



The
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Willamette University Alumnus

"That We All May Be Acquainted"

Unique Experience of Travel

PROF. H. C. KOHLER, Ph.D.

THE unique experience has the happy quality of being entirely unanticipated. It never occurred to me, for instance, when I spoke casually to an interesting young Englishman on the train going East, that I was to have as steady companion during those three days a person who would surround me with English atmosphere, in splendid preparation for the weeks that I was to spend in England.

This fellow, salesman and son of the owner of a large seed-crushing business in Hull, had attended school in the ancient town of York, had tramped much in Robin Hood's forest, and among many other fascinating things had spent long summer vacations in a houseboat on Loch Lomond. As most educated Englishmen, when interested, are, I believe, he was a good conversationalist, and shared enthusiastically with me his memories of various English experiences and impressions. Of special value in inaugurating a trip that was to have contact with English life as its outstanding pleasure was his interest in pointing out to me, as only a native can, a variety of little ways of discovering both the quaint and the typical in the English scene.

And on shipboard, when I selected out of the large group of passengers two Englishmen and two American women to talk with, I had no idea that they would add greatly to my preparation for English travel. One of the men was a cloth merchant of London, the other an aviator, and the women were librarians from Virginia who were making their first trip abroad. An American Express Tour itinerary which the women carried gave us surprising inspiration for many jolly hours of conversation on deck; from the nucleus of five our little company took on new members from time to time, and the leisurely days passed quickly in our animated consideration of the interest of stopping-place after stopping-place in England.

It was my special duty, as we travel-

led imaginatively from town to town, to call out the names of hotels listed in Baedeker and Muirhead for individual selection. What a delightful list it was. How was one to choose between such romantic-sounding names as the Mitre, the Golden Cross, the Bull and Stirrup, the Black Swan, or the Fisherman's Retreat? A young Massachusetts woman, an artist planning to sketch in English cathedral towns, had the pleasant task of noting interesting wayside points, while the aviator studied distances, water trip possibilities, bus service, and various incidentals having to do with our making the most of travel. All sorts of conversation, through anecdote and witty repartee to argument, grew out of our lively consideration of English town and country, the Southern women bringing their rich accent into prominence to the delight especially of the Englishmen, and a Basque painter and his wife making comparisons for us of the English scene and that of the south of France. An English woman, returning from three months' visit in America, generously accorded Americans advantage in points where I was inclined to favor the English. To my effusive comment that her countrymen had much of culture that we did not possess she made answer, "But ours is of the past; you are making art and history in America."

The evening of the sixth day, at ten o'clock, lights that were said to be at Land's End appeared along the dark horizon. Quickly my fancy conjured up the scene of King Arthur's last battle, where

"... all day long the noise of battle rolled

Among the mountains by the winter sea."

That night I went to bed thinking long thoughts of that "dark strait of barren land," on which, along its cliffs

that far-distant day, according to Tennyson.

"... the sea-wind sang,
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam."

The English countryside! What a joy it is, in all its aspects, its winding shaded lanes, its cottage roofs peering among thick hedges along the roadways, a broad estate perhaps with polished, velvety fields and great manor house of weathered brick or stone, and in the distance low, rolling hills and sheep grazing in far pastures. I was beside myself with delight when I rode by stage from Southampton to Winchester on my first trip over the English landscape.

When we entered the old, Roman town of Winchester, King Alfred's capital and that of William the Conqueror, with its old streets and buildings of strange, doll-house quaintness, I realized the need of alert senses that would afford me every possible impression. "How can grown-up people live and go about their business comfortably in such narrow streets and passageways?" I questioned again and again as I left the stage and went in search of my hotel. I had chosen one from Muirhead's list which bore the alluring name of God Begot Hostel. I soon saw its sign down one of the winding streets, and as I approached it I found its Elizabethan appearance appealing indeed. But, just as I was about to enter, a char-a-banc drew up before it and poured forth a large number of noisy tourists. Instantly I started away, and went in search of a retired stopping place, where if possible I could be with English people.

Fortune-favored, undoubtedly, I found such a place, a large home that had but recently been made over for hotel service. This house had been designed early in the eighteenth century by Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. In its halls and reception rooms was a fine collection of cherry, mahogany, and rosewood furniture, and its dining rooms were a charming study in mahogany pieces set against panelled walls with choice old china, glassware, and pewter in pleasing, familiar use. It was a favorite hotel with the better English traveling public, and I developed there a number of happy associations.

One exploring ramble after another brought constantly some fresh surprise as I went about old Winchester. Where a medieval cross stands like a fountain at the turning of a busy but narrow

street a low, broad gateway leads under the old town wall; here, in the midst of wood and stone and crumbling plaster is an ancient pillar reputed to be a relic of William the Conqueror's palace. Just beyond the wall, in a still narrower passage or street, and opening directly on the meagre pavement (they call sidewalks pavements in England), appears a heavy double door of iron-sheathed wood, a ponderous, old-time door which opens into a low, dark vestibule. Through the vestibule one enters a small church of the fifteenth century. Its floor consists of stone slabs or grave markers on which are inscribed old epitaphs, some so worn and faded that only a faint depression indicates where the wording had been. I wished for time to examine all of them carefully, for there must have been many others as naively interesting as one which bore the verse

"Here lies John Nuttle,
That's enough,
The candle's out,
And so the snuff."

Many relics were placed along the walls, and two richly-colored windows loomed high above the dark aisles. I later discovered, as I did of many things that I came upon in my wanderings, that this very old church was not mentioned in the guide-books, although it was a treasure-place.

At Stratford-on-Avon, where the many things associated with Shakespeare are only a part of the interesting features of a typical Warwickshire town, I walked one late afternoon through the gardens of New Place, Shakespeare's later home, and stopped to talk with an old lady who smiled as I came near the bench on which she was seated. She told me that she was a descendant of an Anne Hathaway, but not of Shakespeare's wife. I was a bit disappointed at the last detail, but, on her adding that she lived in the fifteenth century Alms-Houses adjoining the Shakespeare Grammar School I settled into a pleasant conversation, which ended in her inviting me to go with her and her daughter to see her room.

Photographs of the Grammar School show also the Alms-Houses, which are a continuation of the school building. The lower floor has large single rooms for the old men and the upper floor is given over to like quarters for the women. Here I was shown the queer but cosy-looking old fireplaces, where the firebox proper occupies only a small

part of the entire opening, the remainder being used for warming ovens and various cooking devices. In the small-paned windows are many original glasses, which, I was told, are a special care of the Alms-House trustees. The low hallways that lead from room to room have strong, old timbers showing beside the plaster; they are so hard that special tools are required to penetrate the wood.

My old lady had lived her entire eighty years in Stratford-on-Avon, and so was able to give me many a valuable bit of reminiscence and information relating to the town life. I was shown the small gardens at the rear of the building, where each Alms-House tenant has his own rose or vegetable-plot, and where artists beg permission to come because of the exceptional view had here of chimney-pots and picturesque roof lines. Later I learned that the place was a century older than my lady had told me, and that I had been very fortunate in seeing the interior since few visitors were received there.

In the old graveyard surrounding Holy Trinity Church, the twelfth century church where Shakespeare is buried, are many stones that have fallen and are now used to border the walks. The inscriptions on most of these are nearly or entirely effaced, but here and there one may decipher quaint epitaphs that carry down through the centuries the spirit of other days. One that I succeeded in making out after much effort seemed very personal with its old spelling:

"Death creeps Aought on hard,
And Steals Abroad on Seen.
Hur darts are Suding and hur arous
keen.
Hur Stroks are deadly com they soon
or Late.
When beeing Stroock Repentance is to
Late."

And then comes its charming little couplet:

"Death is A minute-ful of Suden Sorrow,
Then Live to day as thou may dy to-
morrow."

Its date was 1768, a century later than that of some others I found.

The newer tombstones that are standing beside the graves bear some interesting inscriptions. One has this warning:

"Yesterday's past, tomorrow's none of
thine,
Today thy Life to virtuous acts incline.

Zealously practice what is good and
then

Great thy reward will be in blisse,
Amen."

English people, I feel, have a way of expecting the American, whom they consider very free of speech, to be the first to develop conversation. I had experience after experience which gave me this impression, but none was more striking than my meeting with a young man and his wife from Chester at Lake Lucerne.

I had been there a day when they came to my table at the Pension Richmond. Having encountered some difficulty with German speech previously I thought I detected a continental accent in their greeting; since they said nothing to each other during the meal I did not attempt conversation. They were away at luncheon the next two days, but at breakfast and dinner each day the same procedure went on, until at last, being curious, I ventured a remark in English. To my great surprise their faces lighted up at this, and in a short time we were talking freely in English. They told me where they were from, and that they had been waiting all that time for me to speak first. After that they were my lively, jovial companions on many a jaunt about the charming old town and its surrounding hills.

Two other persons, business men from Devonshire, gave me a somewhat similar experience in Paris. After I had taken pleasant note of their appearance and had waited embarrassingly for them to open up conversation I took the initiative one day, and thereafter found them delightful company. At my asking later how they had taken my forwardness in approaching them, one answered that they had expected it and graciously added that they sensed the difference between curiosity and interest.

Late one afternoon in Paris, after I had spent much of the warm day about the Champs Elysees and the Louvre, I came upon a little girl sitting beside a street fountain. She was trying in her poor way to revive a few flowers which she had for sale, and was dipping one by one of the faded blooms in the cool water. She wore a much-mended but clean, dress, I noticed, and a cheap though neat little straw hat, and her face as she looked up and quickly thanked me on my slipping a coin in her hand was pathetically thin yet full of undeveloped character.

What was her story, I wondered over and over as I went on to my hotel. I

thought of such sympathetic studies of the street poor as the French writers Hugo, Coppee, or Souvestre have given us, studies that reveal the tragedy and bitterness of human beings as set off in sharp contrast against the luxury and indifference of more favored persons. As I pondered, all the elegance of the Paris scene became gaudy and cheap in my thought, and I knew that I should never look upon the ornate buildings and the handsome boulevards of any city again without thinking of my poor little girl at the Paris fountain.

The Treasurer Finds

THE treasurer who receives and accounts for the Forward Movement is often caused to rejoice by the messages which sometimes accompany the checks. Here is a person who is "grateful for the privilege of sharing in a work so splendid as that which Willamette is doing." A widow writes that she supports herself by taking in washing which seems to go better when she thinks of what her gift will do. Many say that their prayers follow their contribution. An alumnus recently hurried his check by special delivery; he and his wife both subscribed generously when they were students; they have paid in full and are ready to go a second mile. Another sends a payment of a hundred dollars and says he will borrow and send the balance immediately if necessary. And he is a high school teacher with a family. Of course, a man like that has indomitable stuff in him.

Now and then messages of another sort are in the mail, indicating that the vision has dimmed or warmth for alma mater has cooled. These are notable because they are few; the great majority are generously eager to have a part in the building of a noble school.

Fraternities Not Tax Exempt

Kappa Gamma Rho, a Willamette University fraternity, is not a benevolent, charitable, literary and scientific society, and its property is subject to taxation, according to an opinion handed down recently by the state supreme court. The opinion was written by Chief Justice Coshow in a suit brought by the fraternity to enjoin Marion county and its officials from collecting tax on the property involved. The opinion affirmed Judge L. H. McMahan of the Marion county circuit court who held for the defendants.

This, as a test case, is of great interest to all fraternity men of the state.

New Trustees

Five new trustees of the University were elected in June, three by the Board and two by the alumni.

Mr. J. P. Rasmussen is a paint manufacturer of Portland and has long been interested in Willamette.

Senator Chas. J. Edwards is a retired utilities man of Tillamook.

Mr. H. R. Risley is manager of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company and lives in Portland.

Mr. Earl A. Nott, '12, is a practicing attorney in McMinnville.

Harold Eakin, '18, is a banker in Salem and formerly president of the alumni association.

The Alumnus welcomes these new trustees to a fine opportunity and will expect them to be plus-men.

Another Year

The eighty-sixth year of the University opened Thursday, September 12, with the arrival of the incoming Freshman class. Following the program of recent years, the first days were spent in getting acquainted with the new students, in informing and counseling them preparatory to registration on Monday. Students of the previous year registered on Tuesday and class work was under way on Wednesday. The total enrollment is slightly less than last year, five hundred and three to be exact, but large enough to tax the resources of the University.

A church census taken in the opening days shows 262 Methodists, 57 Presbyterians, 20 Baptists, 19 Congregational, 20 Christian, 16 Catholic and 14 without expressed preferences. Other churches represented are the Evangelical, Mennonite, United Brethren, Reformed Church, Friends, Unitarian and Christian Science.

Recent visitors coming to the campus in asemi-official capacity were Dean and Mrs. A. F. Alabaster of Nebraska Wesleyan University, guests of Prof. and Mrs. Monk. Also Mrs. Roxanna Ferris, curator of the Dudley herbarium at Stanford, who came to consult the Peck herbarium. Mr. David H. Holbrook, secretary of the National Social Work Council of New York City, was the guest of Dean Erickson.

Rev. T. D. Yarnes, '16, who has been minister at Oregon City, is now superintendent of the Eastern Oregon district. Rev. M. A. Marcy, '15, continues as superintendent of the Southern district.

Not Related to Mr. Micawber



TRUE, salaries are low, but that isn't the reason; he does have a hat, a perfectly good one. Nor is he Scotch, seeking to save; Robert Moulton Gatke simply likes the pitiless pelting of sun and storm upon uncovered head. Besides, the coeds; one is for ever lifting

the hat if there is one to be lifted.

The gardens. He does not collect stamps or porcelain or first editions; neither is he addicted to the movies nor slow driving. He can produce a receipt to verify his auto's speed. But the gardens! He discovered a wilderness of possibilities, covered it with a luring dream and turned the dream into velvety lawn, vigorous shrubs and lovely flowers. Two blades of grass where one grew before? Millions of them, plus hibiscus, rhododendron, syringa, roses, phlox, daffodils. And an old swimmin' hole in the bordering stream. In the other plot,—where oft "his brow is wet with honest sweat"—peas and potatoes, radishes and rhubarb, beans and beets. Naturally the neighbors are his good friends.

The gardens allow him to forget he is a professor, help him to be one; otherwise he would be tolerably serious. Yet he must have had and has a jolly life. He was in Ludington, Michigan, at the time of his birth and at eight, about the time he discovered the Lake was good to swim in, he moved to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, thence to Montana, British Columbia and Portland, Oregon, searching like a ship for the harbor's mouth until he finally reached Willamette. There he cast anchor. He finished with the last class of the Oregon Institute in '16, did extra work and was graduated from Willamette in '19, B.D. from Kimball in '21 and M.A. from Willamette the same year.

He appears to have been a busy lad, for he was a history fellow the year

after getting the baccalaureate degrees, the next year an instructor in history and the following year an assistant professor. Not to be in low gear on Sundays, he served several churches as pastor; at other times he led the Boy Scouts and delivered lectures. And at still other times he wrote for the *Methodist Review*, the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, the *International Journal of Religious Education* and various church periodicals. He also did a good deal of courting, always having but one objective, which he attained when Miss Estelle Satchwell, '20, said the right word. The marriage took place August 1, 1923. The wedding journey was suspended in Washington, D. C., where both entered the American University. Two years later Mrs. Gatke received the master's degree in English and Professor Gatke became a doctor of philosophy, with his major in history and political science.

The wedding journey was resumed and ended at Willamette University where Doctor Gatke has since been teaching as associate professor of history and political science. Earlier he was essentially devoted to history, particularly that of the Northwest and still more particularly of Oregon and of Willamette. If there is anything about Willamette's origin that he doesn't know, it never happened. Later history naturally joined political science; and now he determines how and why things political become history. He is a member of Pi Gamma Mu, national social science honorary fraternity.

Dr. Gatke is not a mere theorist, as you can see from his wide activities. He is concerned with social actualities, and of these he is a student with his students. Maybe students are his real passion; he gets to give, he becomes to help. His office is always open, his home is open; he is both teacher and friend, warm and tireless as the sun, no Micawber.

By a new arrangement of heating units both Eaton and Waller Halls will be heated hereafter from the central plant at the gymnasium. A sawdust burner has been installed and necessary changes have been made in the main supply lines. It is expected that these changes will result in a material reduction of expense.

Meeting Willamette In China

DEAN ROY R. HEWITT

MRS. AXEL C. NELSON, Miss Iling Tsai, Dr. Roy Lockenour, my son Ronald, and myself represented Willamette with the Upton Close party which sailed from Seattle June 25th, Miss Iling Tsai to return to her home at Kaiukiang, China, the rest of us for a summer's travel in Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and China.

Miss Tsai left the party in Japan and went direct to Shanghai. She won the respect and admiration of every member of the party during the two weeks she was with us and when she left us in Japan everyone was her friend. She had proven herself a good sport and a congenial traveling companion. We did not see her again, but were advised just before we sailed for home that she had a position with the Foreign Y. M. C. A. in Shanghai.

At the city of Pekin we met Mrs. Edward E. Dixon who was Esther McCracken when she was at Willamette. Mrs. Dixon graduated from Willamette in 1923. Mr. Edward E. Dixon is Director of Religious Education at the Methodist mission in Pekin. Mrs. Dixon is teaching in the middle school at the mission. They are working under adverse circumstances, but notwithstanding the conditions under which they must work they are charming folks and live lives that exemplify the teachings of the Christ. Dr. Roy Lockenour, Ronald and myself spent a very pleasant day under the guidance of Mrs. Dixon looking about the mission and inspecting the work done there. We are very proud that Mrs. Dixon is a member of our Willamette family.

When the boat upon which we came down the Yangtse River landed at Kaiukiang some members of the party informed me that there was a Chinese gentleman inquiring for someone from Willamette University. On the deck below I found John Tsai, brother of Iling. Mr. Tsai graduated from Willamette in 1927. Since our boat was to stop at Kaiukiang several hours we arranged to go ashore under the guidance of Mr. Tsai and later accepted an invitation to a luncheon given in our honor at the home of his uncle, Rev. T. K. Tsai. Rev. T. K. Tsai returned from America thirty years ago. He selected a spot on a small hillock and

there built a house modeled after the home of one of his professors in America. Around this home he has built a Methodist church, a hospital, and a middle school. We found Rev. T. K. Tsai a most interesting gentleman, scholar and Christian. He is a most charming host. The struggles through which he has gone the past thirty years, the self-negation and sacrifice have sweetened and glorified his life with the result that a marvelous character shines through his wonderful face.

Rev. T. K. Tsai's family consists of seven members, the father, mother, two daughters, and three sons. The oldest son has completed his education and is living in Shanghai. We had the pleasure of meeting him. Two sons and two daughters still reside with the parents. The oldest daughter is about ready to begin her college experience and there is a very definite promise that she as well as some of the other children will come to Willamette, and those of us who had the pleasure of meeting them entertain the hope that we may have them all at Willamette in turn as they are ready for their university training.

John Tsai is teaching in the middle school. He receives but a small part of the salary that he would receive if he were teaching in a government school and he has had several opportunities to accept such positions. He is so cultured, pleasant and charming that though he was with the Upton Close party but a few hours he left such an impression upon the members that during the remainder of the trip they frequently referred to him and discussed his personality, character and achievement in most complimentary terms, for they recognized him as one of the outstanding personalities they had met in China.

John Tsai now has a wife and child. We did not have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Tsai for the reason that she happened to be away from home the day our boat arrived.

John Tsai would like to return to America and do some post-graduate work. I wish his friends in America might assist or serve him in some way. He is a young man who is doing and can do great things for China, and Wil-

lamette is proud of his service and promise of future achievement.

When I asked the Dixons if they had any work or message that I might carry back to Willamette they said this:

"Tell Willamette men and women that if there are those among them who are seeking an opportunity to live an interesting life of self-sacrifice, self-negation and devotion where they can render service to suffering humanity and at the same time teach Christianity

by living the life that the Master exemplified, tell them that China needs them."

Mr. Dixon said that the subtle temptation to the foreigner in China is the arbitrary use of force. For that reason the one who can resist the temptation and live a life of service, humility, and kindness has a very great influence over his Chinese associates. The crying need in China is for men and women who can live Christianity.

A Get Together

Here is a letter which says much and says it well.

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 22, 1929.

Dear Dr. Doney:

Yesterday, at the dinner hour, a group of Willamette graduates, Kimball graduates, ex-students and friends of the old school gathered together for fellowship and reunion. At that dinner there were eight preacher members of the newly formed Pacific Northwest Conference of the M. E. Church, which, as you know, is in session here this week. These preachers' names are as follows:

Revs. Dow DeLong, Maulden, Ralph I. Thomas, Paul Green, Beadles, Thos. Acheson, McNess, Chas. Randall. The wives of Revs. DeLong, Maulden, Thomas, Green and Randall were also present. Then, besides these preachers, there were present Miss Erma Hardin, now Girls Reserve secretary at the Y. W. C. A. here; Mrs. Mildred Lawson Hickey (and husband), sister of Kenneth Lawson; Miss Virginia Merle Crites, who was May Queen in 1928; Miss Louise Findley, also of the class of '28; Miss Bell, who was of the class of '31, but who has now to attend C. P. S. because of her father's connection with that school; and, last of all; myself. All told there were twenty persons at that dinner—a goodly number, and a lively lot.

During the course of the dinner and the fun that went with it, Mr. Thos. Acheson suggested that we send to you a telegram expressive of our wishes for you and Old Willamette—which thing we did. I was authorized to sign it, as chief conspirator and instigator of the get-together. Hence my name to the telegram, although I would have preferred any one of the others to do the signing.

Mr. Maulden suggested that we all

sign our names to a sheet of paper, adding the years we were in school, and that he be instructed to add a little word of greeting and send it to dear Professor Matthews. That also was done.

It was great to sit at dinner with a Willamette group; Louise Findley assisted splendidly by playing several Willamette songs, which we sang, and greatly enjoyed. Stories of pranks by students of by-gone days were to be had in abundance and enlivened the affair with laughter. In short we all enjoyed ourselves. May we all live to see many more such occasions, and may Old Willamette grow and prosper, and send many men and women out from its doors equipped, willing, and able to take their places nobly and successfully in the world's work.

For the group that met last night I write this, and send to you all best wishes for a successful year.

Sincerely,

T. B. MAYNARD, Ex-'29.

This number of the *Alumnus* might well be called the Travel Number. Faculty members and students in larger number than usual have visited foreign countries this summer. Dean Hewitt, Dr. Lockenour, Ronald Hewitt, Hing Tsai and Margaret Lewis have been in the Orient; Professor and Mrs. Peck and Dr. Kohler visited England, Scotland and parts in France; Miss Latimer and Miss Currey visited Alaska, not foreign to be sure, but remote. New members of the faculty, also, from Maine and South Carolina add to the cosmopolitan air of the campus.

These travelers all have interesting accounts to tell of their experiences. Three such articles appear in this number. Others are in prospect for later issues.

Athletics

THE early season games of Whitman, Pacific, College of Idaho, and Willamette against Pacific Coast Conference teams indicate that these teams will be fighting it out for first place honors in the Northwest Conference.

The Bearcat coaches are still confronted with the same conditions that they have been working under the past three years, namely, a large turnover of men. This season's scarceness of letter-men is noticed when you check over the list of candidates out for football. Nine W-men out of twenty-two lettermen of last season returned. Willard Ruch and Curtis French are the only ones who have had three years' experience. Paul Ackerman, center, has had two seasons' participation. Percy Carpenter, tackle; Wilbur Engebretsen, half-back; Charles Gill, guard; Ray Haldane, end; Ted Lang, fullback; Rupert Phillipot, guard, complete the list with only one year's experience.

Since the coaching staff is also in need of more line material and backfield men are sufficiently numerous, they will probably make over a number of backfield men into linemen.

Among the new recruits from which the new Bearcat football team will have to be made are: Gordon Anderson from Orville Calif., end, weight 160; Franklin Bashor, transfer from O. S. C., fullback, weight 180; Vincent Barrett, from Newberg high school, half-back, weight 150; Roy Benjamin, Gottenburg, Neb., end, 164; Walter Erickson, from Ridgefield, Wash., half-back, weight 151; Donald Faber reserve from last year, halfback, weight 160; Eugene Ferguson, transfer from Oregon Normal, weight 155, halfback; John Gottfried from Salem high school, guard, weight 170; Peter Gretch from Ridgefield, Wash., halfback, weight 153; Robert Grant, Franklin high school, guard, 165; Robert Houck, Franklin high school, center, weight 170; Keith Jones, Salem high school, fullback, weight 183; Chester Packard from Orville, Calif., tackle, weight 185.

Against Oregon State College the Bearcats were able to hold them to a 7 to 6 score the first half. The second half found them weakening against the long string of O. S. C. reserves and the game ended 37 to 6. The starting line for Willamette was: Haldane, left end; Carpenter, left tackle; Gottfried, left guard; Ackerman, center; Ruch, right guard; Packard, right tackle; Benja-

min, right end; Engebretsen, quarter; Erickson, left half; Lang, right half; Jones, fullback.

The football schedule for 1929:

Oct. 12—Oregon at Eugene.
Oct. 18—Albany College at Albany.
Oct. 26—College of Idaho at Salem
Nov. 2—Pacific University at Salem
—Homecoming.
Nov. 11—Linfield at Salem.
Nov. 28—Whitman at Walla Walla.

Practice for inter-class basketball will start the first of November.

Varsity basketball practice starts immediately following the inter-class series held just before Thanksgiving vacation.

Five lettermen of the championship team are back in school. They are Edwin Cardinal, center; Dwight Adams, forward; Geo. Scales, forward; Harold Hauk, guard, and Lawrence Gibson, guard. The loss of Gurnee Flesher, guard, Glen Ledbetter, guard, and Kenneth Litchfield, forward, leaves vacancies hard to fill. To replace these men there are four men back from last year's winning freshman team. They are: Don Faber, forward, and high point man on the freshman team; Percy Carpenter, center; Wilbur Engebretsen, forward, and Albert McBee, guard.

The basketball schedule will be drawn up at the semi-annual business meeting held the first week in December.

The annual cross country race will be run at Homecoming. The Sophomore class seems to be the most likely class winner.

Professor Peck Returns

Professor Peck is again in his accustomed place after a year's leave of absence spent in study. The line of his travels is indicated by such distant points as St. Louis, Cambridge, London and Paris, which had a common appeal through their botanical gardens and herbaria. The Alumnus has reserved space in a future issue for an article by Professor Peck.

The winning essay of Eleanor Gettman on "What Constitutes a Good College" was reproduced in full in the Educational News of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Willamette Alumnus Off to China

The Alumnus is permitted to print a letter written by Miss Margaret Lewis, '28, to her family at home. It is so natural, so chatty that it charms. Miss Lewis is to teach in the Mary Farnham School, Shanghai.

On Board the President McKinley,

Sept. 6, 1929.

Dearest Home Folks:

This has been one of the most thrilling days of my whole life. I feel sure that if they do not need me in China, I'll be back to Tokyo, for it is wondrously fascinating.

I'll start at the beginning of the day and tell you a few of the interesting things we have seen and done. Up at 5:30; met in social hall at 6:00, where we found the Japanese officials to whom we showed our passports, then all breakfasted together. It was fun to watch the little launch meet our bridge and send the passengers aboard, and perfectly thrilling to go out on deck with all the Japanese who came steerage and to get our first glimpse of Yokohama. It is a lovely port and quite a man-made affair. One of the little boys standing near said, "Look, Dad, they send sidewalks out in the ocean to meet us."

We went first to the Grand Hotel in Yokohama, a most beautiful place. If Americans want to see the finest things this country can produce, they should come here and see these wonderful hotels.

Esther, my cabin mate, and I decided to go to Tokyo, so off we started. The fill in front of the hotel street reminds one of that beautiful Lake Shore Park in Chicago, and oh! what glorious green shrubs; even the dirty little alleys have flowers and trees. Everything is lovely and modern for it has been rebuilt since the earthquake and the wide streets and splendid buildings would put many of our cities in second class.

All vehicles here travel on the left as they do in London. It is a queer parade of things on wheels—fast trolleys, many fine automobiles, rickshaws, old funny carts, pulled by ordinary cows, horses or men, and bicycles galore. Their clothes too are such an odd combination of their old type of dress and our American style.

After seeing a bit of Yokohama, we went on to Tokyo and my oh! how beautiful and new. Everyone is so kind to foreigners. They bow and bow to each other just as I've always read that they do, but somehow with their cos-

tumes in their own environment it seems different, and much more natural than one can picture from the printed page. We went first to the Royal Palace and though no one can go inside, the grounds and buildings, moat bridges, etc., seem to take you into story land. We then went to the gardens nearer the center of town. All the new flowers and trees are beautiful and apparently grow so easily.

The Japanese seem to have a way of looking more picturesque in their parks than do we. I just loved to watch the pretty women with their babies on their backs, enjoying the sunshine.

We went to the famous Imperial Hotel. They say it was designed by a man who wasn't quite balanced mentally, and one can well believe it when you start to explore it. However it is naturally the most tempting building I ever saw, for down at the end of every corridor you bump into either a lovely little garden or a tea room, a rose room, green room or something. While there we met a couple of rich old men; one, a major. His son is an engineer and knows you, father. They like to spend money, so even though I do not think we were a particularly well matched foursome they took us to lunch at the hotel in a most luxurious dining room. After that, they put us in a taxi with instructions to the driver to give us a most comprehensive drive over the city. They then went to a football game between the U. of Michigan and a Japanese university here.

It is easy to see why so many people spend their money here. The shops are just beautiful and the shop keepers so cordial. At one beautiful store, a really brilliant young man more than outdid himself. He had been in Seattle three times and seemed quite pleased to show us the merits of their stores in comparison to those in the States.

He certainly thought I was making a mistake in going to China; said he always takes a revolver when he goes and proceeded to tell us how sly the Chinese are. It's funny to hear exactly the same description of his people from the Chinese on the boat.

Esther will explore as far as I will and I certainly had my nerves primed for today. We went down in the real Japanese section—little winding streets and mud, mud, mud. It has been raining lots lately and even though things were pretty messy, there is something about even that part of the city that is

picturesque, so I cannot get any very ugly pictures to come to my mind.

Believe me, if ever I get to be polite, it will be over here; people go so far out of their way to help you. It just seems to be in the atmosphere. I asked one man to show me the way to the Tokyo station. He did so, then hopped the same trolley, paid our fare, ushered us to the boat, and then said to try his steamship line next time—the Canadian Pacific.

We got back just about sailing time. About one hundred Japanese were at the dock to see us off and as we left they sang some stirring songs, threw

confetti, and gave us a royal farewell. Altogether, their pretty costumes and interesting surroundings made a wonderful climax to a wonderful day.

Tomorrow we get into Kobe at 3:00 p. m., so have not yet said good-bye to Japan. You can guess what a wonderful trip I am having and how I am enjoying every minute of it, but of course am eager to get to Shanghai and begin the work I have set out to do. So if all goes well, and I do not fall overboard, I'll be at my destination September 10.

Love to everybody.

MARGARET.

The Class of 1929

- Mary Louise Aiken, Teacher, Independence High School.
 Dorothy May Barber, Camas, Wn.
 Reeve Hawkins Betts, Student, Harvard Medical School.
 George Birrell, Teacher, Hartline, Wn., High School.
 Neil Jason Brown, Teacher, Corvallis High School.
 Nellie Marie Bruneau, Rubens, Idaho.
 Maida Arleen Caldwell, Student, Portland.
 Mary Ortense Cianfield, Powell Butte.
 Buneva May Culbertson, Teacher, Clatskanie High School.
 Charles Alfred De Graff, Lawyer, Portland.
 Georgia Elizabeth Fairbanks, Teacher, Jacksonville, Fla. High School.
 Frances Sylvia Fellows, Teacher, Salem High School.
 Dorothy Lee Ferrier, Librarian, Portland, Ore.
 Gurnee Flesher, Teacher, Salem Junior High School.
 Everett Huffman Gardner, Student Boston University.
 Frank Paul Girod, Teacher, Cortez, Col. High School.
 Kenneth Donald Grant, Lawyer, Portland.
 Meredith Arthur Groves, Pastor, West Salem.
 Ruth Margaret Hall, LaGrande, Ore.
 Lloyd Mills Harder, Teacher, Parkdale High School.
 Willis Alfred Hathaway, Teacher, Ketchikan, Alaska, High School.
 Helen Katherine Hisey, Gresham, Ore.
 Shannon Hogue, Army Aviation Service, Riverside, Cal.
 Bernice May Jackson, Hood River, Ore.
 Charles Louis Kaufman, Graduate Student, University of Washington.
 Mary Kells, Graduate Student, Salem.
 Emma Pauline Kimbrell, Teacher, Sweet Home High School.
 Margaret Klein, Glasgow, Mont.
 Alice Sarah Lane, Graduate Student, University of Oregon.
 Dwight Lear, Law Student, Salem, Ore.
 William Glenn Ledbetter, with J. C. Penney Co., Salem.
 Louise Ida Agnes Liere, Teacher, Manson, Wn., High School.
 Eviyn Marie Lindberg, Bonners Ferry, Idaho.
 Esther Luella Lisle, Student, Western Reserve University.
 George Kenneth Litchfield, Principal, Bellfontain Schools.
 Beatrice Lockhart, Teacher, Ashland High School.
 Anna Mary McKinley, Teacher, Ontario High School.
 Charles Loren Mort, Teacher, Phoenix High School.
 Dortha Kathleen Peters, Teacher, Manson, Wn., High School.
 Doris Marie Phenicie, Teacher, Rickreal High School.
 Carol Bert Pratt, Research Student, Mayo Hospital, Rochester, Minn.
 William Curtis Reid, Graduate Fellow, New York University.
 Lucille Crystan Rhoten, Teacher, Ione High School.
 Harvey Roser, Teacher, Roseburg High School.
 Lela Bell Sanders, Salem, Ore.
 Wilma Spence, Teacher, Lebanon High School.
 Paul Gardner Stayton, Stayton.
 Wilburn Sanders Swafford, Graduate Student University of Washington.
 Iling Tsai, Y. M. C. A., Shanghai.
 Elsie Kathleen Tucker, Girls Reserve Work Y. W. C. A., Baker, Ore.
 William Tweedie, Naches, Wn.

Kenneth Vannice, Teacher, Silverton High School.
 Florence Volstorff, Camas, Wn.
 Benlah Wampler Welch, Dryad, Wn.
 William Wayne Welch, Teacher, Dryad High School.
 Elma Lucile White, Librarian, Portland.
 Grace S. White, Librarian, Portland.
 Ivan Bertis White, Y. M. C. A., Salem.
 Jean White, Teacher, LaGrande High School.
 Oscar White, Teacher, Ewan, Wn., High School.
 Margaret Wood, Portland.
 Lionel Meredith Woodworth, Portland.

Cupid's Capers

Of a truth Cupid had no vacation the past summer. See what he up and did. Congratulations, one and all.

Sept. 2, Miss Esther Palmer, Ex-'30, of Medford, was married to Mr. Vernon R. Day. Their home is in Astoria where Mr. Day is in business.

Lawrence Schreiber, '28, and Miss Freda Falconer, Ex-'30, were married in July at the bride's home in Ketchikan, Alaska. They are at home on a farm near McMinville.

On August 30, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Wenatchee, Miss Jessie Pybus was married to Alvin Bond, '26. Mr. Bond is on the Oregonian staff and the residence is 242 W. Lombard St., Portland.

Miss Elizabeth Chase and Robert Littler, both former Willamette students, were married in June at the home of the bride in Palo Alto.

Miss Hazel Malmsten, '26, was married Aug. 20, at her home in Vernonia, Oregon, to Mr. Fair C. Griffith.

Miss Nora Pehrsson, '26, was married during the summer to Wayne Robertson at her home in Halsey Oregon.

Miss Bonnie Weinheimer Ex-'31, and Lloyd Harder, '29, were married June 6 at the bride's residence, Odell, Oregon, Pres. Carl G. Doney performing the ceremony. Mr. Harder is principal of the Parkdale high school in the Hood River Valley.

Miss Genevieve Thompson, '26, was married Aug. 17 to Joseph Dyer. The ceremony was performed under a bower upon the beach at Neakahne, where the bride's parents have a summer home. The couple will reside in Astoria where Mr. Dyer is engaged as a naval architect.

Miss Evangeline Heineck, '28, and Dr. Ruskin Blatchford, Ex-'27, were married August 24 at the family residence of the bride, Okanogan, Wash.

They will live in Athena, Oregon, where Dr. Blatchford is engaged in the practice of dentistry.

Ruth Hewitt, '26, and Charles T. Nunn, '26, were married Saturday, Oct. 5, in the Cetenary-Wilbur church, Portland. Mr. Nunn is on the staff of the Oregon Statesman in Salem.

Births

Marion Cecelia Sparks scintillates (the pun is Latin) since September 26 in the home of Professor and Mrs. L. J. Sparks.

A daughter, Rachel Mabelle, was born July 31 to Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis Medlar, of Wasco. Mrs. Medlar was Rachel DeYo, '26.

Seven pounds and two ounces; James Wesley Walker, born Aug. 4, 1929. Father and mother: Rev. and Mrs. Leroy H. Walker. Mr. Walker, '25, is the achieving pastor of the Methodist church, St. Helens, Oregon.

Flora Jean came August 17 to live with Ben Rickli, '22, and Mrs. Irene Walker Rickli, '24. Ben has his shoulder to the wheel in the Salem Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Rhodes have a son, Ronald Victor, since July 7. Mrs. Rhodes was Elvira Young, Ex-'30.

Joseph Irwin Eoff is the new member of the family at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Eoff (Mary Jane Albert, '24). He arrived September 20.

State Bar Examination

Results of the state bar examination, as announced October 4, show the following graduates of the Willamette Law School among the successful candidates. They are: Frank Alfred, Charles DeGraff, Edwin Goodenough, Donald Grant, John Heltzell, Alvin Kurtz, Kenneth Litchfield, John Minto, Charles Swan and Herbert Swift.

Homecoming

The date is November 2. The main attractions are a football game with Pacific and the play, It Pays to Advertise, given by Theta Alpha Phi.

The sympathy of Alumnus readers goes out to two faculty homes which were saddened this summer by the passing of near relatives. In July occurred the death of Mrs. Kirk's father at Boise and late in the summer Mrs. Doney was summoned to Columbus, Ohio by the serious illness and later death of her sister.

Who? What? Where? When?

Robert Story, '21, graduated from the Harvard School of Business Administration last June and is now connected with the Johns Manville Company, New York City.

Everett Lisle, '23, is to be secretary in the Spokane, Wash., Y. M. C. A. During his graduate work in Chicago University, he served in one of the Chicago Y's. Mrs. Lisle was Zeda Rhoten, '24.

W. D. Vinson, '24, is again at Raymond, Wash., doing top-notch work in the high school. The little Vinsons are pointed toward Willamette.

Margaret Louise Rice, '27, is now Mrs. Glenn Woodruff, married March 2, 1929. They live at 822 1/2 Shiawasse St., Lansing, Mich.

O. H. Carson, '15 L, is located at Woodland, Wash., in the insurance business. A son is in high school, looking toward Willamette.

Jas. McClintock, '27, is to represent Willamette at the inauguration of Arlo A. Brown as president of Drew University, Oct. 17.

Paul Trueblood, '28, is nominated as Willamette University's delegate to attend the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Wofford College, Spartansburg, S. Car., Oct. 17 and 18.

Kenneth Lawson, '28, who was in the Spokane Y last year, is now taking advanced study at Yale and serving part time in the New Haven Y.

Ruth Spoor, '18, lives at 35 Grove St., Boston, Mass., and serves Boston University as instructor in stage design.

Mary Parounagian, '19, is the new president of the Portland High School Teachers' Association. And it is a great honor.

Earl Douglas, '27, is now in charge of physical training in the Eugene Y. M. C. A.

Margaret Arnold, '28, is supervisor of music for all of the Medford schools.

Mildred Mills, '28, is teaching in the Forest Grove high school.

E. R. Derry, '26, who spent the summer in Salem engaged in graduate study, has returned to Klamath Falls, where he is teacher in the high school.

Louise Findley, '28, is teacher of French in the Cheney high school.

George W. Rigby, '27, has returned to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He holds the Du Pont fellowship, a high honor.

Alice Falk, '26, is employed in the office of State Superintendent Howard.

Wallace Griffith, '25, together with his wife (Margaret Legge, '25) and small daughter will make their home in Carlinville, Ill. Mr. Griffith is a member of the faculty of Blackburn College.

Mrs. Paul Morse, (Muriel Stevens, '21, with her three little daughters, was a recent visitor at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Stevens.

Nat E. Beaver, '27, and Henry Ober-son, '28, have returned to Harvard Medical school.

Ella Pfeiffer, '28, is teaching in the Valsetz high school. This is a training school connected with the State Normal.

Rein Jackson, '21, coach at Franklin High, Portland, has been elected president of the Oregon Officials Association.

Dean Pollock, '22, who holds a responsible position with Morton Manufacturing Co., of Chicago, spent a few days in Salem during the summer.

Miss Mary Wells, '24, was in attendance upon the World Congress of Educational Associations at Geneva the past summer. An account of the Congress appears in the October number of the Oregon Education Journal.

Edward Warren, '24, is teacher of English in the high school at Santa Cruz, California. He is also assistant coach of basketball.

"Jack" E. Vinson, '25, was one of three hundred graduates from medical colleges throughout the United States who recently took the National Board Examination. In the major subject of surgery he tied for first place; in other subjects

he hit high marks. Of course! It's in him and he will be a great practitioner.

Fred Patton, '24, is superintendent of schools at Clatskanie. He spent the summer in graduate study at California.

Rose Wetherell and *Ann Lennartz*, both of the class of '27, are at the University of Wisconsin engaged in graduate study, the first in English, the second in History.

Helen Sande, '28, teaches French, English and Physical Education in the Stanfield high school.

From Stanford's daily we clip the following item :

Chapin, New Debating Assistant, to Coach Newly-chosen Team.

Lee Chapin, new debating assistant, has taken charge of the Stanford debating squad in preparation for the U. S. C. and California forensic contests in November, it was announced last night following a meeting of the recently-chosen team.

Walter W. Welbon, '27, who has been director of Religious Education in the Mason M. E. Church at Tacoma for the past two years, has taken a similar position at Bakersfield, California.

Malcolm Medler, '27, who has been a student of Music at the University of Oregon since his graduation here, has been awarded the Juillard Scholarship at the University.

Kenneth C. Legge, '20, is an architect in Portland with offices 807 Spalding Building. Designs a cottage for two or a skyscraper. *Velma Baker Legge*, '20, looks after the household.

Otto Paulus, '18, is a practicing attorney in Salem.

Brazier C. Small, '18, mighty upon the gridiron a dozen years ago, is now mighty upon the justice bench. And he does administer the law.

Freda Campbell, '20, is librarian in Seattle's city library. She it was who won a year of study in Caen, France.

Earl C. Flegel, '17, is commandant at Nebraska State University, Lincoln, Neb. His wife was *Barbara Steiner*.

Judge Arlie G. Walker, '18, McMinnville, has recovered from a serious illness and is dispensing justice again.

Half Way to Noon

Fresh from the press comes a little volume of chapel talks by President Doney. The title of the first talk, *Half Way to Noon*, gives title to the book. Other titles are, *Catching Weasels*, *Turning in the Corso*, *Black Bananas*, *The Door Key*. Some will look eagerly for *Carving Cherry-pits* and be disappointed.

Perchance one or more of these addresses fell in your chapel days. Even if not, you will in memory be caught again by the skillful unfolding of the theme, chuckle over the kindly humor and treasure the words of sound guidance and inspiration.

The quotation on the back page of the cover is from this volume. Other typical bits follow:

"An act never stays on the outside. . . . A deed is the forerunner of a mental reaction which seeks to approve it; and the difficulty in quitting a bad habit lies in the person's having persuaded himself that for him it is a good habit."

"Ascending the Pass to a height of almost two miles, we came once more to the front lines of the battlefield. Here the fight between vegetable life and the grim elements was tragically apparent. The ferns were no more, the flowers were small though bravely defiant in bright colors, and the hemlocks had wholly given way to the pines. Farther on there remained mosses, sprawling trees struggling in the clefts of rocks, beaten by winds, dwarfed by the rarified atmosphere and broken by the snows of winter. Upon the summit there was perpetual frost and death again was the undisputed victor over life.

Throughout the world this tragedy goes on continually, but in few places is it so vividly and contrastingly presented as upon these rugged mountainsides of the Western Coast."

Thomas B. Kay, trustee of the University and state treasurer, who has been seriously ill, is improving. He was taken ill while on a business trip in Europe.

President Doney was in New York early in September to consult with officials of the General Education Board relative to Willamette endowment plans.

Mr. Paul Wallace of the Board of Trustees finds time in a very busy program to serve as director of the Salem Y. M. C. A. enrollment drive.

A Year Off Duty

PROF. M. E. PECK

Early in July, 1928, we left Salem for our longest period of absence from Willamette for twenty years. We were not looking forward to a year of holidays, but to months of hard work,—work that was to bring more enjoyment than the same amount of time could yield if employed solely in seeking thrills.

Our primary purpose was to visit those institutions where the largest collections of plants from the northwestern United States had been accumulated, and from a study of these learn all we could about Oregon species. Many thousands of specimens passed through our hands during the year, and the results, so far as the scientific investigations went, were very satisfactory. But it is not our present purpose to dwell on this phase of the year's activities, but to be somewhat personal in recounting a few of the incidents which we now recall with particular satisfaction on the opposite.

On our motor trip from Oregon to Iowa we stopped for a few days at the University of Wyoming at Laramie, browsing a bit among the plants of the Rocky Mountain Herbarium and making some pleasant acquaintances.

A month was passed in Iowa, visiting relatives and old friends, but with the approach of the opening time for a new school year the call of long-established associations could not pass unheeded, and we found ourselves facing toward our next objective, the herbarium of the Missouri Botanical Garden of Washington University.

We spent a pleasant month in St. Louis, finding new friends and cordial hospitality among the workers in our own field. For among botanists, as probably also among the devotees of almost any branch of science, there is an unwritten law that each shall give to all the full benefit of what he has accomplished and his personal aid to such as care to avail themselves of it. Here, as in all the other places where we worked, every means for accomplishing our task was placed at our disposal.

We left St. Louis October 4 early in the evening and the next morning we were in Buffalo. We felt it our duty to see Niagara Falls, and stopped over a day for that purpose. Now Niagara Falls is a perfectly good falls and I have no desire to criticize it, but it is difficult to enjoy it with everything so utterly

and blatantly for sale, from the first murmur you catch as you approach, to the dying away of its distant roar as you depart, and every drop of its spray, together with all the surrounding landscape, including the Home of Shredded Wheat Biscuit!

The next morning found us in Great Barrington in western Massachusetts, where we spent a day,—one of the most memorable days of the year. This was not only because we were in the heart of the famous Berkshire Hills in the glory of their autumn coloring, but chiefly because Great Barrington was my father's birthplace, which he left more than seventy years ago. We tramped the hills that were familiar to him, we visited Belcher's Cave, and gathered partridge berries, sweet fern and witch-hazel where he had found them. Then we inquired of old residents of the place for someone who might be familiar with at least the names of a few of those he had known in his childhood. Failing of results in this, we sought the last source of information concerning those whose recorded history consists of a brief sentence or two and perhaps a quaint rhyme carved on a weathered stone. And in the quiet old cemetery under the wide-branching elms, we found them, the names that had been familiar to me since childhood, but which have been long forgotten by those that tread the streets they trod,—the Pixleys, old Colonel Burr, Mrs. Burt and her daughter Abie who married the Reverend John Bascom, and a few others, but particularly "Popelieu" Gorham. I have always had a warm place in my heart for old "Popelieu" Gorham, for it was he who loaned my father the first shotgun that ever bowled him over with its recoil, when, on account of his tender years, his parents had forbidden him the use of fire-arms. I should like to feel sure that the ghosts of those old inhabitants of the New England village were still moving silently about the place and were watching us as we read with a kind of affectionate interest the brief earthly record they have left.

On the afternoon of October 7 we reached Cambridge. After some vicissitudes we finally established ourselves in a pleasant place not far from the

Gray Herbarium and ten minutes walk from Harvard Square.

It is certainly true that the Cambridge of today is far from being the Cambridge of the days of Longfellow and Lowell, yet it is just as true that it has about it an unmistakable atmosphere of quiet cultural dignity, a fine subtle spirit of intellectual beauty that says to all that is in us of refined artistic sense, "Welcome home!"

Our chief business being with the Gray Herbarium, it was with that that we became most familiar. Among institutions of its kind in America it is unique. We have been accustomed in other sections of the United States to meet trained scientists, who while highly efficient in their particular fields, are commonly men of distinctly limited scholarly tastes and attainments. Most if not all of the Gray Herbarium staff are men of broad scholarship, and the place has an atmosphere of serene, mature culture.

We stayed in Cambridge for four months, spending about five days of the week working in the herbarium. Both Mrs. Peck and myself were kept busy during all this time selecting and studying the northwestern plants that have been accumulating here for nearly a century. Hundreds of these have labels in the handwriting of Asa Gray, Thomas Nuttall, Sereno Watson, and others of the eminent earlier botanists.

Our Saturdays were mostly spent seeing the region about Boston, and we had many delightful trips to historic and other interesting places. We found a number of Willamette people, and spent many evenings with two of our younger alumni, Nat Beaver and Henry Oberson, both of whom rank very high in their class in Harvard Medical School. One week-end we spent with Mr. Weatherby of the Gray Herbarium and Mrs. Weatherby in Hartford, and drove over Connecticut from side to side and from end to end, with a visit to the Yale campus.

The people we met in Cambridge we found as hospitable as westerners are reputed to be, and we made many pleasant acquaintances and some real friends among those connected with Harvard.

It was with a great deal of regret that we left Cambridge for Washington early in February.

We spent a very pleasant month in Washington. The National Herbarium where we worked is the largest collection of plants in the New World. It is

uncomfortably housed in a cheerless part of the Smithsonian Institution building, and is very inadequately lighted, heated, and equipped for work, and provided with an absurdly insufficient staff. Such is the extreme poverty of our Government that it can spare but a trifling pittance for the encouragement of pure science.

The chief interest in our stay in Washington centers about the many distinguished scientists we had the opportunity of meeting. We found them all true members of the brotherhood, cordial and helpful in every way.

Of course we saw the inaugural ceremonies through, standing for over four hours in a pouring rain and struggling through the huge crowd that packed Pennsylvania Avenue.

We left Washington about the middle of March and spent three weeks in New York, studying in the herbarium of the New York Botanical Garden. Here we met another group of distinguished scientists. There is a deep-seated antagonism between the Gray Herbarium and the New York Botanical Garden, based upon purely scientific grounds and not extending to personal relations. The situation is easily understood by one visiting the two institutions. The atmosphere of calm, conservative, patient research that distinguishes the Gray Herbarium is here quite wanting; in fact, there is more tobacco-smoke than culture in the atmosphere. The difference between the two places is just the difference between the spirit of Boston, the older conservative Boston, and the New York of today.

On the 6th of April we left New York on "Cameronia," which landed us in Glasgow eight days later. The passage was rough, but the sea was more kind to us than most of the passengers.

After a day in Glasgow we crossed to Edinburgh, where we stayed for several days. One could spend weeks in Edinburgh without exhausting the freshness of its charm. All the glory and tragedy and romance of Scottish history center here. Time after time we walked the "Royal Mile" from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace, meeting at almost every step the ghosts of kings and queens, stern reformers, fiery patriots and great patriots,—the long retinue of Scotland's famous dead. There is no street in all Britain richer in picturesque historic association.

Our real objective in Scotland was the Highlands. We stopped a day or

two at the little town of Bauff, just where the North Sea breaks on the feet of the Eastern Highlands. Bauff was the birthplace of Mrs. Peck's father. It is a beautiful old town, but much of its glory is departed. The hotel where we stopped was the Duff House, the former residence of the Earl of Fife, and the room we occupied was that of Edward VII when visiting here, and at an earlier date had been occupied for a time by Sir Walter Scott. So are the mighty fallen!

We reached the heart of the Eastern Highlands at Grantown—on Spey, the chief seat of the Grant clan. We were allowed to visit Grant Castle and were shown all through its dreary magnificence where the Dukes of Seafield and their forebears, earlier chiefs of the clan, had lived for five centuries and accumulated a huge assortment of historical relics, the oldest of which was the skull of a Comyn, the chief from whom the castle was taken.

More pleasant than the visit to the dingy old castle were the days spent on the wide moorlands, stretching endlessly away to the snow-covered ridges of the Cairngorm mountains, with the black cock and red grouse rising in front of us, the curlews and lapwings circling about and the skylark singing above. It is a wild, beautiful, lovely region and we felt very far from home, but once when we opened the lunch we had brought out with us and found the paper wrappings of the oranges marked "California" and those of the apples, "North Yakima," the world seemed to undergo a sudden shrinkage.

Of the three weeks spent in London, lack of space forbids more than a mere mention. Most of the time was spent at Kew in the herbarium of the Royal Botanical Garden, studying the collections of the early pioneer botanists of the Northwest, who sent their collections across the Atlantic instead of leaving them in America where they should be. Of course we saw many of the most interesting places in and about London, but are not these in all the guide-books?

A few days in Dover, with visits to some of Mrs. Peck's relatives, and then a week in Paris brought our wanderings to a close, except for the six thousand miles due west. It was a glorious year, but the Willamette campus looked better than anything we had seen since leaving it.

Four members of the faculty are giving courses off the campus for Salem residents. Dean Hewitt and Dean Erickson are giving University of Oregon extension courses and Dr. Gatke and Professor Rahe are giving courses at the Salem Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Carl Gregg Doney spent September in the East visiting her two sons, Paul at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn., and Hugh who is in business at Des Moines, Iowa.

Dr. M. C. Findley of the Board of Trustees attended the Pan American Surgical meeting held in Honolulu in August. Dr. Findley read a paper on certain phases of his work.

Mrs. N. S. Savage, business secretary of the University, together with his wife and daughter Eugenia, '27, spent his vacation at the Oregon beaches.

The Forward Movement

The General Education Board in allowing Willamette a year's extension of time in which to complete its endowment movement makes it clear that the contract will terminate October 1, 1930. It is for all friends of Willamette to gird themselves for the next eleven months and win the total offering of this generous ally of Christian education. It will call for work and sacrifice; and every dollar pledged should be paid before that date. And other sums will be required if the full offering is to be realized.

Homecoming

A delay at the printers permits the Alumnus to say that the Homecoming November 1 and 2 was probably the best in our history. The weather was perfect, the returning grads were numerous and in high spirits, the game with Pacific University was skillfully played and the score, 25 to 0, was very satisfactory to Willamette. The play—"It Pays to Advertise"—given Saturday night was better than excellent. Likewise the alumni dinner Saturday evening was well attended and enjoyed from start to finish. President Averill and others have growing pains and plans which will be significant for the school.

Forward looking enthusiasm characterized this Homecoming and the spirit of optimism prevailed.

FORWARD MOVEMENT

Word comes from the Executive Committee of the General Education Board that the request of the University for an extension of time on its conditional offer toward the University endowment fund has been granted. The time limit has been extended from October 1, 1929, to October 1, 1930. Good news and a challenge.

A careful man looks after his keys as well as his treasures. It is a suggestive parallelism which regards religion as the ring which keeps all the keys together and allows none to be lost. The true office of religion is to bring out the whole nature of man and to preserve it harmoniously intact. It will do more than anything else to cause a man sacredly to value health, industry, purity, wisdom, and righteousness. It will constantly remind him of their essential worth and provide a great motive for protecting and strengthening them. The Latins have a significant proverb, "Who will guard the guards?" The master guard of all the guards of life is religion. It throws a warmth around every virtue and drops invigoration like showers upon the will and conscience.

The above is the last paragraph of "The Door Key", one of the chapel talks in President Doney's recent book "Half Way to Noon."