

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLAMETTE DAYS

Prof. Frederic S. Dunn of University of Oregon Tells of Salem Days

(In the April number of the Willamette Alumnus, under the heading, "A Freshman There Was," Prof. Frederic S. Dunn of the University of Oregon gives some well told recollections of his many days at Willamette university. Many Salem people remember Prof. Dunn when he was on the faculty of the Willamette university. Following is the article:)

chandelier hook in the center of the ceiling? I wonder where Old Bones is now? Gone, is he? Well, he must have been literally worn out, for he used to take unearthly excursions. And the worst of it was, on this particular ramble he had no return ticket. We couldn't get him down and he hung there grimly, gruesomely swaying with an occasional whiff of breeze from an open door, grinning at the damned and undamned alike—hung there for a week, for Chester Murphy or Bert Haney or some other wag of like pre-movie-day heroism, had taken the only ladder of any length and cut it up into kindling wood, I guess.

And one other April 1st, the grand march was turned wrong side out. You know, in those days the "grave and reverend seniors" were permitted to sit way in the back, where they could write notes and chew gum all they pleased, whereas the poor little Freshies were obliged to sit on the front seats, right under the sound of the gavel, where they did not dare even wink. I do not know whether or not that is still your practice, for you all look alike to me. When the signal for dismissal was given, the seniors would lead the march, double file, forward, up the central aisle, then separate into single files, passing back around the outer aisle, then they met again in the back, then forward again, separating again, and this time passing out through opposite doors into the wings of the building. You know on this particular day, if you follow me, these seniors, our trustees, think of it, made a break for freedom. They turned their backs, marched in the other direction from the rostrum, separated, marching forward around the rostrum, then meeting in front of the center aisle and out through the back door on to the campus. Such an innocent prank, you will say, yet almost appalling in that Puritanic era, as a breach of long established tradition. President Hawley stood there as grave and dignified as Fabius Cunctator, and turning to us of the Faculty, whispered loudly enough for us to

hear: "Don't laugh. Don't let them see you perturbed." But it was too late. He meant it for me, of course. Professor Matthews hadn't cracked a smile as far as I could see through his beard, though his eyes were snapping. But there I was, with my hand on my mouth, sniggering like any schoolboy. I shouldn't wonder if the President thought I had been privy to the conspiracy. I must have been a poor excuse for a faculty man in those days, for I distinctly recall another April Fool's Day when President Hawley requested me to stay during the noon recess and see that no tricks were played during the interim. Well, what do you think? Clarence Bishop stole the clapper of the bell almost from under my very nose. Now, my dear friends of the student body, you will not abuse my confidence, I am sure. I have given you these hints purely from a reminiscence standpoint, and if you should vilely think to sully this happy age of civilization by repeating those deeds of barbarism this new Faculty might not be so lenient as were we (sic). Yes, this is the same old hall, where Sara Nourse Brown-Savage's orators would often declaim for us, "Ye crags and peaks, I'm pleased to meet you. Ye call me chief, but I'm only a dishwasher. I've come to bury Caesar—Brutus couldn't get here in time. Aye, tear her tattered ensign down. Jump, Boy, Jump, Auf wieder sehen." I'm afraid that is a little mixed but it is all a delightful kaleidoscopic haze of memories in my own mind. And yet how distinctly I recall some of the particulars of that first fall term at Willamette! I had hardly disembarked from the train on my arrival and was crossing into State street, when I found myself confronted by a little man with a tall stovepipe hat and long-tailed coat, trying to guide a bicycle. He was wabbling fearfully and nearly knocked me down before I could dodge out of his way. He only looked wildly ahead and shouted to me, "Hey! get off the earth. Don't you see I'm riding a bicycle?" A moment later he was leaning up against a telephone pole with which he had collided, mopping his streaming face. A few hours later, when I was cozily located in a room of a beautiful home opposite the Court House, I learned that this little man, who had so unceremoniously accosted me, was to be my landlord—none other than dear old Dr. Jessup of blessed memory, whom I came to know and love as a second father.

Shortly after that, we had our first assembly of the college year. I was quite ignorant of the customs and knew nothing of such functions, but, toward the close of the hour, I became aware that President Hawley was making some highly eulogistic remarks about the new Latin professor. The students began to applaud—and there President Hawley still stood, looking over at me. Things began to whirl before me, and Professor Heritage, who happened to be sitting next to me, reached over and, in that unconventional style of his, gave me a most irreligious thrust in the ribs. "Get up," he said; "wake up. Don't you see, they want a speech?" I did get up, but I sat down again. Many times since, during these long years, I have tried to recall what it was I said, but I have been unable to bring them to mind. I have begun to conclude that I didn't say anything at all. But I did say something shortly after that. There was a reception to new students and new members of the faculty at the First Methodist church, where I found myself on the platform and expected to make some response to the address of welcome. Well, do you know, all I could think to say was the next Sunday's golden text. It was the reply of Ruth to Naomi, and I stammered: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee." I meant to convey that I hoped I had come to stay while, and wished them to give me a fair chance. The people were good enough not to laugh, and one young lady even consoled me by saying that "it was the best speech of the evening."

And there was another reception shortly after that—a reception and social to all the Freshmen, myself included, way up in the cupola somewhere. By the way, how I wish this index flagstaff! Anyway, this social was under the auspices of the two societies. And we played all sorts of games—when I gradually began to dawn upon me that I was being made the candlestick of the evening. They had me blindfolded half the time, and I whirled me around so often that I couldn't have told for the life of me which way the State House lay. And then we were given cards with something like this printed on them: "I am so and so. Who are you?" We were to exchange with one another and write our names on the others' cards. In the course of this rapid exchange a young lady—wasn't there a young woman named Elizabeth Shepard attending college then?—well, this young woman, without looking up and in a sort of mechanical way, handed me her card, asking if I would like to exchange autographs. I, of course assented with all the awkward grace I could muster. But when I returned her card and she glanced indifferently at the name, she gave one shriek and fled precipitately. I was somewhat disconcerted at that, but was soon inveigled into another game—"Postoffice" or "Clap in and clap out," or something of that nature—screared to death nearly the whole time for fear that some osculatory

Music Department

(Editor's Note—Just at this time I would like to call your attention to a very important event that will soon be upon us, a week that should be very much thought of by all of us, and all mothers and fathers as well as teachers should begin now to prepare for this great occasion. This week is called National Music Week which will be observed from May sixth to May twelfth. This is a great tribute to the art of music, in as much as no other art receives such a distinction, and the editor of this column is preparing some very valuable information for these articles, and anyone desiring any help in preparation for the celebration of Music Week can secure same by writing the Music editor of The Statesman.

gan until after the fourteenth century. As noted in last week's contribution, the Catholic liturgy was completed in the year 600. The Mass center of the Catholic system of worship. The Masses vary according to the uses that they are put to, they include Solemn High Mass, Low Mass, Requiem Mass, etc. One must not confuse the word "Mass" as applied to a musical composition or the Eucharistic office, as, for instance, Beethoven's "Mass in D," and to quote Edward Dickenson in his "The Study of The History of Music," a Mass is simply a part of the larger office of worship called by the same name, and consists of the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei—that is, the portions that are sung by the choir and do not change from day to day. Many portions of the Catholic Liturgical chant are now sung by the choir to musical settings, by modern composers, whereas the words uttered by the priest at the altar, and certain psalms and responses which are sung by the choir are chanted in the ancient melodies, but the reader must remember that the early Roman chant contained only one element of music, which was melody, and there was no harmony. And when the organ first came into use, only the notes which the voices sang were played. Nevertheless, the Liturgical chant is as ancient as the Liturgy itself. The use of modern music in the Mass has had a tendency to overshadow a great number of beautiful Catholic chants, and a point to remember is that in the chant music is secondary to text rhythm this brings us to the fact that the Gregorian period and the modes emanating therefrom, which consisted of eight or ten modal scales, was the basis of all medieval music up to the year 1600. Several centuries were spent in the process of notation, and it is utterly impossible to trace the actual beginning of chant melodies, and the subject has been a matter of debate among all historians in that notation and its form was so entirely different in different localities. It is well to note here that the Gregorian style of music is the only one authorized in the Roman church although some other forms are in use, and it is noted that the Gregorian style and Greek music were a derivative of poetic speech. A great deal more could be written on this subject but time and space forbid, nevertheless, the Editor will be glad to answer any questions that may arise in the reader's mind pertaining to the subject matter just set forth. This brings us now up to a very interesting point in the progress of the growth of music, and this is called the Netherlander period, and is really the beginning of a concrete form of musical art, which history tells us began about the 14th century. The reader will find this a very interesting period to study as it contains very valuable information, for even though it is called the period of the Netherlanders, this writer chooses to call it the period of "the beginning of the masters."

Music Editor, E.B.G.

Federal Postage

ON SALE IN 1847 First Known Postal Receipt Signed In Normandy During 1379

WASHINGTON, March 3.—(AP)—Appointment of Benjamin Franklin as deputy postmaster general for the colonies 175 years ago and the anniversary of the age today, are outstanding in first postage stamp issue, 31 years the annals of this country's postal history. The first known postal receipt was signed in Normandy in 1377. Today an ordinary two-cent stamp with the profile of George Washington guarantees delivery. A letter written in England in 1639 with the inscription "Hast! Hast! Hast! Post Hast! Hast for life!" is estimated to have taken a week or so to travel from Wales to London. In the United States, enmesh today with airmail lines, not more than 48 hours would be needed to carry a letter the same distance. "Federal adhesive postage" was the name of the first stamp issued in America in 1847 and placed on sale in New York. Prior to that time there was in use the "individual postmaster label," similar to a stamp except that each postmaster had his individual stamp and incidentally his own rates. During the first fiscal year in which they were used postage stamps were issued to postmasters for sale to the public to the number of \$80,380. That figure is a far cry from the nearly 17,000,000 issued to more than 50,000 postmasters last year. Up to 1928 there have been approximately 400 government issues of stamps. Since the first issue in 1847 many changes have been made in the design, color and size of postage stamps, and in addition to the ordinary series more than a dozen commemorative series have been issued to make some outstanding historical event. These portray in pictures a chronological history of America. The first commemorative series was issued in 1893 in connection with the world's fair at Chicago. It pictured the discovery of America by Columbus. Commemorative stamps since that time include the Pan-American in 1901; the Trans-Mississippi in 1898; Louisiana Purchase series in 1904; Jamestown exposition issue in 1907; Alaska-Yukon-Pacific stamp in 1909; the Hudson-Fulton stamp in 1909; the three-cent Victory stamp in 1919; the Panama-Pacific series of 1912; President Harding memorial in 1923; Huguenot-Walloon tercentenary in 1924; the Pilgrim tercentenary in 1920; the Lexington-Concord memorial and the Norse-American in 1925; the Ericsson memorial and the Battle of White Plains stamps in 1928; the Sequoia-Centennial, the Burgoyne campaign and the Vermont Sesquicentennial stamps in 1927. Airmail stamps made their first official appearance in 1918. The first airmail postage stamp was printed with an inverted center, making it a desirable prize for stamp collectors today, being worth approximately \$800. Not all stamps, however, have been printed by the government since 1848, for in 1873 and 1879 the Continental Bank and the American Bank were directed by the postoffice department to print two issues. These stamps are listed as rarities by collectors. Now a horned toad is said to have lived for 31 years in a corner stone. In these days of reckless drivers a cornerstone is about the only place where that could be accomplished.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

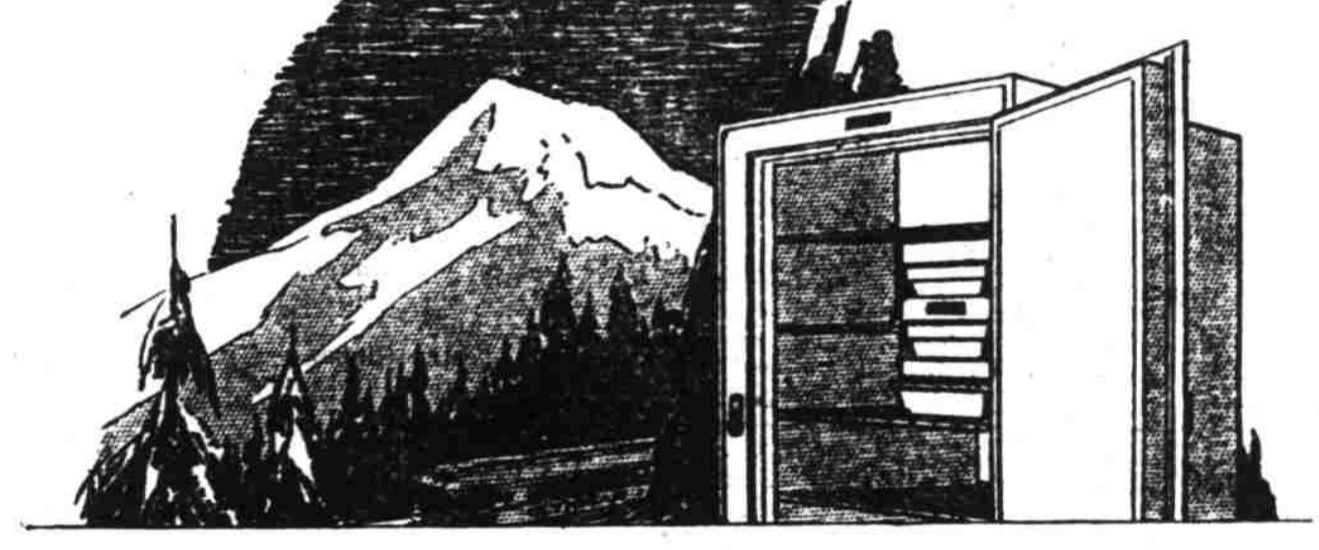
Veterans' Column

This has been a busy week in American Legion circles for the Salem community. National Commander E. E. Spafford visited here Monday—the state executive committee met here Tuesday—regular Capital Post meeting Tuesday evening and the Legion's spring frolic Wednesday evening. The story of each one of these events has been told and so there is no need for repetition. Capital Post No. 9 Legionnaires were glad to see Carl Moser of Portland here for the session during the past week. They know where he is that something along Legion lines is bound to be happening. Les Alberts, state adjutant of the American Legion for Idaho, was a visitor at the Oregon state headquarters in Portland Friday. That contest between Oregon and Idaho has him guessing. The members of Marion Post No. 661, Veterans of Foreign Wars have just received Vol. 1, No. 2 of "The Veteran Crusader" the new publication owned by the department of Oregon Veterans of Foreign Wars. It is a readable little sheet of eight pages. The editor is S. O. Plunkett and the business manager is Grant Getchell, department adjutant and quartermaster. The office of the publication is in the Dekum building, Portland. DALLAS—(Special)—The play "Billeted," which will be staged by the Dallas Legion and Auxiliary units, has been scheduled for Friday, April 27, at the high school auditorium, according to an announcement of Laird V. Woods, business manager. A matinee will be given the previous afternoon for the grade children. It is planned to take the play to other towns during the week immediately following the presentation here. The cast, under direc-

tion of Miss Mary Hagen, is working faithfully upon the play. It is a war comedy-drama, with the scene laid in an English village. The auxiliary plans to use the funds cleared from the play to finance its work for disabled veterans and their families. SILVERTON—(Special)—"You have got a wonderful field, it's a pleasure to land here," remarked Captain Breene of the U. S. Army air service, when he taxied his Curtiss DeHaviland plane up along side of the Silverton Legion hangar. Edward E. Spafford, national commander of the American Legion, was the distinguished traveler who added to the captain's remarks by saying, "Isn't the field fine?" before climbing out of his rear cockpit and unfastening his parachute, to shake hands with the delegates of the local Legion post. Commander Spafford praised the work that the Legion had been carrying on along the lines of aviation, inspecting the field and the newly erected hangar, before leaving for Salem by auto, to attend a mammoth reception, tendered to him by the Legion post, up and down the valley. Commander Spafford and Captain Breene returned to Silverton Tuesday morning and serviced their plane before taking off for Portland and Seattle. Commander Spafford's headquarters are in Indianapolis and Captain Breene comes from Dayton, Ohio. Capital Post No. 9 initiation team will go to Sheridan Monday evening and put on the work for the Post there. Those to make the trip will be Herman Brown, W. L. Royal, Irl S. McSherry, Lyle Dunsmore, and W. W. Williams. George E. Love of Eugene, State commander of the American Legion, spent Monday and Tuesday in Salem on Legion affairs. While here he presented past commander badges at the regular Post meeting Tuesday evening.

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