It cannot be! It must not be!" he cried.

"And yet," she laughed, looking back at him as she sped up the stairs toward the Philodosian Hall, "it is a picture true to life and well worth your careful consideration."

"As heartless as she is handsome. I would never have thought it," soliloquized George; and Wallulah seated among the other girls in the society room, thought not of the order of business, but was saying to herself in bitterness, "He loves me as a white girl, but he would despise me as an Indian, and I am both."

Several years later, George, overworked and business worn, yielded to the suggestion of a couple of friends to spend a few weeks on the beach at San Diego. The restful days of fishing and rowing were fast drawing to a close, when the cook, engaged in frying fish for their evening meal, observed, "There's a camp of wild Indians about a mile down the beach."

George started, felt himself flush, then glanced at his companions with the feeling that they might have heard his heart leap, for had he not, since losing sight of Wallulah after her graduation from an Eastern college, long feared that she had returned to the habits of her mother's people? With the utmost caution, he inquired where the Indians were camped, and whether there was "a gir—any young people in the camp." On being told that there seemed to be at least a boy and one young woman, he arose from the table, took his hat, and was soon hurrying away to the Indian camp. All the way he muttered to himself, "I know it is she. It can be no other. I have heard her laugh ring on the waters twice since I came. None other could counterfeit it. I know she is here. I have felt her presence all the time."

At sight of the wigwam his heart beat in an unwarranted manner, for just entering it was a form like—"Yes," he whispered, "it is she!" But at sight of him coming toward her, she glided away and was lost in the forest before he could speak her name.

In the center of the wigwam sat a middle-aged squaw, her elbows resting on her knees, and her good-natured face between her hands.

"Good evening, Mrs. Hull," said George, lifting his hat with a courtly bow. "Is your daughter in?"

"Huh!" grinned and grunted the woman.

"It would give me great pleasure to see her; will she return soon?" continued George, hat in hand.

"Not muchee," she smiled, pointing to her lips.

"You mean she is not at home very much," he said, courteously.

"Not muchee. Go long; you no good," said the woman, gathering a handful of ashes and throwing them at him.

"O, do not be offended. I am a friend of your daughter. Will you hand her this card upon her return, and tell her that I shall call again tomorrow?" he asked with such a princely manner that the

woman was deterred from showering his shirt front with another handful of ashes, and instead took the proffered card, turned it over and grunting "no good," dropped it and resumed her former position, looking suspiciously and somewhat vengefully at George, who, wishing her a gracious "good evening," bowed himself out and hastened away.

The following morning he was reading, or rather, seeming to read in the shadow of a rock, when he saw a stately middle-aged man approaching, on first sight of whom he sprang to his feet in delighted confusion, for he recognized at once Wallulah's father, the same as he appeared at commencement five years before, when he came to take her away.

"He can talk English. I'll find her through him," he thought, as he stepped in front of the gentleman and politely said, "Colonel Hull, I believe; am I not right?"

"You are, sir. Whom have I the honor to address?" replied the Colonel.

"My name is Crang—George Crang—of the firm of Crang & Townshend. Formerly, during school days, I was—that is, I had the honor, sir, of meeting, or rather being—that is, I should say—I at one time—saw your daughter at—when—during—that is, sir—in school, I mean—Willamette University, sir."

"Ah, indeed; yes. Glad to meet you, Mr. Crang. Do I understand that you have the acquaintance of my daughter?"

"Yes, that is it, sir. Will you be so good as to give her my card?" replied George, keenly realizing that he had lost his head, and that the Colonel must regard him as an idiot.

"I am not sure I correctly comprehend your position, Mr. Crang, but if you were once an accepted acquaintance of my daughter, I do not doubt that she will be pleased to meet you, and I venture to ask if you will give us your company at tea this evening," with an apologetic smile. "We are

camping up here on the beach, and do not serve very elaborately, but trust you will not despise our efforts in your behalf."

George, half beside himself at thought of soon meeting face to face her of whom he had dreamed, hastily—too hastily—accepted the invitation; but scarcely had the Colonel passed on until a vision of the wigwam, the grinning, uncultured woman and the ashes arose in his mind in opposition to the daintiness of a usual afternoon tea; but the incongruity was not greater between the wigwam and a modern tea, than between the Colonel himself and even the suggestion of such a wild life.

Promptly at the hour appointed George appeared at the wigwam, but there was no one within and no indication of anticipated company. Could the Colonel have forgotten to tell her? Was she offended? No, that would not be like her. Perhaps she did not wish her school friends to introduce themselves to her present mode of living. Such thoughts as these chased each other through his mind as he sat upon a stump and awaited the appearance of some member of the family. Presently a small Indian boy came bounding along, stopping suddenly as he saw George.

"Hello, my boy," hailed the latter, rising and advancing towards him. "Are you Colonel Hull's son?"

"Nika hiac clatawa," replied the boy.

"Well, where are the folks—your sister? I came by invitation of your father to take tea with you. I find no one at home. I do not understand. Can you explain matters to me?"

The boy looked at him in a puzzled way a moment, then throwing his hand out with a give-it-up gesture, he said: "Ah, me no cumtux! Nika hiac clatawa!" and ran off out of sight and hearing.

Unable to solve the perplexing mystery, George wandered back to his own cottage. The next day he and his friends were to return home. The packing had already begun when one said suddenly, "By the way, George, there's a letter in my coat pocket which was given me yesterday noon for you. I forgot to deliver it sooner."

It was a note, the contents of which George devoured with feverish greediness.

"Why was this not given me in time?" he demanded angrily.

"In time for whom, or what, or when?" innocently asked his friend.

"For tea—in time to prevent my losing the opportunity—in time to keep me from making an idiot of myself!" Then turning to the cook, with increasing wrath, he said: "She doesn't live in a wigwam! It wasn't her mother! You ought to be booted for your outlandish lying."

"Who live in a wigwam, and who whose mother?" asked his friends in ignorant amazement.

Recovering his senses at sight of his two bewildered companions, George remembered that he had never mentioned Wallulah to them, and that they knew nothing of his visits to the wigwam.

"I've been a fool, but I suppose no one is to blame but myself. I was to have taken tea with Colonel Hull last evening, but not having been given this note, did not know where he lived. Oh' if you had only delivered it in time!"

"Why, he lives in that fine cottage up the beach. Fine family—aristocratic, you know. Elegant home in Denver. Awful sorry about the note, George, but I can make that all right," said his comrade, and he did.

Their return was delayed, and a few months later the Denver papers announced the most elegant occasion of the season—the marriage of Mr. George Crang and Miss Winifred Hull. His two friends wonder to this day how George got an Indian wigwam mixed up in his thoughts with a tea given by the refined and wealthy Miss Hull.

A. HERRDSC

An Opinion.

A tender vine that climbs the heights
  And clings to ragged stone,
May droop its head through dreary nights
  And blossom there alone.

Down in the depths of earth may lie
  A jewel hid in clay,
But winter's cold and storming sky
  May let it shine some day.

A falling stream is dashed to spray
  Upon the rocks below.
In time the stone may wear away,
  The waters rippling flow.

Love's memory of tender years
  Clings to an aged heart,
And through the gloomy veil of tears
  Sweet visions doth impart.

The inner souls of men contain
  The glow of honest worth,
The toils of life, the wounds, the pain
  Are needs to set it forth.

Young daring feet in life's hard road
  Are torn by hasty flight;
It is the scars, the heavy load,
  That guide those feet aright.

And so it is in earthly things,
  In strife to reach a goal;
It is the hurts, the cuts, the stings,
  That give man's work a soul.

—*Bert Geer.*

Adoption of the Yell and Colors.

At the opening of the school year of 1891-2 the Willamette University found itself confronted by a rival at Portland, and its friends made every effort to protect the prestige of the old institution, and to advance its interests. One measure was the adoption of college colors. Prof. W. C. Hawley was appointed chairman of the committee consisting of President Whitaker, Dean Mattie Hansee, and Professors S. A. Starr, Minnie Cunningham and Stella Ames from the faculty, and Misses Cora Winters, Carrie Bradshaw, Edith Field, Edith Frizzell, Emily Henry, Cook Martzall, Mabel Jaynes, Myrtie Marsh, Ollie Rounds and Bertha Byrd; and B. B. Barker, R. H. Dearborn, L. F. Reynolds, F. C. Matthews, H. G. Hibbard and J. H. Robnett from the student body. The writer is not quite sure that the above-named committee included all who were members of it, but it is nearly correct at least. After many sittings, the committee selected cardinal and old gold as the colors, which were enthusiastically received by the student body. The college cheer was chosen somewhat later than the colors; it was about two years, as the writer remembers, before the exact form of the cheer was fixed. Prof. W. C. Hawley, who became acting president in the fall of '93, gave the use of the room, now the chemical laboratory, to the Y. M. C. A. as a gymnasium room, and this gave an impulse toward agreeing on a cheer. Foremost among those who selected the yell, F. E. Brown, J. H. Robnett, B. F. Savage, M. F. Savage, C. V. Fisher, B. B. Barker, I. P. Callison, P. L. Metschan, I. H. Van Winkle, M. S. Wilson, R. W. Callison, L. B. Austin, A. W. Prescott, J. F. Burcham, E. E. Porter, H. G. Hibbard, W. A. Morris and J. D. Plamondon may be mentioned, and these acted as a general committee, of which President Hawley was chairman, in agreeing on the regular cheer. The cheer was agreed to late one afternoon in room 9, and became popular at once. President Hawley then began to lay plans for the building of a gymnasium, and being aided by the enthusiasm of the students, the co-operation of the trustees was soon secured, and the present building erected.

The Gossip of the Trees.

Know you that the shady maples
Guarding Old Willamette's door,
In the whispering of their branches,
Talk the student life all o'er?

While upon the steps I lingered
Once upon a holiday,
One tree said so very softly,
In the sweetest kind of way,
"Lots of preps this year. I love them!
May they still come by the score.
All these years I've loved to shade them,
And I like them more and more."

What's the matter with the freshmen?"
Rustled from another tree.
"This year's class, just think them over,
Mary Warfield—'Sweet Marie'—
She, you know, and Walter Winslow,
With the help of Arthur Gale,
In debate upset the sophomores—
Took the wind all out their sail."

"Needn't name the other freshmen,
They're all smart, of course, we know,"
Said the fir in stately manner,
"But my favors I bestow
On the jolly, blooming sophomores.
With their college spirit true,
And I'm pleased to speak the praises
Which to them I'm sure are due.
Now, for instance, their debaters—
Louise, Moser, Averill, too"—
Here a sound of laughing branches
And of leaves made such ado,
That I scarce could hear them saying,
"He fell through the logs, you know,
'Cause he went, all on a Sunday
Where no good boy ought to go!"

Then the leaves all joined in singing
Praises of the junior class.
Called them "handsome," "great" and "brilliant";
Said such folks would "always pass."
But the seniors! How they scored them!
Talked of all their records past,
Said they'd tried the very patience
Of the evening winter blast.

Told of how they'd slept o'er Virgil,
Rode a pony when they could,
Then reformed and promised faithful
They would evermore be good.

How Sam said he'd go to preaching;
Meresse, that he'd do no more

Of his caricat'ring antics
While he walked Willamette's floor.
Minnie grew so very careful;
Harry wrote with bated breath,
Lest the faculty 'd when angry
Be his editorial death.

Dick began to work in earnest,
And they whispered soft and low,
"When he takes his life diploma
To Louise—ana he'll go."
Sophia they loved, but scolded,
And the Clarkes, both great and small,
They debated with much candor,
But declared they loved them all.

Oh, those trees! They've laid up knowledge
Since the years of long ago;
And they whisper many secrets
As the students come and go.

—*Frances Eolia Corneilus,* '01.

Classmates.

We are classmates, comrades, brothers,
Just beginning this great life.
Let us lend our strength to others,
Put aside fraternal strife.

Kind words, true words, cost us nothing,
They will cheer, and win us friends,
Who, when we are lone and suffering,
Will be true, e'en to the end.

Tho' we're weary, often falt'ring,
Yet our strength will fail us never,
If a friend is kept from halting
By our aid and kind endeavor.

—*A First Year.*

MT. HOOD

Society Halls of Willamette.

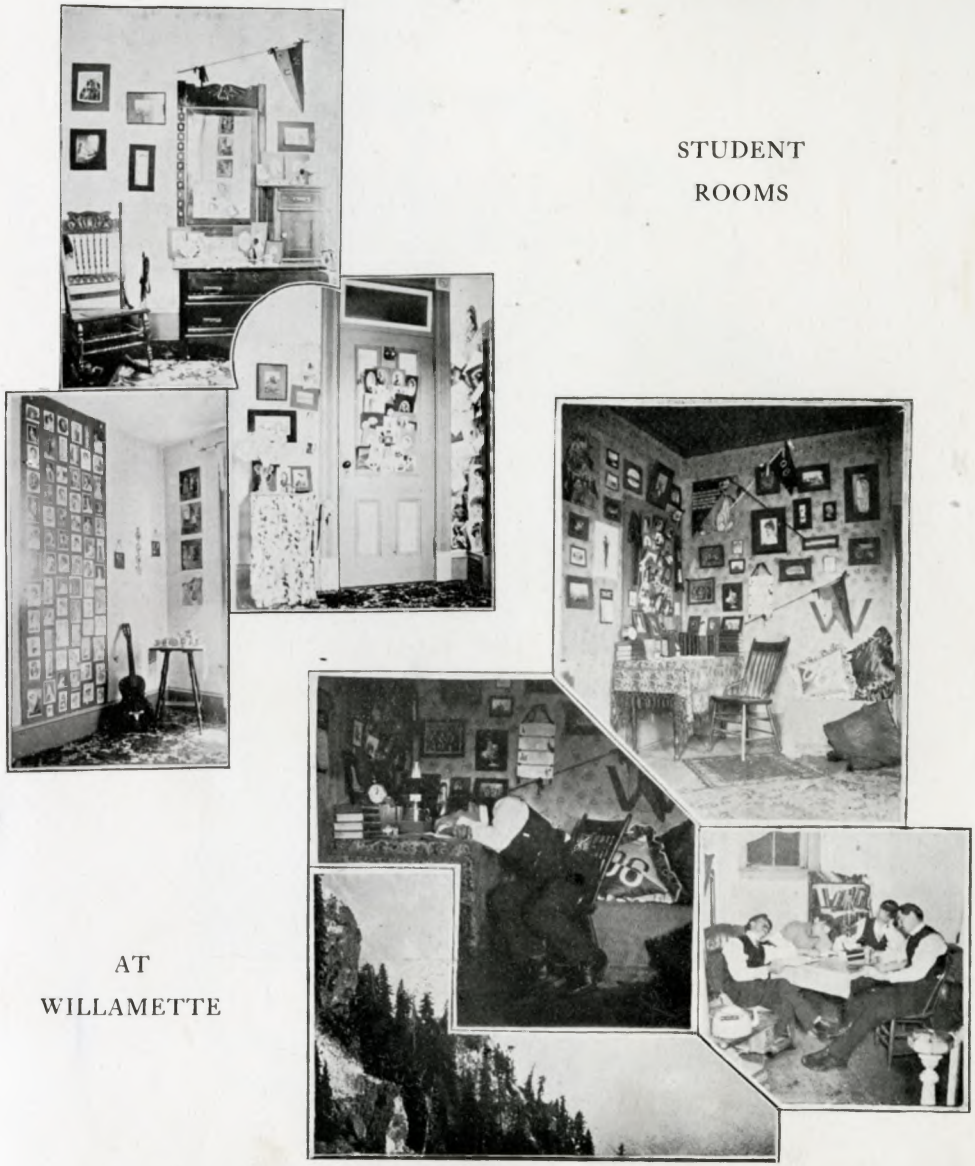
In the society halls, where so often we've met,
In the society halls, which we'll never forget;
In the society halls where great problems are weighed,
And deep questions solved, and deeper plans laid,
In the society halls of Willamette.

In the society halls, where talents abound,
In the society halls, where genius is found;
In the society halls where wit flashes bright,
And Progress and Culture call out for their right,
In the society halls of Willamette.

In the society halls, where in friendly debate,
Our arguments oft met a singular fate;
Where programs were rendered with pride and with skill,
Where mem'ry will linger in future years still,
In the society halls of Willamette.

—*Frances Eolia Cornelius,* '01.

STUDENT
ROOMS



AT
WILLAMETTE

TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN TO NEVER HAVE LAUGHED AT ALL
JUNK
Any thing in the way of jokes,
Anything to amuse the folks,
Here's a Funny Lot!
Some are new.
Few are true.
GRINDS
Edgar Meresse
03.

Spices from Arabia.

Gathered by Dr. Offonlev.

In my graciously given leave of absence from the University, finding myself in Arabia, I send to thee, gentle reader, some of its spices.

Do we have music? Yes, indeed. Our choir is the Pacific ocean, whose music is the better for coming fifteen miles by wireless telephone to our ears.

I find in the Methodist Episcopal Discipline a prohibition against "softness." What is that? I know not, but I do know there is enough "softness" in our world.

Another rule forbids us to put on gold. Do we break the rule? No, it is not gold.

Are people born in Oregon really webfoots? Yes, for it is a fact that the toes of every child born in Oregon grow together.

An explorer in Europe has reached the conclusion that man is not descended from the monkey, but from the oyster. This conclusion explains love of ancestry.

I saw the other day a picture of a man in the boat of conceit, pouring the contents of his stomach into the river, and over his head was written "I am well."

They sometimes speak pitifully of us people who have to live in the country. Poor Webster, Lincoln, Garfield, Blaine had to be born and live in the counrty. But they did not stay there.

I once heard a rich man saying to his friends that he began barefooted. Who does not begin that way, I thought?

Some higher critics tell us there was no such man as Job. Well, by and by, they may say that John Bull was Edward the Seventh.

A gentleman having called upon a lady friend down here asked to be excused. The charming lady replied "with pleasure."

When I hear a person boasting of a noble ancestor, I exclaim, "Poor ancestor, he could not help it!"

We have down here a new class of healers, and though I have not the consent of the doctors and undertakers, I will tell it. These healers tell us that microbes, and, indeed, all foul humors in the body can be drowned out by the copious use of water. Just as the boy pours water into the woodchuck hole, so let down the water into the body. I have not tried it, for I am well.

The ordinary Methodist church steward could learn activity from a scratching hen.

A good prescription for the cure of Sunday sickness is found in the sleep of Sunday night right on to Monday morning.

They say to us young people that there is plenty of room at the top. Well, there is more at the bottom, and on the way up. Indeed, there is not much room at the top, hence so few reach it.

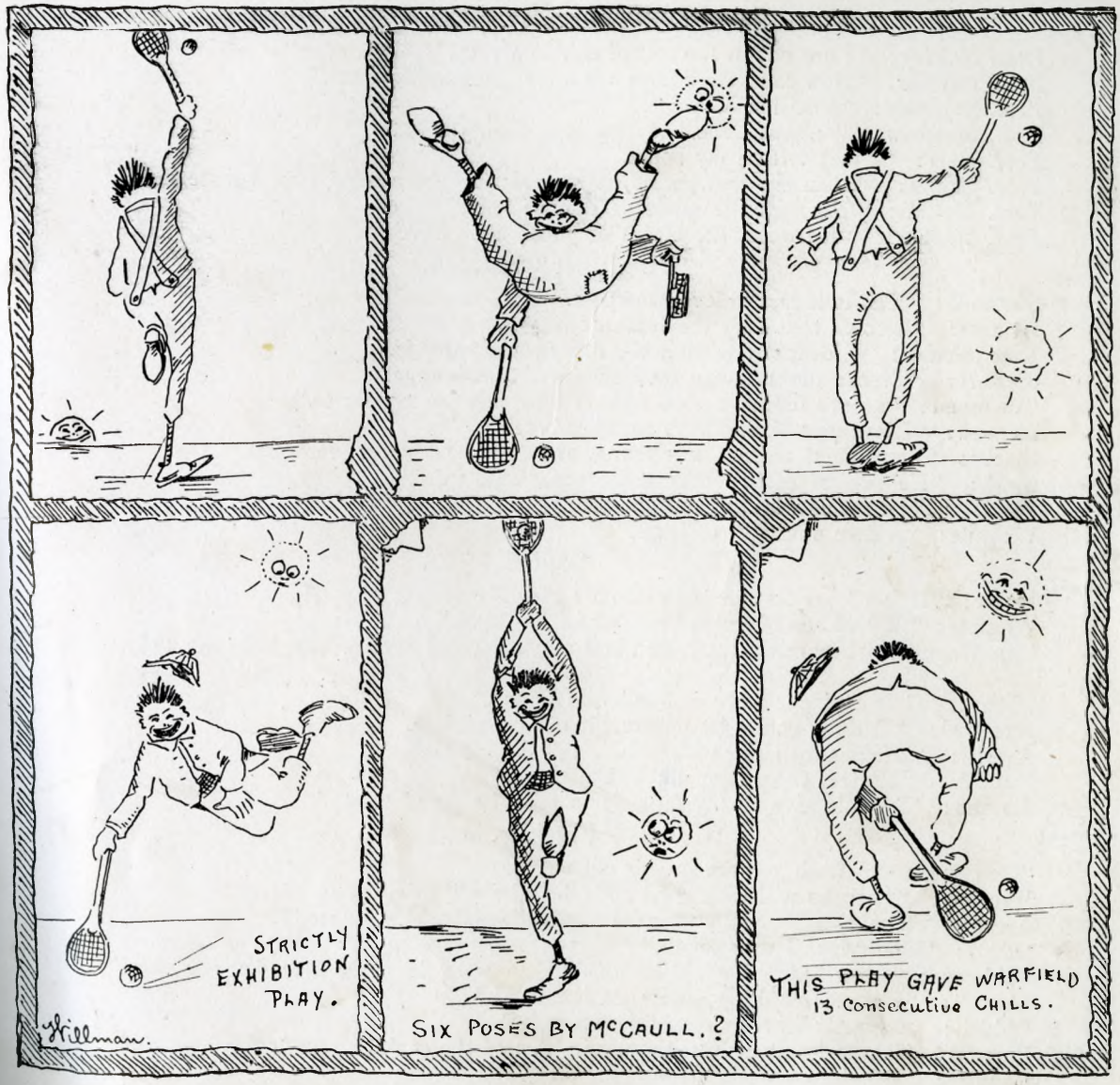
Moses was considered a goodly child by his parents. All parents feel that way!

They are making out in some places that, after all, alcohol does contain some food. There is some heat in the snows of Mt. Hood, but the men who went up the mountain last winter did not go up to warm themselves.

Impressive to me in the long ago down in Dixie Land was the sight of the head of a negro boy. The wool was South Down.

Does the gentle reader carry burdens? So the camels of Arabia carry burdens, but the fragrance of the spices they bear help on the way.

—*Arabia.*


STRICTLY EXHIBITION PLAY.
Hillman.
SIX POSES BY McCAULL. ?
THIS PLAY GAVE WARFIELD 13 Consecutive CHILLS.

Grinds.

Faculty.

Dean Hawley: "I am not in the roll of common men."
Prof. Dawson: "How canst thou hope for mercy, rendering none."
Prof. Reynolds: "A still small voice."
Prof. Matthews: "Whose little body holds a mighty mind."
Prof. Kerr: "I may tell all my bones."
Prof. Carter: "When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."
Prof. McCall: "His beard is made of sharp icicles."
Prof. Warfield: "He wears the bloom of youth upon him."

Ye Upper Classmen.

Swafford: "The lunatic, the lover, the poet."
Wilkins: "Records that defy the tooth of time."
Koschmeider: "I cannot tell what the dickens her name is."
Siewart: "Truths divine come mended from that tongue."
Townsend: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course."
Meresse: "I love myself, and have no other love."
Clarke: "I was short when I was young, and have been short ever since."
Clark: "No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise."
Field: "Thou art as wise as thou are beautiful."
Whipple: "A face untaught to feign."

Sophs.

Moser: "He's a lover for himself without a rival."
Whipple: "With loads of learned lumber in his head."
Van Wagner: "She could roast, and boil and broil and fry; make a hot soup and well bake a pie."
Miller: "It is a plague to be so handsome a man."
Swafford: "Talking comes by nature, silence by wisdom."
Averill: "Wisdom will die with you."
Grannis: "Hector, thou sleepest; awake thee."
Jerman: "I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety."

Freshies.

"How green and fresh you are in this old world."
Winslow: "Then he will talk, good gods, how he will talk."
Forbes: "Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod?"
Oliver: "Would that I were tough."
Skidmore: "How happy I could be with either, were the other dear charmer away."
Stowell: "Eternal sunshine settles on her head."
Riddell: "I greatly fear my money is not safe."
Parsons: "Those lovely lamps, those windows of the soul."
Chapler: "Behold my walk."
Lee: "Divinely fair and fair."

Field: "Just as harmless as she looks."
Gale: "Love is better than fame."
Gardner: "Hath a face like a benediction."
Rigdon: "Joy rises in me like a summer morn." (When Leon comes home.)
Holmstrom: "Mingle a little folly with your wisdom."
Spencer: "The conscience of well doing is an ample reward."
Keyes: "Another gentleman there was who liked to hear himself talk."
Laufman: "Bind up those tresses."
Josh Editors: "We never dare write as funny as we can."
M. Chapler: "With a smile that was childlike and bland."
Randall: "You may try it, but you can't do it."
Warfield: "By magic numbers and persuasive sound."
G. Stowell: "You deceive us with that saint-like face."
D. Lewis: "In mien how graceful she appears."
Martin: "Where gottest thou that goose look?"
Morris: "A large head with little sense."
McConnell: "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

Preplets.

Poorman: "Come lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest."
Gray: "Keep my tongue from evil and my lips from speaking Guile."
Parish: "If you have tears prepare to shed them now."
Spaulding: "Just at the age 'twixt boy and man."
Glover: "He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life, but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction."
Whiteman: "Knocketh all the night long."
Winans: "You'd scarce expect one of my age."
Nolan: "A face that cannot smile is never good."
Whipple: "I wish all my friends may be bolder than I."
Robertson: "How like a river, largest at the mouth."
Pollard: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."
Williams: "How sweet and fair she seems to be."
Siewert & Co.: "All we ask is to be left alone."
Reichen: "But he is risen, a later star of dawn."
Matthews: "He was as fresh as the month of May."
I. Jones: "So sweet a face, such angel grace."
R. Gabrielson: "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."
Schindler: "A pensive tender maid, downcast and shy."
Crawford: "By two-faced Janus, nature hath formed strange fellows in her day."
H. Keyes: "By my troth, the town is troubled with unruly boys."
Clagget: "Slow, but God made him so."
Moyer: "In silence I worship, in silence adore."
Elworthy: "Let's all be kids."
G. Fawk: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."
Wolf: "A misplaced eyebrow on his upper lip."

Ye Events of ye Year.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

17. Students begin to roll in.

18. Dad Averill, the favorite expressman, delivers the green recruits to the 'Varsity. Sister Lila takes the unsophisticated under her wing and introduces them to the Dean.

20. Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. receptions. Organization of the "High Five" Club.

22. Chapel roll call, vacant seats noticeable.

24. At the State Fair, High Five and Verna Mevas take in the races.

26. First joint reception to new students. Meresse introduced.

29. Prof. Warfield takes his place as leader of chapel singing, which he holds during the remainder of the year.

OCTOBER.

1. Tennis tournament.

3. Serenading party.

6. Football squad begins work.

7. "Ed Averill and his girls" begin rooting.

8. Ladies' Chorus of W. U. reorganized.

10. Epworth League tenders reception to 'Varsity students. Coach Moser enjoys moonlight (?) on the State House steps.

12. Kin thinks that State street is a nice place to promenade after association and continues to think so till May moves.

17. Baptist church gives reception for W. U. students. Whiteman borrows money for oyster supper.

25. Albany football game, co-eds, make a hit at the reception.

31. "High Five" gives Halloween party at the College of Music. The football children are rounded up at ten o'clock.

NOVEMBER.

3. Grand Anvil Chorus and general rough house at the Dorm.

7. Reception.

14. Eleventh annual convention of the Y. W. C. A. convenes at Willamette University. Moser is wrathy, as a football boy is kept out late.

15. Capitola luncheon. Big football game at Chemawa. Bess, Gretta and Henry lose their way (Babes in the wood). Reception to visiting delegates, boys excluded; not all girls present. We wonder why.

16. Y. W. C. A. day.

17. Delegates depart.

22. Corvallis game; Sockless Jerry, the Hillsboroite, conspicuous.

27. Big Thanksgiving game; Monmouth defeated by score of 6-0. Reception and rally in evening. Prof. Kerr lights the bonfire.

28. 1908 class party.

DECEMBER.

1. Recital by Colleges of Music and Oratory.
10. Freshmen meet and make a flag.
11. Freshmen flag floats over the 'Varsity.
12. Wallulah jolly-up and handshake.
16. Y. W. C. A. bazaar in the gymnasium. Van Winkle buys a pin tray. Cathey sees a double-headed doll.
19. Freshman-Soph. debate. Big victory for Freshies, followed by a gorgeous milk banquet. Nob Hill dairy furnishes the calf's delight.
20. Freshmen again celebrate their victory.
25. Stanford Glee Club occupies the boards at the opera house.
26. B., alias Stowell, causes Moser great grief. Proof? The register at the O. S. I. A.
27. Moser still grieves.
28. Verna Meva reunion.
31. Chemawa vs. Reliance game on W. U. campus. New Year's eve parties in all parts of the city. The success of co-education proclaimed.

JANUARY, 1903.

1. All dead to the world.
2. Lee's waiter resigns his position.
3. Kin beats the street car in a race from North Salem to the "Fleur-de-lis."
5. Big time in chapel. Students return from Christmas festivities.
6. Party given at the east end of State street in honor of Miss Wilder.
9. Albany meets overwhelming defeat in basket-ball at the hands of Willamette University, 35-5.
10. Seniors of College of Music give recital at Chemawa.
12. Forbes receives new necktie from his sweetheart in Portland. (A girl like that is worth having, Forbes.)
13. Oregon legislature convenes.
16. Authorities discuss new athletic field proposition.
17. Basket-ball team returns from Albany with scalps galore. Basket-ball game, Chemawa 4; W. U. 62.
19. "The rains descended and the floods came."
22. Big three cookie affair.
24. Wallulah staff meets.
26. Snow. Preplets substitute snowballs for mud pies.
28. Exams. begin.
30. Reception by the joint literary societies.
31. Basket-ball boys start on their northern trip.

FEBRUARY.

2. Public recital by Colleges of Music and Oratory.
6. Roseburg co-eds. defeated by W. U. girls' basket-ball team.
7. Staff meeting at Miss Stowell's. Wind blows off Miss Byrne's curls.
8. Twenty-first day of worship.
10. Dean Hawley visits legislature to hear himself elected U. S. senator.
12. Girls of Wallulah staff serve luncheon. Meresse, Skidmore, Grannis are seen flourishing the dishcloth.

OUR LADY ARTIST.

13. Local oratorical contest. Meresse wins out.

15. Prof. Dawson lectures on Moses, a nation builder.

20. Y. W.'s serve luncheon and supper. Skidmore acts as bell boy. Seniors of College of Oratory render program for W. O. W.'s. U. S. senator elected by aid of our rooters.

22. Washington's birthday.

24. Moser actually discards his faithful old sweater for a shirt waist and collar.

27. Sophomore class party.

28. Big basket-ball game—All Stars of Portland, 10; W. U., 14. 'Varsity band adds a touch of excitement to the occasion. Grand walk about the Gym. Stags lead the march.

MARCH.

2. Recital. Ladies' Chorus of W. U. warbles. Big jollification in the Gym., grand march and promenade.

5. Harriet changes her coiffeur, consequently late to chapel.

7. Al and Elma grind out jokes.

8. The Misses Warfield rush the season in spring millinery.

11. Dr. McClish lectures.

12. Concert by Ladies' Chorus.

13. State oratorical contest held at Eugene.

14. Basket-ball game—Oregon City, 5; W. U., 18.

16. Tennis Club organizes.

18. Oliver twists his mustache.

19. Bob Morris earns title of "tight."

20. Willamette, 21; Dallas, 5.

22. Winslow snores in joint association meeting.

23. Dr. Wise, of Portland, lectures.

24. Dr. Wise speaks in chapel.

25. Coach Miller visits Salem.

26. Glover makes a slashing, returns home late, meets a ghost, and telephones to the police station for help. Glee Club start on their tour.

27. Philodosian Society does not give its "at home."

28. Basket-ball game played at Dallas. Rooters return home with flying colors—"blue ones."

APRIL.

1. The profs. stay in.

2. Dean Hawley packs his grip and goes to Woodburn with his "Declaration of Independence."

6. Last term begins.

7. Farewell concert given by the 'Varsity Glee Club. Little Ray Chapler obtains permission of his "mamma" to appear in public with a co-ed.

8. Preps raise a rough house on the second floor, and barricade the entrance to the different recitation rooms with bunting. After several buckets of perspiration have poured from his forehead, Harry McCall unties the bunting and gets into his recitation room.

9. Polly is given a sentimental look while in the Beehive.

10. Forbes becomes young again, and joshes a certain co-ed. in the library.

MAY.

The Wallulah board pack up and anxiously await the crash to come.

Sophomore Alphabet.

A stands for amo, the word we all learned,
When first at Willamette to Latin we turned.

B stands for bachelors, the brave and the true,
Who learn to "amo" before they get through.

C stands for credits, the things you can't get,
If somewhere you don't find a "pony to let."

D 's for demerits, which the Profs. bestow,
If, in the marches, the wrong way you go.

E is for easy—dead easy, we thought
Freshes to scoup—but the judges were bought.

F 'd be for fools, but Willamette has none,
So 'twill have to stand for "feeds" and for fun.

G is for gumption and grit and great lore,
Things of which Sophomores have a great store.

H stands for handsome and homely, too;
The former for us, the latter for you.

I 's for independent, who's more so than we?
We're just as important as others dare be.

J is for juniors, those jocular jays,
Who worry us all with their juvenile ways.

K stands for kick—that's what we all do
When we every one flunk. Wouldn't you, too?

L stands for line-up, and M for Moser;

N is for night-lark, and O for oyster.

P stands for pennant; Q is for quizz;

R stands for rooters, and S for sizz.

T is for tutors; U for undone;

V is for vicious, and W for won.
With X, Y and Z our story will close,
They stand for something, but what, no one knows.

Time Table.

3:00 A. M. "Henry" goes to bed; Keysick gets up to go after his oration.

3:30. Russell's alarm clock goes off.

3:31. Ransome hears the alarm and yells "George, time to shake the rags."

3:32. Russell rolls over to take his second nap.

4:30. Van Winkle gets up to comb his forelock. Grannis splits the "kindling" for Bachelors' Hall.

5:00. Siewert rolls in from Jefferson. Dick bids her good bye successfully.

5:30. Averill inflates the "local tire" of the Weekly. Meresse gets up to shine his shoes and exclaims "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

5:31. Price milks his cow and gets kicked. Unruh practices drumming for the "Band Informal."

6:00. Charles Daughson gathers in the eggs from his chicken coop.

6:30. Professor Loran takes a morning constitutional down at Watson's.

7:00. The Dorm brigade assemble for breakfast. Dean Seley reads the morning chapter from the "Daily Statesman."

7:30. The Medics have a "brown." Pollard washes the supper dishes. Knotts rushes to the Uni to do his morning stunt on Dawson's platform.

8:30. Miss Carter rehearses her chapel prayer. Bob Morris plans to go fishing.

9:00. Chapel. Freshies rubber to see the visitors. Dean Hawley makes his usual request, "Please sit in your proper places." Giant Whipple and little Erma lead the march.

9:25. Evergreen Elworthy and President Moyer hold a consultation.

10:00. The gang swarm to the Beehive. Chapler arrives for his eight o'clock class.

11:00. Coach Miller picks his last "date." Winslow distributes his Weekly business venture.

12:00. The Ginger Can comes out. Everybody throws the Collegian in the woodbox. Spalding presses the button and the classes are dismissed.

12:30 P. M. Some one grafts the bell clapper.

12:35. Spide Riddell and Poorman make goo-goo eyes on the front porch. Miller and Glover give up "girling" to cram on history.

12:45. The Dean arrives with his sack under his arm. Ralph Matthews approaches, wearing the same old smile.

1:00. Shelton, Bean, Simpson and the Prices have a ten-minute rough house in the upper hall.

2:00. Poorman again talks to the ladies and Whiteman butts in.

3:45. Miss Bozorth takes her exit from the library. The students laugh. Mary acts as spy for her big sister.

4:00. Billy Judd comes up for basket-ball practice. Swafford crosses the race for the seventh time today. Jerman stops off at the College of Music.

5:00. Billy Parsons actually runs to put on his "gym" suit. Wolf gathers the little German band.

5:30. "Polly" goes up to Gussie's to split the wood. Reid does a little fencing.

5:35. Ladies' Chorus meets. Each fellow waits for his steady.

6:00. Sorrowful parting between Miss Spencer and Miss Clarke. They must leave for supper.

6:15. Eddie Averill takes his Hor(a)ce down to study with Eddie Winans.

6:20. Earl and Wallie start out for their usual evening calls.

6:21. Skid arrives home for supper.

6:25. Erma finishes supper and hurries down to see May. They are "so glad" to see each other.

6:30. Riddell twins arrive at Al's.

6:45. Prof. McCall and Sister Harriett return from their afternoon stroll in Morningside.

7:00. Bess and Gretta surprised by a call from Riddell Brothers. Walter starts to see Mary.

7:30. Ronald goes over to make up with Bertha.

7:35. Wallie calls on Mabel, but she has retired. Earl calls on Gertrude, and Ethel tries to usurp him.

7:45. Meresse can't decide whether to call on Al or Elma. At Skid's suggestion draws cuts.

8:00. Judd and Prof. Kerr meet at Warfield's. Spider and his little brother have a reunion at Blanche's.

8:10. Coach Moser puts on a "biled" shirt and calls on Mary.

8:15. Walter gets uneasy and leaves.

8:30. Kinney and May find Walter weeping on the big bridge. They take him home to his grandma.

8:45. Mackie, the prophet, calls on Miss Effie Belle Crouse.

8:50. Earl and Wall call on Belle. At sight of McCall they ask for Erm, and immediately leave for May's.

9:00. Dick starts for Dawson's with yesterday's English paper.

9:05. Dad Averill comes home and applies Domestic Corn Plasters.

9:15. Sophia writes a dissertation on "Love."

9:30. Delta and Eugene part at the Dorm stair landing.

9:45. Dick arrives at Louise's. Earl and Wall leave May's. Erma has decided to stay all night.

10:00. Skid sets the table for breakfast that he may sleep in the morning.

10:15. Topsy wakes the neighbors reading "War, war, war."

10:30. Moser gives up and leaves. Riddell boys arrive home ready to study.

10:45. Boys meet for the nightly reunion at the oyster joint.

11:00. Dick starts to say good bye.

11:30. McCall and Kerr meet in Room 24, and exchange confidences.

12:00. Lottie stops studying.

12:30 A. M. Brother George sends Billy home. Mary is mad.

1:00. Polly gets his kindling cut and starts home.

1:30. Bobbie gets home from fishing.

2:00. Henry catches Loran and Harry at the White House.

2:30. Belle gets up to study German.

THE SPINSTERS' SISTERHOOD.

Founded in 1890,

Aim: To make men more ladylike.

Miss Winnie Poorman....Past Grand Old Maid
Miss Ezrakin Miller..Sec. Matrimonial Bureau
Miss Chapler (late of Williams)...Dress Agent
Miss But-in Averill.....Charter Member
Miss Richlow Wilkins.....Charter Member
Miss Ro Glover.....Charter Member

PLEDGED MEMBERS

Miss Riddell
Miss Forbes
Miss Moser ostracized for lack of faithfulness.

Spaulding: "How is it that Keyes can't grow whiskers?"

Simpson: "Oh, he lives over in the bunchgrass country, where the wind blows so hard it blew them all away."

THINGS THAT CANNOT BE EXPLAINED.

Why Winslow imitates the phonograph.
Why Gale remains a bachelor.
Why Spaulding always rings the gong on time.
How Knotts can eat such hearty meals.
How Mallory manages to get down to breakfast.
How McDowell plays the innocent.
How Fisher can get trousers to fit.
Why O. Bean prowls around the churches.
How Averill got to be such a lady's man.
How Laufman raises such a good crop.
How she can stand it without Tommy.

There in his innocence he stands,
And says in blessing each as they go,
"When you are married and want a divorce,
Just be sure and let me know."

MERESSE.

"For e'en though vanquished,
He could argue still.
While words of learned length and ponderous sound
Amazed the gazing rustics, ranged around.
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."
—*Goldsmith.*

OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

Want Ads.

Wanted—Something to remove the measly pink eyebrow that overshadows my upper lip.—Oliver.

Wanter—A hair cut.—Laufman.

Wanted—A person to teach me how to walk.—Chapler.

Wanted—Something to wipe my feet on.—Ethel.

Wanted—A box of Arthurettes.—R. Bean.

Wanted—A position as prizefighter.—Minnie.

Wanted—A good bed in which to sleep.—Grannis.

Wanted—A good meal.—Knotts.

These ads. were taken from the Collegian's editorial page; $7 a word, so we are told.

For heaven's sake don't ask me about—

Fainting—May Chapler.
What I do when a girl faints—Walter Winslow.
Harry Swafford—Erma Clarke.
Glass doors—Kinney Miller.
Stamp photos—N. D. Moser.
Going hunting on Sunday—Dean of Athletics.

Bum-bum goes the big base drum,
And the band it goes "too-too,"
So Graham quickly grabs a horn,
And plays 'till his face is blue.

THE PROFS' CHESTNUTS.

Prof. Hawley: "Shut up—your books."
Prof. Matthews: "That's fudging."
Prof. Kerr: "Take to the end of the chapter."
Prof. Warfield: "Girls' basket-ball team will practice at 3:30."
Prof. Dawson: "The height of absurdity." "Exactly."
Prof. Carter: "I wish to see numbers 56, 79, 122, 15, and 235 a moment after chapel."

"BOBBY."

"I 'sh ain't got no troubles,
Troubles never troublish me,
I'm a seein' double,
Universh revolves round me."

Though Miss D. Lewis is extremely fond of Glass(ware), she says she cares only for that imported from Portland.

WE WONDER.

How the skeleton happened to get back?
Who made Whipple's shoes?
Who taught Meresse to smoke?
Who owns the university?
Where Whiteman was confined before he came to Willamette.

KERR.

An astrologer of high degree,
Teaches his students chemistry;
He tries with smiles your heart to win,
Gratefully accepting the much-needed tin.
(He asked just a dollar for a gaze at two glass rods.)

TO "SPIDER."

He's a funny little fellow,
Yet a good hard steady worker,
In the class room he's quite brilliant,
Yet for spirit he's a corker.
He's for Willamette thru and thru,
So, dear Spide, here's to you.

BOBBIE.

Just the same we're fond of him
This jolly, fat-faced joker,
So here's to "Little Bobbie,"
The everlasting josher.

A girl who called herself "May,"
Talked sixteen hours each day.
She talked very well,
But, the truth to tell,
She had nothing whatever to say.

The moustache that Mr. Forbes wears
Is composed in large measure of hairs;
At least so they say,
Shall we hope that some day
He will shave in response to our prayers?

Miss Clarke: "What, you gave Mr. Moser a bottle of camphor to keep you from fainting?"
Bess (blushing): "Oh, how cruel!"

The girls were all sitting on the table. Mr. Trover came by and said, "Never be married if you sit on the table, girls," and the chorus rang out, "we never want to be," save one voice, and it said, "this is no sure sign." 'Twas Miss Byrne who spoke, and she smiled at Mr. Meresse. "I hardly think you ever will," he said. "Oh, are you going to die?" she asked. And two people vanished.

When the co-eds. come to town
There's plenty of boys, you know,
To show them all there is to see
And to be with them wherever they go.

They do all they can to help them forget
That they are really away from mother;
They even suggest, with a shy little smile,
That they play as sub for big brother.

And so they go like bees from a hive,
When they leave the Uni. with sonny,
They go to find the dear little flowers
And become busy—gathering honey.

When Seley sings—oh, my!
All the children begin to cry;
All the girls they hold their breath,
And everything is still as death.
Then a dog back by the door
Lets him know there's just one more
Who can sing as well as he,
Even if it isn't up in G.

⚜

How sad it is to write
That we can never be
As brilliant or as bright
As Sophia of '03.

⚜

TO NOAH DENNIS.

Mister Moser, I've been thinking,
And I think you'll find it true,
That in all of Old Willamette,
There's no other freak like you.

⚜

A Chap(ler) was sitting swinging his feet
On the Lee side of a great big boat,
When a Miller cried, "There's a fire in the stern,
You'd better skedaddle or you'll get Bryne(d).

WE WOULD ADVISE

Mr. Whipple, to try an electric shock.
Miss Van Wagner, to have and to hold.
Miss Nolan, to crack a smile.
Mr. Swafford, to buy a pair of stilts.
Miss Cleaver, to have Prof. Kerr's resignatio n reconsidered.
Miss Lee, to get a coach and four.
Mr. Jerman, to pick out a souvenir spoon.
Mr. Judd, to get a page for good Queen Bess.
Mr. Henry Keyes, to have a torchbearer.

⚜

Mr. Moser to Miss Lee: "Now I have you."
Miss Lee: "Oh, how sudden!"

PLAYS IN WHICH THEY SHINE.

The Wrong Mr. Hunter—George Cathey.
What Happened to Jones—O. Van Winkle.
There'll be a Hot Time—George Russell.
The Man from Manila—Claude Friar.
When I Used the Hammer—Pat A. Son.

THE KNOCKERS' CLUB.

"Knock and the world hates you."

L. H. WHITEMAN.....Chief Sledge Slinger
L. H. WHYTEMAN...Manipulator of the Hammer
LUTHER WHITEMAN.....Treasurer

Slowly Averill was sinking
'Twixt two logs that got in his way,
Filling all the air with wild shrieks
On the morn of one Sunday.
"Are you drowning?" called his comrade.
"No, I'm not, but I will be soon!"
"Your last will?" "'Tis just this much, sir:
Bury me near Silverton."

"I'm going for a promenade,"
Said Lottie girl one day,
"I'll wear my new brown suit,
And then the boys will say,
'There comes our little lady';
And I will smile real gay,
But when I wink at them,
Please turn your head away."

KNIGHTS OF THE MUSTACHIOS.

Active Members.

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Osmar Wolf.....Assistant Twister
D. A. Forbes....Lord Keeper of the Curling Iron

Pledged Members.

Billy McCall
Parson Hornchuch
Georgie Warfield
"Sheriff" Claggett

What would he look like if he had—
Meresse's ears?
Keyes' nose?
Laughman's hair?
Chapler's walk?
Whiteman's mouth?
Poorman's eyes?
Kerr's chin?
McCall's whiskers?

Dunder und Blitzen!
Das makes me laf.
Vell, ish it really
Der leedle Deutsch Prof.?
Ach Himmel! from some dings deliefer us,
But, mein freund, I'll schust tells you vat,
'Twar sauer kraut und limburger cheese
Vat maked dem weeskers sprout.

She hails from the East,
But her home is in the West,
And we all really know
Without doubt she is the best.

She stands most secure
On strict Emerson's ground,
Which plainly announces
She is the best to be found.

Of course, we need not tell
The name of this martyr,
For 'tis truly no other
Than our Dean Carter.

WHAT THEY WILL DO NEXT YEAR.

Extract from Weekly Collegian, June 5, 1903.

Clark, N.: Lecture platform.
Townsend: Editor of "Salem Woman Suffragist."
Koschmieder: Athletic director at Jeffrey's School of Piety.
Clarke, E.: Ohio Wesleyan co-ed.
Siewert: Decided, but cannot be publicly announced as yet.
Meresse: Advance agent for the "Noisy Three."
Wilkins: Deckhand on the steamboat "Louise."
Swafford: Postgraduate work in feminology.

My Dear Bess: In answer to inquiry, will say, his name is Mose, and he is fifty; teeth poor; lame in one knee; eyes dim. Will sell him for a song.

Yours truly,

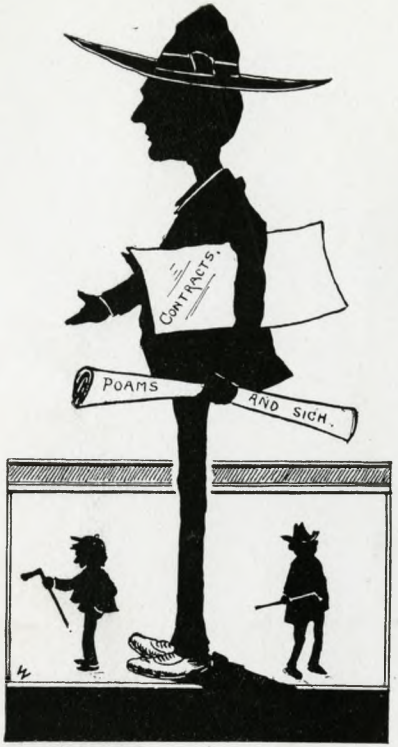
"OHIO GIRL."

P. S.—His worst fault is kicking.—O. G.

⚜

KICKERS' ASSOCIATION.

WALTER WINSLOW.....President
FRED ELWORTHY.....Secretary
ORMAND BEAN.....Treasurer



Charles Augustus, that great man,
Whose name you've seen in the "Ginger Can,"
Once went around a pitiful sight,
For truly he was in a pitiful plight.
Verses and pieces he could get without end,
From stranger or student, from foe or friend;
But the thing he wanted the most of all,
Was not to play tennis, or not to play ball,
But to play that you'd pay without being told,
And bring him at once the much-needed gold.

This is the owl of wisdom,
Matthew-matics does he teach;
He often says, "who—who—who?"
But was never known to preach.

HAWLEY.

The man with the hoe is a thing of the past,
So we wanted something new,
And here is a sketch of a man with an ax,
A woodman truly, clear through.

This is me. I went on the Stage when I was Four. That sounds Strange, but it's true, nevertheless. I've taken all the Parts there are to take, and so I've got me a Stage of My Own, and I've got a Leading Man to play with Me; the only Question is—Kin—'e or Not? MAE.

REMNANTS.

Glover: "I am very fond of the company of ladies."
Reichen: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."
Love: "A dictator of the heart trouble."
Walter: "Show me a good nature with plenty of Bull Durham or Piper Heidsieck."
Neil: "I am of the world, but not in it."
Shelton: "Be good and you will be lonesome."
Simpson: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course."
St. Pierre: "He seemed a cherub who had lost his way."
Keyes: "Let the world slide."
Unruh: "I say the earth did shake when I was born."

A Rough Rider bold is he,
With honest contempt for infantry.
With his pony, spurs and sombrero
He rounds up poor old Cicero.

He didn't know we caught him.

Meresse— he's the man
The editor of the Ginger Can.

HA-HA !!

COME TAKE A LOOK AT THE FREAKS.

I.

Gale was the best little boy we had,
He never was known to do anything bad,
He never said words at all like "D,"
And as to his fate—we're waiting to see.

II.

Only the old need apply for a key to unlock this fair maiden's heart. Children, take warning!

III.

Guess you all know me,
I's Topsy, don't you see,
I haven't any use for boys,
They're always making such a noise.

IV.

In ages long ago,
Of which you don't know,
I was on earth, not as a man,
But as a stork—imagine, if you can!
And that is just the reason why
I always hold my head so high.

This is all. If you haven't been joshed, fried, or roasted, don't get mad. In all probability your joke was crowded out. If you insist on having it printed, send it to the "Ginger Can."

Out of Debt.

For a number of years past there has been accumulating against the property of the University a debt, which one year ago amounted to $35,000.00.

This debt is due in part to mortgages upon property donated to the University and in part to a failure each year of the annual income to meet the necessary expenditures incident to the maintenance of the school, the deficiency, however, being occasioned by causes over which the management had no control.

Dr. Coleman, immediately upon taking up his work as President of the University a year ago, began a campaign for lifting the burden of indebtedness and increasing the endowment fund. How successful he has been and is may be made clear by a brief review of his progress.

By Commencement, 1902, there had been subscribed in Salem and elsewhere nearly $15,000.00.

The Oregon Conference, in its session of 1902, pledged a subscription of $1.00 per member and expressed great enthusiasm for Dr. Coleman and his work.

It was at this conference that Senator R. A. Booth showed his confidence in the University's future by announcing a gift of $1,000.00 toward the debt and $10,000.00 toward endowment.

By April 29, 1903, there remained but $7,000.00 to be given. Before May 7, the date upon which this article was written, one gentleman had pledged $2,000.00, another $1,000.00, and Representative R. D. Hume $1,000.00 upon condition that the remainder be raised by June 1.

It is safe to predict that by the time this statement is in print the remaining $3,000.00 will have been secured and a substantial increase made in the endowment.

It is certainly good news to the friends of "Old Willamette" throughout the Northwest, who one and all will be united in wishing success to the movement.

Dr. Coleman has worked untiringly and against great discouragements. The debt was of such long standing that a great number of the people of the state who are able to give would not do so on account of the fact that they did not believe the debt could be raised, so that his most laborious undertaking was to convince people that he would really accomplish his heart's desire.

Now that the burden is lifted, there prevails a feeling of hope and belief in a successful future for the school. Surely, the thought that "Willamette is great because she gives" may be expressed of those who have given so generously for her upbuilding.

A Generous Friend.

Senator Robert A. Booth is the son of the Reverend Robert Booth, one of the pioneer Methodist ministers of this country.

For several years he lived at Garden Valley in Douglas county. Here he followed the plow in the spring and reaped the harvests in the fall. He lived on the farm until 1885, when he became principal of the State Normal School at Drain. Ambitious to rise to higher things, he resigned his position at Drain after several years and entered into the banking business at Grants Pass. While here he became interested in the Sugar Pine Lumber Company. Later, seeing the fruitfulness of this field of industry, he organized the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company, one of the greatest lumber companies in the Pacific Northwest. He also has extensive mining interests throughout the state.

In 1900 he was elected state senator from Lane county, and is looked upon with a great deal of promise by the republican party in Oregon as a candidate for governor at the next state election.

Programme for Commencement Week.

Monday, June 1. Examinations begin.

Wednesday, June 3. Commencement of College of Oratory.

Friday, June 5, evening. Annual reunion of Literary Societies.

Saturday, June 6, evening. Annual dramatic recital of the College of Oratory.

Sunday, June 7, forennoon. Baccalaurette sermon by the Rev. Bishop John W. Hamilton, D. D., L.L. D. Bishop assigned to presidency of the Pacific Northwest Conferences.

Afternoon. Farewell service of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

Evening. Jubilee service. Address by Senator R. A. Booth.

Monday, June 8, evening. Commencement of College of Music.

Tuesday, June 9, forenoon. Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees.

Evening. Closing exercises of the Oregon Institute.

Wednesday, June 10, afternoon. Annual business meeting of Alumni.

Evening. Annual entertainment and reunion of Alumni.

Thursday, June 11, afternoon. Reunion of Alumni of College of Music.

Evening. Commencement.

Editorial.

In this volume we have endeavored to narrate and not to create, still we have found it necessary to produce some fiction to balance the most serious part of the book. It has been our aim to present a reliable, unexaggerated account of the activities of the University. We hope that the impartial and tolerably well presented information of the Wallulah will render it a desirable as well as a valuable reference book. We have struck at the foibles and eccentricities of both students and professors, and humby acknowledge we did not do it inadvertently.

It would be futile to attempt to analyze the joy it has given us to have a part in the compilation of this—Willamett's first Annual. The task has been pleasant and agreeable rather than tedious and wearisome. We have been encouraged by the deep interest which manifested itself at all times towards this new enterprise. It is a hopeful sign that serves well to illustrate that loyalty and enthusiasm which characterizes the Willamette men and women.

It is therefore fitting that some mention be made of those whose energy and loyalty to Old Willamette have made the Annual what it is.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks, and acknowledge the timely assistance received from President J. H. Coleman, the Board of Trustees and the Alumni. We are under obligations to the students and the friends of the University who have aided us; to Miss Crouse and Mr. Willman, for the many fresh and clever drawings which add so much to the pictorial piquancy of the book; to Mr. Cruson and Professor Matthews for photographs illustrative of college life, and to Mr. Whiteman for humorous literary contributions. We find it difficult to give expression in a few words of our indebtedness to Charles E. Skidmore, the business manager. He has been indefatigable in his energy and full of confidence to the last. To him the success of the publication is due. With pleasure we now turn to express our gratefulness to each and every member of the Board. The hearty spirit of co-operation, the genuine interest in the venture, the ever-present confidence in the success of the Wallulah exhibited by the associate editors is above commendation and praise.

The Wallulah of 1903 is not a perfect annual, that we know full well; we realize the comparative weakness of the strictly literary part of the book, yet we trust that the production may be appreciated as a souvenir of the pleasant college days spent at Old Willamette.

Sincerely yours,

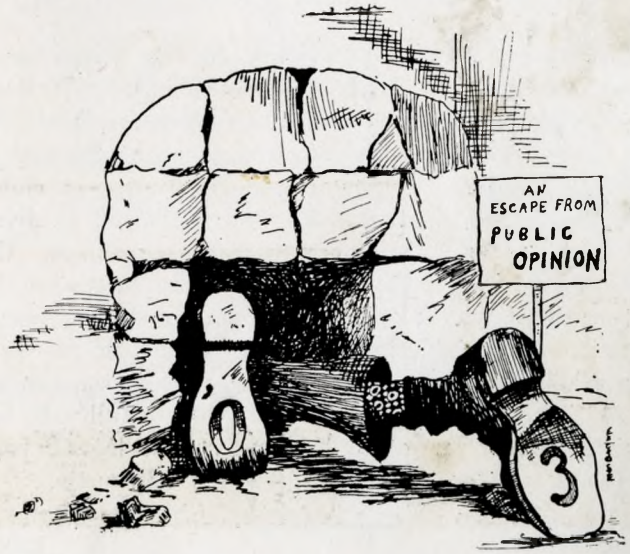
EDGAR MERESSE.

A Final Word.

The Wallulah is almost finished. It is with immense relief that we see the last pages go to press, and yet with a peculiar regret, for the many hours of labor we have spent upon it has made it almost dear to us. The book is not our ideal—we can see many faults in it—but we shall not blush for them, for we have done our best.

We wish to turn in gratitude to our beloved president Dr. John H. Coleman, for had it not been for his aid this volume of the Wallulah would never have existed. When we had almost despaired he gave us his personal support and made the book a possibility. We wish also to thank, most heartily, the members of the Wallulah staff, and the other girls of the school, who have worked so faithfully and with such good success in raising funds, and finally, to all others who by their kindly interest have helped to keep our spirit alive, we express our thanks. Hoping that the report of the school upon the volume will not be as hard to face as have been our own report cards during this last semester, we close with a final plea of mercy for our many faults.

CHAS. E. SKIDMORE.



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A sophomore suggests—may he with cold disapproval meet
They had done better had they covered up their feet.

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The College of Theology

(Write the President).

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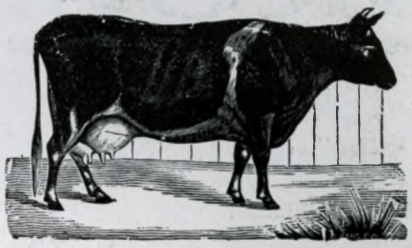

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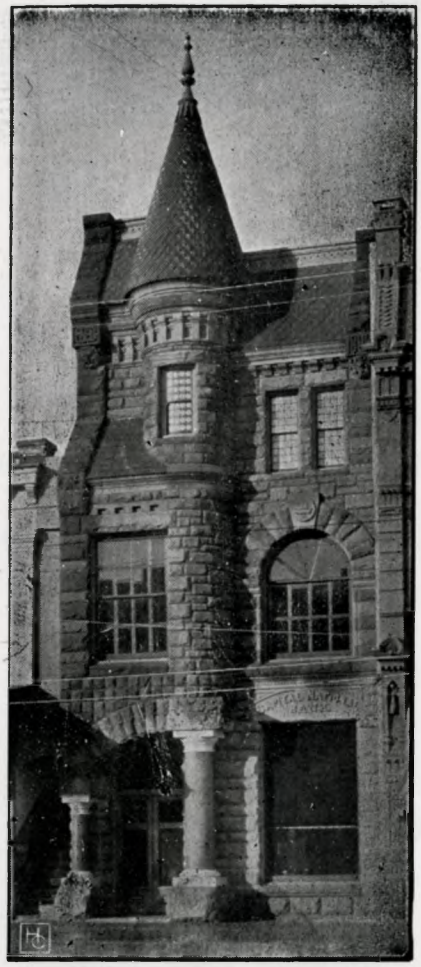

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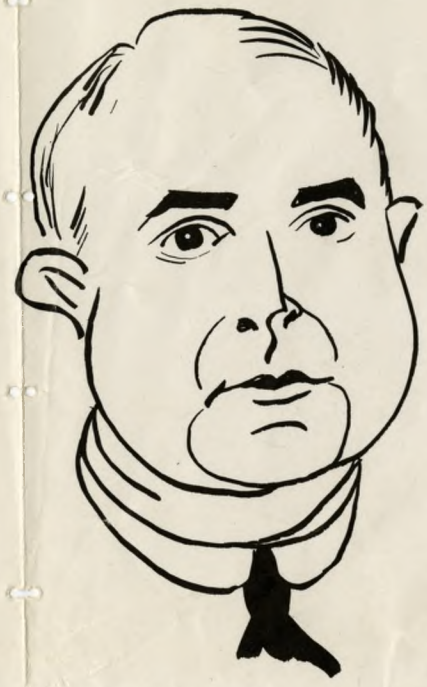
may always be found in our stock and at reasonable prices.

The SALEM WOOLEN MILLS STORE

Salem-made Blankets, Flannels, Clothing and Ladies' Suitings

C. P. BISHOP, Proprietor.