



The  
Willamette  
University  
Alumnus ]

January 1930

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## Willamette University Bulletin

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# Willamette University Alumnus

*"That We May All Be Acquainted"*

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## So This is Europe

By MARY SALOME WELLS

A LONG time ago when I was in Willamette University, (now I know that you'll look up my date); yes, a long time ago when I believed that I could turn the world upside down if I had a long enough lever, I decided that some day when I should have become wealthy teaching school I should take a summer's vacation in Europe. Well, times have changed! I'm sure now that the world doesn't need so much changing, and that one never becomes very wealthy, in money, teaching school, and that now even school teachers can easily go to Europe if they'll go through just one year of restraint in the matter of sundaes, and new duds, and football games and the like. I'd like to talk to you about how you can do it as easily and as cheaply as I did, this European trip, but that's not what Dr. Doney asked me to talk about, and woe beside the person who wanders from the subject and expects to be printed in these days of keen competition.

I had two really fundamental reasons behind the making of this trip. Of course pleasure was one, and the other, logically, was to learn to "speak French like the French." But, behind these two, was a larger reason. You who know me, know that international understanding is my hobby, and very consciously I set out to make this trip rich in the internationalizing of myself. Before I started I had heard of many Americans who, as tourists, so poorly represent the best that is America, who feel that because America has the purchasing power of the world, that they as individuals have a title to service and property as large as their raucous voices can claim. With this in mind, my traveling companion and I set between ourselves a pledge to keep the humbler student attitude, and to acquiesce to the standards of the country under whose hospitality we found ourselves, wherever we could, unless a matter of principle were involved, and in such case to bring to these peoples the best standards that our own country affords. Whether or not we were suc-

cessful in this remains with the peoples and countries whose guests we were.

We sailed from New York on the 20th of June aboard the "Rochambeau," a steamship of the great French Line. Immediately we were in a miniature France. They understand a bit of English on that line, that we knew because of the way they smiled when we joked among ourselves in English, but they will not speak anything but French to you and they will not allow themselves to understand anything else but their own language. What fun for me who needed to try out my linguistic accomplishments, but what a lot of worry and grief to my companion who spoke not a word of "all that gibberish," as she remarked to me the first night, not being able to order a meal without interpretation.

If you want to get well acquainted with a person, I recommend that you take an ocean voyage with him. There is no possibility of your victim being able to get away from you. Much as he would like to get off and walk for awhile before the voyage is over, he is at your mercy, and so we did get very well acquainted with the French as families and as individuals before we reached Le Havre. I do like the nice way they do everyday things. I love to hear them argue and reminisce, and describe the grandeurs of their "la belle France." And I love their courteous, open-eyed disbelief when I tell them how long it takes to come from my home in Portland to New York, and that I stay on the train all the time day and night in getting there. And the way that French food is prepared! I know that the French chefs all sit up nights trying to think of ways to inveigle mortals, ignorant of health rules, to ruin their digestions, being tempted past powers of resistance by beautiful foods.

Thus we were introduced to the French on the boat, but Fate had in store for us a rare opportunity in the way of internationalizing experience in

her choice of our cabin mates. One of them was a girl who taught French in a girls' school at Newton, Massachusetts, having received her education in Germany and Switzerland. Her parents were missionaries to Siam, and she confessed that her claim to distinction was that she had been sea-sick on every ocean in the world. The other girl was a teacher in an Indian school in South Dakota, on her way to visit a brother in the consular service at Stuttgart, Germany. It seems that he had just married a German girl, and that while this cabin companion of ours was crossing the ocean she was passing somewhere at sea the boat carrying her father who was just returning to the United States with a French bride. It took us a long time to get all that geography figured out.

All ideas which we had formerly cherished concerning time and space had to be abandoned when we landed in France. Dr. Zimmern of the Institute of International Relations at Geneva says that the hardest task which he faces each summer is the bringing of European and American students to a common basis of understanding. He remarks that the European thoroughly understands a cathedral while the American youth just as instinctively understands a trans-continental train. Seriously considered, I quite agree with him, but just now, flippantly may I remark that it's no wonder that the European does not understand a trans-continental, when the Paris Express stops at the crossing to let the bicyclists go by, and all continental trains receive their signal to start from a small shrill police whistle blown in relays the length of the train until it reaches the attention of the engineer.

I was petrified with terror before we disembarked at thought of the ordeal of customs inspection. Warnings in French and in translation had been posted for three days in the corridors of the boat, saying that no new articles could be brought into France duty free. I went longingly over all of my travel clothes and the "bon voyage" gifts, wondering if I should have to forfeit a large sum to prove my lawful title to them. Then came the great day and in spite of all the splendid practice which I had gone through during the voyage, I wondered if my French would be adequate to take care of the explanation I knew I should have to make for the two of us when I confronted these snappy moustaches behind which all French customs offi-

cial hide. As we were bidden, we took our stand under the letter which began my name, and waited breathlessly for our baggage to be brought there by the stewards. Believing it always to be a good policy to ask the officers to make the inspection rather than to wait for it, I practiced over the French sentence to the girl friend, and then boldly tried it on the most susceptible-looking uniform near us. It worked! In French with a gorgeous smile came, "Any cigars or cigarettes, madame?" and the magic chalk mark that means entree without further annoyance. I gave him his "thousand thanks," and soon we were in our first European train, embarrassed by the novelty of our surroundings, but bound to take on the new ways rapidly as possible.

I was resolved not to miss anything on this whole trip, a characteristic attitude of the inexperienced tourist who wears himself out in the first part of his vacation by counting every detail important. Well, I became the joke of our compartment as I tried to take in every item of the three-ring circus of landscape which we jolted through on the trip up the Seine valley to Paris. Anyway, I didn't miss the Corot trees in the original, nor the Flanders poppies so far from their home, nor the fact that there isn't a stick of shingle used to roof any of the houses in all those miles.

You sort of feel Paris, instead of seeing it, as you approach. It's queer, everyone testifies to that, but you'd know that you were in Paris if you were blind-folded and dropped there out of the sky, without any idea of your bearings. What a thrill and what a hold-your-breath feeling as we lowered the windows of the car, and like all of the Europeans around us, called, "Porteur!" and shoved our luggage through the windows into the waiting arms of a husky, dressed in a smock of brilliant blue, girdled in the brightest of red sashes. There's a uniform for every kind of occupation in Europe and the arrogant "porteur" is not to be outdone by less officious servants. The whole world throngs the Gare St. Lazare, and we might have felt very lost as we saw our ship-board acquaintances whisked away in the steady stream of motley Paris taxis, if we had not had so many things to occupy our own minds. Managing five pieces of luggage on one adequate shoulder is no feat for a man like our "porteur," and so chattering gaily, he led us to take our places in the line of tourists on the curb, waiting

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## "Nice Sharp Quillets of the Law"

TRULY it is a gift inborn, this boon of laughter, low and gurgling or like the hollow roar of thunder or bomb exploding suddenly.



And timely; not so much as to evidence weakness; infectious too, a chord which sets other strings to jollity. What a bellows he has! No lean Casius, but a right round thrifty being. When you do not hear him, Dean Hewitt is on a journey or peradventure is asleep or likelier is grubbing in a legal tome—tome, not book. He

comes to it by right: well born and in Oregon, at Hopewell, not a dozen miles from Salem. True, at three weeks, he toddled to the State of Washington and nine years later came back to Yamhill county. Youthful labor on the farm neither stunted nor sorrowed him and twenty-seven years ago he entered Willamette academy with ambition and avoirdupois. In football he went through the line like the top ball in a ten-pin alley; he laughed and climbed the goal posts for the sheer fun of it. In '09 the University gave him Ph.B. and LL.B., so for two years thereafter he taught athletics and mathematics in Marshfield high and another year at Corvallis. Remembering he had the LL.B. he put out a shingle in McMinnville for three years. Securing peace and order in that city, he went to Yamhill as combined city attorney and superintendent of schools. After two years, he became principal of North Bend high, where the war found him. He was overseas for nine months in 1918, going as an athletic director; but England discovered that he could think and talk on his feet and King George sent him from Land's End to John o'Great's to let the Tommies hear infectious laughter and wisdom. Belgium and France were a bit thick with gloom and thither he went until the final gun popped on November 11. He then came home limp, fore and aft in close conjunction and pretty sick in other spots. Ten months of convalescence

and labor restored normality and in September 1919 he set off to Clark University on a fellowship which called for lectures and study. He did both to a T, which in June 1920 was turned into M. A. That fall found him in Oregon State College where he taught law and government for seven years. In 1927 his alma mater called him to be dean of the law school where he continues to serve.

Reaching the campus, he let it become known that law books were needed—not a few, but thousands and more thousands. Alumni and friends who had law books either sent them to Willamette or locked them up. If you see a drayman with a box of books, he is headed for Willamette. Dean Hewitt still wants law books; he always will, but now he must have them for standardizing the law school, which is an objective that crowds his waking and sleeping dreams. If you wish to know what real thankfulness is, send not chocolates to a lady; send law books to Hewitt.

He is an easy speaker who can drop a story into an ensemble of thoughts and make them live. Hence he travels quite a bit, visiting service clubs, high schools and commencements. And he can go back again, which isn't a little thing in these days when anyone can become a fascinating public speaker by sending dollars to ——— for a dozen easy lessons. Yes, indeed!

He likes young people and that is one reason he can teach. It is supposed he studies a good deal, which may explain why his classes are interesting and why the law graduates pass the state bar exam. Then, too, a student is something of a human being; consequently he wants the counsel of a man like Dean Hewitt; so the path to the office in Waller is a traveled way.

Of course he is married, an example of those who do not let college days interfere with matrimony; it happened in his junior year when he had already learned the elements of pleading. In this case his eloquence was sublime and, though the jury deliberated long, he was awarded all that was sought. Miss Lena May Heise joined him in a partnership which shows no signs of being dissolved. A third member, Ron-

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## Library and Alumnus in Adult Education

By F. G. FRANKLIN

THE library of Willamette University has increased its book supply about 1250 volumes each year (seven volumes each school day) for the last ten years.

The use made of the library by students at work in the various departments of the University is greater each year. Their ability to find their way through the library catalog and into all sorts of other bibliographical aids has increased rapidly year by year. With all of this there is also rapid increase in the demands made upon the library for personal service. The need is greater than ever before for the work of reference librarians.

A marked increase in interest in the new books is noticed. Many students also are spicing their way through their college years with the delights of recreational reading.

As a result of all of these gains we are graduating even larger numbers of students with library-cultured minds, and with the resultant equipment of well-developed book needs. As alumni they will not forget the banquet-board of alma mater at which they feasted.

Such men and women are certain to welcome and actively help on the new day of adult education. They will claim its privileges, not merely for illiterate grown-ups and grammar and high school graduates, but also for themselves of the A.B. decorated groups.

Education continuing throughout life is the accepted ideal. Colleges and libraries are the most competent and acceptable places for seeking it. The college library is anxious to accept its place in the new cultural system of the new age. The college alumni with their new conception of their new need in the new day are anxious to aid the college to equip its library to meet their and its new needs. The problem is—How can each best help the other?

The college library needs to broaden its scope and increase its cultural equipment. The United States publishes nearly 10,000 books each year, while Japan, Russia, Germany, France, and England each and all excel America's output. Our library needs to double its annual purchase of books, and must soon have a capacious new building in which to house its treasures.

There are many ways besides that of making money contributions by which

alumni and former students can contribute to the needed development. They write books and publish pamphlets and other articles. The library wants to keep a record of all literary work of its former students. They can furnish the information. Usually they will want to send the library one or two copies of everything they publish as they learn that the library desires to form a collection of them. This work should extend to the entire Willamette family, including trustees, faculty, and other students.

Many more gifts of varied sorts will come to the library as the Willamette family both on and off the campus learn of its varied wants and find satisfaction in contributing:

1. Worthwhile books from their libraries when they are no longer giving service therein.
  2. Old and rare books, first editions, files of valuable magazines, technical and otherwise, and advise friends to do so as to disposition of these.
  3. Special collections that they have found, or can influence the disposition of.
  4. Art treasures, picture collections, music and music books.
  5. Old catalogs, old Collegian files, Y. M. C. A. handbooks of early years.
- Some with the help of a little money can pick up for us many of these treasures. Ultimately the new library will have its special art and music rooms and varied, unique collections.

Many new ways will develop by which the library can contribute its service to those who have gone out from its walls. The *Alumnus Bulletin* may publish suggested reading lists and outlines. The library may answer questions about books and look up information on general subjects as it does for students. It may be able to loan the book that is difficult to get elsewhere. Often it will pass inquiries to the expert who knows and will answer.

Libraries, if consulted, can save book buyers from the serious error of wasting money on expensive or useless subscription books and sets, and will suggest more profitable purchases.

## The Old Mission

By R. J. HENDRICKS

DR. DONEY asks me to give the history of the old mission in about 1500 words. It is not possible. In that space only hints and high places can be sketched. The old mission led to the movement that extended the arc of the republic to the shores of the Pacific; but for its establishment at the time and place and by the man who was responsible for it, the British flag, I believe, would now be flying over all the territory west of the Rocky mountains, including Alaska—and by the same sign there would be no Salem, capital of the state of Oregon, no Willamette University, and little of the great advancements in many, many ways that we now witness, under the Stars and Stripes, floating over the choicest possessions of the United States, and looking to vastly larger things, facing the world's greatest ocean, joining our borders in intimate commercial relationships with those of the countries containing much more than half the whole earth's teeming population.

That is a large statement, I realize, in regard to the influences that radiated from the unhewn log house 18 by 22 feet which Jason Lee and Daniel Lee, with two helpers, began to erect immediately after they had pitched their tents on that memorable 6th day of October, 1834. The site was on the east bank of the Willamette river 10 miles below what is now Salem and was then an Indian camp called Chemekeeta. Jason and Daniel Lee labored with their own hands; they were both architects and builders, farmers, gardeners, housekeepers and makers and menders of their own clothing.

Jason Lee and his party of five had left the wild camp of Independence, Missouri, on the last day of April. They crossed the Big Vermilion on May 11. Captain Wm. Sublette began building Fort Laramie while they tarried there. He was guiding the company of 200 men, including the cavalcade of Captain Nathaniel Wyeth on his second expedition beyond the Rockies. June 15, 1834, Lee and his party pitched their tents in the Oregon country, on a rivulet that trilled away towards the west. June 15, 1846, twelve years later, the boundary question was settled. June 15, 1906, seventy-two years later, the

dust of Jason Lee was deposited in Lee Mission cemetery, Salem, to rest near the scenes the beginnings of which he made. The Lee party was at the famous rendezvous on Ham's fork of the Green river, leaving that picturesque environment on July 2 amid pictures that no film can envision in the original. They were on the Snake river near the mouth of the Portneuf while Captain Wyeth began the building of Fort Hall, and there, Sunday, June 27, Jason Lee preached the first Protestant sermon ever heard west of the Rockies, and the next day officiated at the funeral of a Hudson's Bay man who had been killed the day before in a horse race. They were over the Blue mountains September 1, at old Fort Vancouver, September 17. After two days there, their first exploring trip in the Willamette valley was commenced. This gives a wide range in time for the proposed centenary celebration of 1934; from June 15 to October 6.

Jason Lee preached two sermons to a strange and motley congregation at Fort Vancouver on Sunday, September 26. On Sunday, October 19, he gave his first sermon on the Willamette, at the historic house of Joseph Gervais. Sintwa, ten year old boy of the Calapooia tribe, was the first child in the mission house; came November 9, before the house was finished, followed a few days later by his sister. An orphan from the same tribe was the third. Thus started the school; the Indian manual training school that became the Oregon Institute, that grew into Willamette University. Cyrus Shepard, the teacher who came with Jason and Daniel Lee, stopped at Fort Vancouver and taught the school of half-breed children there till March, when he joined the little company at the mission. He started the first Protestant Sunday school west of the Rockies the first Sunday in April, 1835. That school is still going—it is the First Methodist church Sunday school in Salem.

A second log house was built alongside the first, then a third, in the rear. All three were of the same size. There was a cellar. All traces of the old buildings are gone; nothing remains of the fences and gardens and

granary, and of the two cemeteries, for Indians and whites. An ash tree as large as an average sized man's body, and tall for its size, is growing in the excavation that represents the place of the cellar. Some asparagus plants, like wild ones, have persisted up to the present from the mission garden; none of the old mission roses are left there, though scattered widely through Oregon.

The trees, or the successors of them, under which were married, July 16, 1837, Anna Maria Pitman to Jason Lee and Susan Downing to Cyrus Shepard, are there. These were the first white people to be wedded in the old Oregon country. Seven white men were present, and five white women—the only white women north of the California line and west of the Rocky mountains, excepting the two who had arrived the year before at the Whitman mission east of the Cascades. About fifty Indians were present.

After the Lausanne came in 1840, bringing thirty-six white adults and sixteen children, the new house of Jason Lee was built at Chemeketa (now Salem), still standing at 960 Broadway, as was also the building for the saw and grist mills—the initial two buildings erected in what is now the capital of Oregon; the mission mills building long since gone. From that time on the center of the mission work began to be transferred to "The Mills," which was the second name of what became Salem.

Jason Lee was what Emerson called a sufficient man, a man equal to his office. He was at home alike in an Indian wigwam and with a president or a king or a Hudson's Bay company czar. He met and impressed President Andrew Jackson and Vice President Martin Van Buren in 1833, so that "Old Hickory" and his secretaries of state and war gave him letters authorizing his Christian mission. In 1839 he again met Van Buren when he was president, and secured from him a sum—perhaps \$5000—from his secret service funds to pay the way of passengers on the Lausanne; and they kept the secret till after the boundary question was settled in 1846; indeed, Lee never divulged it, for he left earthly scenes to make his report to his great Captain on March 12 of the year before. What a record he had to give for the last twelve years of his life!

The sending of Jason Lee in response to the Macedonian call of the Flathead

chiefs asking for the white man's Book of Heaven with the rules of worship of the white man's God was the largest undertaking of the missionary society of the Methodist church up to that time; indeed it was the second foreign mission of that society; its very inception was in answer to an American Indian call. The one headed by Lee was the first mission of any kind in the Oregon country. He was thirty then. He had been converted at twenty-three. He came of pioneer and patriot stock. His ancestors fought in the Indian wars of colonial days; seventeen of them battled in the Revolution for American freedom. Fair of complexion, six feet four inches, Lee was a giant in strength, and he "feared neither man nor devil." He was a Christian gentleman and he had the vision and ability of a statesman. He sensed at once the necessity of taking the reins of leadership in the wilderness that had the making of states. He drafted or aided in drafting the first three petitions to our government to extend its authority over the Oregon country. Nine of the twenty-six measures which the government inaugurated, including four of the nine bills introduced in congress, were connected with his initiative. He suggested the land grants which from 1838 onward were incorporated in all the bills relating to Oregon. These, with his speaking tour in twelve states and the newspaper campaigns which he inaugurated, were the chief causes of the large immigrations which saved the country to the United States. The Peoria party, the Lausanne party and the White party, with other help and influence of Lee, made possible the provisional government of 1843. The 350,000 who followed westward in the covered wagon days, commencing with the Applegate train, all started from the influences that radiated from the unbewn log house of the old mission, forced the settlement of the boundary dispute, and the making of the territory and the admission of the state of Oregon. The Hudson's Bay company had before 1846 extended its trade to Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), had taken over the Russian posts in Alaska—in short was preparing the way for British ownership of this whole coast. Men who came to Oregon at Lee's call discovered gold in California. Had they not come, had the news of the Mexican war, already commenced, been known

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## Passing Paragraphs

**I**NCLUDED in the Oregon School Directory for 1929-30 are the names of 151 Willamette graduates. Of these 100 are women, 51 are men. The average salary is \$1518.33, according to Dr. Laughlin, whose hobby it is to tabulate the data given in books.

Willamette may create another tradition. The Thursday night before Christmas the chapel was filled by college and town people for an evening of Christmas music. Prof. Graham's orchestra collaborated with Prof. Gaw's vocalists and many who heard the program wish the event to become a regular happening.

This is the season when alumni and others should be counseling prospective freshmen in regard to Willamette. Names and addresses, with other data, should be sent to the University. To place good students in the right college is to render invaluable service; alumni are especially able to give this help. Many do so—some forget.

The writer of the engaging story, "The Old Mission," appearing in this issue, is Mr. R. J. Hendricks, for so many years the editor of the Oregon Statesman and, for almost as long, a trustee of Willamette. Mr. Hendrick's great knowledge of Oregon history, his vivid interest in the development of Willamette and his happy style make this article of so much permanent value that many readers will preserve it.

The friends of Willamette are grateful to the General Education Board for their extending the Forward Movement contract until October 1, 1930. It will not be extended beyond that date. The University has received \$229,426.75 from the Board and they still have for us \$120,573.25 if we match it in the proportion of 65 to 35. It is our last chance to make every dollar we give bring in an additional fifty-four cents. The Loyalty Fund should be heartily supported this year. No large or small gifts are held in reserve; the field has been thoroughly covered and many will have to go the second mile if the goal is to be reached.

Registration statistics of the universities and colleges which are on the approved list of the Association of

American Universities show a total increase in attendance for the year 1929 of but two percent. This is less than the increase for 1928 and 1927 which in turn was less than that of the preceding years. In ratio of teaching staff to number of students as given in the same report Willamette compares favorably with other colleges of her class. Willamette has an average of 10.6 students to each instructor, Beloit has 9.9, Coe 11.1, DePauw 15.4, Lawrence 13.2, Reed 11.4 and Whitman 13.7.

The fifth annual congress of student body executives was held at Stanford University January 1-4. To those who have not followed campus development the announcement may cause surprise—surprise that student affairs have reached such magnitude as to justify a national congress. It is a wholesome situation. Student activities have reached large proportions. The money involved in a year's activities at Willamette is not less than \$20,000, and this sum is a mere trifle compared with the expenditures at many large universities. Many and varied activities are fostered. These demand time and thought and in return afford splendid preparation for citizenship through the weight of responsibility and the need of initiative which they impose. A national congress, then, for the study of campus problems is natural or even inevitable. No one doubts the ability of college youth to carry such a congress through successfully.

### C. B. Moores, '70, Dies

C. B. Moores of Portland, one of Willamette's distinguished sons, a graduate of the university in 1870, and for 53 years a member of the board of trustees, died Sunday, January 5, at his home in Portland. An extended statement on his life and work will appear in the next issue of the *Alumnus*.

Pauline Rickli, '23. The engagement of Miss Pauline Rickli to Mr. James H. Cairns of Portland, was announced at a tea given in her honor by Miss Ruth Smith, '23. Mr. Cairns is a graduate of the Colorado School of Mines.

## Growth

**I**N A RECENT address before the Commercial Club of Salem, President Doney presented the University as a commercial asset of the community. The figures were so interesting that they are presented here for the information of alumni and for future reference.

The growth of the University in the past decade has been unusually rapid yet this growth has been so steady that to appreciate it best one needs to view the period as a whole. A summary of the situation at the end of the

first seventy-five years of the University's life serves as a basis for comparison. These figures make it clear that the first period is one of pioneering effort. Growth is relatively slow. They were days of poverty and struggle for existence; they were years of foundation laying. That the work was well done becomes evident in the rapid expansion of the past decade. In this period the University makes its future secure. It has attained a position of recognized worth. The figures follow:

1844-1919—75 Years	1919-1929—10 Years
<b>Buildings</b>	
Oregon Institute .....	Lausanne .....
Waller Hall .....	Waller Hall (Rebuilt) .....
Lausanne .....	Gymnasium .....
Gymnasium .....	Cottage and Science Hall
Music .....	(Partly rebuilt) .....
Medical .....	Heating System .....
Eaton Hall .....	
\$ 4,000	\$150,000
40,000	40,000
10,000	80,000
5,000	3,000
5,000	10,000
25,000	
50,000	
\$139,000	\$283,000
Average per year .....	Average per year .....
\$ 1,875	\$ 28,300
<b>Endowment</b>	
Endowment .....	Endowment .....
\$450,000	\$ 925,000
	Or including the Hauser
	fund and some interest
	bearing pledges .....
	\$1,375,000
Average per year .....	Average per year .....
\$ 6,000	\$ 92,500
	Average per day .....
	\$ 250
<b>Graduates A. B.</b>	
Graduates, A. B. ....	Graduates, A. B. ....
900	674
Average per year .....	Average per year .....
15	67
<b>Other Money Secured</b>	
	Old Debt .....
	\$ 25,000
	Campaign Expenses .....
	80,000
	Supplement to Salaries .....
	45,000
	Library, laboratories and
	campus .....
	49,000
	\$200,000
	Average per year .....
	\$ 20,000
<b>Summary 1919-1929</b>	
Buildings .....	Average per year .....
\$ 283,000	\$140,800
Endowment .....	Average per day .....
925,000	385
Other sums .....	Budget increase in ten years .....
200,000	300%
	Salaries increased .....
	80%
\$1,408,000	

These figures are the record of material growth. Not less important is the question of growth in intellectual leadership. In the nature of the case it is more difficult, or even impossible,

to present tangible evidence of such progress. It may be inferred from the material growth, for such large gifts do not come without investigation and

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## Suggested Reading

HERE are some books, with brief comment, which are recommended to alumni and others who wish both interest and instruction in what they read.

**Contemporary Economic Thought** by Paul T. Homan (Willamette 1914). Assistant Professor of Economics in Cornell University. Harpers 1928.

In this book "an attempt has been made to penetrate somewhere near to the heart of the thought of five recent or contemporary economists. They have been chosen for treatment because of the varied view points they represent and in view of their extreme importance in influencing the direction of economic thought in recent years."

The work of two British and three American economists is considered. Their evaluation is done with keen insight and able scholarship.

In a final chapter the author discusses the perplexing and contradictory state of present day economic theory.

(S. B. Laughlin).

**Trends in American Sociology** by George A. Lundberg, Associate Professor of Sociology, University of Pittsburgh.

J. Read Bain (Willamette 1916) Associate Professor of Sociology, Miami University.

Nels Anderson. Instructor in Sociology, Columbia University.

Harpers 1929. \$3.00

This volume presents a comprehensive survey of the field at present known as sociology.

Read Bain writes the chapter, "Trends in American Sociological Theory." He is joint author with Joseph Cohen, University of Michigan, of the chapter, "Trends in Applied Sociology."

(S. B. Laughlin).

**Beneath Tropic Seas**, by William Beebe. Putnam's Sons.

Books of a scientific nature that have literary quality and pictorial charm are unfortunately few in number. The naturalist, William Beebe, who is an honored member of the New York Zoological Society and a thorough explorer, has to his credit a number of volumes of keen analytical value, all of which are written, however, in a most readable and alluring manner. Perhaps you know "Jungle Peace," which

comes in the Modern Library edition, or "The Edge of the Jungle," with its fascinating accounts of experiences in the exotic tropics. Any of his books are highly enjoyable. "Beneath Tropic Seas" reveals the poetic spirit in the scientist. This means that in the midst of much scientific detail there constantly appear animated, living passages which cause you to hear and see and feel vividly with the author in his discoveries of beauty and strangeness. You are carried, for instance, beneath the blue waves to where the tide drifts you in your diving suit along a path of sand; in the distance you catch sight of an enormous wall of coral and you make your way to a narrow gorge between two mighty coral masses, where, passing through, you come to an undersea fairyland. Sea-plumes, all sorts of reef life, and living tapestries wave and nod with every pulsation of the water. But you must let Beebe himself take you there some day.

(H. C. Kohler).

**The Winged Horse**, by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$1.50.

Two friends set out to tell two particular children what poets were and what they had done in the world. They soon realized that there were many grown-up people who know all too little what poetry was and what part it had played again and again in the history of mankind. So they wrote a book which everyone could read, a most unusual and appealing work in which they made the poet, from blind Homer to New England's Robert Frost, live in surprising human nearness and intimacy of association for us. "Great singers," they say, "rise on wings of imagination," and strike "with lightning strokes of truth through littleness and lies and evil." "Spenser loved the parade of men and deeds and gay garments, and, like his age, thought at times much of how the flesh would wither at last, and the soul go to be judged by God. So he made his great new poem (the Faerie Queene) a poem that was to improve the world." One does not need to make assignments for classes in this book; once looking in it a boy or girl is sure to get interested, and the grown-up finds himself reading

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## Forensic Activities

By HERBERT E. RAHE

IN SPITE of many counter attractions in college, debates have grown greater in scope and general speech-making has assumed a recognition hitherto unknown. Forensic activities remain one of the most effective means of training real leaders, if properly adjusted to meet present day conditions. That adjustment means, in part, that we debate questions containing real issues and take them before audiences interested in their presentation. American debaters with their emphasis on logic have failed, for the most part, to translate their material in terms interesting to the audience, as the English debater does. Our standard of achievement should call for a more thorough preparation, which would require a persuasive as well as a logical appeal. Willamette invites organizations within a close radius to suggest topics for debates or extemporaneous speeches and to suggest dates when they would like to have a subject presented. It is evident that students can not prepare on every conceivable subject but surely much could be done in that direction with the cooperation of Chambers of Commerce, Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions and other clubs. Much the same thing is being accomplished with student singers and interpretive readers, why could it not be done on the speech making side as well? All over the United States departments of speech are finding this method successful. The single critic judge and open forums undoubtedly stimulate interest in debates.

Willamette is planning a heavy forensic program both for men and women. Charles Campbell will represent the University in the State Extempore Speaking contest to be held at Linfield college, February 14, 1930. The State Old Line Oratorical contest, won last year by Miss Marion Morange of Willamette, will take place on March 14 at the University of Oregon. The State Peace contest will be held April 11 at Eugene Bible school and the State Constitution contest will probably be held April 25 at Oregon State Agricultural college.

The outstanding trip of the year will be taken by two men and the head of the department of speech to Tucson, Arizona, to participate in the Pacific

Forensic League oratorical and extempore speaking contest. Several debates will be scheduled for this trip. Willamette is one of the few small universities in this league. We are especially grateful to C. P. Bishop, Mrs. F. M. Snedecor, A. N. Bush and others who are helping to make this trip possible.

Other forensic contests will be held in or near Salem. At present, we are considering a debate with the University of Hawaii. Some lively organization could sponsor this contest and boost Salem thereby. The question would probably be the same as will be used in most of the other men's debates: "Resolved, that the nations should adopt a plan of complete disarmament, except such forces as are needed for police purposes."

The women debaters will probably take one or two debate trips in Washington and Idaho, debating College of Puget Sound, Whitman College, Washington State College, and the University of Idaho. These questions are being considered: "Resolved, that the preponderance of women teachers from the fourth through the twelfth grades is detrimental" and "Resolved, that modern diversion of women from the home to business and industrial occupations is detrimental to society."

We invite suggestions from alumni especially in regard to the foregoing debate questions and the places to hold speaking contests. It is indeed encouraging the way some of you have responded financially; we shall try to reciprocate by upholding the standards of work which many of you have so ably established.

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### QUILLETS OF LAW

Continued from page 5

aid, has entered the firm, who is now a Willamette freshman and a footballer.

Dean Hewitt's recreations? Once they were fishing and hunting and the deep woods. Now no more; he keeps the doctor away by a hundred laughs a day. The law school is a sixteen hour a day job and claims him; that means the students also. Then he teaches and inspires within and without the class room.

## Athletics

THE "fighting Bearcats" of 1929 completed a very successful football season when they won from Whitman at Walla Walla, on Thanksgiving Day, by the score of 40 to 13. With this win came the first Northwest Championship in football, and also the first win over Whitman in nine years of competition.

In this title contest the Bearcats were spurred on and backed by the students in a demonstration of school spirit not excelled by other schools in the Northwest Conference. A special excursion was run, composed of students, alumni, faculty, and business men. Those who were not fortunate enough to be able to go on the excursion, had the pleasure of listening to the game over the radio. This broadcast was sponsored by the Portland Alumni.

The playing of the "Bearcats" in the Whitman game was dependable and steady. They had a strong defense, a strong running attack, and a brilliant aerial attack which bewildered the Missionaries to the extent that the win over Whitman was a decisive one.

Statistics show that Whitman was outplayed in every department of the game except punting.

In the first conference game of the season Auce Cornell's College of Idaho Coyotes were downed 42 to 0. Next, Pacific at the Homecoming game was eliminated from the heap by a 25 to 0 score. On Armistice Day the Bearcats ran up a total of 52 points against Linfield, at the bottom of the conference standing, to establish a record unparalleled in the history of the League.

Several conference records have been made by the team in their dash for honors. For the first time in the history of the conference a team went into the title game with its goal uncrossed by another conference school. In the Linfield game the Bearcats made 29 first downs while they were holding the opponents to one.

Erickson, a freshman, was the principal threat of the Bearcat running attack and made the lion's share of the yardage. Sharing honors with this freshman was Cranor, French, and Lange. The team proved to be strong in their passing attack with Depoe, Cranor, and Engebretsen doing most of the heaving and French, Cardinal, and

Erickson, principals on the receiving end.

The most outstanding things about the team this year was the play of the line on defense and offense. Carpenter, Jones, Phillipott, Ruch, stood out above all others in the conference.

On the all conference team—Erickson, Jones, Carpenter, Lange, Cardinal were elected, with Phillipott, Ruch, Cranor, French, being mentioned on other selections.

### Final Northwest Conference Standing for 1929.

	W.	L.	Td.	Pct.
Willamette .....	4	0	0	1.000
Whitman .....	4	1	0	.800
College of Idaho.....	3	2	0	.600
Pacific .....	2	3	0	.400
College Puget Sound....	1	3	0	.250
Linfield .....	0	5	0	.000

### Season's Record 1929

Willamette .....	6	Oregon State .....	36
Willamette .....	6	Oregon .....	34
Willamette* .....	42	College of Idaho .....	0
Willamette* .....	25	Pacific .....	0
Willamette* .....	52	Linfield .....	0
Willamette .....	42	Albany .....	6
Willamette* .....	40	Whitman .....	13
207		89	

\*Conference game.

The Bearcat Basketball team should prove to be a contender for the conference title if the needed reserve strength can be found.

The race promises to be close for the championship. Whitman only loses Holmgren from their last year's quintet. Linfield has all their men back from last year. Pacific and C. P. S. are hard hit by loss of veterans but have several promising Freshmen. The College of Idaho plans to reenter after a year's absence.

Basketball practice which is now in full sway finds Ed Cardinal, two-time all-conference center at the pivot position. Willamette will be represented at the forward positions by Dwight Adams, all-conference forward, and George Scales, the flashy player from last year. For guards Harold Hawk, the veteran of the squad at one guard, and Hoot Gibson, a reserve from last year, and Percy Carpenter, from last year's rooks, fighting it out for the other guard position. Scholastic difficulties and injuries have pruned the re-

serves down to Mason, Balderee, Gretch, Braly. Don Faber, the most promising of the rooks, has not recovered from having his leg broken in the Albany football game. Peterson, a first year man, is also unable to be out on account of a shoulder injury.

At the Conference Meeting December 19th, at the Benson Hotel in Portland, the following schedules were drawn up:

#### Basketball

- Jan. 21—Pacific University at Forest Grove.  
 Jan. 24—Linfield College at McMinnville.  
 Jan. 25—Linfield College at Salem.  
 Feb. 7—Pacific University at Salem.  
 Feb. 14—Whitman College at Walla Walla.  
 Feb. 15—Whitman College at Walla Walla.  
 Feb. 17—College of Puget Sound at Salem.  
 Feb. 18—College of Puget Sound at Salem.  
 Feb. 20—College of Idaho at Salem.  
 Feb. 21—College of Idaho at Salem.

#### Baseball

- May 2—Pacific University at Salem.  
 May 9—Pacific University at Forest Grove.  
 May 26, 27, 28—Northwest Baseball Championship games—West and East side.

#### Track

- May 3—Linfield College at Salem.  
 May 10—Pacific University at Forest Grove.  
 May 17—Whitman College at Walla Walla (Tentative).  
 May 29, 30—Northwest Conference Meet at Walla Walla.

#### Tennis

- May 23, 24—Whitman College—Men's and Women's at Walla Walla (Tentative).  
 May 29, 30—Northwest Tennis Tournament at Tacoma.

#### Football 1930

- Sept. 20—Oregon State College at Corvallis.  
 Sept. 27—Open.  
 Oct. 4—Open.  
 Oct. 11—University of Oregon at Eugene. (Tentative).  
 Oct. 18—College of Idaho at Caldwell.  
 Oct. 25—College of Puget Sound at Salem.—Homecoming.  
 Nov. 1—Open.  
 Nov. 11—Linfield College at Salem.  
 Nov. 15—Pacific University at Forest Grove.  
 Nov. 22—Whitman College at Salem.

#### The Basketball Tournament

The State High School Basketball Tournament will be held again in the Willamette gymnasium. The date is March 19-22. This will be the eleventh annual meet and has come to be an event of major interest in the University year.

#### SUGGESTED READING

Continued from page 11

on and on as though it were an interesting novel or book of adventure he has in his hand. (H. C. Kohler)

**The Universe Around Us** by Sir James Jeans.

A book that will literally lift you to the stars and there permit you to explore into the little that is known of the infinite plan of our universe. Sir James Jeans in his individual style leads you in an interesting brief review of the three thousand years of astronomical science, only the last three hundred of which have been telescopic astronomy; and then plunges into a vivid description of astro-physics which includes non-technical discussions of our present knowledge of the atom, methods of weighing the stars, calculating star ages, heat and luminosity. One of the foremost scientists in astronomy of our time, he presents "The Universe Around Us" with unusual clarity and simplicity. The book is very intelligible to readers with no special scientific knowledge. (Frank Leamer).

**The Nature of the Physical World** by A. S. Eddington.

An intellectual adventure for intelligent readers. "Professor Eddington's book is the best exposition of the new physics—of the revolutionary concepts of Einstein and others," says the New York Times. The statement is unquestionably true for the reader who is searching for a non-technical treatment of recent advances in physics. Every reader will find this treatment will challenge his thinking and stimulate his regard for physical science.

(Frank Leamer).

John L. Gary, '16, principal of the West Linn High School was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Oregon State High School Athletic Association at its annual meeting in December to succeed Roy E. Cannon. The secretary-treasurer is the active officer of the Association in the administration of athletic competitions.

### THE OLD MISSION

Continued from page 8

in London in time to recall the instructions for the signing of the treaty in Washington on June 15, 1846, there would have been no signing of that treaty, and had the American settlement in Oregon not been here, the Mexican war would not have been fought, and a delay of settlement till after the discovery of gold would have weighed strongly enough to cause the British to hold onto their claims, flimsy though they were, to all the old Oregon country, and to extend the egis of their authority besides over Alaska and all the territory west of the Rockies below the 42nd parallel.

"The mission was the first low wash of the waves where now rolls this great human sea, to increase in power, we may believe, throughout all the ages," said Harvey W. Scott.

"It is impossible to go beyond Jason Lee in Oregon history. Back of him there is a wild—no schools, no churches, no agriculture, no homes," said Governor Geer.

Bancroft called Lee the "founder of American institutions and civilization of the Pacific coast."

Yes, the whole of the Pacific coast. Does not that justify the fourth sentence in this article?

In a brief paragraph, the situation in Lee's epochal and busy career was this: Great Britain knew well the high work of the Pacific coast and was not afraid of the spread of empire; the leaders of thought in the United States were largely ignorant of this worth, and they were fearful that their boundaries might be expanded too far for safety—and besides the black trail of slavery marked and marred that part of American history.

### GROWTH

Continued from page 10

the staff of the General Education Board is expert in such investigations looking both to business administration and to service performed.

It may be inferred from the rapid increase in student attendance. The decade has been one of rapid increase in attendance throughout the country, yet many of the smaller colleges have not kept pace with Willamette in this growth. It may be inferred from the faculty which has increased numerically by seventy-five percent. These men have come from important universities

well prepared for their work and it is safe to state that the faculty is a progressive group of able teachers.

And the best possible evidence that these inferences are correct and that the University is doing its work well is to be found in the endorsement of nation-wide accrediting societies. The Association of American Universities sent Dean Effinger from the University of Michigan to make investigation. He did his work thoroughly, going into every detail of university work and administration. On his report the University was accepted as member of the Association.

In similar way the American Association of University Women sent Dean Adams of Mills College to make investigation. The special interest of this Association is indicated in its name, but but it too scrutinized carefully the work of the University as a whole and as a result of Dean Adams' report placed Willamette on its approved list.

The number of Willamette graduates who are in the important graduate schools of the country and the number who hold fellowships or have won prizes in scholarship was never so large as it is at the present time. Two are at Washington, one at Oregon, three at California, five at Stanford, Wisconsin has two, Yale a like number, Duke has one. In addition to this number are the students in the graduate professional schools: three at Harvard, five at Oregon Medical, one at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one at Drew, one at Boston. Willamette students hold fellowships at Washington, California, Stanford and Duke, and have won scholarship honors recently at Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Drew. Two recent books by Willamette graduates are listed elsewhere in this issue.

A university works best when it works quietly. In this day of million dollar advertising programs, of nervous unrest and clamor for change it may seem that Willamette is slow. To any such person a perusal of the above facts will be reassuring. Willamette is making remarkable growth both in a material way and in creating for itself a place of conspicuous leadership in Christian education.

*Ralph W. Barnes, '22*, has been transferred from Paris to Rome, where he is head of the news bureau of the New York Herald-Tribune.

### SO THIS IS EUROPE

Continued from page 3

for taxis. He hailed one for us, thanked us "a thousand times" for our tip and bowed "au revoir." In our best French we managed "Hotel d'Albret, Rue de Vavin" and away we went, the driver squeezing the high pitched, antiquated, hand-operated horn frantically and constantly, the people and carts taking temporary refuge from our wheels. Thus we were initiated at the same time into Paris traffic and its vagaries, and into the Paris taxi system of no right-of-way, but of watch-out-for-yourself-and-your-fenders.

I'm waxing too wordy on this part of the trip and so suffice it to say that we arranged for our room at the hotel without mishap (and it was more than we could have expected at an astoundingly low price); and that we ordered our first meal in Paris at a side-walk restaurant with only the embarrassment of having the waitress ask if we were sick when we told her that we'd have nothing to drink with luncheon. Oh yes, we forgot the inevitable and unavoidable tip of ten per cent and so she followed us down the street to explain to us, and what is more to the point, to collect!

If you want to become an internationalist, go to Paris. It is truly the cosmopolitan city. The peoples from the far ends of the earth have been at home in Paris for centuries. If you are an outcast from anywhere seeking companionship, or a great man seeking the relief of solitude, go to Paris. You cannot surprise Paris, who has seen everything, and taken unto herself the best of all that she has seen. Two outstanding experiences of an inter-racial and international nature stand out in my memory from our days in Paris. They do not stand alone, but they are perhaps the most significant. One was when, as the guests of two Chinese friends, graduate students returning from their collegiate work in the United States, we ate the best food, Chinese food, in the Shanghai Restaurant near the Sorbonne. There is no race prejudice, such as America knows, on the continent, and the place was full of French, English and Chinese. The orders were written on the table cloths in Chinese by our friends and translated into French for me, by the waiters, to be certain that I understood! We ate with chop sticks and laughed heartily with some French girls across the table who just couldn't learn to manage the unwieldy implements. The other experience was eating in the only

cafeteria in Paris, the one at the International House in connection with the University of Paris. One of our reasons for going there, was, frankly, because it was the cheapest place we knew in Paris, and the other was because there were gathered the students of all nations in a fine dormitory atmosphere. A great mixture of native tongues and appetites found a common basis in the French language and French food. It is a gay place at any time, and the cross-section of the group gathered daily in that dining room would cause the most doubting skeptic to become hopeful of the future.

We left Paris bound for Germany on the night of July 3, wondering just what the Fourth of July would be like for us there. We knew well what we might have expected by way of celebration if we had been able to stay in Paris for that occasion, as weeks ahead the newspapers had been proclaiming special menus of George Washington Cherry Pie and Lafayette Salad and Oregon Apple Sauce and like nationalistic names in honor of all Americans abroad. There were to be memorial exercises and parades at many points in the city, but what would we be able to look forward to if we found ourselves on schedule in Cologne on that day! Well, believe me to be truthful when I tell you that we were awakened in the morning with a salute of real fire-crackers under our windows in the Hotel Kolnerhof in that great cathedral city. Of course we could not be presumptuous enough to believe that they were fired in our honor alone, but what a warm feeling it stirs around your heart to know that your former enemies are helping you to celebrate the day of days of your own country in such spontaneous courtesy.

The trip up the Rhine river taken later that day made that a Fourth of July to be marked in red on the calendar of a life-time. The officers of the boat saw us as lone ladies, and in need of personal service in the way of native guides, so not an old fortress or ruined castle we passed without at least two or three of them rushing to our sides with full information about its name and history or legendary associations. True, they did not always or often agree upon these points but that only made the trip more memorable.

On this trip, however, we had cause to be chagrined because of the super-patriotism displayed by a few of our thoughtless compatriots who thought that the day called for an unnecessary flaunting of the flag in the faces of

our hosts, the German people, and an unnecessary bragging about our having possession of the great fortress, Ehrenbreitstein, as we sailed past it. I trust that I am adequately and zealously patriotic, but I hope that I shall always hold it in poor taste to force my patriotism upon those of other loyalties, thus making my country odious to those under whose hospitality I am found.

America will make a better impression abroad when a lot of tourists decide to stay at home. A very splendid woman, returning to our steamship in August, surprised us by declaring in a great burst of emotion that some day she hoped to be appointed on a certain committee by the United States Government and then she might die happy. Such an unqualified sentence caused us to pick up the cue immediately in asking her for what sort of committee she so yearned. She replied in this fashion, "I believe that all tourists should be required to pass this committee and any who would not truly represent us and our best American standards should be compelled to stay at home!" Perhaps she gropes toward a much needed solution—I'm not an authority on the question.

Heidelberg was to be next, and we were prepared for it by the romantic atmosphere of the "Student Prince" which we witnessed at home a year ago. It was all of that, with the added joy of reality. Yes, there were "student princes" with whom we became acquainted in the famous castle garden, but it's a little more romantic, that part of it, in the silent movie, than it is in reality, when the boy friend speaks very broken English, rapid German, and pitiful French. But modernism has come even to old Heidelberg, for these students begged us to allow them to take "mooveen peectures" of us with their new cameras recently ordered from the United States. Yet the old world atmosphere prevails, for they asked us if we might possibly have heard of their brother who had been "in Chicago for 15 years" and speaks English very well!"

A long, exhausting, all-day trip carried us to the fairyland Interlaken, but the circumstances that accompanied our entrance into the fair city were more ridiculous than poetic. We had just about reached the point of desperation, despairing of that train ever really getting anywhere, when two Swiss (?) youths entered our compart-

ment and soon began to puff away at the inevitable European cigar bearing the odor of rags. This put us upon the verge of hysteria when we at last pulled into the station marked "Interlaken." We sauntered forth into the Alpine drizzle and sought out the man whose cap bore the name of our hotel. There he was amid the motley crowd, the most antique and distinguished of them all, with his oil-cloth top hat so shiny and dilapidated above his great dull green coat with its enormous cape. We asked him if the hotel bus was waiting, and he bowed an obliging "Ja." But did he rightly understand me when I said "Bus?" He led us to the original ark! With a little mixture of Barnum and Bailey horse-drawn, monkey wagon thrown in for good measure! Painted all brilliant hues, huge iron wheels, and cobble stones to rumble over! On the box seat high over the front was a cabby in the same uniform as our escort. We surprised our nervous giggles as best as possible and were shoved into the vehicle. Like the Cinderella story our guide was transformed into a footman as he opened up his voluminous umbrella and mounted the rear steps. He clutched the brass railing on the rear door, waved his umbrella with a flourish and thus our parade started, but this was not the end of our surprises. We traversed a long, bumpy street and ended our journey in the courtyard of a very picturesque hotel precariously set on the very edge of a roaring glacial stream in flood stage. The hotel employees rushed out with umbrellas and grabbed us into the lobby where was a buxom lass of uncertain years, garbed in native regalia, yodelling a welcome as though her throat would burst. This was quite the end of us!

We waited for three days here in the comfort of this hotel, amid the very, very odd English as it is spoken by the real English who made up the rest of the guest list, and on the morning of our departure we were rewarded for our restless stay by a great view of the reticent Jungfrau. Before the day was over, we wondered, however, if our delay had been so opportune, for we had allowed the American Express to arrange an unscheduled trip over the Alps for us, and they had secured the services of an Italian chauffeur who was very superstitious, and who believed that going on such a trip on Tuesday was unlucky and tempting

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*But in the End of Summer*

By Kent Goodnough Hyde, Ex-'27

Mark you, all this is madness, well I know;  
 Life will prevail in some form in the end,  
 Death will be conquered. Let no man pretend  
 That April ever calls October "friend."  
 Vanquished, albeit gayly clad, they go—

They go: The hills, the trees, the golden sun;  
 Too proud to barter beauty and too strong  
 To squander strength in striving over long,  
 Knowing the dignity of ended song.  
 They go, vanquished and bowing down to none.

Autumn has always moved me more than spring,  
 Perhaps in some way each man courts his doom.  
 Ever within my heart has been more room  
 For burning leaves than all of April's bloom,  
 Than all returning birds that, north-bound, sing.  
 All that is lovely I have held in my hand,

The proudest beauty my two eyes have seen;  
 And I have found it, not in deepening green,  
 But in the end of summer, when serene  
 In fading purple all the mountains stand.

**SO THIS IS EUROPE**

Continued from page 17

Fate. Well, he almost made good on his belief, for on the trip he was stung by a wasp, he ran over a dog and killed it, he tore his hand badly, found water in the gasoline, and stalled the big Daimler three times in going up one Alp!

We did see where William Tell shot off the apple, and we did eat lunch on top the Rhone Glacier, and arrived all safe and nearly sane in Lucerne that night. But you're weary from this installment already and so if you want to hear about the shrine-bridge and the lion at Lucerne, and what I personally think of Mussolini, and how we got ejected from a train in Bologna, and about meeting a lot of Hungarian countesses and higher-ups at Geneva, we'll see if Dr. Doney won't invite me "to-be-continued-in-our-next" in the January issue.

**Who? What? Where? When?**

*Elsie Tucker*, '29, is in charge of the Y. W. C. A. at Baker, Ore. This means that the Y. W. prospers and greatly serves in the Blue Mountain region.

*Leon Yankwich*, '09, California Superior Court judge, Los Angeles, is featured in a front page article in the *Western Publisher*, November 30, 1929. Judge Yankwich is the author of "Essays in the Law of Libel," a recent publication which is attracting much attention from lawyers and newspaper publishers. The judge is president of the S. California Willamette association.

*D. Lester Fields*, '09, is the enterprising pastor of the Oregon City Methodist church.

*George Oscar Oliver*, '09, leaves the service of his alma mater to become pastor of church at Hillsboro—1060 Third street.

The new superintendent of the Eastern District of the Oregon Conference is *Rev. Thos. D. Yarnes*, '16. His home is in Salem.

*Earl B. Cotton*, '18, is located at Chilquin, Oregon, in charge of Methodist

work among the Indians.

*Harry G. Crouse*, '28, lives at 721 E. 40th St., Portland, and is pastor of the Clinton Kelly church. His wife was *Marion Paterson*, '23, who sings Scotch songs better than Harry Lauder.

*Chas. B. Moores*, '70, is suffering a prolonged illness at his home, 227 East 52nd St. South, Portland.

*Esther Yeend*, '19, is teaching in the Sunnyside, Wash. high schools.

*Harley W. Allen*, '28, is a practicing attorney at Wallowa, Oregon, and makes a good start.

*Ella K. St. Pierre*, '24, is teaching physical education and hygiene in a high school in Hawaii. The town is Kealahou and the postoffice box is 15.

*P. M. Blenkinsop*, ex-'25, triple-A singer, is pastor of the Methodist church, Bend, Oregon.

*Vera Wise*, '20, formerly art designer for Marshall Field's, Chicago, is now following her profession as designer and decorator in Kansas City, Mo. Address, The Chatham Hotel.

## WILLS

In addition to life-time gifts, the alumni are often interested in making provision for alma mater at their death. Some are asked to advise in the matter of making a will and the following form is suggested. Annuities may be provided also while one is living.

"I give and bequeath to Willamette University of Salem, Oregon, the sum of ..... Dollars"  
(or property, with description).

If so desired the testator may direct that the legacy or its income be used for a definite purpose.

*If each of us leads a procession, each one likewise is following in a procession. Where did you get your ambition, thoughts, and purposes? Did you of your own initiative choose the way of wearing your hair, those ties like Joseph's many-colored coat, and the cuffs on your trousers? Like the mingled rays from a myriad sun, our motives come from a thousand sources. Few deliberately consider how they are influenced by their fellows, and still fewer give any heed to selecting friends and other modifying forces as they really ought to be chosen. What is done by another comes into your eyes and ears, enters your mind and then is expressed in the outward practice. A man cannot choose the persons who will follow him, but it is possible for him to pick out the procession in which he will march. . . . Others make us and we make others; what we think leads to action and our action leads to thinking. The world of persons is in quite a jumble of interactions. I do not wonder that it is difficult to attain a balanced, safe, and constructive life; but it is the one thing infinitely worth the cost.*

*From "Half Way to Noon" by President Doney.*