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THE BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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BUTLER LOOKS BACK

THE faces of founders and benefactors of the college have looked down for the last time from the walls of the old chapel on the ceremonial observance of Founders' Day. Shortly before the academic procession began, a warm winter sun dispelled the clouds of the morning, and streaming through the east windows, threw an aureate splendor over the old canvases in keeping with the spirit of tribute engendered by the occasion. Members of the faculty, wearing the insignia of scholarly attainment accorded by their universities, and two hundred seniors, also attired in cap and gown, filed down the aisles, and the exercises were formally opened with the invocation by the Rev. B. R. Johnson, pastor of the Downey Avenue Christian Church.

If a somber note ruled the morning exercises, it was counterbalanced by the spirit of festival that dominated the banquet scene in the evening. The gowns of the women, the lights, the flowers, the music, the snowy tables and gleaming tableware gave brilliant aspect to the Riley Room at the Claypool Hotel, which was filled almost to capacity by alumni, students, faculty members, directors, and friends of the university.

Although the annual Founders' Day dinner is one of the most formal of all college occasions, formality was tempered by the wit and drollery of Dr. David Kinley, president of the University of Illinois and principal speaker at the morning exercises, and the
genial humor of Hilton U. Brown, chairman of the board of directors of Butler University. The evening, however, was not without its solemn moments, as when Mr. Brown recalled to memory the pioneers who had come into the mid-western wilderness to establish a university, and when President Robert J. Aley, toastmaster, expressed his faith in the future of that university and its ultimate contribution to the life of the state and nation. There was almost the warmth of consecration in the singing by the banqueters of "Old Butler" and "In the Gallery of Memories."

Mrs. Alice Corbin Sies, president of Teachers College of Indianapolis, also was a speaker at the banquet. At the forenoon exercises, Lee Burns, member of the board of directors, reviewed the history of the university. Among telegrams of greeting received in the course of the banquet session were one from the Chicago Alumni Club, one from Maria Leonard, '06, Butler graduate and now dean of women at the University of Illinois, and one from James G. Randall, '03, professor of history at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Kinley's topic in the morning was "College Men and Popular Leadership." In the evening he spoke on general problems and tendencies of modern education.

"One of the most impressive things in the history of the development of life in America," he said in his evening address, "is the repeated insistence of every group of pioneers, of every group of Americans who established a new frontier, upon the establishment of schools of some kind, according to their means. "

"They never let the light of learning die, but they sought always to make it burn brighter for their sons and daughters than for themselves. I do not know of any other nation whose history has a record like that. The determination to maintain these institutions at all hazards, the determination that the next generation shall be better educated from the point of view of public welfare and public policy, is constantly reiterated and shines out in the acts of each successive generation of our American citizens."

"The founders of Butler were no exception. The directors of Butler through the years have been no exception. A few years ago there was great agitation in this country because of the sudden
increase of the number of students seeking entrance to our colleges and universities, and there were direful prophecies of what would happen if we allowed so many to enter the sacred precincts. There were a few of us, mostly old chaps like Dr. Aley and myself, who took the other view. We felt that the American boy or girl who could meet the requirements of entrance was entitled to take advantage of these opportunities. That to my mind is the only point of view that we can take in attempting to give equality of opportunity to all.

"Some of us said this period of distress would pass, that the American people would meet this emergency in their educational history as they had met others and that the publicly supported institutions would get larger appropriations and the endowed institutions would get increased endowments. They will not have it said that in their generation they failed to keep alive the lighted torch handed on to them by the founders of institutions like this. And the result has justified the prophecy. Endowments have been increased everywhere. Yale went out after twenty-five millions and raised it in six months. Harvard, Cornell, Lehigh report that every year the money comes in more readily, testifying to the confidence of the people of the country with reference to the support of their educational institutions.

"My interpretation of this present movement is not from the pedagogical point of view, but from the point of view of social development. This increasing tide of young people seeking education is simply an illustration of the determination of our people to set up a minimum standard of education for the common people of America. Just as we have set up a minimum wage standard for the working man, so we want to set up this minimum standard of education, and the rest of us who want to be highly educated will have to go beyond that if we maintain the degree of merit that has been maintained for the last thirty or forty years.

"There is also an increase in the number of graduate students seeking a second or third degree. Therefore to my mind the whole movement has solidity, and we are likely to continue in the future as in the past, putting up fine institutions like Butler all over the country, which stand as beacon lights, and keeping these lights
going for the security and advancement of coming generations, giving them the advantage of newer methods of education.

"There is a good deal of talk about our educational movements and educational philosophies. I venture to say that there is not a single so-called experiment in education going on today that is not duplicated, with variations, in the history of education. Therefore, I am not seriously disturbed by lugubrious phrases about the failure of our education. I can remember—perhaps none of you here can—when in New England there was an outcry against the establishment of public high schools. And there is not an argument used against the endowment of colleges and universities today that was not used then. The same thing applies with reference to criticism of our curriculum.

"Someone was telling me the other day of the discovery of some tablets in Babylon giving an account of student life, including a criticism of their methods of hazing and other things that are criticized in colleges and universities the world over. Therefore it seems to me that we must go about our work not discounting, not deprecating, and certainly not depreciating any ideas that are new, but open-minded all the time, humble in the face of our past failures, determined to win greater success, and remembering that there is some truth in the statement made long ago that 'There is nothing new under the sun.' In other words, that we are not to be carried away by the high-falutin' notions of people who do not know their history."

Mr. Brown, addressing his opening remarks to Dr. Kinley, told of Ovid Butler's contribution to the cause of education in Indiana and related the part he played in writing the charter for and establishing Butler University.

"Curiously enough," he said, "the spirit which he inculcated has been handed down not only through the generations to students, but we think we see it in his sons and in his grandchildren. You may not be familiar with this, so allow me to introduce this subject to you. Scot Butler, a son of Ovid Butler, is still living after years of service in the college. He went into the Civil War as a boy and fought all through it, and declining a commission, he came home, went to Europe and studied in the great universities.
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His devotion to learning was not disturbed by his devotion to his country, but his patriotism continued to burn brightly as did also his love of learning.

"I remember as a boy seeing walking down the aisle at church on Sunday morning a rather heavy-set, short man with a beard. That occurring Sunday after Sunday, of course we young people became more or less acquainted with him. That was Ovid Butler, the founder of the college, and the father of the man whom I have just mentioned.

"But he was not alone. He alone could not have done what has been done. His was a voice crying in the wilderness, but there were many followers and supporters. Friends came along in time of need, so that we are able to trace a line of generosity and a belief in education which has kept this institution going through the years."

Mr. Brown recalled some of the early benefactions and benefactors, briefly tracing the history of the college through its years of service to its present era of development.

"But this gets to be an old story with us," he said. "Sometimes I think it is only a dream, so the other day I went out to Fairview to see whether it were true, and there is one building going up, and here another, and there is the river, and here the canal, and here are roadways. It is a dream realized—the thing is there before us. Of course all this has required great sums of money and the board is not neglecting to take cognizance of the generous gifts of men like Arthur Brown, Will Irwin, Mrs. Sweeney, Arthur Jordan, and all of those who have thrown in money so magnificently. We are realizing that it takes vast sums of money, because education, like everything else, is moving along, and we want to build out there in a way that becomes not only ourselves, but those who founded the college.

"Ovid Butler was a man of granite. We are building this institution of granite; we are building it to stay. There will always be men and women to be educated. Why build temporarily? If there is any place where permanent structures are needed it is in schools and colleges, not only for the students and devotees of the arts, but for the inspiration of those who are on the outside, as
they see what is past and done and take knowledge of the fact
that here have been lives devoted to the building of school struc-
tures that will endure forever. We know how effective that is, for
even the ruins of antiquity tell the story of the civilization of that
day.

"Building as we are now, let us all trust that next year when
we move out there we shall realize how much greater the obliga-
tion on us is to do the things which education of these modern
times is calling on us to do. This may be the last time that we
celebrate this occasion from the old college. If so, it only adds
another chapter to the historic past, back to which we refer always
with love and affection; and if it should not be the last, it cannot
be long until the last time will come and we are housed out yonder
at Fairview with all that that means."

Mr. Burns, whose address in the morning dealt with phases
of Butler's history, emphasized the importance of the church as a
factor in education in the early days.

"Practically every college was founded by the church," he said.
"Harvard was a church school. It is interesting to read of the
beginnings of Yale, when a few clergymen met in Stamford and
each laid on the table a few books he had brought, saying, 'These
books are for the founding of a college in this colony.' And so
three-quarters of a century ago the members of the Brotherhood of
Disciples decided that the greatest gift that they could make to
humanity would be to found a college where the youth of the
middle West could have an opportunity for higher education.

"It was fortunate that the chairman of their committee was a
man having breadth of vision—Ovid Butler. Mr. Butler had been
associated with a group of friends of education, such as Caleb
Mills of Crawfordsville and H. W. Benton of Indianapolis, in
planning a system of common schools for Indiana, and they
realized the need for a college where teachers for these schools
might be given adequate preparation. They realized the need of
sufficient provision for men who were preparing for the ministry,
and they realized the need of a higher education for all the youth
of the community. Mr. Butler wrote the special charter that was
granted to this college in perpetuity by the State of Indiana, and
its provisions are broad and liberal.
"The first president of the college was John Young. With him were associated two able scholars, Samuel K. Hoshour and Allen R. Benton, whose names were known throughout the educational world at that time. Following in a few years we find such men as Scot Butler, Harvey Wiley, David Starr Jordan, Byron K. Elliott, O. P. Hay, Demarchus Brown, all of whom measured up to the higher standards of education that Mr. Butler was so anxious to have promoted. Among the other great teachers of those days was Catharine Merrill, who was the second woman to hold a place on the faculty of an American college. Miss Merrill was a teacher of great wisdom, a teacher of liberal ideas. She was the first to introduce in her classroom the lecture system, which is now used in every American school, and it is interesting to read in the old correspondence between Miss Merrill and teachers in eastern schools their interest in this system, which next was introduced at Cornell. Following Miss Merrill in the chair of English literature came such teachers as Harriet Noble and Katharine Merrill Graydon. You may well say that the mantle of this first teacher has fallen on worthy shoulders.

"Butler College was the first co-educational school of its kind in America. In the early days some separate schools were founded for women and there were a few seminaries, notably Oberlin, that offered separate courses for women, but I believe Butler was the first to offer full courses for men and women. The authorities in those days seemed to have some difficulty in describing the degrees for women. In the early catalogs it was announced that those who completed the female college course would be given the degree mistress of arts. There was another rather curious provision of the catalog which prohibited the bringing on the campus by any student of firearms, dirks or bowie knives.

"There were no organized athletics in those days, but baseball was played on the campus from the very first. David Starr Jordan was not only a great teacher but a great first baseman, and among the other players were Demarchus E. Brown and Hilton U. Brown, president of the board of directors.

"The great teachers of the early days produced great students.
Butler students are scattered throughout the world. Among them are many teachers, leaders in their profession; justices of the Supreme Court; prominent men in the law, in medicine, in journalism, ministers of the Gospel and leaders in business. Butler men have served the government of the United States in the diplomatic service, in the United States Senate, and in the Cabinet of the President, and in our own community men from Butler have succeeded in every activity of life.

"As we read of their accomplishments time and again, we read this significant phrase, 'They attended Butler College.' That phrase may well become our watchword, and it bears with it both opportunity and obligation. May we so use its opportunities, may we so realize its obligations that our children and our children's children shall say of us as they say of those who have preceded us, 'They attended Butler College.'"

More than one man who has been graduated within the last ten years will regret that when the university moves to Fairview the old power house will not go also. It was a popular rendezvous with male students in years gone by, having as it did all the comforts of home and few of the limitations. Its habitues foregathered in "Dad" Holmes' "office," settled themselves comfortably in such chairs as were available, planted their feet on the table, swapped colorful and ribald yarns, and occasionally, it is to be feared, puffed on a surreptitious cigarette.

But those evil days have passed. Whether it is because present-day students are too far gone in the intellectual pursuits, one cannot say. At any rate, a few more months and picturesqueness will give way to practicality, and the mountains of coal, the stoking, the clanking of the boilers, the grime and the soot will be displaced by clean, oil-burning furnaces that are "'fired'" by the pressing of a button or the turning of a valve.
COLLEGE MEN AND POPULAR LEADERSHIP

Founders’ Day Address

By Dr. David Kinley, President of the University of Illinois

LET me first of all congratulate you on the significance of this day. The observance of a Founders’ Day necessarily recalls to mind the purposes and principles of the founder and the career of the institution. Such an observance is a tribute to the far-seeing person who saw a need and supplied it. That the need in this case was a real and important one is proven by the continued existence and development of the institution. If the foundation laid had not been substantial, this university could not have endured and grown as it has in the past half century. "It fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

On such occasions we stand, as it were, on a hill top and look over the educational landscape to verify and perhaps to rectify our course. We get inspiration from the farspread hills and valleys. We are impressed anew with the need for constant vigilance and with the ideal of a better future lying just beyond the veil of mist that shrouds the top of the next hill we have to climb.

Butler University is one of the monuments strewn along the path of the pioneers of American life reaching across the continent as evidence of their belief in the importance of education. As one of your college historians has said: "The pioneer settlers soon realized the importance of establishing educational facilities that would be accessible to their own people. They knew that successful self-government must be intelligent government." Accordingly, the leaders of the church which established this institution undertook to supply in part that need which they thus felt. To be sure, there may have been a bit of denominational competition and pride in their minds! Hanover and Wabash had been founded by the Presbyterians, DePauw by the Methodists, and Franklin by the Baptists. This pointed a duty to the members of the Christian or Disciples Church. The story of the heroic efforts to get sufficient means to start and maintain the project, the history of the sacrifices made by all concerned, especially by the earlier members of the
faculty, some of whose great names are preserved not only in your memory but in the memory of the educational world, are all well known. In the words of one of your graduates, Mr. John H. Holliday: "A great thing was being done, the evoking of a great and beneficent force that should pervade the life of many generations, exert an incalculable influence upon the community and the commonwealth and touch distant lands. It was the beginning of an institution that would instill high purposes in the hearts and minds of men and women and fill them with a courage to live life bravely and serviceably." And now you may proudly say: "Wherever one may go there are to be found men from Butler." They have played their part with success in every line of private and public activity. They have done their part in molding public opinion, formulating public policies, establishing standards in private business, and, in short, giving character and direction to American life. This thought leads immediately to the subject to which I invite your attention today: whether, in view of their increasing number, college and university graduates of the country are exerting proportionately as great and good an influence on the life of our people as they did two or three generations ago and as they must do if our democracy is to produce its best results.

The subject is more or less intangible. Facts of any kind, statistical or other, bearing upon it, are scarce and illusive. We believe that men and women who have had the benefit of a college course have or are supposed to have an advantage over those who have not had such education, not only in our volume of information but in ability to think, and that they are under a heavier moral obligation to use that ability and information for the public benefit. To-day there are thousands of college educated men and women where forty years ago there were hundreds. In the past quarter of a century, the increase in the number of young men and women graduated each year from the colleges and universities has been very large. These graduates numbered 15,972 in 1900. They aggregated 78,612 in 1924. In other words, the number graduated in the latter year was five times that graduated in the former year, and the percentage of those graduated in the latter year to the whole population was more than three times that of 1900. In
1899-1900, when the first volume of "Who's Who in America" appeared, it recorded 8,602 names. Of these, about 41 per cent., in round numbers, were graduates of colleges and similar institutions. In 1922-23, of the 24,278 names listed in the edition of "Who's Who," about 60 per cent. were graduates of institutions of college grade. The figures do not mean so much as the figures showing the increasing number of graduates in recent years. But taken together, the figures may justify raising the question: has the influence of the college-educated on public opinion and policy in our country increased with their increasing number? Or is it a fact that our increasing number does not indicate a corresponding gain in the leadership that is supposed to come from ability to think in the interest of the public on public matters and to win our fellow citizens by their confidence in the clarity and logic of our thinking and the integrity of our character?

My thesis is not that fewer college graduates go into public life and into those callings like literature, journalism, and the ministry, which mold public opinion and frame public policy; but that the callings which offer this opportunity are perhaps attracting a smaller proportion of the able college men and women than was the case a generation or two ago. By these callings I do not mean office-holding positions only, but include all those callings which set standards of public opinion and policy. I would include the professions of literature, journalism, the ministry, and law, as well as public office-holding of all degrees and kinds. I put the thesis as a question, rather than assert it as a fact.

As I remarked, the evidence is rather intangible and scanty, but there is some. Speaking of the ministry and the teaching profession as openings for men of independent means and good education, Chief Justice Taft wrote recently, "During the last two generations, the thirst for money and a life of independence has deprived these two professions of their share of the ability of college graduates." The shortage of good men in the ministry has long been a cause of regret.

There has been complaint also for several years of the difficulty of attracting able men and women into the teaching profession. Far be it from me to contribute to the beating of the drums that
attends upon educational discussion in these days, or to say anything that will indicate a pessimistic view of educational or, indeed, of general social conditions. The criticisms of things educational, political, social, with which the air is full, are repetitions of similar noises heard at recurrent periods in earlier days. What I am saying, therefore, is not intended to be of a critical character but simply to raise the question of whether the improved conditions of today may not be made better tomorrow by the injection of more of our abler people into vocations that seem to have become more or less neglected. The teaching profession is one of these. To be sure, we cannot expect all teachers to be one hundred per cent. good any more than business men, or lawyers, or the members of any other group. However, if there is one calling in which it is more important to have the best men and women than in any other, it is the profession of teaching; for in the hands of the teachers lie the high duty and privilege of shaping largely the standards and ideals of the coming generation. Here, surely, we need the best. Yet it is a constant cry that we are not getting enough of the best. Probably there is some truth in the statement. It is probable that a larger proportion of the present number of teachers are college and university graduates than ever was the case before. We have so-called higher requirements for teachers' certificates. We have developed our science of education, so that our teaching methods are supposed to be superior to those of earlier days. With these improvements, should we not get better results? Should we not get a better product than we used to get? Do we find that the high school graduates, and indeed the college graduates, are any better trained than they used to be? With the multiplication of psychological tests, educational methods and devices, is our teaching any more successful in turning out educated men and women? Are we not in danger of magnifying the importance of organization, method, devices, as compared with personality, ability, and character?

It is not only in the ministry and teaching professions that there seems to be too small a proportion of the best of our college and university educated men and women. It seems to me that the literature of the day in the main is produced by writers not of
the highest talent. Compare the serious literature of the day with that of forty or even thirty years ago. Broadly speaking, the proportion of books and magazines, and indeed of newspapers, which devoted themselves to discussion of matters of moment, appears greater then than it is now. Magazines of philosophical discussion of important public questions have almost ceased to exist among us. Such of them as survive are largely connected with educational or scientific institutions and are not read by the general public. Our book stalls are loaded with books and magazines whose purpose is to be informative, entertaining, or merely to stir emotion or arouse a passing interest. Too many of them are made primarily to sell rather than to instruct and help. We are too likely to regard as the ‘‘best’’ seller the work of which the largest number of copies is sold and which brings to its author and publisher the largest amount of money, even if its success comes from appeal to passion or prejudice. Consider the dirt that is palmed off on us as ‘‘good literature’’! More serious still, consider our acceptance of it, our support of it, our willingness to have it color and taint our national character and pervert our greatest ideals and destroy our finest standards. We buy it, we read it, and so support those who write it.

But aside from this kind of literature, we encourage the outpour of mere descriptive or informative publications. We fail to distinguish between getting information and getting an education. We memorize; we do not think. We believe that it is important to know much, whether we digest it and think about it or not. I remember asking one of the greatest German economists of a generation ago whether he had read a certain book. His reply was: ‘‘No. If I read everything that is written I have no time to think and write myself.’’ The point is that reflection on a smaller amount of information will do more for us than increasing knowledge without reflection. In the latter case, ‘‘Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.’’

Then consider some of the writers of our literature. There are people writing whose flow of language is better than their comprehension, whose literary technique, as they call it, is of more importance to them than clear thinking, and whose knowledge of
their subject matter might, without harm, be somewhat enlarged. I am amused frequently by interviews with young things whose ambition is "to write." It is surprising how many aspirants for literary fame there are whose only credentials for admission are the desire to write and what they call their knowledge of technique. It seems that membership, past or present, in the English department of a college is regarded as sufficient preparation for writing on subjects of historical, philosophical and social importance. I have seen magazine articles and books on subjects concerning which the authors showed a profound ignorance and a lack of clearness of view, to say nothing of inability to think logically. But the authors could "write"! Their writing was labored expression of the commonplace, platitudinous description of the obvious.

One of the pet ideas of some writers of this class has been to decry old standards of ethics, morals, conduct, and to propose, as a substitute, some opinion of their own, based on neither experience in life, knowledge of history, nor knowledge of human nature. I recall a leading article in a leading journal not long ago which proposed the idea of beauty as a rule of life rather than the idea of right. The young writer had no sufficient experience to justify her readers in having confidence in her judgment. She seemed ignorant of the fact that the subject was not a new one, that it had been discussed by Plato and a line of successors whose knowledge of history and human experience was as a mountain to her mole hill. Indeed, I doubt if the writer would have recognized her subject under the title given to it by other writers—a discussion of the relation of ethics and aesthetics. Yet, such articles are eagerly read and have much influence on public opinion.

Again, consider the journalism of the day. One must enter with fear and trembling upon any discussion that seems at all critical of this field! Is it or is it not a correct view that newspapers had a greater influence in the days of personal journalism, as it was called then, than to-day, as leaders of the people, in sober thought about important public matters? Their influence on the public by furnishing information was never so great. I am speaking of their editorial influence. There are great editors in America to-day. Their voices, however, speak, in the main, the policy of their
organizations. The personal influence of great characters like Horace White, Henry Watterson, Charles A. Dana, Joseph Medill, Horace Greeley, Henry Raymond, Samuel Bowles, seems to be lacking in these days. One wonders whether the removal of the anonymity that surrounds our great editors would not be a public benefit.

One great group of molders of public opinion has practically disappeared. I refer to the platform lecturers of other days. Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and others like them have no successors.

In mentioning these various callings, I use them as typical of the callings that have a more direct and important influence on shaping public opinion. There is another class that should be added. Justice Taft, in the article already referred to, says, "The men whose ranks should be filled are the politicians." With this we must agree. Justice Taft deprecates the sinister significance commonly attached to the term "politician," and defines the word as meaning "one active in politics with a sense of civic responsibility, studying public questions with the purpose of doing the best he can for the public." He adds, what is true, that "the holding of office is not essential to the life of a good politician." Nor is the holding of office essential to the influencing of public opinion. Justice Taft urges men of independent means to go into politics, on the ground that "the men who are not dependent upon their salaries for office will introduce into politics men of independence who will not be afraid to lose office in fighting for what they desire in politics." Such men, the Justice thinks, "will be trained to study the wishes of people and their actual condition. They will be trained to weigh the justice of their contentions and not what are merely selfish outbursts of a class. They will be trained not to hesitate to condemn aspirations that have their origin in the love of a class and the welfare of a class as distinguished from the rest of the community."

There are great problems before the American people to-day. Are the college-educated taking the lead in discussing them—men and women whose purpose is to find the solutions best for the public interest, or men who are using these problems as footballs of partisan politics or for the promotion of special interests? Who
are discussing what shall finally be the position of our country on matters that make for permanent peace? In a society that is becoming increasingly industrial and commercial, how many college-educated are discussing with knowledge, intelligence, and disinterestedness the fundamental principles of agricultural readjustment, proposed changes in our constitution, or our economic and commercial relations with other countries of the world? Who are the leaders in the solution of these questions? We have recently had some splendid illustrations of leadership by men who, as statesmen and citizens, have accepted their responsibility. Mr. Roosevelt was one. Mr. Dawes and his associates in their solution of the German reparations difficulty are others. Doubtless many others might be mentioned; but broadly speaking, are we college-educated people taking that position of leadership in the solution of such questions, in the molding of public opinion on such matters, as people at large are entitled to expect of us?

But it is pertinent to pause for a moment to ask what is meant by leader and leadership. A distinguished business man, president of one of our great life insurance companies, has been quoted recently as saying that a democracy which follows the "foolish philosophy of the Declaration of Independence" cannot long endure in this age of science and business, and that "to endure, a democracy must be ruled by its best. Leadership to-day is no longer in government. It is in science and business. . . . The really great men of America are rarely in politics."

These remarks seem to me to show a misconception of what is meant by leadership in public life and the qualities necessary for that leadership. Modern life, especially in its complex economic and material development, necessitates leadership of various kinds and it is assuming much to say that the qualities necessary to make a great financier, or engineer, or scientist, are the same as those necessary to make a great leader of the people. It seems to me that the latter kind of leadership requires qualities different in many respects from those needed for the former kind of leadership. It requires one type of man to carry through a great engineering project when he has authority to require the performance of their duties by people whose only business is to obey
the will of the leading spirit. It requires a different type of man to fuse together the conflicting opinions of his fellow citizens and to win them to his views. Such a leader must know history and government and law. He should know something about international affairs. He should know the ambitions, aspirations, feelings of his countrymen. He must have prophetic vision to see where these lead and balanced judgment to correlate conflicting views and plans. And above all, he must have the human touch that wins men's hearts to him and the logical acumen that convinces them. Lincoln was such a leader. So was Roosevelt.

It is unwise to expect a man to be a sound guide in public affairs merely because he is great in some line of private business or expert in scientific discovery. "Nothing is more deceitful," Justice Taft remarks, "than the statements that what we need in politics is the business man. Politics are a business—at least they are a field in which experience tells for usefulness and effectiveness—and a man who has devoted his entire life to the successful establishment of a business is generally not the man who will be useful to the public in the administration of public business.''

There are men who, given authority over other men and means, can do great things. But they could not win the mass of men to their views. Such men in public life would probably be Mussolinis, rather than Lincoln.

It is difficult to decide what are the best causes of the apparent decline of leadership of public opinion and affairs by college men. Some, however, seem to be clear. One seems to be the diversification of college education. As former Secretary of War Baker recently remarked: 'In our fathers' day a college education was a concrete and definite thing, and college educated men and women had not only an equal but the same body of common knowledge. In our day electives and specializations have so diversified the possibilities of education that men rarely have identical educations and, therefore, rarely have any consciousness of academic identity in the general mass of educated persons. . . . Our educated and cultured people seem voiceless and scattered. They do not have the common impulse to make their weight felt at the points of social disintegration and danger.'"
Two consequences have followed from this diversification. One is mentioned by Mr. Baker. The other is that people taking these specialized courses of study are not educated in the subjects closest to what we call the "general welfare." They have been educated to succeed in individual vocations. This difference must not be over-emphasized, but there is something in it. As Justice Taft remarked in the quotation already made, the methods of business are not the methods of public administration and the education now regarded as best suited for the former is not perhaps best suited for the latter.

Again, our standard of success in this country has been economic. The man who has made the most money has been regarded as most successful. It has not been possible, broadly speaking, to win in other lines the prestige that success in business brings. In other countries, careers are open in such fields as the ministry, the army, the public service, which while bringing honor to those successful in them, also provide them with reasonable subsistence.

Still again, until recently our political conditions have been in the main rather simple. The past thirty years have brought us face to face as a nation with many new and complex problems.

Finally, the misapplication of the doctrine which is the essence of our democracy,—the doctrine of equality of opportunity,—may have been a factor in producing the result we are discussing. We have interpreted equality too commonly to mean equality of ability, knowledge, wisdom, rather than simple equality of opportunity to use the talents, however meagre, that we are endowed with. Many hold the idea that anybody can do public business, form public opinion and decide public issues intelligently.

Lack of courage may be a partial explanation. It requires courage to think. It requires courage to express an opinion formed from careful thought. It requires courage to stand up for a personal opinion. In matters of public policy, as in most others, it is easier to go with the crowd than to stand alone. We have lost our courage in a measure by the suppression of our individuality. We are victims of mob thought, mob psychology, mob action. We have lost too much of our courage to stand alone.
As a result of these and other influences, many with capacity to lead in public matters have become leaders in various callings but are not leading public opinion on matters of public welfare. Aside from our activity in our callings, most of us spend our time on trivial matters. Our frivolities and our amusements unite us. Our intellectual pursuits separate us.

Not long ago one of our Chicago papers carried an editorial on "Education and the Joneses." The occasion was a social entertainment. Most of them presumably were college graduates. When they assembled some stood up for ten minutes to "reduce." Then they discussed the number of shots on the golf course, the kinds of automobiles—then cards. Who now, this editorial went on to ask, are the Joneses and their friends? "They are the cross-cut of our honest, energetic, American citizen. Every one of them is a product of higher education. The men all went to college, some in the West and some in the East. The women were co-eds or graduates of our women's colleges. They spent a good quarter of their lives in learning how to live, in acquiring an education and absorbing culture.''

We are not sufficiently interested in matters that do not touch our personal interests, especially matters of public concern. In 1920, of a total voting population of more than 54,000,000, fewer than 27,000,000 votes were cast. This less than half. Four years later the total vote was about 50 per cent of the possible. College educated men, whose education lays on them a larger moral responsibility for the discharge of the duties of citizenship, are among the shirkers.

In urging a greater interest on the part of college men and women in the molding of public opinion on matters of general interest and also a greater participation by them in public affairs, I do not advocate the control of public opinion and governmental policy by them or any other class. My appeal is that they should put their talents and education freely at the disposal of the people for the people to consider, to follow, to adopt their views and plans, provided they can be won over to these. I am not advocating the substitution of experts in business or anything else for the
judgment of the people themselves in matters of public policy and government.

What can arouse us to the duty that I have tried to describe? Because of our failure to discharge it we are now confronted with the present demand for some kind of aristocracy. We are told that only the "fit" should be admitted to college. We are told that only the "best" should be allowed to rule. Who are the fit? Who are the best? Who can pick them out in advance? It is of the very essence of democracy that all shall have an equal opportunity to make the best of his talents and to share in the civic life. Many fall by the wayside in the competition. Some people call this a "waste," which they would avoid or prevent by determining in advance who should not be permitted to enter the race. But this would be a denial of the right to try, which is the essence of equality of opportunity. Who would be the judge? By what standards would he judge?

Professor John Dewey remarks: "The final obstacle in the way of any aristocratic rule is that in the absence of any articulate voice on the part of the masses, the best do not and cannot remain the best, the wise cease to be wise. . . . No government by experts, in which the masses do not have the chance to inform the experts as to their needs, can be anything but an oligarchy managed in the interests of the few. The essential need is the improvement of the methods and conditions of debate, discussion and persuasion. . . . It is not necessary that the many should have the knowledge and skill to carry on the needed investigations; what is required is that they have the ability to judge of the bearing of the knowledge supplied by others upon common concerns."

Here is the opportunity and the need for leaders. College educated men and women are called to devote their talents and education to the services of the plain people. They are called on to win the confidence of the public and to lead it by serving it. To be sure, we, the public, have a lesson to learn in this connection. That is, that we must be more regardful of our public servants and more generous in our treatment of them if we are to secure their services. We must make it possible for them to attain at least as great a success, as large a prestige in the service of the public as
they could, on the whole, obtain in private efforts; and we must welcome the help and advice of those, who, while busy with private concerns, yet devote themselves whole-heartedly to the promotion of the public welfare by urging proper standards, high ideals, and straight conduct. We must remove the prejudice which the populace has against sound thinking. James Russell Lowell remarked once that "in the opinion of some of our leading politicians and of many of our newspapers, men of scholarly minds are ipso facto debarred from forming any judgment on public affairs; but if they should be so unscrupulous as to do so, that they must at least refrain from communicating it to their fellow citizens."

The lack of public leadership is shown by the present state of public mind on some great issues. Commenting on this fact, President Nicholas Murray Butler recently remarked, "Take as an example one great outstanding question of this generation: How shall the world act so as to avert the likelihood of a repetition of the gigantic military struggle of 1914-18? . . . To-day, nine years after the Armistice which was hailed through the world with paeans of joy and hymns of thanksgiving, the cynics, the masters of sarcasm, and the exponents of those who cannot and will not think, are still talking in terms of 1914. . . . They go on merrily spending public money for the construction of more battleships and swift cruisers and marvelous submarines, and repeating the old saws about security and national defense as if these terms now had a meaning at all comparable to that which they had in 1914." The lack of sufficient competent leadership on such matters is manifest in other countries than our own.

It is for us who have had the great advantage of education to become in a large way the prophets and leaders of the people. Do you remember the day in the wanderings of the children of Israel when they stood on the banks of the Jordan with the Promised Land in sight but feared to cross the swollen river when Jehovah commanded them to go forward? Who pointed the way? Not the warriors; not the men of wealth. The priests with the ark of the covenant of God, the symbol of Israel's ancient covenant with the Almighty and her unrealized hope of the Promised Land, the embodiment of her ideals and her dreams—they with the ark
were to go in front. They were the servants and the leaders of the people.

"Take up the ark on your shoulders, Priests of the Holy and True, Enter the swelling of Jordan and stand till the tribes go through, Stand in the bed of the river where never a foot has trod, And win by your patient obedience a path for the people of God.

What though the Lion of Judah wave o'er the glittering van? What though the strength of the serpent coil round the standard of Dan?

Never a Prince nor a Leader can stand in your place to-day, Or can reach the strand of the Promised Land, except ye will lead the way.

Not for the mighty ones only scenting the battle afar, Reuben and Gad and Mannasseh, harnessed and ready for war, But time must be gained, the way maintained, for the weak and the young and the slow,— And not till the last have safely past—will the priests have leave to go.''

Winning generously is as fine a quality as losing cheerfully.

The day after the basketball victory over Notre Dame, Butler students one thousand strong swept through the downtown district and swarmed into the Indiana Theater. Charlie Davis, popular orchestra leader at the theater, made himself host and master of ceremonies. After he had introduced members of the team from the stage, his musicians played some Butler songs which brought the celebrants to their feet cheering and singing. Then a pause, and the orchestra broke into the Notre Dame song. In a flash the Butler throng again was on its feet, creating a tumult of applause that made its previous effort seem insignificant. The demonstration was partly for a fallen foe and partly for Charlie, for Notre Dame is Charlie's alma mater.
ONE of the penalties of being in the position of an executive in a college is that on occasions of this sort one has to say something. It is also a penalty to the audience, but it is inescapable so far as I know. I want to say a few words in regard to the year that has passed since we met here, and a few words, possibly of hope, of the things that are ahead.

We feel, and I believe properly so, that in the twelve months that have gone since last Founders' Day that we have had real progress, real growth, real development at Butler. I believe that we have had the services of a body of men and women as teachers who have given more whole-hearted devotion to their work and greater loyal service than we have had in the past, great as the past service has been. I am sure that we have had the interest of the citizenship of this community and of the state and the nation as we have never had it before. I feel beyond any question that we have had greater work, more unstinted service on the part of our board of directors, not that they would not have given it before, but because the conditions of the past year have called for it and they have responded to the call in a wonderful way.

Then I want to say that we have had a body of students who have not given us trouble, but have given us courage and hope for the future. I have no patience whatever with wild stories of "flaming youth," with the notions that are sometimes given forth from platform and pulpit and press that the youth of to-day, the college youth of to-day, are not what they were in the old days. I would be sorry, indeed, to take the cover off the good old days and the people who lived in them. I should not like to expose those good old days to the splendid youth of to-day. If I should attempt it, I am sure I would have many entreaties that it should not be done. I feel that the boys and girls in the colleges to-day, and I think I can speak for more than Butler, are of as fine stuff, have as high ideals, and are as earnest and forward-looking as the
boys and girls of any age the world has ever known. President Kinley just spoke of the history of universities going back thousands of years, showing that there was criticism of the flaming youth of that day. They lived through that criticism, and we have lived through criticism and will live through the criticism that is being made to-day. I have faith, my friends, in the youth of to-day. They are going to respond to the opportunities we give them, and they will be the kind of men and women of to-morrow that we need to solve to-morrow's problems, and that we need to keep the world moving forward.

It is, as I take it, the province of an institution of learning to do a few things better than they can be done by any other institution. It is not the place of an institution of learning, not the purpose, to replace the legitimate work of other institutions. There are a great many fathers and mothers who would like to unload upon the grade schools, the high school, the college, their problems—let somebody else solve them. That is not the purpose of an institution of learning. It is not the purpose of an institution of learning to take the place of civic righteousness in the community. It may contribute its part, but it cannot be the sole agent of civic righteousness for the community. It has its work to do, and its primary work, as you will agree and as set forth in the purpose of such institutions from time immemorial—its primary purpose is to expose youth to knowledge, to inspire them if possible with a love for knowledge, to make them seekers after truth, to make them, if you please, men and women who will think, who will think through problems and act upon judgment that is founded upon facts and conditions that warrant decisions made.

It is not the purpose of the educational institution to teach young people what to think, but rather to teach them how to think, to give them an attitude of mind that will make them approach problems of all kinds—social, political, civic relations, moral problems, in the attitude of a searcher after truth. That, if I understand it, is the purpose of Butler. We are striving to do that thing. We succeed, not of course one hundred per cent., but we succeed in larger measure than many folk suppose, because as you older people know, youth is not opening its mind to every
passerby. We do not know what is going on, what changes, what developments, what new attitudes are being formed, but after life shows that these are being formed within college walls.

Of course, in the conduct of an institution of learning there are a good many extra-curricular activities, and if you read the papers and magazines you sometimes mistake, as I think President Wilson phrased it at Princeton, the sideshows for the big top. You get the notion that the extra-curricular activities, athletics and social affairs and fraternal organizations, are the things that make the university. But as I say a good many times to the students at Butler, we may have a fine football team—the finest; we may have a basketball team that can defeat practically all its opponents; we may have a track team that establishes new records; we may have a group of fraternities that have more jewels in their buttons than any other group in the world; we may have a Junior Prom and a Sophomore Hop that out-proms and out-hops anything in the world—we may have all these, and if we fail in the main purpose of the institution, the purpose of exposing young people to knowledge and giving them an interest in knowledge, indeed, if we fail on the academic side, all these other things are of no avail, and if we fail on the academic side all these other things in a short time will cease. In the long run, men and women who send their children and young people to college seek out the institution that stands for academic development, culture and growth. I hope that in Butler, and in other great educational institutions of the country, there may be proper standards kept, and that the main purpose for which the institution exists may never be forgotten. I trust that at Butler we have contributed something to that attitude of mind.

Now as we look into the future, see the larger facilities that we are to have at Butler in the new location, the greater opportunities to do with more ease our work in the future, we hope that the existing departments may be strengthened, that we may have means that will enable us to secure and retain in our faculty the very highest grade of men and women. But we realize that if we are to serve the community, the state and the nation as we should, there are other developments that must come. We believe that an
institution of learning should contribute very greatly to the better business activities of the constituency which it serves, and so we hope to see in the not far distant future a college or school of business administration developed with a faculty and equipment that may make it as good as the best.

We are already very much interested in the development of training for teachers. We have affiliation with the Teachers College of Indianapolis, of which Mrs. Sies is the head, for the training of elementary teachers. We are now making an affiliation with the Claire Ann Shover School, under the direction of Mrs. Lieber, and we hope to see Indianapolis the center of training for teachers of all sorts, teachers of the highest grade for all kinds of public school work. We have an affiliation with two prominent and widely-known music schools of this city. We hope that is but the beginning of a musical department that shall go on increasing in power, for we believe that the educated man of the future must have such an understanding of music that will round out his full development as a man.

We have affiliation with the John Herron Art Institute, and that, too, we believe, will continue with increasing good result as Indianapolis becomes a greater center for the development of artists and the training of teachers in art. Investigations are now on looking toward the establishment or affiliation of a College of Law at Butler. That is a matter I cannot tell you much about, but it is one of the dreams of the future.

In conclusion I want to say that I believe upon the splendid foundations of the past, upon the achievements of the men and women interested in this institution, upon the work of the present, and through the solution of the problems that knock at our door to-day, there will come a future that will be greater and better and stronger, and that in that future we can contribute more to the life of the community, the state and the nation than we have in the past. That is the dream that Butler has. We hope you may all be interested in helping us to realize that dream. I thank you.
DILEMMAS

Address at Founders' Day Banquet

By Alice Corbin Sies,
President of Teachers College of Indianapolis

IN THE Metropolitan Museum of New York City I once saw Rodin's statue, 'The Thinker.' Seated on a rough-hewn rock, the Thinker leans heavily forward with the weight of his body supported on one knee, the head resting upon a bent arm. How simple it seems to think thus, in majestic solitude, serenely facing life's issues with elemental, primitive intelligence, in probably a rudimentary society. One feels confidence that this primitive thinker will work his way through successfully to the solution of his problems.

Thinking to-day is not so simple. It is a dilemma. One is reminded of the surf bather who in high spirit ventures deeper and deeper into the water where larger and increasingly powerful breakers bear down upon him, until at last the overweight of the water throws him suddenly backward. There is nothing for him to do but strike out with the hands and feet for shore as best he can. Life seems to present more situations in which we have the dilemma of the bather than that of Rodin's Thinker.

We talk much about bringing life situations into the school and college, seizing upon the dilemmas of society as focal points for clarifying our thinking about society. We are attacking this in many different ways. Dr. Meiklejohn, once president of Amherst College, now dean of the Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin, is much in the limelight because of the unique plan he is trying to work out there. Dr. Meiklejohn happens to be a creative administrator who yet has caught the educational tempo of the present generation. He is trying to break away from mass education, from regimentation and lock-step, yet at the same time he advocates the return to the rather definite curriculum of fifty and seventy-five years ago. He returns, however, with a fresh point of attack. The Experimental College does not teach so much as it exposes youth to knowledge.
Twelve students meet with an instructor once a week, who discusses with them not so much history, economics and literature, but takes up the problems of civilization, taking that civilization to pieces, seeing how it worked, what force animated it, finding out what suggestions for the future were thrown out. A rotation of instructors prevents inbreeding of ideas and keeps the swift currents of thought moving. This year the students are delving into the Greek civilization; later they will take a look at the moderns with the idea that they will find out in this intimate association with great minds something of the main springs of civilization.

Of course our critics say that this bird’s-eye view of the world is superficial and that it does not fit youth for the specialization of the business and industrial systems which exist to-day. It will be interesting to observe the results of putting students independently at work and giving them the responsibility for their own education. It has been tried other places with varying degrees of success.

Growth in thinking comes from examining foundations of thought. One must constantly re-examine facts. The educated mind differs from the uneducated both in the insight and the technique with which it gathers facts and marshals them into a fighting position. The thinkers of to-day are confronted by millions of new facts but no gain in the sense of values. Something must be done to simplify and interpret the vast fields of knowledge which are being opened up so rapidly, knowledge which is overwhelming us at every point. That something must be done by the thinker himself.

Glenn Frank of Wisconsin would solve the dilemma by throwing the responsibility for thinking directly on the learner. He says, "Let us help students to follow the gleam of an interest, show them how to unravel the tangled elements of a situation on the assumption that after a while students will come to know a good deal about what they are interested in." The college will never solve this problem by preparing professional courses of study and assigning certain time to them, nor by the "Help Themselves" method of the elective system. Youth will sink or swim only by his own effort and in direct relation to an intelligent plan to solve
his own thinking dilemmas. However, the layman is asking us for proofs as to where youth is going to end in the new education. If we believe in the field of education, there should be some agreement of our representative thinkers and philosophers on what constitutes a well-rounded system of education in a democracy.

Another dilemma which must be thought out in action is mentioned by Dean Russell of Teachers' College, Columbia University. He tells us that for the first time in history we have the spectacle of a social democracy attempting to shape the opinions and bias the judgment of the new generations. How different this problem from that of the Prussian Kultusminster whose loud voice distinctly makes itself felt, while in the democracy a thousand school boards with as many voices are not so distinctly heard. Public opinion back of these school boards represents many minority groups; yet any kind of control of education other than by these small minority groups is impossible so long as we maintain our present ideals of American democracy.

It is not easy to unify these social groups. That is very clearly the dilemma in public education to-day. There is the family which has the personal welfare of the child in hand and has its own idea of what shall constitute education; there are the social groups in which the boys and girls move; and last, there is the state which presides over education. Too often the state is uninformed regarding the facts, and too often the family’s view is narrow and prejudiced. That is one dilemma. What are we going to do when the family representing the individual, and the state representing a political unit of society, do not agree on the fundamentals of public education? Which has the superior right? This question demands clear thinking. It involves a fundamental understanding of the real nature of society, of government, and of the philosophy of life.

In this conflict for rights one is reminded of the irate parent who sent to a school teacher the following note:

"Dear Madam: Please excuse my Tommy today. He won’t come to school because he is acting as time-keeper for his father, and it is your fault. You gave him an example, ‘If a field is five
miles around, how long will it take a man walking three and one-half miles per hour to walk two and one-fourth times around it?' Tommy ain't a man so he sent father. They went early this morning and father will walk around the field and Tommy will time him, but please don't give my boy such an example again, because my husband must work every day to support his family.'

Here we have the parents representing one minority group in conflict with the teacher representing another minority group.

Dilemmas! We could go on indefinitely enumerating them. Is not education in a sense a victory won over these? So long as we can lift the problems of life to higher and more significant dilemmas, we are educatable. A recent pessimistic book by Charles Rechet, entitled "Powerless Man," says: "Some live wonderful lives, but such are not given to all. There is an individual powerlessness. We are continually hemmed in. Our efforts do not get us far." Is life a dilemma in which man is powerless? Is it not rather a grand adventure, a trip on the open road? The educand has business of his own on the open road. He must wander where Truth leads the way. He must attain independence of judgment. And above all, he must share with Rodin's Thinker a decent privacy for contemplation. Giving freedom of thought to others, he attains his own freedom—freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom from meddlesome interference, freedom from the crushing weight of authority. Even Rodin's Thinker had that.

From Interlachen, Florida, comes the welcome information that John W. Atherton, financial secretary of the university, is gaining steadily in health and expects to return to his office in May. Heavy responsibilities placed upon him in connection with the expansion program at Fairview resulted in a nervous breakdown several months ago, compelling him to give up completely his work in Indianapolis. He has been spending the winter in Florida.
FLYING over Chicago at night 3,000 feet "toward the stars"; banking, climbing, zooming above an ever-changing pattern of fields, woods and streams; traveling through sheer space at a speed of approximately 130 miles an hour; feeling a penetrating wind with a seeming temperature several degrees below zero—these are some of the impressions I carried away from my first ride in an airplane when as the first woman passenger ever to make the trip, I took off from the Mars Hill airport Thursday morning, February 16, in an air mail plane bound for Cincinnati, back to Indianapolis, and then to Chicago. When I climbed out of the plane at the end of the route Friday morning I had covered more than 600 miles in six and one-half hours.

It is one thing to make up your mind to fly, walk out on the field, jump in a plane and be off. It is quite another thing to wait and wait for that plane to come and try to be nonchalant, while all around you veteran flyers and mechanics are discussing how Bill "cracked up" in Florida, how Smith "jumped just in time," and what a narrow escape Jones had when he crashed in a potato patch.

As luck would have it, I waited. The Cincinnati-bound plane was behind time.

"I guess these mail ships are pretty reliable, aren't they?" I asked hopefully when Lieutenant Carpenter, of the national guard, stationed at Mars Hill, finished telling the sad story of a stunt flyer.

"Yes, they are," piped up Sergeant Johnson. "But a crash is a crash and a sack of mail won't save you. Why, I saw——"

"Here, you, lay off that!" To me: "You'll be perfectly all right; don't you worry, Miss George." And that was Donald McConnell, to whom I pledged everlasting friendship right then. Mack is field operator for the Embry-Riddle Company, which runs

*Miss George, who recounts here for the Quarterly her experiences as the first woman to fly the air mail route in Indiana, is a reporter for the Indianapolis News.
the mail line and through whose courtesy I was given the trip, along with a second passenger, Paul H. Moore, secretary of the aviation committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

About the middle of the forenoon, the ship, a biplane, sailed out of the blue, landed on the field, and taxied to the hangars with Okey Bevins at the control stick. Bevins is one of the most capable aviators flying the mail. As he brought his plane to a stop several mechanics rushed out to supply him with gas and oil, replace the incoming mail with that going out, and take care of other details.

With helmets and goggles in place, and wearing extra coats and blankets which we had borrowed from good-natured members of the national guard (until we reached Cincinnati, where we were to be equipped with flying suits), Mr. Moore and I climbed in the open cockpit for the first leg of the trip.

Mack helped us arrange the blankets and then above the noise of the whirling propeller yelled his final warning: "Careful, Miss George, that cockpit door won't stay shut."

With an exclamation that we can do without just now, I got a firm grip on that door that I didn't relax for the next half hour.

A wave to the boys and we were off and away. A few minutes later and I was living through my first chandelle, which amounts to "cocking 'er up on a wing," in the lingo of the airport, making a spiral climb for altitude, and finally straightening out on the course, we headed southeast for Cincinnati, about fifty-nine minutes or 110 miles away.

All went well for a while. We were flying about 100 to 150 feet from the ground, which, at first I was inclined to believe, was pure consideration on the part of the pilot for me. Not so, however; lower altitude means greater speed as I was informed later. Outside diving down within a few feet of a wagon left in a field and setting the plane on its tail a time or two in order to get over high-tension wires, there really was nothing to get greatly excited about. Then all at once we heard the motor slow up just above a group of trees. I got ready for a forced landing, in fact, I was ready for anything, when by wabbling his plane slightly, the pilot signaled for us to look around. He motioned toward a flock of
birds which had risen from the trees and except for the slackening of our speed would have been struck by the propeller.

Our attempts at talking reminded me of the conversation between the two men on the comedy stage who were slightly deaf. After we had sped along several miles, I got especially anxious to know at what altitude we were flying.

"Are we about 500 feet high?" I yelled at Mr. Moore. He looked at me, utterly devoid of comprehension. I repeated my query, screaming a little louder. Still he could not hear. It was most discouraging, but I was determined to know our height. Finally he understood me. He glanced over the side and then shook his head.

"No, only about 500 feet," he yelled back at me. Somehow, I lost all interest in altitude for the time.

We breezed merrily along for a while over farmyards, fields and woods. Roads stretched out to the horizon like silver ribbons. The landscape changed to one of hills and valleys as we crossed into Ohio and shifted our course due east to follow the Ohio river. We went up several hundred feet to clear the business district of Cincinnati, and within a few minutes were circling Lunken Field where we landed and taxied to the hangar.

Shortly after 1 p.m. we were back at the hangars getting ready for the return flight to Indianapolis and on to Chicago. Here we got heavy sheepskin flying togs that were welcome substitutes for the makeshift outfits we had been wearing.

"I don't know what we are going to do about you," Bevins remarked in a rather despairing tone, as he compared my height of less than five feet two inches with that of a husky six foot one, for whom the suit was bought. "We can get you in it, I guess, but I'm not sure I can keep you there."

With his aid, I got into the thing, and watched him helplessly as he secured the fastenings. From the waist up, it was fastened with a "zipper" arrangement, which in an effort to adjust against the cold winds, he pulled up with a jerk that lifted me three inches off the floor. Eventually, though, I was all "toggled out" in fine
Flying the Air Mail

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style, even to the sheep-skin moccasins, which fit me like week-end bags.

Our pilot for the return was Warren Vine, one of the youngest air mail pilots in the world. The going back was far more comfortable, largely due to the fact that we were better dressed for the cold. We landed at Mars Hill at the appointed hour, stopping only long enough to get oil and gas, before we went on to Chicago. Our altitude for most of this flight varied from fifty feet to 1,500 feet, while the pilot was continually trying to find favorable winds.

Gradually it grew darker, and then all of a sudden we caught a flash of the revolving beacon light from the municipal airport in Chicago, our landing field, about fifteen miles away.

Pointing the nose of the plane, the pilot started us climbing until we had reached an altitude of nearly 3,000 feet. I think looking down on Chicago, with its network of lighted streets, and with lights burning in the houses like tiny balls of gold, is my most vivid recollection of the whole flight. In the beauty of the view I forgot all about my precious vague wonderings as to just what we would do if the motor stopped and we were forced to land without being able to find a clearing.

At this height we seemed to move very slowly, and then as we approached the airport, outlined with red lamps bordered with yellow, we descended, circled the field and stopped at the hangars. Enough for one day.

At 7:17 a.m., Friday, Mr. Moore, the pilot and I were in flying attire again ready for the trip from Chicago back to Indianapolis. It is the rule of the Cincinnati-bound plane to await the arrival of the transcontinental ship from the west coast. However, a message was received that that plane was down somewhere in Wyoming, and that we should go ahead. Not exactly cheering information, I thought.

I felt like an experienced flyer when once more we climbed into the plane, and pointed toward the Hoosier capital. Within an hour and forty-five minutes we were back circling the field at Mars Hill.

"Well, that's that," remarked Paul Shideler, photographer of The News, a few moments later as he snapped the camera that
caught me in my ample flying suit. "It will make a most amusing story for the younger generation fifty years from now. You better get out of those togs as quickly as you can. The city editor wants us to get a story on a murder over here on the south side."

Such is the life of a newspaper reporter in which an airplane ride from Chicago is all in the day's work.

One of the most ambitious journalistic projects ever undertaken at the university was the 24-page special edition of the Butler Collegian issued in connection with the holding of the first state high school basketball tournament at the new field house March 16 and 17. The paper, which consisted of three eight-page sections, contained, besides news and feature articles, reviews of the work done in various departments of the university and resumée of leading campus activities. Several thousand copies were distributed among tourney visitors.

Alumni of even recent years probably do not realize the growth that has developed in Greek letter colonies on the campus. Butler now has twenty-one fraternities and sororities, eighteen of which are nationally affiliated. In addition to these social groups, there are eleven honorary organizations, six of which are chapters of national organizations. Indications are that when the Greek building programs are carried to completion at Fairview, Fraternity Row will be one of the most populous of north side areas.

Of the one thousand six hundred students enrolled in Butler University, two-thirds are residents of Indianapolis and 521 make their homes elsewhere, according to the statistics recently compiled. In 1925 about eight per cent. of the student body were Indianapolis residents. Of the 521 living outside of the city, 446 live in Indiana, seventy-one in other states of the union, and four in foreign countries.
EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHAT WOULD THE FOUNDERS SAY?

The annual passing of Founders' Day always brings to mind the speculative thought, which perhaps is as idle as it is old: What would the fathers of such an institution as this say if they could return, and after surveying the changes wrought by the years, speak their own thoughts?

After becoming oriented to the exactions and conditions of this new day, would they see eye to eye with our modern educational theorists? Would they look with approval on the broad sweep of progress, or would they feel that it has carried us too far from the old moorings? Would they find youth better or worse in body, mind, and morals? Would they think the teachers of youth the equal of those of other days when the university was young?

One can not know, of course, but one who has some knowledge of the character, the aspirations, the ideals of those pioneering souls, may perhaps hazard an opinion.

When Northwestern Christian University came into being, it was established for the avowed purpose of training young people for the learned professions. The term "learned professions" usually included teaching, the ministry, and the law. That Northwestern Christian University fulfilled that purpose in notable
fashion is attested by the work of scores of young men and women who left her halls to enter pulpits and school rooms in all parts of the middle West and to show others the way toward the goals of a spiritual or an intellectual life.

As the years grew into decades and generations, and life became more complex, other callings began to lay claim, and with good reason, to the term "learned." To-day there has been evolved in the fierce heat of competition, a situation in which such prolonged periods and high standards of preliminary training are demanded as prerequisites to success, that almost any calling of consequence may properly call itself a "learned profession."

To-day the successful farmer is a scientist who is an expert in plant chemistry and soils. The successful journalist is not a scavenger of news who makes shift in a precarious way by pounding out garbled mixtures of truth and falsehood. His is the trained intelligence through which the masses receive the knowledge and proper interpretation of significant events. Business is no longer a matter of simple barter. Even in its most elemental phases, it is an intricate problem in economics. The high calling of home-making has become for girls a science that points a need to careful training in the domestic arts.

Butler University is still training young people for the "learned professions." She has not deviated by so much as a fractional part of a compass point from the course charted for her by her founders. The fundamental purposes of education have not changed. They simply have broadened as the field of need has broadened, and those men of far-seeing vision who set forth those purposes in the establishment of a college would be the first to commend the extension of the institution's sphere of influence.

As to whether the founders of the college would find encouragement in the attributes of modern youth, there is even less doubt. They loved youth, did those men of revered memory. They proved that when they established this university in sacrifice and toil. If they loved youth, they understood it, surely. And those who understand the youth of to-day, know that never within memory has the character of youth given such wholesome promise for the future. If frankness is a sin, if honesty is a vice, if looking at the facts of
life without either the blush of false modesty or the blanch of fear is a crime, then write down modern youth in the book of infamy. But if these qualities be not vicious, there is no cause for perturbation.

The question of the comparative caliber of the faculty of these and other days will never be settled here or elsewhere to the satisfaction of all. If Ovid Butler and his colleagues were to survey the educational world to-day, they certainly would find more Doctors-of-this and Masters-of-that than ever were known to them. Whether this means anything is matter for debate. In certain circles, there is a growing feeling that it does not, that one cannot measure intelligence, scholarship, character, and ability as one would measure gasoline, potatoes, coal, or other staples. But for those who set store by these necessary standards, university faculties are undeniably richer in academic degrees than they were in the earlier days of educational effort.

Older alumni will not hesitate to say that there are no teachers in the universities to-day who can match, either in mental or spiritual equipment, the professors of their student days. Let no one challenge that sentiment. It is too beautiful an expression of appreciation of the often unrequited services of those pioneers in education. Besides, it is true insofar as it concerns the person who utters it. No teacher of to-day can hope to equal the memory of those long gone as it is treasured in the hearts of loyal students. Time has a kindly way of effacing minor faults. Retrospect recasts familiar figures in heroic molds.

That is as it should be. Many of those old instructors were great. Their works prove it. They met the difficult needs of their time. No one could ask more.

The present faculty of Butler University is doing the same thing. It is confronting the problems of to-day, problems far different from those that faced its predecessors, and it is meeting them with a courage, a wisdom, and a patience that commands admiration. The question of which group is the abler is unanswerable, and moreover, irrelevant. The one has fulfilled, the other is fulfilling the purpose for which the college was established. To know that is enough.
While other alumni were participating in the general Founders' Day observance in Indianapolis, the Butler Alumni Association of Chicago in its annual meeting held in conjunction with the Hoosier Salon was having exercises of its own.

The group received a telegram of greeting from Miss Katharine Merrill Graydon, alumni secretary, and wired its congratulations to Alma Mater on the occasion of Founders' Day.

Following the luncheon, Mrs. Ada Schulz and Murray Wickard, Indiana artists, spoke. Mr. Wickard later conducted the group on a tour of the galleries.

Dr. Garrison, also a luncheon speaker, emphasized the need for alumni to keep in close contact with the program and ideals of Butler, asserting that each member must assume responsibility for the closer relationship. He reminded the group that college loyalty must not exhaust itself in reminiscence but must look forward to the new Butler with its new tasks.

Among the other speakers were Frank F. Hummel, president; Clifford Browder, and Henry Bruner.

The report of the nominating committee, presenting the names of the following persons for office, was accepted: Frank F. Hummel, president; Lorene W. Ingalls, vice-president; Margaret Lahr McRoberts, secretary-treasurer; Cornelia T. Morrison, corresponding secretary.
OPENING OF THE FIELD HOUSE

At 6:30 o’clock on the evening of March 7, the doors of the new Butler field house swung open to the public for the first time. The crowd which streamed in from that time until shortly after the opening of the Butler-Notre Dame game at 8 o’clock marvelled at the vastness of the structure and the completeness of the equipment.

Arthur V. Brown, member of the board of directors, was the principal speaker at the exercises held in connection with the field house opening. Besides the Indianapolis basketball enthusiasts and a delegation from South Bend, a number of out-state visitors were present. The athletic department of the university was host to all members of the faculty and their families.

Prior to the Butler-Notre Dame game, the freshmen played a team composed of alumni.

THE ALUMNUS AND COMMENCEMENT

Although the breath of spring is still fitful and sometimes frosty, alumni not only in Indiana but in more remote parts of the country are looking to June when they are planning to return for the festivities and reunions of commencement week. The program begins Friday evening, June 15, with the annual Phi Kappa Phi banquet, and ends Monday, June 18, with the awarding of the degrees under the shade of campus elms and maples.

Many classes will have reunions, but the spotlight of special attention will be focused on four, ’78, ’03, ’18, ’23. These are the celebrating classes. Only one person will be present to represent the class of ’78 on its fiftieth anniversary. This is Miss Katharine Merrill Graydon, alumni secretary and sole survivor of her class. The class of ’03 will meet for its twenty-fifth anniversary; ’18 for its tenth anniversary; and ’23 for its fifth anniversary.

The reunions will be held on Class Day, Saturday, June 16. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached Sunday. Although programs for the four days have not been completed in all their details, class secretaries are being urged to remind their classmates of the date for the annual trek back to Alma Mater.
BACK FROM TIBETAN PERILS

Roderick A. MacLeod, '14, and family have recently returned to Indianapolis from Tibet after a perilous journey. Their experiences along the upper reaches of the Yangtze River were told as follows in the Indianapolis Star:

For ten years they were stationed at Batun, on the upper Yangtze river, a town of 4,000, where the work of running a church and Sunday school, orphanage, hospital and school was supported by the Seventh Christian Church of Indianapolis. When the trouble in China reached the point where it was no longer safe for missionaries to remain anywhere within Chinese territory, they were advised by the consul to leave and June 27 their party set out for the nearest railway point—Myitkyina, 1,000 miles or more away.

In the party were Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod, their two little sons, Duncan, 7 years old, and Shelton, 5 years old, and their 9-year-old daughter Lora; Mr. and Mrs. Marion Duncan—also missionaries—and their two children; a crowd of porters and an armed escort provided by the Chinese government. But, Mrs. MacLeod said, it was all too evident that the escort was “in cahoots” with bandits, for they were only a few days out from Batun when they were set upon by mountain robbers. Their armed escort disappeared and their porters ran off—though they returned some time later when the danger was over.

“They took everything we had,” said Mr. MacLeod. “Everything but the clothes on our backs—they took all our horses, all our supplies, all our records—the journal I’d kept for ten years—all the work I’d done for the Royal Geographical Society—all our photographic films—the Duncans lost 1,200 films—even Mrs. MacLeod’s wedding ring. We finally reached a Catholic mission, where we were given a new set of supplies and porters to replace those the bandits had taken. Have you ever seen a Wild West show? That is what the raid of the bandits was like—circling about us on their horses while they shot.”

Any one who objects to the hardships of a journey of two or three days on the train should hear the story of the journey of the
party of missionaries from Batun to Myitkyina—unable to follow the regular routes because of the bandits, depending solely on their guides—seventy days of actual travel, marked by endless delays and necessary resting periods. Their route took them across the eastern end of the Himalayas, across deep rivers, where the only way to cross was by way of rope bridges. No wheeled vehicles could make the trip; the travelers rode horseback or walked; Mr. MacLeod walked all the way; the children were carried on the backs of the grown persons; part of the time the women traveled in a primitive species of sedan chair, but for twelve days they, too, walked.

They penetrated into the unexplored and unmapped territory of northwestern Yunnan, and over into upper Burma, and traveled through the jungles, and sometimes at the houses where they stayed tigers had just paid visits or paid a visit immediately after they arrived, and carried off live stock.

"We went," said MacLeod, "where none but a fool or a missionary would go."

Mr. MacLeod drew a vivid picture of Tibet; he said he had never been to Lhassa, the forbidden city, for the simple reason that he felt he had no business in Lhassa—and he believes that the reason so many persons are determined to go there is for no other reason than that it is forbidden.

"Tibet is all mountains, rushing rivers in the valleys and high grazing plains," he said. "Flowers! Anyone who loves flowers should see those of Tibet—more than three thousand species of rhododendrons alone, and you can trace the advance of the seasons by the rising tide of the color of the rhododendrons along the sides of the mountains.

"The people are fighters and farmers, and one of their great sources of income is hunting the musk deer—a little deer about the size of a goat—which has a pouch containing the musk which is so valuable in making of perfumes. The missionaries have their houses and gardens—yes, and plenty of yaks, too. Nobody in Tibet could very well get along without the faithful yak. We ride the yak, we eat the yak, we pack our baggage on the yak, we milk the yak and we make clothing out of his fur."
"I can't say that the lamas—Lamaism is a degenerate form of Buddhism—ever bothered us particularly; perhaps we hadn't been there long enough to be taken seriously—the mission was only founded in 1909 and the permanent building work begun a few years later. But don't get the idea that Lamaism and lamas are like they are in Kipling's 'Kim'—that is sheer poetry.

"What the lamas seemed to resent the most was the hospital, because we treated every one who came—asking pay from those who could afford it, and giving free treatment to those who could not; this cut into the priests' revenue, for exorcising the devils of illness is one of their leading industries; there are millions of these devils, and they have innumerable contraptions for driving them out."

IN THE SPORT REALM

One of the most successful basketball seasons known at Butler has been completed. Coach Paul D. Hinkle, who has directed the destinies of the Blue and White netmen for the past three seasons, victoriously led his men through one of the hardest schedules, which carried the Bulldogs to several of the leading schools and universities of the Middle West. Wisconsin, Purdue and Chicago were included in the Big Ten teams met by the Butler netters, while Notre Dame furnished the opposition for two games, the latter being played as a part of the opening exercises at the new Butler field house at Fairview.

Despite the fact that Western Conference teams, Notre Dame and all of the stronger teams in Indiana were on the schedule, Hinkle's team finished the season with a record of having lost only three of the scheduled twenty-two games. These defeats were suffered at the hands of Wisconsin, Purdue and Notre Dame.

A record, which was not surpassed by any team within the state, was established by the Butler men when twelve straight victories were recorded. This victory-blazing streak was temporarily halted by the 32 to 24 defeat suffered at the hands of the Notre Dame outfit on the South Bend floor. The Bulldogs, however, came back to Indianapolis, and on the following week-end
defeated their ancient rivals from Franklin and started their last lap of the season, winning the remaining five contests, in which were included besides the Baptists, Wabash, Marquette, De Pauw and Notre Dame.

Starting the season, Coach Hinkle had practically the same team that laid claim to the state basketball title for 1926-27. Captain Robert Wakefield, versatile Bulldog forward, was the only loss to the Blue squad when Hinkle sounded the call for net material in November. Supplementing this wealth of veteran material were four sophomore players who came to Hinkle highly recommended by Robert Nipper, freshman coach. These men who made their first try at varsity competition were: Allen of New Castle, M. Christopher, brother of Clarence Christopher, star varsity floor guard, Hildebrand of Southport, and Eaton of Ben Davis.

From the start of the schedule, which found the Blue netters downing Danville Normal, 49-22, the combination of Captain Archie Chadd, Dana Chandler, Harold Holz, C. Christopher and William Bugg, carried the brunt of the opposition. The varsity quintet varied slightly, however, in various games, Maurice Hosier replacing Bugg at back guard, Frank White replacing Chadd, and Oral Hildebrand being used in place of Holz.

Chandler led the individual scoring of the Butler team to the end of the season, after getting off to a slow start. The sophomore Hildebrand led the men in scoring for the first few games, but was replaced as Chandler began his season’s barrage of baskets.

Prospects for a state championship squad to perform in the new field house next year are encouraging. Captain Chadd, Clarence Christopher and Holz are the only men who will be lost to the team by graduation. Freshman material during this year is not exceptional, although Coach Nipper has several men who have shown possibilities of standing the intense strain of the varsity pace.

E. Gerald Bowman, '29.
AROUND THE CAMPUS

Dramatic Activities To Fore

Dramatics has been vying with ever-present athletic activities for the campus limelight since the beginning of the present semester. "The New Poor," a three-act play by Cosmo Hamilton, was presented in March by Thespis, Butler dramatic society. Two performances of the play, which was coached by Mrs. Eugene Fife of the public speaking department, were given.

Thespis will represent the university in the National Dramatic Contest to be held at Northwestern University April 19, 20 and 21. The contest is an annual tournament for dramatic groups in colleges and universities. "Dust of the Road," a one-act play by Kenneth Fawyer-Goodman, will be the Thespis presentation.

The first all-school musical revue, "Fairview Follies," made its debut late in March at the Murat Theater under the auspices of the Men's Union. The musical scores were synchronized with the acting to provide an effect that was harmonic and colorful. The libretto and music were written by Henry Hebert, student director of the Butler band, and John Heiney, ex-'23, author of "The Butler War Song."

Journalists to "Cover" Europe

A European tour under the direction of the Butler University School of Journalism, with university credit for work done en tour, has been announced for this summer. A course in European journalism and a course in feature writing, each of which will give the student two hours of credit, will be offered. The group, sailing from Quebec July 11, will travel through England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, Italy, and Switzerland. Lectures will be given on shipboard, and visits will be made to newspaper plants in England and on the continent. The tour is expected to attract students and teachers throughout the middle West.

Courses in journalism also will be offered for the first time this year at the regular university summer session.
Touring Bandsmen Please Public

Performance of the university band, under the direction of J. B. Vandaworker, on its recent tour through north central Indiana, was the source of favorable newspaper comment in those towns where the band played. The two-day tour included stops at Carmel, Westfield, Arcadia, Kokomo, Elwood, and Cicero. The band was composed of fifty pieces. Miss Kathryn Bowlby, '27, contralto, sang two groups of solos at the Kokomo concert.

Win Forensic Laurels

Although strong debate teams have been the rule at Butler for several years, the squad this year has made an unusual record. It has won thus far, nine straight victories, defeating some of the strongest teams in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. The subject debated was, "Resolved, That the United States Should Not Protect Foreign Investments."

Miss Butler Speaks In Boston

Miss Evelyn Butler, dean of women, was one of the principal speakers on the program of the National Council of Administrative Women in Education, which met in Boston February 27, 28, 29 and March 1. Miss Butler, who was the only woman from the middle West to have a place on the program, is treasurer of the national organization.

Senior Scholars Honored

Twelve ranking seniors have been elected to membership in Phi Kappa Phi, national honorary scholastic fraternity. The twelve, in the order of their scholastic standing, are Jane Ogborn, Adelai C. Moore, Elizabeth Ann Miller, Margaret Woessner, Mary E. Boyd, Virginia Small, Mrs. Grace E. Meyer, Margaret Elrod, Mary L. McCormick, Irene Bowers, Virginia Barnes, and Elsie Underwood.

Radio Links Alumni, College

Alumni throughout the middle West have formed the habit of tuning in on WFBM, radio broadcasting station of the Indian-
apollis Power and Light Company, every Friday night between 9 and 10 o’clock for the Butler radio hour. The programs, arranged by the Butler Radio Bureau, which was organized early in the year, are composed entirely of university talent. Stanley Cain, ’24, instructor in botany, is faculty sponsor.

Mary Garden Sings for Sorority

One of the most ambitious enterprises undertaken by a campus organization in recent months was carried through successfully early in the year by the Delta Gamma Sorority, sponsor for the appearance in Indianapolis of Mary Garden, prima donna soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. The chapter held a formal reception at the Marott Hotel for Miss Garden at the conclusion of her concert at the Murat Theater.

New Collegian Supervisor

Robert T. Harrison, ’27, returned to the university as instructor in journalism at the beginning of the second semester. The principal duty of Mr. Harrison, who has done practical work on papers in Muncie and Shelbyville, will be the supervision of student work on the Collegian. Joe Helms, ’28, was appointed editor of the Collegian for the second semester. Helms was editor of the 1927 prize-winning Drift.

Butler Orator Ranks Fourth

Speaking on the subject, “Our Old Man of the Sea,” a discussion of free trade and protective tariff, John Love, Butler representative, won fourth place in the state oratorical contest held at Purdue University. Wabash took first honors in the contest.

Scientists Honor Friesner

Dr. Ray C. Friesner, professor of botany, was elected secretary of the Indiana Academy of Science at its forty-third annual meeting at Notre Dame University.
"Potsy" Is Impressario

An innovation in the way of entertainment between halves of basketball games on the home floor this year is the brain child of George "Potsy" Clark, director of athletics. Wrestling matches, boxing bouts, group singing and other forms of diversion have helped while away the tedium of waiting for "the next act."

$5,000 Is Kealing Gift

A gift of $5,000, with which a chair of political science probably will be endowed, was left to Butler University by the will of Joseph B. Kealing, '79, Republican national committeeman from Indiana, who died several months ago. Mr. Kealing previously had expressed the wish that any gift which he might leave to the university might be used to endow such a chair.

Must Work Harder for Degrees

Academic standards in the university have been raised through the revised system of grading which has been adopted by the faculty and which went into effect at the beginning of the second semester. Formerly, a student might be graduated by making a general average for the four years of "C minus." Now an average of "C" will be necessary for graduation. The new system abolishes computation by percentages, the grades now being interpreted solely in terms of credit points.

University "400" Not So Proud

The first semester took heavy toll in student failures, according to figures in the registrar's office, where the work of almost 400 students was classified as "unsatisfactory." This included failures, conditions, and incompletes.

New Boulevard for New Campus

Plans and specifications for a new boulevard to link Fairview with the city have been prepared in the office of the park board. The thoroughfare, to be constructed at an estimated cost of $25,000, will connect Thirty-eighth Street with the new campus.
Student Directory Appears

The Butler Handbook and Directory, published under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., appeared at the beginning of the second semester. It contains the names, addresses and telephone numbers of students and faculty members and includes a brief history of student organizations and a review of campus activities.

Mrs. Richardson's Mother Dies

Dr. W. L. Richardson, professor of education, was called to Toronto in January by the death of his wife's mother, Mrs. Frances Emily Cooper.

Kappa Chapter Fifty Years Old

Mu chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in January with a formal dinner at the Woman's Department Club. Irma Ulrich, '26, was toastmistress.

Gift In Memory of Son

A gift of $2,000, the interest on which is to be used as a loan to aid students in the English and Economics departments, has been received by the university from Mr. and Mrs. John S. Wright. The fund has been created in memory of their son, John Newcomb Wright, former student at Butler, who was graduated in June from the Indiana Law School. He died in August.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. Frela Jones Smullins, '22, is living in Chicago.
Miss Leefe Worth, '27, is teaching in Portland, Indiana.
Miss Dorothy R. Griswold, '19, is living in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
Miss Helen C. Moffett, '25, teaches in the Bluffton High School.
Henry T. Mann, '90, has changed his residence to Gainesville, Florida.
Miss Mary Lou Wright, '27, is laboratory technician at the Home Lawn Sanitarium of Martinsville, Indiana.
O. R. Meolgin, ex-'20, lives in Monticello, Indiana, where he has charge of the Church of the Disciples.

Miss Mary Ann Huggins, '28, has gone to the University of Illinois to be assistant in Dean Thompson's office, while working for her master's degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentice D. Edwards (Katharine Gawne, '13) and daughter Jane are living in Muncie, Indiana, where Mr. Edwards is connected with the Eastern Normal School.

Rex D. Hopper, '22, writes from Paraguay that he is making preliminary arrangements for working for his doctorate in the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Cornelia Thornton Morrison, '14, was elected corresponding secretary of the Butler Alumni Club of Chicago at the annual luncheon of the Butler Alumni Club of Chicago held February 11.

Miss Genefrede Harris, '20, regional superintendent of young people, was on the program of the midwinter retreat of the Indiana Christian Ministerial Association held in Indianapolis.

Joy Julian Bailey, A. B. '26, A. M. '27, has received appointment as assistant in the department of history in the University of Pennsylvania. While teaching Mr. Bailey will have opportunity to work for his doctorate.

George W. Huggins, student of the old university, and Mrs. Huggins celebrated in Indianapolis on January 22 their golden wedding anniversary. The Huggins family has been loyal to Butler College. Besides Mr. Huggins, his children, Mrs. Edna Huggins Hicke, '07, Miss Edith L. Huggins, Dr. Ben H. Huggins, Emmett S. Huggins, '02, and his granddaughter, Miss Mary Ann Huggins, '28, have attended the university.

Horace M. Russell, '05, of Amarillo, Texas, passed through Indianapolis in January en route to Baltimore, Maryland, in company with his daughter, age nine. It was a disappointment to his friends that Mr. Russell could not linger longer. The loyalty of this member of the class of 1905, expressed in many grateful ways, has not been surpassed by any alumnus of Butler University, and the QUARTERLY desires to express its appreciation and to wish for him all the good that can come.

Mrs. J. A. Sims (Miss Mary E. Laughlin) of Elkhart, Indiana,
accompanied by her two sons, Thomas A. of Indianapolis, and Ernest of Elkhart, attended the Founders’ Day dinner. Mrs. Sims was a sister of Miss Jennie Laughlin of the class of 1870, who was among the first missionaries sent out by the Christian Women’s Board of Missions, and she was closely associated through the years with Mrs. Alice E. Snider, ’66, Mrs. Mary Stewart Cochnower, Mrs. Rachel Quick Buttz, Mrs. Mollie Carr Cole, and others of that time. It was very pleasant to have Mrs. Sims present at our annual celebration and to feel again her loyalty to the university.

Miss Genevieve Downs, ’19, sends from Whittier, California, to Miss Cotton the following letter: “I am working on under the California State Psychologist and Superintendent Scudder. It is an untried field, and I am finding it highly adventurous. It is the problem of what can be done for the prevention of juvenile crime through the drama. Boys here with criminal tendencies and possessing records of theft, murder, immorality, etc., we put in plays and try to find some expression for that sense of adventure gone astray. When I can’t find the right kind of play on the market, I write one for the situation. Wish you could have seen the Christmas pageant (“His Birthday” I called it) and the eight hundred people sitting there so breathlessly still at the sincerity and solemnity of the boys. We are rehearsing Drinkwater’s “Abraham Lincoln” now. Every morning I go down into the field and pick out my thirty boys while the sky is still pink, about ten minutes of seven, and it is a real delight to hear them read those lovely lines of Drinkwater.

“The four years at the Belmont School for Boys I enjoyed tremendously, especially the faculty which included many professors from Stanford. Last year five of us organized a new Community Playhouse at Palo Alto giving eight plays for adults and four plays for children. The boys at Belmont were sons of the excessively wealthy and of the royal families of Mexico and Hawaii. Here at Whittier I am seeing the other side of the picture for seventy per cent. of these are from broken homes. It is hard to say which type is more absorbing.”
MARRIAGES

Braunlin-Cantwell—Dr. Robert Braunlin and Miss Louise Cantwell, ex-'26, were married in Indianapolis on December 7. They are at home in Huntington, Indiana.

Robinson-Zoercher—The marriage of Mr. Arthur Raymond Robinson, Jr., and Miss Martha M. Zoercher, '27, both of Indianapolis, was announced in December.

Bergen-McRoberts—Mr. Harold W. Bergen and Miss Margaret McRoberts, ex-'21, were married on December 25, in Indianapolis. They are at home in Franklin, Indiana.

Moore-Crew—Mr. Kenneth William Moore and Miss Mary Elizabeth Crew, '24, were married on December 30, in Dayton, Ohio. They are at home in Moorhead, Minnesota.

Stout-Stephenson—Mr. Karl Edgar Stout and Miss Dorothy A. Stephenson, '26, were married in December in Indianapolis where they are at home.

Redding-Bloor—Mr. Herbert E. Redding, '09, and Miss Margaret Bloor, '19, were married on January 4 in Indianapolis where they are at home.

Matthews-Lennox—Mr. Joseph Casle Matthews and Miss Katharine Lennox, '25, were married on January 4 in Indianapolis where they are at home.

Mannon-Brown—Mr. Floyd Ralph Mannon and Miss Jessica Merrill Brown, '24, were married on January 7 in Indianapolis where they are at home.

Konold-Brown—Mr. David William Konold, '26, and Miss Julia Atherton Brown, '26, were married on January 7 in Indianapolis. They are at home in Omaha, Nebraska.

Armer-Graham—Mr. Robert M. Armer and Miss Margaret Graham, ex-'28, were married on January 7 in Indianapolis where they are at home.

Courtney-Higgins—Mr. James Clifford Courtney, '26, and Miss Marguerite Higgins were married on February 20 in Indianapolis where they are at home.
Boyle-Torr—Mr. Vilas J. Boyle and Miss Eleanor Torr, '27, were married on February 21 in Indianapolis where they are at home.

BIRTHS

Bryant—To Mr. and Mrs. George R. Bryant (Edith Fitzgerald, '24) in Chicago on February 14, a daughter—Carol.

Felt—To Mr. and Mrs. Truman T. Felt (Frances Brubeck, '23), in Florida on January 29, a daughter—Frances Elizabeth.

Hodges—To Mr. Dale Hodges, '23, and Mrs. Hodges (Helen Belle McLean, '22) in Indianapolis on February 23, a daughter—Jane Ann.

Moore—To Mr. and Mrs. Neal Moore in Indianapolis on January 31, a daughter—Barbara Ann.

Murray—To Mr. James Lee Murray, '09, and Mrs. Murray in Indianapolis on January 2, a daughter—Sue Isabel.

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"The call is, then, Come back! Call issued to scattered host, to children that have gone their several ways, to comrades unforgetting, unforgot. Come back in memory and in such messages as wanderer sends home."—Scot Butler, in first issue of Alumnal Quarterly, April, 1912.
COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Friday Evening, June 15
Phi Kappa Phi Dinner

Saturday Forenoon, June 16
Class Day Exercises
Class Reunions

Saturday Afternoon
Class Reunions

Saturday Evening
Alumni Supper
Annual Business Meeting
Alumni Chapel Program

Sunday Afternoon, June 17
Baccalaureate Sermon

Monday Forenoon, June 18
73rd Annual Commencement
THE OLD NEST

AN EDITORIAL

ONE of the strongest impulses among living things is the homing instinct, that sense of yearning that guides the flight of a bird to its old nest, directs the wandering of a beast to its old lair, and turns the footsteps of a man to the roof-tree of his youth.

In the lower forms of creation, this manifestation is interesting; in man, it is inspiring. It has a spiritual significance that involves the highest attributes of character. The lamp of a man’s soul has indeed burned low when it does not glow in response to a suggestion of those places and things that were shelter and nurture to him in days gone by.

Next to the hearthstone as an anchorage for the affections is one’s college. It has cast the light of its influence over the fairest years of life, years when every day was a long day and a sunny one. Friendships that have endured through the years were formed there. Ideals that have directed the course of individual destiny had their birth there. Memories that engraved themselves indelibly on the tablets of human sentiment trace back to the same source.
That men desire to refresh those memories, to renew those friendships, and to kindle again those ideals is a heartening refutation to the charge that the world has grown crass and has become lost to all the finer sensibilities. It denies in loudest tone the assertion of materialists that buildings are only piles of brick and mortar, and a campus but a plot of ground.

They will come back—those students of other days. As surely as the skies grow blue with June, they will come, back to the old haunts, back to the old nest. They may have to lay aside many a personal claim, they may have to travel many a dusty mile, but they will come. It is the homing instinct.

There may be other places as fair as Irvington in June, but they do not readily come to mind. Its quiet is as the peace of a secluded haven. Already the air is laden with the perfume of bud and bloom, and is as soft as the touch of a maiden’s caress. Leaves as yet unscorched by summer sun reach almost from curb to curb across the winding streets. The ivy on the old buildings is green, and the light breezes whisper of summer in the campus elms and maples.

The old nest is ready for those who are coming home.

The old bell, which for twenty-five years has rested in silence in the cupola of the Administration Building, spoke again the other day. A solitary stroke of the clapper against its cracked side sent a feeble clang floating out over the campus that caused a generation of students that knew not even of the bell’s existence to gaze wonderingly at the tower.

The sound was occasioned by the efforts of workmen who were removing it preparatory to taking it to Fairview where, newly welded, it will hang in the western tower of the Arthur Jordan Memorial Building, its solemn, mellow tone to become once more a part of campus life.

Nearly seventy-five years ago, the bell rang to call students to their classes at Northwestern Christian University. When the institution moved to Irvington, came, too, the bell to serve a similar purpose. Then there was the day it broke from its hanging and crashed through the ceiling. Since then, cracked, dust-covered, and almost forgotten, it has been a mute sentinel to the passing of the years.
COME HOME
A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY

To the Butler Alumni:

It is the earnest wish of all of us connected with Butler that the alumni attend commencement exercises. You should be here to take part in the alumni program on Saturday, June 16. We certainly hope you may be present at the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 17. You will enjoy the final exercises on Monday, June 18. It will be a pleasure to you, we know, to see the conferring of degrees on the largest class in the history of Butler.

Butler is about to move to the new campus at Fairview. Here amid beautiful surroundings and with better equipment than ever before, the institution should attract the favorable attention of the people of the city, the state, and the nation. You know the fine character of work for which the institution has always been noted. With a larger faculty, with better facilities, with an increased student body, greater things and higher standards ought to result at Fairview.

Come to commencement. Counsel with each other as to the best things that can be done for your Alma Mater. Give us the benefit of your experience and the aid of your counsel. We need it.

Very sincerely yours,

Robert J. Aley,
President.
ALMA MATER'S CALL

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Dear Friend:—

We are making a supreme effort to induce all of the alumni, former students and friends, to return for the annual meeting of the Alumni Association Saturday, June 16th.

The executive committee has recently voted to admit to membership in the Butler University Alumni Association all former students, whether they were graduated or not. Therefore, if you have been enrolled on the college books, you are now a part of our great family.

Everyone will be back this year and after the supper on the campus we shall repair to the chapel, where the last chapel service will be held. The old college in Irvington then passes into history. Loyalty is an admirable characteristic and I am sure you will make a supreme effort to come home. I shall be waiting for you at the gate.

Sincerely,

John F. Mitchell, Jr.,

President Alumni Association.
THE COMMENCEMENT PROSPECTUS

FROM the first moment of the Phi Kappa Phi dinner Friday evening until the last diploma is awarded on the morning of Commencement Day, graduates and former students from the city, the state, and many points more distant will live over in retrospect their college days and experience the delight of old acquaintance renewed. They will stroll again old campus paths and loiter in familiar halls. They will look once more upon spots that will start a flood of memories. Throughout the class reunions, the alumni supper, the last chapel service, which will be held after the supper to commemorate the removal from the old campus, the baccalaureate service, and the commencement program Monday morning, reminiscence will reign.

The Phi Kappa Phi dinner, which has become one of the annual features of Commencement Week, brings back each year an increasing number of the honor society’s alumni. The Butler chapter initiated thirty new members on Honor Day, May 11, and is one of the foremost agencies of the University for the recognition of academic work of merit.

Graduating seniors are making arrangements for Class Day exercises, to be held in the Chapel Saturday morning, and they have invited the attendance of all graduates and former students. Saturday forenoon and afternoon also will be given over to class reunions. The classes of 1878, 1903, 1918, and 1923 will be this year the honored classes by reason of the celebration respectively of their fiftieth, twenty-fifth, tenth, and fifth anniversaries. Of the class of ’78, only one member, Miss Katharine Merrill Graydon, alumni secretary, is known to be living. The class of ’18, graduating in the midst of the World War, was negligible in number of graduates, as practically every man had answered the call of the colors before Commencement Day arrived, but an effort is being made to bring the boys back to participate in reunion in the name of the class that would have been theirs but for the urgency of their country’s need. A number of other classes will hold informal
reunions at points on and adjacent to the campus, some of these taking the form of luncheons and breakfasts.

On the green in the shadow of the Administration Building, the alumni supper will be spread. Graduates and former students, alone or with their families, will begin to gather there about 5 o'clock Saturday evening, with fellowship and informality the keynotes of the occasion. Immediately after the supper, the group will convene for a few moments in business session to elect new officers and to hear the reports of old. This completed, the assemblage will adjourn to participate in the last gathering of alumni in the old chapel.

This will be the high point of interest of the day. The walls that have looked down on a thousand chapels will look down again and for the last time and will see the students of ten, twenty, twenty-five years ago—a little older surely, a little gray perhaps, but still the boys and girls of yesterday. The details of the program, which are being worked out in a manner most suitable to the spirit of the occasion, will soon be ready for announcement.

The baccalaureate sermon in the Chapel at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon will be preached by the Rev. Will Sweeney, pastor of the Christian Church of Johnson City, Tennessee, and next morning at 10 o'clock the activities will reach their climax with the 73rd Commencement exercise. Dr. E. C. Elliott, president of Purdue University, will speak, after which diplomas will be awarded to the largest class ever graduated by Butler University. Present plans call for the holding of the commencement exercises at Fairview, and thus the four-day program, part on the old campus, part on the new, will be symbolic of the University's transition from past to future.
A GREATER ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

One of the most important steps made in years for increasing the effectiveness of the Butler Alumni Association was taken recently by the executive committee when it voted to admit to membership all former students of the University, regardless of whether they had been graduated. The action was taken under Article III, Section I, of the constitution of the Butler Alumni Association empowering the executive committee to elect to membership former students and members of the faculty not graduates of Butler University.

The result is that all persons who have at any time attended the University may now enjoy all the rights and privileges of graduates in alumni affairs. Officers of the association now are engaged in notifying non-graduates of their admission to the association. Owing to the difficulty of compiling a complete list of former students who were not graduated, the association is requesting that such persons write in to inform the officers of their whereabouts and of the time that they attended Butler, in order that their names may be placed on the mailing list.

The action is in accord with that taken by alumni associations of other leading universities where graduates and non-graduates work shoulder to shoulder for the welfare of Alma Mater. Many men and women most loyal to Butler's interests are included in that great group which once attended but never was graduated from the institution. Their inclusion in the Butler Alumni Association is regarded as merited recognition for them and as a beneficial step for the University.
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Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879.
DEDICATION

When that first solemn benediction fell
Across those voiceless, half completed walls,
Awaking there the first soft echoing calls
Of that long train of voices soon to well
Forth everlastingly—new Pasts to tell—
To gather as each single footstep falls
Into a tremulous Soul of granite walls—
Those words seemed then to cast a solemn spell!
Faint sighs told that that reborn Spirit breathed—
Whereat from its new haunt through Fairview’s trees
There rose a thousand birds—wing’d memories
That traced along the ever darkening sky
To Irvington, and fleeing out of sight
Were enveloped in the dark caress of Night.

—Lucile Turner, ’29.
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Introducing New Butler

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Two Sonnets ............................... Sarah T. Sisson, '23

When Friendship Bridged the Sea May Kolmer Schaefer, '24

Thomas E. Hibben, Artist and Man Paul V. Brown, '24

Educating the Alumni

Editorial Comment

Who Built New Butler?
Alma Mater Still
Welcome Home

University News

Around the Campus
Personal Mention
Marriages
Births
Deaths
INTRODUCING NEW BUTLER

Although hundreds of alumni live in Indianapolis, or in towns so near at hand that they already have had, or soon will have, the opportunity of seeing the new campus, hundreds of others live at such distances that they can not hope to see immediately the new home of their university. Pictures are a poor substitute, and the best descriptions are inadequate. The article below, therefore, is intended only to give far-flung alumni an idea of what they will see when they do return, as return they must.

YOU see it perhaps to best advantage as you swing from Hampton Drive into the boulevard skirting the east side of the campus—a panoramic view of a long, low-lying structure of rose-gray granite set against a background of green foliage now touched by autumnal gold and brown. You are looking across the "back yard" of the Arthur Jordan Memorial Building, but that is of no moment. Its beauty knows no "back" or "front." Viewed from whatever angle, it gives the same sense of satisfaction to aesthetic craving.

Viewed from this vantage point, the unit’s E-shaped structure is revealed, with the flanking wings that will help form, with the completion of the men’s and women’s dormitories, the central
quadrangle of the University. The towers, rising in stepped formation, give the final touch of classic dignity to the whole. They lift themselves loftily above the main entrances which must be seen from another angle.

Drive three blocks north along the boulevard and turn west into Forty-sixth Street for closer inspection. Forty-sixth Street is the main approach into the campus. As you make the turn, glance to the right and you will see three blocks away, the fieldhouse, largest of its kind in America, its roof describing a great arc against the sky. The stadium cannot be seen from here, for it is set into a hill that overlooks a pleasant valley northeast of the fieldhouse. However, it is worth seeing. Although half completed, it will accommodate with ease the population of a town the size of Anderson, Indiana. With the completion of the Bowl, the population of any city in Indiana, with the exception of Indianapolis, Evansville, and Fort Wayne, may be placed in the concrete tiers, and there will be room to spare.

You are now in front of the Jordan Building. Just across from it is a wooded parkland with landscaped gardens, a sun dial, and well-kept lawns. Opposite the west end of the building is a knoll that will be dominated in the near future by the College of Religion Building, which will include, architects have promised, a chapel that is to be the finest of its kind.

Face to face with the Jordan Building, you are struck with awe by its massiveness. There is nothing petty about this structure. There was no meanness of spirit in the men who conceived it. Those walls are three feet thick. The reinforced concrete foundation is from twelve to twenty-two feet deep and is capable of supporting a twenty-story building. Examine that ruddy, gray stone closely, for you will not see much of it in this part of the country. It was shipped from quarries near Salisbury, North Carolina, and is known among builders as "the granite eternal." The surmounting field of Indiana limestone gives a weathered touch that emphasizes the Gothic dignity of the whole.

You have noticed how deep-set are the windows, and how the towers sit back to form high receding alcoves above the entrances.
In the tower above the center of the building, hangs the bell that summoned students to classes at Northwestern Christian University and later graced the belfry of the College in Irvington. Now walk down the flagstone pavement to the east entrance. You feel you are entering a medieval castle as you pass under the Gothic arch, but inside, the gleaming white walls and terrazzo floors strike a more modern note. The corridors are wide, the ceilings are high, and the stairways are broad. That woodwork that catches your eye about the stairway leading to the tower is of hand-carved oak, and some of the pieces weigh as much as half a ton.

Step into one of the class rooms. They all are as light as many windows can make them. Incidentally, the windows are of steel and bronze, and the glass is leaded. Bronze fixtures predominate throughout the building unit. The ordinary class room has thirty-five stationary chairs equipped with a desk-arm at the right for books. The instructor’s desk is walnut with double sets of drawers.

One of the most beautiful rooms in the building is the science lecture hall. It will seat two hundred and forty students, the chairs being arranged in ascending tiers. The rostrum is built into the front wall, giving the effect of a small stage. There are several other lecture halls built to accommodate from one hundred and fifty to two hundred students. Directly beneath the science lecture hall, in the basement, is the journalism laboratory. It is equipped with thirty-five typewriters, a linotype machine, type cases, two United Press printers, and other paraphernalia of the newspaper shop. The museum is in the east wing basement, as is a lounge room for men. The west wing basement is devoted largely to library stack-room purposes, the library reading room being immediately above it on the first floor. The College of Religion also occupies a considerable part of the west wing. The center section of the building houses the science laboratories. A feature of the science equipment is the botanical conservatory, consisting of a herbarium and greenhouse, built from the third floor with southern exposure. The administrative offices of the University are on the first floor in the east wing. Each academic department has its offices adjacent to the class rooms which it
uses. There are fifty-four class rooms in the unit, in addition to laboratories and offices.

As you survey your university on the opening of its seventy-fourth year, do not feel that you are acting strangely in giving breath to those exclamations of astonishment and admiration. There is probably nothing you can say in its praise that has not been the common expression of the hosts of visitors who have come to look on it in the last two months. There seems to be about it that universality of appeal that leaves no room for a dissenting voice. A group of architects brought from the East to inspect it asserted that as a type of college edifice, the Arthur Jordan Memorial Building is unexcelled by anything in America. A member of the faculty who has travelled the world around, taught in the Orient, and visited the greatest universities in Europe, said that in his opinion this structure surpasses anything of its kind in the world.

What more may one say? To many alumni this day has seemed a long time dawning, but now that it is here, one only marvels that a project of such magnitude should have taken form in so short a period. However, it is not yet complete. Tomorrow, other buildings no less handsome will be seen rising from the surrounding groves, but the glory that attaches itself to first things can never quite be theirs. Arthur Jordan Memorial Building is the first unit of Greater Butler. As such, it is destined to be the object of special veneration of Butler alumni for years unnumbered.

Our lives go on and close like a day—morning, noon, night. Yet how full of pure happiness these life-days may be, and how worthy of the God who plans them and suns them.

—John Muir.

What the Alumni Association does in no small measure depends upon Alumni Dues.
CHARLES T. WHITSETT*
By Hilton U. Brown, '80

My friends, you know that we seek to make this service as simple as Mr. Whitsett would have had it. I want to try to be with you as if I had called on him and we were all discussing topics that relate to life. In fact, the things that I say are things I should much prefer to say to him. He was a very modest man about his own attainments, and he tried to prevent his friends from expressing the maximum of their affection and regard for him. He always under-rated himself.

The common virtues of our American life, it seems to me, are translated in his career. He was industrious from his very youth and the rewards that he sought were those of the industrious boy and the man attentive to the duties incidental to citizenship. He grew up knowing how to work and he gave heed to the admonitions of his parents and all those whom he respected, who presumed to lay before him life lessons. And these sank into his life so that he acted them out in what he did. He was a most ingenious worker. In his business, he advanced it further than any man of his time that I know anything about.

He contrived many ways of promoting the business of his life and a friend said that he might have patented and copyrighted things that he had discovered, but he preferred to give them to humanity. In other words, his life was one of unselfish devotion to his business, to his friends, to his city and to the community in which he lived. He didn't reserve anything for himself that he did not wish his friends also to enjoy.

This, in one sense, should not be an occasion for mourning. I think he would not have it so and besides we know the threat that he might be taken away at any time that hung over him in the last quarter of a century. Periodically he suffered from the illness which finally carried him suddenly away, and no one would wish a friend to suffer.

*Address by Mr. Brown at the funeral of Charles T. Whitsett, friend of the University, held in Indianapolis, August 23.
I have known him in many relations of life. I cannot, of course, presume to speak to those who were closer to him by the ties of blood and to those who knew him even longer and better. He lived in this community for more than fifty years and that is a long stretch. He came in contact with many men and many things in that time. And he came through it all with the respect and affection of acquaintances and friends.

You remember what a cheerful and cheering person he was. If you pried into his affairs a little, he would not unnecessarily speak of the danger in which he lived, the danger that life's cord would be snapped any moment. That hanging over some people would be oppressive, but not so with him. He was as cheerful as the young and as wise as the aged. He took life as it came, and as he passed along in his daily walk, he tried to leave somebody happier, more contented, and more ambitious.

He could point to many things that had been done in his lifetime, and he admired them and used them as lessons for those whose life was yet ahead. And what a great thing that is—to be content with what has been achieved, and yet not be blind to the opportunities ahead!

You know he was stimulating. He was ambitious, not for himself, nor for any selfish purpose, but he was ambitious to see the causes in which he was interested promoted. It was this that led him to become such a benefactor of Butler College. He began years ago to see how he could advance the interests of that institution then starving in its endowment, unable to make any advances, unable to do the great work which an educational institution in the capital city should do. He set about resolutely and prayerfully to help where he could, and besides the monetary contributions which he made, I wish in behalf of the College to testify to the tremendous uplift that came from his helpful life. To one plodding along and wrestling with the problem, it is encouraging to hear someone come along by your side, shoulder to shoulder, saying: "Have faith, take courage." He had courage and he had that sort of helpful faith that promoted a cause that sadly needed it. So you don't wonder that we at Butler College revere
his name and his word. And it was so in everything in which he was interested. He had faith in his country and he gloriied in its achievements because it brought opportunities and liberty to men.

He had faith in his church, and he advanced its cause whenever he could; and as a citizen, wherever he was able, he promoted the movements that were engaging the attention of his fellows. What more can we expect of a man than that he be a participant in the activities of his day, promoting them from a Christian’s point of view, and that he enjoin all of those around him not to neglect the opportunities which this still young country affords.

He lived through a great period. Think what he saw. Much older than seventy years, he lived through the greatest period of his country’s history as well as that of the educational institutions and all the organizations that have become now so outstanding in civilized life.

Mr. Atherton told me that not long ago, a few days perhaps, he had gone with him through the new college building which he helped to construct and which he had watched with such intensity, and reviewed the beautiful exterior and surroundings of the buildings and thought of not so much what they are now, but the promise of what they are to be. He went through the building, examined it from cellar to top, wearying his strength but never willing to give up until he had seen it all, and when he had come through he said: ‘‘I have seen it all; I am ready to go now.’’ It was the fulfillment of a dream.

So that the death of a man who has lived thus and is ready and satisfied doesn’t bring hopeless grief from us, but gives a sort of exhilaration. So live that when the summons comes, we may be as he was, content to go. Satisfied with what he had done? No, not entirely, but content that he had done all he could. That was much. So our good old friend knows. We don’t know but what he hears. There are a great many things we don’t know yet. We certainly know many more things than we did when very young, and we don’t know yet whether he hears, but if he does, he knows the affection and regard that we all have for him, and so in this state we part from him, feeling that it is good to have
known him. He was a man of a good heart. He was a man who loved his fellows, a man who left a part of his life in the lives of others. So he goes on. We bid him an affectionate farewell, not doubting that he goes on and on and on.

TWO SONNETS
By Sarah T. Sisson, '23

Poetic moments are divinely rare.
As jewell’d tiara on a queenly head,
They flash with thousand feelings blended there
Into one blazing thought by passion fed.
Prometheus’ gift to helpless men of earth
Can bring no brighter spark of hope than these,
Which urge men on to nobler deeds of worth,
Give promise of a dawn of love and ease.
So precious, priceless gems through ages long,
No gold can buy their beauty’s perfectness;
Nor skylark, though he break in heavenly song,
Quite match the radiance of their gloriousness.
You call it greed, that hoards in velvet case,
Until One comes with sympathetic face?

A butterfly, hatched from its wrappings brown,
With feeble flutter flies from patch to patch
Of dandelion, dressed in yellow gown,
With mushroom speed, the maiden sun to match.
A blue-jay, scolding, high in yonder tree,
With saucy tilt of head and beady stare,
Defies the sky to be as blue as he,
Although no truant clouds across it fare.
The old brown world has taken on new life,
With colors painted every dingy spot.
When Spring takes all of nature home to wife,
A Paradise of beauty—my back lot.
Yet there’s no color left in life for me;
No red, nor scarlet for my soul to see.
WHEN FRIENDSHIP BRIDGED THE SEA
By May Kolmer Schaefer, '24

ONE of the finest tributes ever paid to a college student was that paid to Mr. Maximo Peña when he was sent to his home, eight thousand miles away in the Philippine Islands, it being learned that he was slowly dying of an incurable malady. This was accomplished through the beneficence of a group of friends to whom he had become much endeared.

Mr. Peña came to the United States four years ago to seek a higher education. During this time he made an enviable record as a student in Butler University and he was elected to Phi Kappa Phi with more than the ninety per cent. average required for the election of graduate students. He received his bachelor of arts degree and had almost completed the work towards his master of arts and his bachelor of law degrees when disease, sarcoma of the bone, took possession of him.

Mr. Peña had the happy faculty of making and holding friends in a generous measure. His friends delighted in his successes and helped to provide for his needs, and when he was stricken with this deadly disease, they gave their sympathy and service in trying to relieve his distress. They proved to be lovers of their fellowmen as well as followers of the Great Teacher who said, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was sick, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.'"

In 1921, Mr. P. R. Hightower, now a professor in the department of education at Butler, was principal of the Vigan Ilocos Sur Division High School, where he met Mr. Peña. Mr. Peña served as teacher, property man, and chief assistant to Mr. Hightower. Before going to the high school to serve in this capacity, he was a grade school teacher, then a high school teacher, and later, he was academic supervisor of the grade schools.

While working under Mr. Hightower, he at once showed that earnestness of purpose, capacity for hard work, and exceptional
ability which characterized his entire career. In addition to his school duties, he did correspondence work with the Hamilton Law School in Chicago, and in the spring of 1924 he came to the United States for the purpose of satisfying the residence requirement for the law degree. Upon his arrival in Chicago, he found that the law school had been merged with another institution. He was then at a loss to know how to proceed in obtaining a higher education. He desired advanced training so that he could be a teacher by profession, and at the same time, he desired to use his legal knowledge to protect his people against the land grafters who have caused much hardship among the natives.

Mr. Hightower returned to America several months before Mr. Peña came. Mr. Peña had learned from an Australian missionary serving under the American Board of the Disciples of Christ, that his former chief was connected with Butler College. While in Chicago, Mr. Peña saw a Butler University baseball advertisement, and he immediately wrote for a catalog in the hope of locating his friend. He was anxious to learn whether Butler College and Butler University were the same. Shortly afterwards, Professor Hightower received a letter from him in which he inquired if Mr. Hightower could find a way for him to work his way through the University.

The first year at Butler he worked in the cafeteria for part of his food; for the other meals, he was a guest at the Hightower home. A room was provided for him in an Irvington home in return for his service of firing the furnace. In the following June the Hightowers occupied more spacious quarters, and there Mr. Peña joined them to remain until his illness caused him to be taken to the hospital. The Hightower residence was home to him, and Mr. and Mrs. Hightower from the beginning joined him in his purpose in an effective and stimulating way, making possible by their sympathetic co-operation the great amount of work he was able to accomplish.

Mr. Peña was in this country four years. At the end of the first semester of 1926-27, he finished the requirements for the bachelor of arts degree and he immediately began work on a master's degree in education. By the end of the following summer
session, he had twenty-seven hours toward this degree, the thesis being the only thing remaining to be completed. In the fall of 1927, he entered the Indiana Law School as a senior and would have received the bachelor of law degree in June had his health permitted. Dean Rohbach found his law correspondence work sufficient for this advanced standing. In the law school, as in Butler, he proved to be an excellent student and he soon won his way into the hearts of the students and the faculty by his personality, his courteous and genial manners, his enthusiasm in his work, and his earnest desire to prepare himself so that he could help bear the burdens of his countrymen.

In December, 1926, he had the first indication of his illness. Medical attention was given him but to no avail. It is said that the malady is so insidious in its nature that in the early stages it is extremely difficult to diagnose. He continued in his work in spite of his ill health and he went to school when he could hardly ascend the street car steps. This continued effort seems but another proof of his amazing earnestness and willingness to serve.

In February, 1927, his condition was such that he was compelled to go to the Indianapolis City Hospital where every effort was made to treat his disease and to relieve his pain. When his many friends learned that there was no hope for his recovery, they were anxious to satisfy his desire to go home to his mother. The fund which was started became sufficient to send him home under the care of Dr. Paul Iske, a former Butler student and City Hospital interne. Patient and doctor left Indianapolis June 17 and sailed from Vancouver, Canada, June 21, arriving in Manila July 13. Mr. Peña was bedfast throughout the entire journey. The officials of the railway and steamship entered into the spirit of the mission, and every effort was made to keep the patient comfortable.

There were times out at sea when it was feared that Mr. Peña would not complete the voyage. The day before they reached the Philippines he was delirious much of the time. Upon arrival, it seemed advisable to have him rest in a Manilan hospital under the care of the American Red Cross before continuing his journey to his home in Vigan, Ilocos Sur. The Red Cross responded promptly
to his need and helped to place him in a hospital, and members of the Red Cross staff took personal charge of his case.

On the tenth day after his arrival in Manila, he wrote the following letter to Mr. and Mrs. Hightower: "'I thank God I am now in the Philippines. I do not know when I shall be able to be taken to Vigan. I suffer much pain on account of the heat."

"'I thank you all very much. Please let others know this heartfelt gratitude.'"

I know that this message from him assures his friends of the worth of their efforts.

A letter from his sister, dated August 2, states that he arrived home and that his family is now satisfied. Concerning his coming home, she says: "... and we like it very much too, so that we will be the ones to look after him. There are many folks of his, and he can just do what he wants to command us. We are his nurses.'"

It is given to but few young men to count so many friends as does Mr. Peña—his fellow students at Butler and at the law school, members of the faculties of both colleges, and hospital attaches. All who came in contact with him hold him in affectionate and highest esteem. His illness causes the Philippines to lose an earnest teacher, the community in which he lives, a splendid citizen and leader, and those who knew him personally, a friend.

Dr. Irvin T. Schultz of the department of education and Dr. John S. Harrison of the department of English were among members of the faculty who addressed section meetings of the Indiana State Teachers' Association, October 18, 19 and 20. Dr. Harrison addressed the classical section on "'Classical Backgrounds in English Literature,'" and Dr. Schultz opened the discussion session of the psychology and education section. Dr. W. L. Richardson, head of the department of education, was president of the latter section.
THOMAS E. HIBBEN, ARTIST AND MAN
By Paul V. Brown, '24

It may be of interest to those who look upon the new structure of Butler University to know somewhat of the man who has built himself into the stone. Doubtless, future generations who pass through Jordan Hall and the other buildings-to-be, will come unconsciously to know this man with a deeper understanding than is now possible for us whose vision may be dimmed by affection for the individual. Certainly they will know that he whose genius conceived these buildings was fundamentally honest, was a searcher after truth. Living in the presence of his work they will understand, too, the positiveness of his character, the masculine virility which boasts of strength gently tempered with the artistic. They will find in his work no strict adherence to tradition, no clinging for support to accepted usage of the past.

Thomas Hibben's life from his tenth year has been directly and indirectly influenced by the College whose buildings he was later destined to design. Born into an old widely known family, he inherited from both parents an artistic sense. The pencil drawings and etchings of his father gained wide recognition. The beautiful home was a center for men of art and letters.

Tom attended the Irvington public school, played football with the "Irvington gang" on the Butler campus where his only distinction was a dirty white sweater and perhaps a more vigorous enthusiasm. Later he entered Manual Training High School, and afterwards the Butler preparatory school, where a zest for knowledge began to point to his destiny. Two years of undergraduate work spent in Princeton University were interrupted by the death of his father. He did not return to complete his academic course, but followed for a while in the footsteps of his father in mercantile business. This career failing to attract him, he joined the Indiana militia on the Mexican border.

At the entrance of the United States in the World War, Tom went to France as an artillery officer and is remembered for his rapid calculation of firing problems. After a short training period, he was commissioned in the United States Infantry and
then transferred to the Army Air Corps, first as observer and then as a pilot. He was one of the very few to obtain both brevets. In all branches of the service in which he participated he was recognized for his thorough knowledge of all subjects having to do with his work and for his efficiency. He experienced many difficult and hazardous assignments as pilot and observer, and had numerous harrowing escapes. While in this service, he prepared a series of pamphlets on various aspects of aerial observation which became text books on the subject.

After the armistice he was permitted to enter a vocational school at Paris. This was the beginning of his life’s ambition. He began the study of architecture. His furlough soon ended, however, and he was returned to the United States to take up the duties of operations officer in charge of the aviation patrol on the Mexican border.

In the late summer of 1919 he resigned his commission in the army and entered the University of Pennsylvania to continue his studies in architecture. He worked with such energy that he completed the course in a year less than the specified time in spite of the fact that he was instructor in engineering at the same time.

On returning to Indianapolis he worked, first, with Herbert Foltz and, later, with Robert Frost Daggett. In 1923, in preparation for the new Butler he visited many universities, going as far as the Pacific coast in this study. The following year he went abroad for the same purpose, spending a considerable period in study at Oxford.

Upon his return, he was associated with Mr. Daggett in designing the Chamber of Commerce building. During the following winter he again went to New Mexico and the west coast, this trip being followed by a decision to establish his office in New York, where he continued to completion his work on the Jordan Building.

His other recent work includes the William Spencer Boyd Memorial Chapel at Asheville, North Carolina, and the Indiana Lincoln Memorial. Early in 1928 he wrote "Analysis of Design," an article presenting a new method of architectural design which has aroused much comment. He is now working on other Butler
groups and a number of other projects of international importance, the nature of which has not been publicly announced. He is the architect for the new Phi Delta Theta house which will be situated at the south entrance to the Butler campus.

His work in designing the proposed Indiana Lincoln Memorial, in particular, has received national recognition. When the plans for this memorial were first made public, the New York Evening World, among other things, said editorially:

"The architect, Thomas Hibben, who has done some brilliant work, has sought in the memorial building to give expression to the simplicity of the man, his democracy, his distinctive Americanism; and thus, the Greek temple idea has been rejected. There is something of the originality of Lincoln himself in the conception, with everything of his strength, his simplicity, his splendor of soul and beauty of character. It is a fine thing to have a Lincoln memorial that the plain people, whom Lincoln symbolized and loved, can feel and understand; a fine thing that an Indiana architect has planned it; an appropriate thing that it should be built on the site of his boyhood home; and a commendable thing that the Hoosiers have at length awakened to a realization of both their opportunity and their obligation."

Equally complimentary editorials were published in practically every state in the Union. Even the Academy of Science of Paris took notice of the architectural design and said in effect that it was the first typically American architectural expression. The Associated Press had this to say, in part:

"Mr. Thomas Hibben is, at present, among the leading men of his line in New York City, but until a few years ago, practiced his chosen profession in Indianapolis, the city of his birth and early manhood. His outstanding achievements in this state, up until the present time, have been the buildings which constituted Butler University and the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, in which project he sustained a relation of associated architect. . . . Of all memorials to Abraham Lincoln in the United States at the present time, this is the only one conceived in the spirit of rugged Americanism. Mr. Hibben has made no attempt to work in a classic idiom which is common throughout the country, but has developed a type of expression in line and mass, simple, rugged, characteristic
and seeming to grow in the very soil as did the Abraham Lincoln the memorial honors. Indiana is most fortunate in having a native son to design a memorial honoring the great martyred President."

While architecture is Mr. Hibben’s vocation, it is not the only art at which he excels. Some idea of the tremendous energy of the man can be gained when it is recounted that while he is in the midst of some of his greatest accomplishments in his chosen field, he is creating the ingenious memorial windows for the Riley Hospital; he is making an exhaustive study of symbolism; he is preparing a number of important articles for magazines; he is completing a number of etchings and lithographs which are becoming more and more highly prized in art circles, and he is trying his hand in the art of modeling and sculpture.

All these things, he is doing at lightning-like speed and yet with the thoroughness seldom lavished on any particular line of activity.

His work on the Riley windows is particularly worthy of mention in any article attempting to reveal Tom Hibben, the man. These are a series of scenes that delight children and grown-ups alike. They are in brilliant primitive colors and the figures depicted are amusing and delightful. A study of them shows how intimately Mr. Hibben’s heart is in tune with that of the child and how infinitely sympathetic he is to the child’s appreciation of fantasy and make-believe.

Tom is constantly at work and his terrific energy is never wasted. He drives forward to a definite objective. It is amazing to know the extent of his other interests. He is a student of literature and the drama. He is ever well-posted on domestic and foreign politics and he is an active observer in the realm of the scientists.

Tom is an intense antagonist in game or sport and thoroughly enjoys to win. He is patient and considerate in the presence of sincerity, but intolerant of hypocrisy.

But all these things do not tell what a thoroughly delightful and lovable companion he is, nor what his friendship can mean.
At the meeting of the American Alumni Council held last May in Minneapolis, a topic of vital interest was the above. Following is a summarized version of a longer article on this very important subject, the original having been written by Daniel L. Grant, former alumni secretary of the University of North Carolina and now director of an investigation of educational relations between colleges and alumni.

Now that we are coming more and more to admit that education must continue throughout life, the colleges and universities must do more in the direction of continuing the education of their alumni, so we are reminded by Daniel L. Grant, director of an investigation of educational relations between colleges and alumni. He recalls that many other relationships between the colleges and their alumni have become well known, such as the social, the political, the financial, and the athletic; but that the educational relation has been neglected. The old slogan was, he says, "What can we do for Alma Mater," but now the movement is rather in the direction of alma mater doing something for the alumni.

Much of the confusion in the present college course is due to the effort to crowd too much into the four years, thinks Mr. Grant. Why not let some of it run over into the alumni year?

The results of Mr. Grant’s survey shows that there are about fifty colleges and universities now in the country which have recognized that there is a real educational obligation which they have to their alumni, and are setting out to meet this need. The first in the field was Amherst (1923). Michigan and her "Alumni University" idea is one of the latest, and certainly the most discussed of any such movement.

What are the educational demands with which these fifty colleges are trying to supply their alumni, and how is the work being done?

Perhaps the first is professional guidance and education. Next
is cultural education. The third is education to deal intelligently with the large issues of common concern.

These three kinds of alumni education are being carried on by means of reading courses, reading lists, and a readers' adviser service, supplemented by books from the college library wherever the alumnus is out of reach of any adequate local library. Smith College, for instance, has organized more than twenty different reading courses, and for each of the past four years has matriculated from about sixteen to twenty per cent. of its total alumnae in some of these courses.

There is, however, one significant limitation, Mr. Grant points out, a limitation which "grows out of the narrow institutional outlook of organized alumni work in the past. This, in turn, is probably very largely a product of intercollegiate athletic competition which has given us an institutional complex." He believes that an alumnus of a college in Maine who lives in California will get educational benefit more easily from the California colleges, "regardless of how superior alma mater may have seemed to all other educational institutions in the country. In this continuing-education-for-the-educated we have a work which is going to cut across institutional lines rather liberally."

As one college president has expressed it: "It is particularly true of a real college, that its capital lies even more in the genuine trust and loyalty of its alumni than in stocks and bonds. And no man will genuinely love and trust an institution to which he gives no thought or care. I prize for the college even more than the regular money gifts, the steady interest out of which such a gift springs, and which it will continuously increase."
EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHO BUILT NEW BUTLER?

"Who built new Butler?"

Tom Hibben built it. Long before a stone was laid, this young man, himself a student of the University not so many years ago, saw in the mind’s eye of his architectural genius the long rose-gray sweep of edifice with its stately towers, its flanking wings, its arched entrances. He saw its wide hallways, its many-windowed class rooms, its great laboratories, its beamed and paneled wood-work, and as he saw, the builders wrought.

"Who built new Butler?"

Arthur Jordan built it. To make real the architect’s dream, he gave a million dollars, and his gift transformed a fine-spun vision into steel and granite. Man of many enterprises, he was not too busy to see here an opportunity to serve his state and community in a manner unforgettable, and having seen, he acted with a directness and a thoroughness characteristic of one who is accustomed to the handling of affairs of magnitude with quickness and dispatch.

"Who built new Butler?"

Hilton Brown built it. No man has had a greater personal concern in it than he. Nothing, unless it be his family and his church, has taken precedence over it in his thought. Since long before
construction began he has been parent to its progress. Then, he studied it, talked it, planned it. Later, when gray stone walls began to creep over steel framework, he could be seen almost any Sunday and on many another afternoon climbing over perilously high girders and parapets, seeing his dream come true. No detail ever has been too trivial to demand his attention.

"Who built new Butler?"

John Atherton built it. With evangelical fervor, he carried the gospel of educational needs to merchants, manufacturers, churchmen, and professional men, and made them converts to his cause. He sold to the state at large the idea of a great university in its capital city. He recruited for this university a constituency of friends, imposing not only in numbers but in the distinction of its individuals.

"Who built new Butler?"

Dr. Henry Jameson built it. He built it by virtue of the fact that the ground upon which it stands might never have become the property of the University except by his efforts. The acquisition of more than two hundred acres of watered, wooded campus land, unexcelled in charm by that of any educational institution in America—that is his contribution. He may not see the new buildings rise upon it, but behind them stands the spirit of his disinterested service.

"Who built new Butler?"

Friends of the University built it, and among the foremost names are those of Mrs. A. M. Robertson and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Marmon. They were friends in need and friends in deed. When money was an object, they supplied money, and their sincere interest in the aspirations of a greater university has been a prime factor in speeding its progress.

"Who built new Butler?"

Its board of directors built it. Will Irwin, Mrs. Z. T. Sweeney, Arthur Brown, and the others who have been no less indefatigable in their labors or liberal in their gifts, have constituted as faithful a crew as ever guided the destinies of an educational institution. There is scarcely need to comment on their work. The campus, the
buildings, the hundreds of students being fitted for citizenship—these are the realities that speak a more eloquent tribute than could be put in the finest phrase.

ALMA MATER STILL

One of the problems incident to the transplanting of any university is that of carrying over the interests and affections of the whole alumni body from the old campus to the new. Whether we would have it so or not, the loyalties of old graduates largely cluster about physical objects—a vine-covered building, the room used by a beloved teacher, a well-worn door sill, a familiar campus path. This is not unnatural, but it is unfortunate in that these are things that can not be taken into the new surroundings. As a result, an alumnus sometimes feels as little inclined to accept the new institution as alma mater, as an old hen is disposed to accept a brood of goslings in lieu of her own chicks.

This situation may be expected to manifest itself at Butler now in one way or another. The home-coming alumnus is likely to feel a little strange. Instead of the small block of land sandwiched between the railroad tracks, acres of rolling woodland will confront him. In the place of the red brick buildings beaten upon by a half century of winter wind and summer sun, granite structures of beauty and dignity will greet his eye. The rambling old gymnasium, relic of World War days, has been replaced by the largest and most completely equipped athletic fieldhouse in the state. The wooden bleachers that annually were drawn up four-square on Irwin Field for the football season have given way to a great concrete bowl built into one of the hills. The names Downey Avenue, Hawthorne Lane, and Ritter Avenue are no longer heard; instead, it is Hampton Drive, Sunset Avenue, and Blue Ridge Road. Little wonder if an alumnus looks about him with some dismay and asks himself: "Can this be my old school?"

Let there be no doubt as to the answer. It is and it will ever be. Its physical aspects are altered, but the ideals upon which it was founded and the purposes for which it always has existed are
in no wise changed. These things are real. They constitute the heart and the soul of the University.

A son may return home to find his parents altered by the years, but that does not alter his affections. The tall, sinewy young man may not resemble the chubby boy of twenty years ago, but his mother knows they are the same. Change is the concomitant of life. Accept it as such.

WELCOME HOME

The Quarterly greets Miss Corinne Welling, associate professor in the department of English, upon her return after an absence of two years spent in Hawaii and California. She has been greatly missed. The integrity of her scholarship, the permeating influence of her gracious presence, her loyalty to the College, her Alma Mater, spending itself untiringly, make her beloved by the students and esteemed by the faculty.

I'd like to sail the billowy sea
In a fairy craft for you and me,
And zephyrs skim with the feathered oar.
As we're wafted on to farther shore
We'd strew earth's cares 'mongst the angry waves
And bury them deep in wat'ry graves.

—F. F. Hummell, '93.
AROUND THE CAMPUS
Increased Registration

Official registration figures for the fall semester indicate that 1,764 students have matriculated in the liberal arts college. This is a considerable increase over the enrollment of last year. Registration took place September 18 and 19, and when the doors opened at 8 o'clock on these mornings, students were lined up for a distance of half a city block, waiting to matriculate. Although the throngs were handled expeditiously by Miss Sarah E. Cotton, registrar, and her assistants, the halls were crowded with students selecting their courses until 5:30 p.m. In several cases, the early filling of sections to the maximum seating capacity of class rooms, necessitated the scheduling of new sections.

The College of Religion reported an enrollment of more than one hundred, an increase of approximately 33 per cent.

New Names on Faculty Roll

The faculty roster of the University contains a number of new names. Included among them are those of Dr. A. C. Garnett, professor of apologetics, College of Religion; Dr. S. F. Moncada, associate professor of romance languages; Wallace Perkins, assistant professor in the same department; Miss Rosamund Burgi, instructor in the classical language department; Herbert E. Rahe, instructor of public speaking; Dr. Talbert F. Reavis, head of the sociology department; George W. Harris, instructor in journalism; Forrest E. Keller, instructor in economics; Dr. W. N. Clute, curator of the herbarium; Herbert Webster, instructor in English; Miss Kathryn Jamison Journey, instructor in home economics; Paul Edgar Alyea, instructor in economics, Dr. Karl S. Means, associate professor of chemistry, and Archie Chadd, assistant coach of freshman sports.
Dr. Garnett came to Butler from the University of Adelaide, South Australia. He holds the degrees of B. A., M. A., and Litt. D. from the University of Melbourne, and has spent a year in research work in the University of London. For two years he held the pastorate of the Grote Street Church of Christ in Adelaide.

Dr. S. F. Moncada has been in this country about six years and will take the place of Dr. Joseph G. Fucilla. Dr. Fucilla is teaching at Northwestern University. Dr. Moncada received his doctor’s degree at the University of Genoa, Italy. He obtained his master’s degree from Columbia University. He comes to Butler from Denison University, where he was in charge of the Spanish department. He will teach Italian and Spanish here. Assistant Professor Perkins will take Prof. Clyde E. Aldrich’s place, while Prof. Aldrich is studying at Grenoble, France. Assistant Professor Perkins received his A. B. from Harvard and his master’s degree from Lehigh University. He was an instructor in the University of New Hampshire and did graduate work in Harvard last year. Mary McCormick of the 1928 graduating class was appointed graduate assistant in French this year.

Mr. Harris received his A. B. from the University of Wisconsin, and Mr. Keller is a graduate of Knox College. He has studied at the University of Chicago for the last year and a half.

Dr. Reavis received his Ph. D. from Indiana University. He was an instructor in the romance language department in 1927 and in the College of Religion last year. He will succeed Dr. Howard E. Jensen as head of the sociology department.

Miss Journey, a graduate of Stephens College, junior college for women at Columbia, Missouri, holds the degrees of B. S. from the University of Missouri, and M. A. from the University of Chicago. Her experience includes several years as principal and teacher in Missouri high schools.

Mr. Alyea holds the B. A. and M. A. degrees from the University of Illinois. He was an instructor last year in the University of Pittsburgh. Mr. Webster is a graduate of Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin, and received his master’s degree from the University of Virginia.

Dr. Means is an alumnus of Butler of the Class of 1914 and was
a member of the Butler faculty from 1919 to 1921. He holds the M. A. degree from Indiana University and the Ph. D. degree from the University of Chicago. He taught last year at Milligan College, Milligan, Tennessee.

Mr. Chadd, who was graduated from Butler in June, will be remembered by alumni as captain of last year’s champion basketball team.

Dr. Irvin T. Schultz has returned from two years of graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania where he received his doctor’s degree in June.

The Rev. Thomas W. Grafton, former pastor of the Third Christian Church, has been chosen chaplain for Butler University.

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Team in Midst of Stiff Schedule

Falling heir to the promising talent of last year’s freshman team, and with a pleasing number of varsity men back in uniform, Coach Potsy Clark began fall gridiron practice with a formidable array of material. Thirty-five or forty men appeared for tutelage under Potsy and his assistant coaches, Hyde, Hinkle, Nipper and Chadd. Early season injuries, however, to “Nish” Dienhart, of Lafayette, varsity guard, and John Cavosie, of Ironwood, Mich., the sensation of last year’s freshman team, were costly.

Special cars filled with rooters accompanied the team when it went to Evanston to meet Northwestern University October 6. Besides student fans, the University board of trustees and the Butler Men’s Club were aboard the excursion train. The first home game was with Franklin College on the following Saturday, and the Homecoming Day contest was scheduled in the Butler bowl for October 20, with Danville Normal as the opposition.

The schedule for the remainder of the season follows:

October 27, Washington University, Butler stadium, Indianapolis Day.

November 3, Indiana State Normal School (Muncie), Butler stadium, Boy Scout Day.

November 10, University of Illinois, Butler stadium, dedication of the Bowl.
November 17, Earlham College, Butler stadium, Dad's Day.
November 24, Open.
November 29, Tufts College, Butler stadium, Thanksgiving Day.

Fraternities in New Homes

Eighteen sororities and fraternities have rented or purchased temporary houses near the campus for this year. Those renting are: Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi, Sigma Nu, Delta Tau Delta, Tau Kappa Tau, Chi Rho Zeta, Kappa Alpha Theta, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Pi Beta Phi, Delta Delta Delta, Alpha Delta Theta, Delta Zeta, Alpha Chi Omega, Alpha Delta Pi, Delta Gamma and Alpha Omicron Pi. Zeta Tau Alpha and Kappa Delta Rho have bought their houses. Lambda Chi Alpha plans to have its new house completed by October 1.

Seven Greek organizations have expressed intentions of building homes on the campus within one year. They are Phi Delta Theta, Chi Rho Zeta, Kappa Alpha Theta, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Delta Delta Delta, Alpha Chi Omega and Delta Gamma.

Sigma Nu, Zeta Tau Alpha, Delta Zeta and Alpha Delta Theta plan to build homes within the next two or three years. The other organizations have not announced their plans as yet.

A directory of fraternity and sorority houses is as follows:

Kappa Alpha Theta—3632 North Illinois Street.
Kappa Kappa Gamma—4546 North Pennsylvania Street; Wa. 1661.
Pi Beta Phi—706 West Forty-third Street.
Delta Delta Delta—325 West Forty-fourth Street; Hu. 7252.
Zeta Tau Alpha—329 Hampton Drive; Hu. 6852.
Alpha Delta Theta—4615 Sunset Boulevard; Wa. 3356.
Delta Zeta—4617 Sunset Boulevard; Hu. 7555.
Alpha Chi Omega—201 Blue Ridge Road; Hu. 7212.
Alpha Delta Pi—4403 North Capitol Avenue; Hu. 6809.
Delta Gamma—216 East Forty-ninth Street.
Alpha Omicron Pi—611 Berkeley Road; Hu. 7557.
Chi Theta Chi—205 East Thirty-third Street; Wa. 1772.
Delta Tau Delta—4950 Graceland; Hu. 2921.
Lambda Chi Alpha—4751 Sunset Boulevard.
Around the Campus

Sigma Chi—714 Berkley Road.
Sigma Nu—4635 North Capitol Avenue.
Chi Rho Zeta—4610 North Illinois Street.
Tau Kappa Tau—507 Buckingham Drive.
Kappa Delta Rho—Forty-sixth Street and Rookwood Avenue.

A 32-Page Collegian

One of the largest college newspapers ever published made its appearance with the first edition of the Collegian which was distributed on the campus and throughout north Indianapolis at the opening of the semester. This, a special edition in celebration of the opening of the Arthur Jordan Memorial Building, contained thirty-two pages. One page of pictures pertaining to the opening was included. The Collegian has now installed the complete wire service of the United Press, and the size of the page has been increased from six to seven columns. It also is being issued five days a week now instead of four.

Gearhart Publicity Director

Don H. Gearhart, president of the class of 1928, has been appointed publicity director of the University, having taken up the duties of that office at the beginning of the present semester. He is supplying newspapers in all parts of the country with accounts of campus happenings, and has inaugurated also a pictorial news service.

Cafeteria in Operation

A University cafeteria is now in operation in temporary quarters that have been built in the rear of the Jordan Building. The structure is a gray frame building, 50x100 feet, and will accommodate between three and four hundred students.

First Chapel Service in Fieldhouse

The first day of instruction in the Jordan Building was marked by an all-school chapel service held in the fieldhouse. Dr. Aley, who presided, presented Arthur Jordan, donor of $1,000,000 for
building purposes; Hilton U. Brown, president of the board of directors, and the Rev. T. W. Grafton, newly appointed chaplain of the University.

**Writes Best College Short Story**

George C. Lloyd, sophomore, was awarded the Maxwell Aley first prize of $75 for the best short story written by a college student in Indianapolis, at the annual Culver literary field day exercises held at Culver, Indiana, August 4. "Coquette at Kearney's" is the title of Lloyd's manuscript. He wrote the story while a freshman last year.

**PERSONAL MENTION**

The Rev. and Mrs. Stanley Sellick, '16, of Stratford, Connecticut, spent August in Irvington.

Miss Emily Helming, '99, is spending the current year at Yale University.

Joy J. Bailey, '26, is teaching history and English in the Veedersburg, Indiana, high school.

Mrs. James H. Butler (Edith Gwartney, '19) is president of the Irvington Union of Clubs.

George A. Schumacher, '25, has returned from a summer in Europe delighted with all experiences.

The Quarterly acknowledges receipt from J. Challen Smith, '88, of the Sawtelle Evening Tribune of California, containing an illustrated notice of our new college buildings. Thank you, Mr. Smith.

Dr. J. T. Carey McCallum, '16, has been appointed University physician.

Mrs. Lorene Whitham Ingalls, '26, of Oak Park, Illinois, and Mrs. Gwendolen Dorey Spaid, '26, of South Bend, Indiana, surveyed the new home in September.

Dr. Karl Means, '14, has been appointed associate professor in the department of chemistry.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford H. Browder, '12, have purchased a new home in Evanston, Illinois, at 2315 Bryant Avenue.
The Rev. Roderick A. Macleod, '14, and Mrs. Macleod have gone to Washington, where they are in charge of the Indian Mission at White Swan.

The Rev. Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12, of Kansas City has accepted a call from the Second Congregational Church of Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts, and will take up his new work in December.

John B. Mason, '26, has left for Germany, where he will work on a thesis, "Danzig, a Free City on the Baltic." The thesis is being prepared for a Ph. D. degree in international law at the University of Wisconsin.

Miss Jane Ogborn, '28, is acting as executive secretary of the Little Theatre of Indianapolis. Miss Ogborn was active in dramatic work while in college and took part in several Stuart Walker plays during the past summer.

The Rev. Harry Letts, '15, and Mrs. Letts (Ethel Bennett, '13) have removed to Sheridan, Indiana. This new location allows Mr. Letts to work for the present year in the College of Religion.

Mrs. Arley McNeeley (Mary M. Coate, '26) has registered for graduate work in the department of English.

Mrs. Frederick Pohl (Josephine Pollitt, '17) is living in Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Narcie Pollitt, '15, is teaching in the Arsenal Technical High School of Indianapolis. Both spent the summer with their mother in Bay View, Michigan.

Charles Edward Prichard, '12, recently received a master's degree in the Graduate School of Arts and Literature at the University of Chicago. The subject of his thesis was "Court Decisions of the State of California Relative to Public Schools."

Miss Gretchen Scotten, '08, was hostess to the Butler Alumnae Literary Club, of which she is president, at its opening meeting in September. Miss Ruth Carter, '15, furnished the program, reviewing James Baikie's "The Glamour of Near East Excavations."

Edward G. McGavran, '23, was graduated from the Harvard Medical School in July and is now interne in the Rochester, New York, Hospital. The Journal of the American Medical Association
has printed a report of Dr. McGavran upon *Diphyllobothrium Latum in Massachusetts*.

Miss Ida B. Wilhite in August completed at Columbia University her work for the master's degree in the department of home economics education.

Mrs. T. C. Howe, '89, and sons, Thomas C., Jr., and Addison, have returned from a summer in Europe. The boys have gone back to Harvard for graduate work, while their sister, Charlotte, is spending the year, also in graduate work, at Radcliffe College.

Howard H. Burkher, '24, after several years of teaching in Alaska has returned to the College for graduate work in the department of education.

Miss Charlotte Howe has been appointed mistress of Whitman Hall, Radcliffe College.

The Katharine Merrill Graydon Club held its President's Day Luncheon on October 2 at the home of Miss Graydon. A study of Indiana constitutes the year's program. Mrs. Elbert Glass, '15, is president; Miss Lola Conner, '17, chairman of program committee; Mrs. Joseph Ostrander, '16, chairman of the social committee.

Miss Mary J. Brown, '19, spent the summer at the Rocky Mountain Biological Station in central Colorado, where she conducted for a time Dr. Weese's classes in ecology, and then was assistant to the head of the department as she continued her research work. Miss Brown writes that she often thinks of the Indianapolis friends as her best, and the Butler memories as her happiest. She was connected last year with the University of Oklahoma.

Miss Edith Eichoff, '16, who has been associate director of the social service department of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York for the last two years, has come to Indianapolis to take a position as assistant professor of medical work in Indiana University, succeeding Miss Grace Ferguson. Miss Eichoff became a worker in the United States public health service in 1919, and from 1921 to 1925 she was clinic executive in the Cornell University clinic in New York. Besides her Butler work, Miss Eichoff studied in Columbia University, the Simmons College School of

Russell C. Putnam, '19, son of Dean and Mrs. J. W. Putnam, received the degree of E. E. during the summer from the University of Colorado. He received the degree of bachelor of science in electrical engineering from there in 1923. The subject in which he did research and on which his thesis was written for his E. E. degree, "The Photometry of Asymmetric Lighting Units," is one that has attracted wide-spread attention among men in his field. Mr. Putnam was in the employ of the General Electric Company, Scheneectady, New York, for two years, and has also conducted surveys and research for the National Lamp Works, subsidiary of General Electric, at Nela Park, Ohio. He is at present member of the electrical engineering faculty at the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland.

Professor Thomas M. Iden, '83, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and his sister, Mrs. Frank Lacey (Lona L. Iden, '93) were guests in August of F. R. Kautz, '87.

MARRIAGES

HOPPER-BALL—Mr. Frank M. Hopper, '27, and Miss Gertrude Ball, '28, were married on July 12 in Indianapolis. They are living in Chicago.

BROWN-JAMES—Mr. Wendell J. Brown, '23, and Miss Margaret James were married in Irvington by the Rev. Frederick Harvey Jacobs, '16, of Huntington, West Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are at home in Chicago.

COLLIER-BLAKELY—Mr. Harrison C. Collier, '28, and Miss Leone Blakely, were married on July 21 in Irvington where they are making their home.

GRAHAM-FOXWORTHY—Mr. W. Brewer Graham, '26, and Miss Virginia Rose Foxworthy, '27, were married in Indianapolis on July 21. They are at home in South Bend, Indiana.

BARCLAY-MILLER—Mr. Harold Barelay, '25, and Miss Leota Miller, '25, were married in Indianapolis where they are at home.
Hitchcock-Hawekotte—Mr. Gareth Hitchcock, '28, and Miss Jane Hawekotte, '28, were married on August 5 in Indianapolis.

Churchman-Mueller—Mr. Frank L. Churchman and Miss Eleanor Bos Mueller, '25, were married on August 9 in Indianapolis.

Heavin-McCormick—Mr. Albert W. Heavin and Miss Ruth Elizabeth McCormick, '23, were married on August 22 in Indianapolis. Mr. and Mrs. Heavin are at home in Bainbridge, Indiana.

Federman-Wishard—Mr. Richard Louis Federman and Miss Mary Alice Wishard, '28, were married in Irvington on September 12. They are at home in Indianapolis.

Seashore-Payne—Mr. Carl Gustav Seashore and Miss Helen Claire Payne, '26, were married in Irvington on September 12. They are at home in Sioux City, Iowa.

Ahrbecker-Peters—Mr. Frederick W. Ahrbecker and Miss Frances M. Peters, '28, were married on August 29 in Indianapolis where they are making their home.

Keilman-Dyer—Mr. Edward Joseph Keilman and Miss Kathleen Allison Dyer, '26, were married on September 21 at Dyer, Indiana, where they are making their home.

Love-Headrick—Mr. John Love, '28, and Miss Catharine Headrick, '27, were married in the early summer.

BIRTHS

Pearson—To Dr. Nathan E. Pearson, of the department of zoology, and Mrs. Pearson, on September 4, in Indianapolis, a daughter, Anita Patricia.

DEATHS

Byers—On July 30 Thomas J. Byers, '69, passed away at his home in Florida at the age of eighty-two years.

Mr. Byers in his youth met with an accident which paralyzed the whole of one side of his body, but in spite of this handicap he made good in the world and was a man among men. For a time he taught, but later became a seed merchant in Franklin, Indiana,
where he built up a good business and made warm friends and won the respect and confidence of all.

For the past few years he had been in poor health, spending much of his time in Florida. Mr. Byers was a loyal friend of Butler College. He knew it in the days of small beginnings and rejoiced in the promise of the greater Butler that is to be.

William Mullendore, '88.

BYRAM—The death of Perry M. Byram makes vacant a place in the ranks of the Butler Alumni that under the best gifts of fortune will be hard to fill. His measure was the full stature of a college man in culture and character. His regard for his Alma Mater, her faculty and ideals, was of the noblest sort.

He was born at Paragon, Indiana, November 2, 1864, and died at the Mayo Hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, August 20, 1928. After completing the course in the schools of Paragon, he entered the State Normal at Terre Haute, taught in the schools of his home county, and later in life was an outstanding teacher in the high schools of Martinsville, and also of Haughville.

Upon graduation from Butler in 1899, he was granted a scholarship from Chicago University, where he spent a year in graduate work. His major student interests were along the lines of philosophy, history and the languages. He was eternally helping some forlorn and struggling soul in German, and took up Spanish for his own delight just a few years ago. The greater portion of his working period was spent, however, in the service of the Federal government in the Land Office at Camden, Arkansas, and at Little Rock.

While at Butler Mr. Byram maintained a fair interest in all phases of college life, yet his personal bent was for those things that go to make the service of higher institutions of learning indispensable to the life of a great and free nation. He was unmarried and the spirit of devotion to his mother and sister with whom he lived, was in keeping with the high motives that dominated his fine personality. The quest for the best and the passing on of the
good things of life to others was to him second nature. He was a rare chum, a loyal friend, a generous and dependable co-worker and a torch bearer of true American citizenship amid the befuddling gloom that now hovers over the land. He stood the gaff of the routine of the commonplace, of bodily ills and the hard knocks of a workaday life, yet he never filled a situation that was not the better for his having lived. To those who knew him best his passing is a near-tragedy, but the pattern of his splendid life will ever remain an inspiration and a sacred memory.

Delmar T. Powers.

Steiner—In the death of Mrs. Agnes Wallace Steiner, former student of the Northwestern Christian University, another link has been severed connecting the University with its earliest students.

Mrs. Steiner was the daughter of Governor David Wallace and Mrs. Zerelda Sanders Wallace, and sister of General Lew Wallace. She was a beautiful woman and one of those aristocrats who characterized early Indianapolis.

Washburn—Anson Phelps Washburn, '98, died on July 7 in Charlevoix, Michigan, at the age of fifty-two years. Mention was made in the July Quarterly of his long illness. No friend can regret that his suffering has ended. He was a good man, a valued citizen, a loyal alumnus. He will be missed.

Butler alumni of the eighties will recall that in those days the business section of Irvington consisted of a post office, which held forth in the Panhandle depot, a grocery and a drug store. Crumrine’s drug store was the rendezvous for students where their wants were supplied with everything from candy to college textbooks. They will also remember the genial proprietor, Dr. Crumrine, who was both physician and druggist. Dr. Crumrine died recently in Chicago. The funeral was held at Shirley Brothers Chapel in Irvington, and the burial was in Memorial Park Cemetery.

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THE BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

JANUARY, 1929

INDIANAPOLIS
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THE AMERICAN: POET*

By Alice Bidwell Wesenberg, Associate Professor of English

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song.

—Browning.

THE census of 1930 will not be complete unless it reports the number of poets, verse-makers, and rhymers in every community of the United States. Indeed, if it gives these figures no others will be necessary; the census will be taken. So it seems, at least, to one who tries to keep on neighborly terms with verse-writing in her own community. We are all writing it. What price Poetry? What is the explanation?

This question may seem the starting-point for a consideration of the matter, but on second thought the query as to what it all means must lead back through "How did it happen?" and "What is it?" Why is this an age when all who possibly can—and several who cannot—are writing poetry? There are statements enough every week of the lack of genuine inspiration in our American

*Reprinted from the English Journal.
poetry, of the fact that we have so much not bad and fairly good
verse in all our publications that we are grown unsensitive,
habituated to anything clear and pleasant, or pleased with every-
thing unusual and shocking. True as this is, alarming as it may be,
this view of the situation is not the most important one. I wish to
go back of it to the reasons for our almost overwhelming provincial
interest in, and the production of, verse in America.

Two things must have happened to effect the changed status of
versifying—a changed attitude both toward poetry and the poetic
faculty. Of poetry we think now as not more special than prose;
the poetic faculty we consider universal. How did the change
occur? Several possible influences come at once to the inquiring
mind, all of them starting from the same source: familiarity. We
are all on intimate terms with poetry; it has lost its glamor. We
meet poets on the street; we read poetry in our daily papers; we
use it in our advertising. And yet it has enough fascination left
so that we are all courting the muse, careless of her reputation.
That we all know her well enough to pay court is interesting.

This acquaintance is partly the result of the education in
rhythm which every American home has received from the presence
of music machines. In the days when the piano was in the best
parlor, practiced behind closed doors, and displayed by Susie at
the end of a two-year musical education under the faded woman
or the blustering, irregular man who stood for music in the com-

munity—in those days the word “syncopation” had as erudite a
sound for everyone as “solipism” will always have for many. The
rest of Susie’s family may or may not have heard, and probably
did not feel any response to the stimulus of her rhythms—if, in-
deed, she ever succeeded in catching any. But now, when few
homes are without a Victrola, a piano player, or a radio, and when
many homes have all three—now the sense of rhythm so strong in
the Spanish muleteer, the negro stevedore, the Italian boatman
(because of their heavily accented employments) is transferred to
the ears of the American business man, the American housewife.
She washes dishes to the “Volga Boat Song” and he pays his bills
to a Turkish March, or “The Swamp Blues.’’ Rhythm, always
inherent in the life-blood, universal pulse of existence, is now heard
and felt. It makes us step and think and speak in time and tune. No wonder, then, that poetry is no longer a thing to be amazed at; we know what rhythm is and how to tune in.

Again, book learning is as common as bread. The American people have read, studied, and practiced poetry in the classroom. Not the college graduates only; the kindergartners who think—or whose parents think—they lisp in numbers are very scantily represented by the Hilda Conklings and Nathalia Cranes. Hardly a teacher in the elementary schools who is not proud of the results of her efforts to teach "creative writing." Whole anthologies, magazines, and individual volumes publish the output of secondary-school training in the use of verse forms. As for the colleges, the history of poetry, the technique of poetry, the theory of poetry, the psychology—and perhaps even the chemistry of genius—are subjects of the curriculum. Books on the writing of verse are written for ages ranging from that of nursery-rhyme readers to that of psycho-analytic scholars. No one need be ignorant of the way to make verse; hardly anyone is. Nor is there need of ignorance regarding the poets and poetry of any period, especially of our own day. Anthologies and critical comment are ground out by each publisher each year.

This list of available reading matter would partly account for the familiarity of a large part of the world with poetic forms when one remembers in addition how full the college halls are today, and how numerous. It must soon be exceptional to find young people who have never been to college—as it has been to find those who have no smattering of secondary education. The number of those who knew Plato's ideas on poetic inspiration twenty years ago is multiplied by thousands today. There have never been so many people laying claim to higher education and showing some slight acquaintance at least with the subject matter of advanced study. It is not a chosen few, but a multitude of readers today who have been exposed to Spenser, Herrick, Keats, and Emily Dickinson, for example.

But a sense of rhythm and a knowledge of poetry gained from books are not enough to account for the amount of poetry written in every corner of every state in the Union. If to know it were to
write it, our investigation would be complete; but it is the general—
universal—desire for self-expression, a direct result of all our
modern thinking, that is the fertile soil for all these seeds. In this,
roots are easily struck; from it both flowers and weeds shoot to
blossom in profusion. The young people now leaving the colleges
have been encouraged since kindergarten days in creating; nothing
at the family dinner table has been so interesting as the child’s
untrammeled talk. Repression has been taboo, expression canon-
ized. Arrived at a crisis from which life-colors are seen in new
combinations, the young person is moved at once to express—and
does so—emotions and experiences new to him. Having read some-
where that the secret of the poet is to see the beautiful in the com-
monplace and to make that beauty live, the older person, pent up
through the most emotional years, now expresses the romantic
tendencies of that time in less climaetic verse. The I and the
exclamation mark are as evident in self-expressive modern verse
when the letter is lower case and all punctuation is omitted as when
these typographic signs of soul outpouring are used. Old and
young, we have no reticence. Feeling knows no limits; expression
of it is as common as walking. Blame Rousseau for it, or praise
him; but remember he is largely responsible for the present flood
of poetry in America.

And so poetry is written in Walla Walla, Washington; in
Kokomo, Indiana; in Miami, Florida; it is written on State Street,
Railroad Street, and Front Street. And what becomes of it? It is
read to little groups of aspirants who cheer each other on by
sympathetic approval and mild suggestion. Sometimes the poetry
club or circle prints privately a volume of the verse of its members
to be sold to patient friends and presented to the state library.
Some of it is bait, and very good bait, for rejection slips. More
than one provincial American has laughed courageously by showing
a careful collection of the clammy printed slips that mean bitter
chill to the hearts of poets and nothing to the editors. Much of
the poetry, of course, sees print in the ordinary mediums. Economic
laws are not often broken in the arts; the public demand and the
artist’s supply are, except in the case of an amazing genius, directly
related. There are readers of verse almost to match the writers,
The American Poet

and therefore there are publishers of it. In many communities columns of the daily papers are devoted on certain days of the week to the work of "Our Own Poets." Sometimes the column head is more poetic and more reminiscent of an eloquent speech made in Athens than the poems in the column warrant. In a recent magazine of advice and encouragement to writers—and there are many of these—were listed 102 journals publishing poetry. The article emphasized the "extensive market for verse in America." Many of the readers of these 102 channels of expression are undoubtedly the poets themselves, but not all of them. Those whose longings are too vague, whose sense of form is too feeble, but whose sensitiveness to beauty is acute, find satisfaction in reading the poetry of their compeers, in vicarious emotional katharsis.

One of the most astonishing facts in all this case concerning American poetry is that in money it does not pay. Few magazines pay well for verse; many do not pay at all; and some pay spasmodically. Several fairly generous prizes are offered each year, but for these hundreds of poems are submitted. It does not pay, and yet the American people believe in it. A pleasant reply, I submit, to criticism of American materialism. When one considers that not only are poets not paid for their verses, but that in order to keep the channels open they largely support by subscriptions and gifts the poetry magazines, one realizes to what extent poetry is either a fever in the blood or a very religion.

It is hardly a religion, however; for while payment in money is little expected, ambition for fame is a keen stimulus. Poetry is not being written in America all for love of beauty. Nor are its publishers all performing an act of self-sacrifice. For them the desire on the part of the many verse makers that their names may be known, their work read, may be a source of actual profit. Reputation as an author, and especially the name of poet, is enthusiastically and industriously sought by our legion of writers. Interesting, certainly, that the attitude to authorship in the days of popular ballads—when all were anonymous contributors to the nation's poetry—is reversed in this later day of popular verse. No "common authorship" today in the songs of the American people. We all write, but as individuals and with the definite hope that our
names will be included in the already corpulent anthologies of modern American poetry.

And so we understand some of the reasons why the poetry renaissance in America has widened from the professional center to a genuinely amateur circumference. What it is worth today, this mass of poetry, what its effect will be on American life and its reaction in future literature, how much of it is a forced growth, how much is native and real—these are questions hard to answer and better left to days when the perspective of distance makes the outlines seem less distorted. Two or three signs may well be noted, however, in our garden of American poetry by the careful gardener on the watch for blights. If it be true that the subject matter of great poetry has always been the normal and the universal, what of our search for the strange, for the local, for the racial, for the defiantly ugly, in much of our poetry? If it be true that a nice relation between form and content must be preserved in the arts, what of the slovenly formlessness, what of the affectedly grotesque, in our present treatment? If above all else, poetry should be sincere, what of the sentimental rhyming syndicated the country over, which publishers and even booksellers call poetry? I know well which I dislike more; but it is hard to say how much I dislike both urgent feeling smartly displayed and trite insincerities prettily expressed. The reader may be in the same predicament if left to consider such passages as these two:

I have seen her a stealthily frail
flower walking with its fellows in the death
of light, against whose enormous curve of flesh
exactly cubes of tiny fragrance try;
i have watched certain petals rapidly wish
in the corners of her youth; whom, fiercely shy
and gently brutal, the prettiest wrath
of blossoms dishevelling made a pale
fracas upon the accurate moon . . .
Across the important gardens her body
will come toward me with its hurting sexual smell
of lilies . . . beyond night’s silken immense swoon
the moon is like a floating silver hell
a song of adolescent ivory.

—E. E. Cummings, XLI Poems.
Night

Oh, the night is a lover with jewels to spare
And the maiden he woos will have star-gems to wear;
He will sift down the gold of his moon on her tresses,
And release gentle winds to carry caresses:
But his heart is a vagrant, sweet maiden; beware.

But lest you forget that strong and lovely plants are growing in our garden, I quote again, this time from Edna St. Vincent Milay:

Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare
Let all who prate of Beauty hold their peace,
And lay them prone upon the earth and cease
To ponder on themselves, the while they stare
At nothing, intricately drawn nowhere
In shapes of shifting lineage; let geese
Gabble and hiss, but heroes seek release
From dusty bondage into luminous air.
O blinding hour, O holy terrible day,
When first the shaft into his vision shone
Of light anatomized! Euclid alone
Has looked on Beauty bare. Fortunate they
Who, though once only and then but far away,
Have heard her massive sandal set on stone.

May no blight destroy our forest trees!

If the songs of a nation written by an idealist voicing the best
his people can hope are an important influence, what must be the influence of the songs of a nation written by thousands of highly emotional, partially educated, ambitious versifiers? Is it good or bad that poetry in America sounds like all the robins and black-birds—and a thrush or two—in the tops of all the trees in town on a spring evening?
STUDENT LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GRENOBLE*


It is difficult for the American collegian to conceive of a university except in terms of a campus, athletic teams, fraternity rushing, and ever recurring class tests. The lack of these items, so important as they are in the United States, is perhaps the most striking feature of one's introduction to the academic life at Grenoble. Their absence, however, is at first unnoticed as one tries to resolve into understanding his bewilderment at the varied medley of jargons which is everywhere at hand. It is a highly colorful group which assembles for the vacation courses at this centuries-old institution. The crowds which issue from the stained stone building constitute a conflux of most of the world's national and racial streams. More than forty distinct national groups are represented, and in a majority of recent years the United States has had in attendance by far the largest delegation. Here a young German with shaved head may be heard conversing in fluent French with a swarthy Polish girl, while a bare kneed son of the Balkans, repairing his trusty bicycle nearby, mutters in what is, fortunately, an unintelligible dialect. What wonder that the new étudiant, having perhaps only a smattering of theoretical French, is a bit distressed as he meanders about the halls, deciphering the posted instructions!

The University of Grenoble was founded, as a very modest institution, in the year 1339. Like most Middle Age schools, it had a distinctly ecclesiastical atmosphere for centuries. Since the Great War, however, it has shared in the almost universal expansion of colleges and universities. The average semester enrollment, during recent years, for the three constituent faculties (Science, Law, and Letters) has been in the vicinity of 3,000 students, approximately one third of whom were étudiants étrangers, or other than French nationals. This rather unusual emphasis upon courses for foreigners is a development of the present decade. In the faculty of

*Mr. and Mrs. DeGroot (Miss Beulah Richey, '29,) were students last summer at the University of Grenoble.
Letters alone, for example, there were 1,403 foreign students enrolled for the summer of 1927, forty-two nationalities being represented. The year before there were 1,782 foreigners in these summer courses, but this figure was abnormal, due to the extremely low exchange value of the franc, which made living and school expenses in France almost a matter of mere pocket change. It is interesting to note the statistics of American students in attendance at Grenoble during the last five years. The table reads as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Students</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1923</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1925</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1927</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The franc, at the present writing, is worth a bit less than 4 cents, which makes living expenses very reasonable. One may board at the Students Co-operative Restaurant for $12 a month (sans l'ordinaire petit dejuner—café au lait et petit pain beurre), and furnished rooms may be had at an equally fair price. There are varying rates in the pensions, or boarding houses, ranging from 75 cents a day, up. Our own room and board, in a very clean and congenial pension, cost $1 a day each, including room service and wine with meals—for those who have a taste for it. Other expenses may be estimated in approximately the same ratio to American prices. Developing and printing of films, a much used convenience of the gaping and snapping traveller, is at about half price—which, indeed, may be said to be true of anything requiring human labor. For 12 cents one may enjoy a dish of ice cream and two delicious pieces of pastry such as only the French pâtissières appear to be able to make. Very nominal fees are charged for bus excursions to the many points of interest near Grenoble. For example, an all-day trip in a modern sightseeing car over the route of Les Grands Goulets, thrilling with its vistas of peaks, fields high in the mountains, guarded valleys stretching far below, and the marvel of the road itself, carved in the face of sheer cliffs, may be had for the unheard of price of $1.20! Every week-end witnesses student
expeditions into the Alps, to Italy, the many ancient chateaux, and to other places in this historic region.

The student body of the University of Grenoble is made up of persons with at least as many different reasons for their being present as there are nationalities represented. This is especially true during the summer session, when all Europe, indeed, the whole world, appears to be visiting. It is impossible to divine motives simply by a casual observation of the matriculate. One is inclined to wonder what may be the objective of this Dane, or that Turk, or Hindu, or Pole, or Chinese. Some have confessed that they believe the prestige of having studied abroad will be worth dollars to them at the hands of a school board, whether or not they bettered their knowledge of their subject. Some aspire to the noble aim of "getting credits" for a degree. Others there are who are endeavoring to brush up their almost forgotten knowledge of the French language in preparation for graduate degree examinations. Many teachers are studying in order to increase the efficiency of their work. One girl had traveled 4,000 miles and engaged in learning the language in order to satisfy her desire to study the works of the French philosophers, without a teaching position or any other monetary remuneration in view, or even desired, to reward her efforts. Still others are here out of a love for the language and literature of the nation which has produced and fostered this school. Scratch the veneer of non-acquaintance, exchange some words of friendship, claim the camaraderie of les étudiants, and there is no foretelling what motives one may find underlying the presence of his fellow students.

Tuition for the regular school year, per semester, ranges from $4 to $12, according to the instruction desired. For foreign students in the summer courses, however, there is a charge of from $14 to $16 a month. This fee permits the matriculate to attend as many hours of lectures as he chooses, and provides especially for sixteen hours a week of instruction in small classes, which is very close to tutoring. In our own case, for example, there were five persons in one class (two Poles, a Turk, and ourselves), and eight in the other (two Hindoos, two Poles, a Spaniard and three Americans).
During the regular academic terms, professors lecture three hours, or at the most, five hours a week. Those who teach in the summer schools, in some cases, double this quota, while instructors teach fifteen hours or more, and may do private tutoring in addition.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the American student's contact with a French university is the equipment which he uses. We presume that a few years of sitting on such hard wooden benches, most of them without backs, are intended to constitute preparation for the rigors of cavalry life, since military training is compulsory for all male citizens in France. Of the eight large buildings which comprise the university group the more modern structures (fifty years old or more) house the faculties of science and law and the school of medicine. For language and literature, however, it appears to be the philosophy of the bewhiskered gentlemen who determine such matters that a very definite atmosphere is essential to the proper pursuit of these studies. How marvelously have they wrought in providing this imponderable quality! For example, the Vieux Temple, the building in which we had our classes, is two centuries old, and it is not the genius of continental architecture to obscure or minimize the evidences of the years. Its stone steps are worn deep from the tread of an unnumbered host of students, young and old, who have there made search after the elusive elements of wisdom. The board floors have been worn to the appearance of a topographical map until they have attained a rather uncertain character, providing just the proper measure of chance concerning one's safe journey over them which is in keeping with the hazards of negotiating the rivulet-infested streets outside the walls. Doubtless an American fraternity initiating committee would require its unenviable pledges to number the less worn, and therefore protruding, knots which profusely dot the floors.

Credit should be given to the Comité de Patronage des Étudiants Étrangers près l'Université de Grenoble for the excellent services which it renders to visiting students. Not only does it assist in locating the strangers in congenial places of residence, and furnish them with much needed information concerning the routine of
university work, but also it provides a measure of social life which, by some, is enjoyed very much. As it happened, however, the summer of 1928 was the hottest and dryest which the Isere region had experienced in many years, and few of the matriculates chose to attend the dances (on a somewhat rough stone floor) which were arranged by this Comité.

Much as one may desire to conclude his portrayal in such a way as to leave the reader with a fragrant conception (if such an expression may be used) of this Middle Age university brought almost up to date, he would not be true to the actual situation without remarking upon the avenue of approach to the Vieux Temple. The entrance to the building itself is situated in a blind alley which is often much the worse for the odors and heaps of refuse which distinguish it. For the distance of at least half a mile along the only street which leads directly to this alley is an open air market. Doubtless one may purchase here, at a most reasonable figure, wholesome viands to grace the family board, but this is small recompense for the odors of age-old cheeses through which one must grope his way while searching out the less obnoxious produce. We developed an unbounded respect for the capricious French goat, based upon the strength of the fragrance which exuded from the cheese made from its milk. Each new trip through this area revealed added wonders. After passing the public fountain in which the fishmongers clean their wares, we were accustomed to come upon what we had definitely decided was a butcher's meat block. This we later found to be an ancient cheese of heroic proportions, for several layers of extraneous matter had been removed from its surface (probably with a chisel and mallet) and a generous slice had been extracted. Such markets may be quite attractive to one who has become hardened to them, but they are torture to a classical Grecian nose accustomed to a thoroughly respectable middle-class environment. We dubbed the street Aroma Avenue and engaged in expeditions of exploration for a new route to the University.
FRANK C. CASSEL, '67

BARBARA BLOUNT CASSEL, '68
REMINISCENCES of pioneer days in Indiana and a romance which began in Northwestern Christian University, now Butler, are being recalled by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Cassel of Rossville, Ind., who celebrated recently their fifty-ninth wedding anniversary.

Sitting by a smoldering fire in an old-fashioned room, with delightful old furniture, lots of books and every expression of quiet scholarly tastes, Mr. and Mrs. Cassel turn back to the campus life of sixty-five years ago to evoke glimpses of old days—crinoline days—memories glowing pale like the petal of a rose.

Mrs. Cassel, nee Barbara Blount, was born in Tipton county in 1847, and enrolled as a student at Northwestern Christian in 1863. Her personality today is endowed with the same elusive charm which made her the most popular coed on the old campus. Her father was Dr. Silas Blount who, in addition to the practice of medicine, owned a general store and ran the postoffice.

"There were ten children in my family," Mrs. Cassel said in recalling early days, "and eight of us were students in the College at Indianapolis. Very few girls attended college or even high school in those days; but my father was years ahead of his time in his ideas. He believed that girls should have the same opportunities as boys. More members of the Blount family have graduated from the College than any other family. When my sister and I enrolled at Butler we had to take preparatory work since there were no separate high schools then. I received my degree in four years."

As a student Mrs. Cassel showed unusual aptitude in Latin and was known as the champion speller of the College.

"But one had to be a good speller those days. It was a matter of great pride." Mrs. Cassel continued. "Social life? Yes, our social calendar was well filled. There were no sororities then, but we had societies and clubs. I was a member of a literary
organization known as the Sigournean Society. We published a paper which was pretty much like your Collegian. There was always plenty of work to be done for our paper, but we were all willing to do it. Of course, we didn’t dance or play cards then but there were sleighing parties, taffy pulls, spelling bees and house parties where charades was the most popular game. Dramatics took up much of our spare time and it was the ambition of every coed to play the heroine in at least one presentation. Then there was skating and what fun it was to glide over the ice in the moonlight.’’

Mr. Cassel, with a twinkling eye and a sense of humor no less keen for his eighty-six years, was born in Benton County in 1842. He enrolled as a student in the College in 1860. It was while he was a freshman that he met Mrs. Cassel’s brother, Jacob Blount. They were members of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

‘‘It was lonely those first few days after I enrolled,’’ confesses Mr. Cassel. ‘‘It was the kind of lonesomeness that drives so many freshmen home. But it wasn’t long before I met Jacob Blount and we became inseparable friends. Of course Mrs. Cassel wasn’t there then but I used to help Jake buy gifts for her and his other little sister. When I was a sophomore war was declared and I left school to do my part.’’

Mr. Cassel served in Company H, 116th Indiana regiment, and fought in Tennessee under Colonel Ambrose Burnside.

‘‘During the Civil war nothing was done to keep the soldiers supplied with food,’’ relates Mr. Cassel. ‘‘The people at home were well taken care of but we actually suffered from hunger. I can remember when for weeks all we had was two ears of corn a day for our rations. We used to roast, boil or eat it raw right off of the cob. What rejoicing there was when we invaded and took over a little town in Tennessee where there was a flour mill. Needless to say there were some millers in our company and they ground our corn for us. I found an old colored woman who made mine into bread, and kind soul that she was, she gave me some butter for it. Those colored folk down there were fine to us. Once when bread and butter got monotonous as a steady diet I decided to hunt an onion. The first person I met who looked as though she might
help me was a little darky. 'No, suh, ah ain't got eny, but ah'll ask Missey for you all,' she answered. 'Missey,' agreed that she would donate an onion and watched that little tyke from the window while she handed it to me. But no sooner had she left the window than my little friend ran up to me and gave me five or six other onions which she had hidden on her person.'

In Virginia, Company H made a surprise attack on the Confederates and captured a little town where there was a printing shop.

"Those boys had a paper all ready to go to press but had to leave it. We took it over, filled it with Union news and printed it."

When the war was over Mr. Cassel returned to Northwestern Christian and resumed his friendship with Jacob Blount. In the meantime Barbara Blount had enrolled as a student, and it wasn't long before the returned soldier met her. In 1869, after both had finished college, they were married. Six children were born to them, four of whom are living.

In recalling his first experience as a teacher, Mr. Cassel relates a story of the eagerness of the country youth of the day for education.

"When I first graduated from Northwestern Christian I decided to stay on the farm with the folks for a while before venturing out to make my own way," Mr. Cassel said, "but a number of the boys in our neighborhood came to me and asked if I wouldn't hold school in the little red brick church. They were boys who had little or no chance to attend school and were eager to have at least a passing knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. They agreed to pay me what they could, keep the church building warm, and do good work as pupils, so I agreed to take them and thus I launched on a teaching career which I continued for a number of years. But I never had a school which gave me more joy than those boys who worked so hard for their education." His voice expressed a fullness of pity and understanding.

"We have some real good pictures of the old class," Mrs. Cassel offered generously and brought out an old red album which she explained had been given to Mr. Cassel by the boys of the red brick
school house. It was decorated with a bronze figure of General John A. Logan.

The fire sputtered and grew low—the room silent. Out of the dusk of nearly seventy years ago, from the yellowing pages of an old album, fading photographs testified to the beloved life of the old campus. We drifted along hand in hand with coeds in muslin frocks, dainty ruffled skirts and poke bonnets—with coeds betrothed, pledged and promised, picking wild flowers, speaking soft and sacred words and talking to the moon of the tell-tale things of young love. Thus Butler of today met Butler of yesterday and looked ahead as well as back with these old graduates who dreamed among the things they loved.

"And what," we asked, "what message shall we take back to new Butler?"

"Why tell them," they answered simply, "just tell them to live and be good."

One of the recent developments in "educational" films is the movie that attempts to depict college life. Such pictures are usually highly entertaining, but so are the Arabian Nights. Those who know colleges best usually smile at the over-wrought situations. Going to college these days is a serious business rather than an adventure in high romance. One of the most recent national releases dealing with a college theme was filmed on the Princeton campus. Many Princeton alumni took exception to the picture, some on the ground that it did not truly reflect Princeton life, others with the contention that it was questionable ethically to permit the University's name to be used in connection with commercialized amusement. One alumnus caustically wrote: "If we are going in for such things, why not start nation-wide advertising campaigns with such slogans as 'Princeton, the Friendly University,' 'You don't know what education is until you've been to Princeton.'"
TO ONE accustomed to consider the possibilities of beauty in
the landscape, the new campus of Butler University presents
an attractive prospect. It seems a piece of special good
fortune that the University finds itself located in an area of forest-
clad hills and valleys interspersed with level stretches that few
institutions of the kind can hope to approximate even after years
of careful planting and the expenditure of much time, labor, and
money.

To bring out all the beauty of which the scene is capable, how-
ever, will require much careful work. Adequate paths and drives
must be located with reference to the general contour of the
surface, vistas into the forest and to distant points must be de-
veloped, and many plants added for decorative effect. The
possibilities for planting are almost limitless. The flowering dog-
wood, the wild crab, the redbud, wild plum, the hawthorns, and at
least half a dozen magnolias will grow as thriftily on these hillsides
as their congeners do in that apotheosis of beauty, Brown County.
In time we may have our own flowery woodlands quite equaling
the famous cherry blossom avenues of Japan.

The shrubby vegetation that in bygone days must have formed
interesting groups in the shelter of the trees, has long since
vanished, but all this beauty may be brought back again by the
cunning of the landscape architect. It is not to be assumed that
planting means simply setting out a variety of shrubs in hit-or-miss
fashion. The ground must be studied for the vistas that may be
obtained, and the shrubs set at just the right points to catch the
eye of the saunterer along the paths in early spring and summer.
One visions the masses of color from clumps of blooming lilacs,
golden-bells, rose acacias, snowdrop-trees, syringas, and a hundred
others that may be used to brighten the landscape. Again in
autumn and winter, numerous species with brilliant leaves or
bright bark patterns may be used to light up the otherwise somber
wood.
It is the hope of the botanical department of the University that ultimately the trees not at present represented on the campus may be set in the places of various dead or decrepit specimens until we have an arboretum or tree garden containing all the woody plants that will survive in our climate. Such specimens, it may be said, do not cost any more than the commoner things so often used for decorative effect.

The botanical department is also basing the hope for an adequate botanical garden on the collection of some 2,500 plants already set on that part of the campus occupied by a pony track in former days. A botanical garden is not to be confused with the ordinary flower-garden, though it naturally contains a multitude of attractive flowers. It is a garden for the scientist in which grow the plants that even he examines with interest and attention.

Such a garden would provide the fresh material needed in the study of botany, and serve as an outdoor laboratory in which classes, which would otherwise have to mull over dried and pickled specimens, may study living plants at first hand. Here, also, would be carried on experiments in hybridizing and plant breeding and the production of new varieties. Eventually the garden may come to have its own collections of the more attractive cultivated plants, such as irises, peonies, tulips, roses and the like. And last but by no means least, the garden should serve as a source of supply for decorative plants used elsewhere.

This is the limit to which the ordinary botanical garden aspires, but if one cares to go further, there are rock and water gardens, desert and bog gardens and various other phases of gardening in which are cultivated a host of interesting plants that will not thrive in the ordinary garden—pitcher-plants, cacti, water-lilies, heaths, orchids, pucooons, sedums, and the like.

Like various other enterprises, the botanical garden finds its activities hampered for lack of funds. In two months the 2,500 plants it now contains were set out and a very large number of bulbs and seeds planted. It is now offered some additional thousands of interesting plants but needs funds to transport and plant them. Unfortunately all decorative planting requires time to come to perfection. It cannot be completed in a single year but the
plants must be allowed time to grow and some of them certainly take their time about it. Thus an early start is desired in order to make an immediate improvement in the grounds. Little by little, however, interesting plants are being accumulated and with no untoward reverses, the campus is destined to grow in beauty for many years to come.

A canal which freezes as tight as a drum-head, and high hills that slope away invitingly would suggest the campus as a fit rendezvous for winter sports, but as yet these natural advantages have not been utilized. There was talk of the desirability of a toboggan slide, but no organized effort was made to obtain one. It will be some little time before students adjust themselves, look around, and realize the possibilities of new surroundings. Some fine winter, perhaps next year, maybe the year after, someone will sharpen his ice skates and try out the canal, and someone else will think of pouring water on one of those winding down-hill roads, and skating and sledding will become fair rivals of the dance as a form of winter amusement. A generation ago, the canal from Broad Ripple to Fairview was an accepted highway for skaters.

Sentiment travels a rough road in this practical and business-like age. The old bell whose history runs back to the days of Northwestern Christian University, the bell which was patched and polished and trucked out from Irvington for the announced purpose of summoning laggard students to class, now hangs high in its tower as mute as "the harp that hangs in Tara's halls." It was found that electric gongs judiciously placed throughout the building did the work more effectively, more easily, more economically. They ring as a part of the electric clock system and require the attention of no one. The old bell demanded the time of one man for ten minutes out of each hour. Hereafter, it will be rung only on state occasions, authorities say.
A LITTLE squat gray building fifty-five years old has disappeared from Irvington. It was not beautiful nor has it meant much to students or citizens for more than twenty-five years, but those who were here in the '80's and '90's will recall the Irvington railroad station and postoffice with affection and interest. As I drove by its site a few weeks ago and saw the workmen pulling it down, my mind flew to those early days when it meant much to us all. It was the first building I saw in Irvington, when about 8 o'clock one August evening in 1875, I was awakened from sleep and alighted with the rest of my family to begin a sojourn of what is now fifty-three years in the classic suburb. To tell the truth, I can't remember the station of that date, but I know that is the spot in Irvington where the Tibbott family landed when they came here for the express purpose of sending through college all their numerous girls and boys.

The station was well patronized then for the Pennsylvania railroad ran frequent accommodation trains for the benefit particularly of those who lived here but who had business in Indianapolis. The street cars, drawn by a pair of diminutive mules, took an hour to make the trip and the train but fifteen minutes; so many men left home on a morning train and returned at 4:20 in the evening. That was the train that interested the children most. The school house was then located at University Avenue and the circle on South Audubon, and school was dismissed at four. We always waited for this train, for besides bringing fathers, brothers, or shopping mothers, it brought the afternoon paper. There were no carriers in that day; so we each carried our own paper. If we weren't at the station, the paper was put in our letter box in the postoffice, which occupied the east half of the building. On the west side was a waiting room which we children thronged on cold days warming our fingers and toes by the big cannon stove. In fine weather we stood around on the platform. One of our sports was to place pins on the rails for the on-coming train to smash.
Morning, noon and night there were mails and the postmaster carried the heavy bag out to hang on an iron crane at the end of the station platform, whence it was snatched as the mail train roared by. The little boys always ran to see who could be first to pick up the big canvas bag of mail that had been flung from the open door of the mail car. Then came the wait while the postmaster distributed the boxes, letters, post-cards, and papers. How we watched our glass fronted boxes!

"There's a letter in my box," one child would say.

"Huh, there's two and a paper in mine," a little friend might boast.

The evening mail was the one we all loved to go for. The station was the community center. There we met the neighbors and friends from across town and perchance walked home in the friendly dusk with a sweetheart. When I saw the wreckers at work, my mind remembered that jammed little room with its good-natured crowd of old and young, laughing, joking, teasing, discussing; and I heard again that once familiar click, click as the deft postmaster threw the mail into our various boxes.

It was a great place for students to congregate. Letters and packages from home! How much they meant to boys and girls here working to get an education and enjoying themselves too, but lonely often and longing for the understanding father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Many a heart-ache did that little old building see cured when the mail came in.

I suppose there is not a student of the '80's and '90's who will not remember George Russell, who was postmaster, ticket agent and express man in those days. I've often thought how kind and patient he was with the children who rushed in there many times a day to ask: 'Is there any mail for us?" And he knew them all. I never heard him ask a child his name.

When in the course of progress, free delivery of mail was established in Irvington, there was genuine regret on the part of many of the young people, for we had enjoyed our jaunts to the postoffice and our contacts there. Gradually the little gray building has fallen into disuse. One by one it has been stripped of its once numerous functions. The postoffice went, the railroad ceased
its accommodation trains, the express and telegraph companies withdrew their offices, and for several years the door has been locked and the once busy center has been deserted. Now it is gone utterly—not a brick is left. It lives in the memory of a few. The Irvington Union of Clubs is asking the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to plant flowers and beautify the site this spring.

One of the problems which the student council, now in process of formation at Butler, will probably consider, is that of the advisability of instituting the honor system. Just at present, the honor system seems to be very much on trial. Perhaps it always has been. At any rate, Yale and Amherst abolished it last year. Rutgers dropped it in 1925, and Western Reserve gave it up in 1926. After all, maybe old ways are best. Every alumnus recalls with some trepidation still the professor whose piercing glance and whose measured tread as he walked about the room during the examination hour constituted the best incentive to strict honesty.

Alumni will be interested to know that such student "hang-outs" of former days as the "Canteen," the "Jim-Lou," the "Kennel," "Daphne's," "Johnson's," and many others of years more remote, have been succeeded on the Fairview campus by the "Campus Club." This is the University cafeteria situated south of Arthur Jordan Memorial Hall. The proprietors have sought to encourage student congregating by putting up on the walls all the fraternity and sorority emblems, and providing a piano, magazines, and chairs for lounging. Several of the campus organizations use the place for evening meetings.
A MEMORY

The announcement through the press of the death in December of Miss Alice M. Longfellow at her home—that historic house in which she was born more than three-fourths of a century ago and had always called home—brought to mind a portrait long cherished.

There had gone from the Hoosier capital to the Harvard Annex, since long known as Radcliffe College, a graduate of Butler College to pursue her most loved study, the Greek language and literature. It was to her a great event to matriculate under Mr. Arthur Gilman, whose little history of English literature she had studied in the old University and which had awakened in her a recognition of literary beauty; to settle her tuition with Miss Longfellow as treasurer in the Craigie House on Brattle Street; to attend the Plato class of Professor Goodwin, and to read Sophocles under Mr. Louis Dyer, since long resident of Oxford University, who impressed her with his rare power of making learning beautiful. It was, to repeat, a great experience and with it all she never forgot nor ceased to be grateful for the preparation Butler had given her.

It took some time to realize that Cambridge people were not very different from her Indianapolis friends. This she observed in the guests of a tea given at Fay House by Mrs. Louis Agassiz. The great hostess with all her simplicity and kindliness and sincerity was a queen in her bearing. And here the timid guest looked upon Miss Longfellow as the ideal of a poet’s daughter, the very definition of cultured womanhood. Here, too, was Colonel Higginson who delighted the Hoosier by calling her attention to a small picture on the wall painted by Dorothea Brooke—the real “Dorothea Brooke” of George Eliot. President and Mrs. Eliot, Doctor and Mrs. Goodwin, and others of note were very interesting for this hero-worshiper to look upon, but perhaps none has remained more pleasantly in memory than the gracious Miss Longfellow so deeply interested in gaining for young women some of Harvard’s wealth. How she would have enjoyed the approaching occasion of the semi-centennial celebration of the opening of Radcliffe College which she did much to bring about. —K. M. G.
EDITORIAL COMMENT

E 204

This cryptic caption is not the number of a business man's letter file, nor an automobile license number, nor the designation of a new type of submarine, nor the call letters of a wireless station, nor the password into secret conclaves. It is more significant than any of these. Write it down in memory. Forget your own street address, or your wife's first name, or the birth date of your youngest child, but forget not E 204.

E 204 is destined to become a symbol of hospitality to every alumnus of Butler. It is to be the link binding the former student to his Alma Mater. It will be, it is already, home and headquarters to the old grad visiting the campus. E 204 is the alumni office of the University.

The designation E 204 is in itself prosaic. The number has about it no intrinsic quality of sound or form that charms the senses. Speak it aloud and it falls from the tongue no more trippingly than many another number. It has neither rhyme nor rhythm. It is devoid even of the mystical quality that would be given it by the inclusion of the digit "7." It means simply East wing, second floor, fourth room. It is purely a utilitarian device for distinguishing one room from a great many others.

Nevertheless, despite its plain externals, there are bound up with it poetic potentialities. There are few things in this world that are not prosaic when stripped of their associations. If De-
December 25 could be detached from the thought of Yuletide, it would have no more significance than any other calendar date. Gettysburg was only the plain and unpromising name of a sleepy Pennsylvania town until it became synonymous with the beginning of the end of the Rebellion.

So with E 204. To alumni, it will not be just a room in a building of many rooms. It will have an individuality which cannot be duplicated. Vision it as it will greet alumni for whose use it has been set aside. You can not miss it if you are looking for it, for it faces the head of the broad stairway that leads to the second floor in the East wing of the Arthur Jordan Memorial Hall. Step inside and let it work its spell on you.

This is a workshop. Alumni business, and that has become a business of sizable proportions in recent years, is transacted here, but this place has not the stiff and forbidding appearance that business so often thinks is demanded in the name of efficiency. Comfortable rockers invite the visitor to sink down and relax in this atmosphere of quiet. There are pictures on the walls and cozy corners lined with book shelves. It is a room that would delight the heart of a student. The desks, chairs, and tables, of rich walnut but simple in design, are in keeping with the spirit of quiet elegance. The rays of the morning sun, softened by the draperies, stream in through the windows of leaded glass. Outside is the broad, green sweep of Jordan Field, used during the fall as the football practice gridiron. The view commands the main approaches to the campus, including in its survey Forty-sixth Street, Sunset Avenue, and Buckingham Drive.

Many students of other years have already dropped into E 204 to spend a half-hour or more reminiscing over the "old days" and expressing felicity for the new. And strange as it may seem, the alumni executives, busy as they are, are never too busy for a chat with the boys and girls of yesteryear.

E 204, just a number, plain and unadorned, but as the years roll by and it becomes encrusted with the associations that cluster about pleasant places, it will take unto itself a beauty now not understood. E 204 will be a name with which to stir emotions, a thing with which to conjure poetry.
THE COLLEGE COMMUNITY

That only the young can adapt themselves readily to new situations has been proved a fallacy. Butler University, honored in her age and for fifty years a part of Irvington, moved from one side of the city to another. Four months later finds her firmly fixed in her new community and dominating its life as serenely and completely as though she had grown to maturity there. The old oak that can endure uprooting and transplanting without even a drooping of its leaves testifies to its own virility.

One of the factors in making the change an easy one was that when Butler moved north she found herself still among friends. Of the students that she had sent out into the world in recent years, those who had remained in Indianapolis to establish homes had for the most part gone out on the north side to live as a result of the rapid development of that part of the city as a residential section. Consequently, it was almost like coming home to the children. Hundreds of loyal young alumni and many older ones, too, all of whom are familiar with university life and sympathetic with its ideals, have become neighbors to their Alma Mater.

Along the pleasant boulevards near the campus, members of the faculty have bought and built new homes. Houses for two of the fraternities are nearing completion. Many of the other Greek letter organizations are not much further behind with their building plans. Butler is ready to announce to the world that she is now "at home."
AROUND THE CAMPUS

Coed Caroling

Strains of "Holy Night" and "We Three Kings of Orient Are" pervaded the halls of Arthur Jordan Memorial Building on the last day of school before Christmas vacation, as Y. W. C. A. carolers strolled through the building during the 11 o'clock class hour singing Yule songs. The organization expects to make the caroling an annual custom.

"Follies" Tryouts Start

Tryouts and rehearsals are now under way for the second annual production of the "Fairview Follies" under the direction of the Men's Union. Present plans call for the presentation at the B. F. Keith Theater in March.

Plan Student Council

Long agitation for a system of student government has resulted in definite steps being taken in that direction with the submission, by the committee authorized by President Robert J. Aley, of a working plan for such a council. The student committee, assisted by Professors R. W. Keahey and Walter L. Slifer of the history department, drew up a constitution for a self-governing body in the University after a prolonged study of the work of such groups in other universities.

Sponsor Matrix Table

Butler chapter of Theta Sigma Phi, women's honorary journalistic fraternity, was sponsor for the first Matrix Table banquet to be given under University auspices. Approximately 175 women were guests, including Indianapolis alumnae and newspaper women
and representatives of the DePauw and Indiana University chapters of the fraternity. Mrs. Beulah Brown Fletcher and Miss Mary B. Orvis, widely known for their newspaper and short-story work, were the principal speakers.

Botany Professors Honored

Dr. Ray C. Friesner, head of the botany department, was re-elected secretary of the Indiana Academy of Science at its annual meeting in Bloomington, and Stanley A. Cain, assistant professor of botany and Butler alumnus, was one of five scientists elected to the academy as a fellow.

Students Edit Plainfield Paper

Six students of the journalism department took complete charge of the publication of the Plainfield Messenger, Plainfield, (Ind.) weekly newspaper, for the issue of December 20. Their work included selling the advertising, writing and editing the news, and making up the paper. They are members of George W. Harris' class in community weekly circulation.

Denny Library Gift To College

The Butler University library has received one thousand volumes, many of them highly valuable, as the gift of Mrs. Austin J. Denny in memory of her husband, Austin J. Denny, a graduate of Northwestern Christian University in 1862. Mr. Denny, born in Indianapolis the son of pioneer parents, was for more than half a century one of the most highly respected citizens of the community. At the time of his death in 1922, he was one of the oldest active lawyers in the city. His library included more than two hundred biographies in addition to histories, essays, and the best of fiction.

Debaters To Go East

The varsity debating team will invade the East during the spring vacation, meeting such strong teams as those from Rutgers, George Washington, and Syracuse Universities. Negotiations are
also under way for debates with Amherst College and New York University.

To Give One-Act Plays

Presentation in January of three one-act plays has been announced by Thespis, campus dramatic organization. The plays are "Poor Aubrey," by George Kelly, a comedy of modern American life; "The Locked Chest," by John Masefield; and "What Men Live By," an allegorical play written by Virginia Church and founded on a story by Leo Tolstoi.

Old Campus As Park Urged

One of the most recent suggestions for disposing of the old campus in Irvington is that of selling the tract to the city to be used as a community park and recreation center. The Irvington Union of Clubs is making a concerted effort to bring the matter to the favorable attention of city officials.

Host To College Journalists

The annual convention of the Indiana Intercollegiate Press Association was held on the campus January 11 and 12. The Butler chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, had charge of the arrangements which included the annual association dinner. The association represents fifteen Indiana colleges publishing weekly or daily newspapers.

Luncheon Club Visits Campus

The Indianapolis Optimists' Club was the guest of the University at the campus cafeteria for one of its weekly luncheons. Professor R. W. Keahey of the history department and Ralph Hitch, '27, graduate manager of athletics, welcomed the Optimists on behalf of the University.

Glee Club At Indiana Theater

The Girls' Glee Club, numbering sixty voices, filled a week's engagement at the Indiana Theater. Their appearance was in con-
nection with a special program arranged by the theater for Thanksgiving Week.

Miss Hester Resigns

Miss Eleanor Hester, secretary to President Robert J. Aley, resigned December 1 to accept a secretarial position with the Disciples of Christ Pension Fund in its offices in the Chamber of Commerce Building. Miss Hester was known to hundreds of alumni through her work as employment secretary and as sponsor of student organizations. She had held her position in the President’s office since 1916.

Student Magazine Appears

The first issue of the Tower, new student literary magazine, succeeding the Cocoon, received wide-spread favorable comment from both faculty and student body. The contents included essays, book-reviews, poetry, and short-stories.

Paper Follows Students Home

Christmas vacation did not entirely shut off publication of the Butler Collegian, campus daily, this year. The paper was published every day as usual for the first week after the students were dismissed and was mailed to their homes.

Band Sports New Capes

Subscriptions from students, alumni, faculty, and friends of the University were the means of providing new capes for the sixty-five members of the band. White belts with silver buckles were added to complete the natty appearance of the bandsmen.

Frat Houses Near Completion

Construction is progressing rapidly on the new home of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, first organization to start building on Fraternity Row. The new home of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity on Sunset Avenue is almost ready for occupancy. The Phi Delt house, on the corner of Conser Boulevard and Hampton
Drive, will be a three-story structure and will cost approximately $60,000. The basement will contain a dining room, storage room and kitchen. Two large living rooms, an office, matron’s room, and guests’ room with adjoining baths will comprise the first floor. There will be ten double bedrooms on the second floor and four on the third floor.

Students Get Handbooks

The University handbook and student directory appeared after the Christmas vacation. The book, prepared and published by the department of journalism, was given without charge to all students of the university.

ALONG THE SIDELINES

Butler established an enviable record in football for the year. Although the Bulldogs did not emerge victorious in all of their contests, they gained glory in defeat.

To start the season they played Northwestern, one of the strongest teams in the Big Ten. The Bulldogs held the Wildcats during the first half, but weakened in the second under the drives of Captain Holmer, Wildcat backfield ace. The 14 to 0 score tells the story of a gamely fighting crew that refused to give up until the final whistle. The Franklin Baptists came to the Butler bowl for the first home game of the year and the Bulldogs showed a powerful offensive that Franklin found it impossible to stop. Butler held the long end of a 55 to 0 score. Against Danville Normal, the next foe, Butler again had a scoring bee and the Danville boys went home with the zero end of a 40 to 0 score.

Washington University came out of the west to provide an interesting afternoon for the boys but fell before the drives of Curly Hinchman by a 13-7 count. This was one of the best games that Hinchman played during this year.

On a field that was just as suitable for a boat race as a football game, the Bulldogs pushed over a 12-6 victory over the Muncie Cardinals. The Muncie team packed plenty of beef and was able to hold its feet better than the Butler men.
The big game of the season was with Illinois. The Sucker eleven had a great team this year and it was no disgrace that the Bulldogs fell before the Western Conference champions by a 14 to 0 count. Earlham surprised everybody by holding the Clarkmen scoreless the first half. The second half, however, was an entirely different story, and Butler ran up 24 points to Earlham's nothing before calling it an afternoon.

The Tufts game, played Thanksgiving, showed the Bulldogs in the best form of the year. The whole team functioned as a well oiled machine and Tufts was helpless before the onslaught. The 26-3 score does not show the superiority of the Bulldogs.

Butler scored 170 points to its opponents 44 for the season and finished as high scorer in the state. Curly Hinchman, all-state fullback, was high individual scorer in the state with 67 points to his credit. He crossed the line for eleven touchdowns and made one point after touchdown.

With the fading out of football, basketball assumed the throne. Once again Butler is represented by a strong team. Coach Hinkle has eight veterans on the squad of eleven men and around them he has built a strong offensive team. The Bulldogs defeated the highly touted Pittsburgh Panthers by a 35 to 33 count. Other teams played to date are Purdue, North Carolina, Missouri, Chicago; and Franklin. The remainder of the schedule follows:

Evansville, here—Jan. 18.
DePauw, here—Jan. 25.
Indiana Central, here—Feb. 1.
Evansville, there—Feb. 2.
Wabash, there—Feb. 8.
Franklin, there—Feb. 11.
Notre Dame, here—Feb. 15.
DePauw, there—Feb. 22.
Illinois, there—March 1.
Wabash, here—March 6.
Notre Dame, there—March 9.

Bill Brennan, ’31.
PUBLICATIONS

C. G. Vernier, '03, professor of law at Stanford University, is the author, in collaboration with Philip Selig, Jr., San Francisco attorney, of an article in the Southern California Law Review on "The Reversal of Criminal Cases in the Supreme Court of California." A reprint of the article has just been received by the alumni office.

Prof. Vernier has made an exhaustive study of criminal appeals taken from 1850 to 1926 with a view to determining what, if any, changes in practice or statute reforms are desirable. A voluminous mass of data is presented in scholarly fashion, and the deductions made are clearly and logically drawn.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Edna N., '09 and Miss Edith I. Cooper, '16, are living in Long Beach, California.

Henry M. Goett, '24, has been appointed secretary to Mayor L. Ert Slack.

Dr. Paul A. Draper, '21 is spending the winter months in the South.

Miss Mildred Campbell, '28, is teaching botany in the Shortridge High School.

Miss Thelma King, '28, has charge of the English and music departments of the schools of Tyner, Indiana.

Miss Alice Young, '26, sends a pleasant message from Tucson, Ariz., where she is spending the year and enjoying her surroundings.

Mrs. Edna M. Christian, '28, is giving at Indiana University a course in "Art Appreciation."

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Koehler, (Gladys Wamsley, '20,) of South Bend spent Thanksgiving in Indianapolis and attended the Butler-Tufts game.

Mrs. David O. Thomas, of Minneapolis, after spending several months in Indianapolis, has gone to Florida for the winter.
Chester H. Forsyth, '06, professor of mathematics in Dartmouth College, stopped in Indianapolis in October, having been called West by the death of his mother.

Mrs. W. L. Richardson has spent the autumn in Victoria, B. C. Dr. Richardson went out for his Christmas holidays and they both returned for the new year.

Mrs. Ruth Habbe Nethercut, '17, is living in Wauwatosa, Wis., and has recently taken possession of a new residence built by Mr. Nethercut for her and the three children.

Miss Maria Daugherty, '22, of the Family Welfare Society, was called to Florida to join in the relief work under direction of the National Red Cross following the storm in October.

Frederick E. Schortemeier, '12, retired on December 1 from the office of secretary of state. He has returned to his profession of law.

Miss Levara Millikan, '26, has returned to Indiana after two years spent at Boston University where she received her master's degree in 1927, and her M. R. E. degree in 1928.

Lyman Hoover, '22, and Mrs. Hoover, while waiting for conditions to improve in China, are located in Denver. Mr. Hoover is one of the student secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. for the Rocky Mountain field.

Rev. E. S. Conner, '87, met in November with a painful automobile accident as he was crossing Julian Avenue in the dusk. Several ribs were broken, and severe bruises received. He was taken to the Methodist Hospital for care, but is now again in his own home.

Joe Dienhart, '28, has been appointed head basketball coach of the Cathedral High School of Indianapolis. He is a former Notre Dame and Butler football star, having played a year with the Irish and with the Bulldogs in his senior year.

George A. Schumacher, '25, announced on December 12 the numbers and read the musical appreciation for the formal concert of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. The concert was given in the ball-room of the Gibson Hotel and was broadcast over WLW.
At the meeting of the executive committee of the Alumni Association held on November 28 in the office of Dr. D. W. Layman, '93, Herbert E. Redding was elected director of the Association for the ensuing year. Mr. Redding is in the real estate business with offices at 211 East Ohio Street, Indianapolis.

MARRIAGES

Iske-Schaefer—Dr. Paul G. Iske, special student, and Miss May K. Schaefer, '24, were married on December 25 in Indianapolis, where they will make their home.

DeGroot-Richey—Mr. Alfred T. DeGroot, '26, of the College of Religion, and Miss Beulah Richey, '29, were married on June 19 in Lebanon. They are at home in Indianapolis.

Davis-Martindale—Mr. Edward Davis and Miss Grace Martindale, '27, were married in Rochester, Indiana, on September 1. They are at home in Indianapolis.

Ransburg-McGuire—Mr. Ralph Herbert Ransburg, '22, and Miss Caroline Conant McGuire were married on October 10 in Indianapolis where they are making their home.

Walker-Roller—Mr. George W. Walker, '27, and Miss Irma Roller, '28, were married on October 20 in Irvington. They are at home in Evansville, Indiana.

Nusbaum-Johns—Mr. Frank Baker Nusbaum and Miss Mildred Lucile Johns, '26, were married on October 21 in Indianapolis where they are at home.

Schetter-Thomas—Mr. Robert C. Schetter and Miss Dorothy Lou Thomas, '27, were married on October 26 in Indianapolis where they are at home.

Koehne-Medlam—Mr. Frank Koehne and Miss Mildred Medlam, '25, were married on October 22 in Indianapolis where they are at home.

Collins-Reynolds—Mr. John B. Collins and Miss Dorothy E. Reynolds, ex-'26, were married on November 29 in Indianapolis where they are at home.
Schuller-Burgan—Mr. Frederick Carl Schuller and Miss Katherine Lacey Burgan, '26, were married on December 22 in Indianapolis. They are at home in Akron, Ohio.

Barlow-Coryell—Mr. Howard Walter Barlow of Cleveland and Miss Eleanor Marian Coryell, '25, were married in Indianapolis in December. They will live in Baltimore.

York-Wagoner—The marriage of Mr. Joseph W. York, '28, and Miss Mary Wagoner, '28, took place in Indianapolis in December. They are at home in Anderson.

Shultz-Treat—Dr. Irvin Tabor Shultz of the department of education, Butler University, and Miss Alice Marsh Treat were married on December 25 in Akron, Ohio. They are at home in Indianapolis.

Sweet-Jaquith—Dr. Austin D. Sweet and Miss Mildred Jaquith, '23, were married in Indianapolis on December 29. They are at home in Martinsville, Indiana.

Deaths

Collins—Miss Gladys Ruth Collins, '26, was recently killed in an automobile accident on the National Road near Knightstown.

It was an evening of November. School was closed. The time of home-going had come. She stepped out into the dusk with no intimation of the great adventure which lay so near. Suddenly, as in the twinkling of an eye, she had passed from the world she loved into the Unknown. The beautiful purposeful life had come to an untimely end.

Gladys Ruth Collins was an obedient, kind, affectionate daughter, the only child in a home whose idol she was. Every advantage
possible was given to her that she might attain a well-rounded womanhood. She came to Butler College where she was recognized for her industry and friendliness and genuineness, graduating with the class of 1926. She chose, as have innumerable young women, the well-beaten path which leads through service onward and upward.

The hundreds of friends attending her funeral bore testimonial to the life that, though brief, had been a blessing wherever spent, and though we sadly mourn her taking away, yet, in the words of Edgar Guest,

We would not grieve too much, the promise tells
That rest is hers who sleeps so sweetly there:
Beyond the dull slow tolling of the bells
Which marks her passing, life is free from care.

You would not mourn if one you love should rise
To wear the royal purple and the crown,
Should gain the glory of the great and wise
And put the tools of humble service down.

So when death comes though hard it seems to bear,
And long the years with all their loneliness,
The loved one has been called away from care
To high promotion, rest and happiness.

She has been called from pain and hurt and strife,
From all the ills which fall to flesh and clay
She has been raised into an ampler life,
Nor should we mourn too much who here must stay.
—Mrs. T. H. Kuhn.

Keenan—Miss Katherine F. Keenan after a long illness died at the age of twenty-one years at her home in Irvington on October 15. She had been a student in the College one year and was a pledge of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority. She was a gentle soul, full of life, and one for whom life held much in store, it seemed. But her plans and the plans of those who loved her were not to be realized.
Deaths

Rothermel—Word has been received of the death of Sterling G. Rothermel, '14, on September 22 in India. His labors had been heavy and he fell a ready victim to pneumonia. The news is a shock to his friends.

To Mrs. Rothermel and the two children, Charles and Jean, the Quarterly sends its sympathy in their sorrow.

Wallace—Lewis Wallace, '77, died in Indianapolis on October 15 and was buried in Crown Hill cemetery on the 19th.

Mr. Wallace was a native of Indianapolis and spent his life in this city. He was a graduate of Butler University with the class of 1877, after which he studied law and practiced the profession until the end of life. He was the grandson of Ovid Butler and of David Wallace, an early governor of Indiana; the son of William Wallace and a nephew and namesake of General Lew Wallace.

Mr. Wallace is survived by one daughter and one son.

Wright—Miss Fern Wright, '18, died on December 9 at her home in Irvington and was buried on the 11th in Columbus, Indiana.

The friends of Fern were shocked by news of her sudden death and will cherish many memories of their pleasant association with her. They respected and they loved her for faithfulness to her home responsibilities, her unselfishness and her silence in living up to her ideals.
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<table>
<thead>
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<th>Monthly Savings</th>
<th>1 Year</th>
<th>2 Years</th>
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