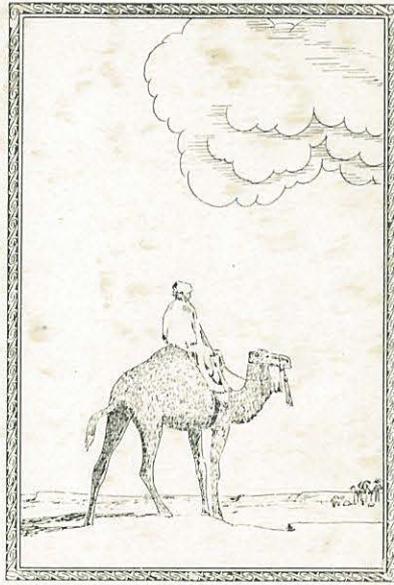


# THE OASIS



'23



## Foreword

*A Year Book? Yes, and more; for we hope that the value of this book will not fade with the year. Snatches from the school life of the past have been caught on the wing and caged here. The year with its happenings has passed and gone, but the lives of which it has become a part still live on. To those of us who have been sharers of these experiences these pages will contain many sweet associations and memories for the coming years. And we are sure that those who have had like experience in times past, will peruse this book with an appreciative interest and an understanding heart.*



OASIS

VOLUME V

NUMBER 1

# THE OASIS



COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

1 · 9 · 2 · 3

*Published by the*

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF NORTHWEST NAZARENE COLLEGE

Nampa, Idaho.

C. ELLIS CARVER, *Editor-in-Chief*

1923



## Dedication

*Again we dedicate our annual. It is a custom we follow not merely because it is a custom, but because by it we can in a small way pay tribute to one who has won our love and admiration. Several there might have been to whom we could have thus shown our appreciation; several who earned in some degree this distinction. But above them all, in the minds of those to whom the privilege of bestowing this honor was given, there stood one, who without any restriction, most merited it.*

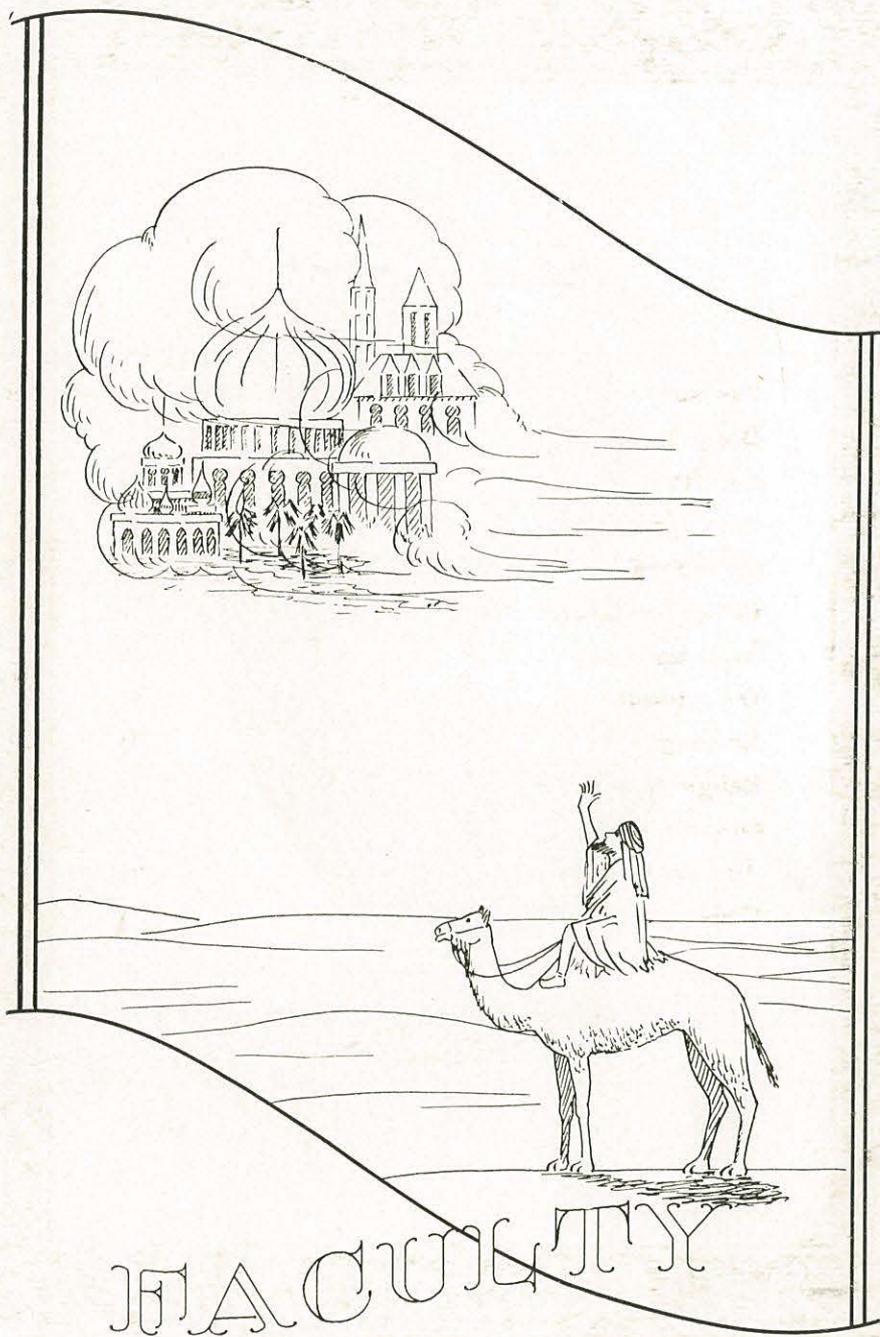
*Miss Winchester, we dedicate this book to you for many reasons. We would not attempt to name the splendid qualities we believe you to possess, nor to write in any manner of your spotless character. You have been to us a kind and true friend; a wise and fair instructor; and a helpful and practical advisor.*



## Herein Contained

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FACULTY



H. ORTON WILEY, A. B., S. T. M.  
*President*

## An Appreciation

*Many have come and gone; many have sojourned within the sheltering walls of the school we love so well, and have gone forth into the commencement of life; many are cherishing memories of happy hours of college days, and feeling the lasting influence of good upon their lives; but none there are who fully realize the debt they owe to our president, H. Orton Wiley. Only the few who have been privileged to draw the closest have caught a glimpse of the depth of his great life of sacrifice and love and its effect upon those who have come within its influence. To him we feel that the words of the poet fittingly apply:*

*“ ’Tis hardship, toil;  
’Tis sleepless nights, and never-resting days;  
’Tis pain, ’tis danger .....  
..... and changing Fortune  
That rear the mind to Glory, that inspire  
The noblest Virtues, and the gentlest Manners.”*



OLIVE M. WINCHESTER, A. B., S. T. M.  
*Vice President*



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*English*



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*Education, Spanish*



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*Expression*

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*History, Bible*



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*Voice, Piano*



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*Supervisor of Training School*

A. CHRISTABEL MARSHALL, A. B.  
*Academy English*



L. S. TRACY  
*Principal of Academy, General Science*

GERTRUDE P. TRACY  
*Academy English*





J. E. JANOSKY

*Bookkeeping*

MARIE SANNER

*Grammar Grades*



A. E. SANNER, A. B.

*Latin*



WILLA DOOLEY  
*Primary Grades*



RHODA WALLACE  
*Dean of Women*



ROSE A. HESS  
*Matron*



WEAVER W. HESS  
*Dean of Men*



*Sixteen*

## The Oasis Staff

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*Religious Activities*

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*Secretary*

G. Irving Wallace  
*Literary Editor*

# SENIORS



*At The Top*



*Resting by the Way*



*Achievement*



*Ready for Dinner*



*Descending*



*Enroute to Black Rock*



*Tired Out*



*Snow-bound*

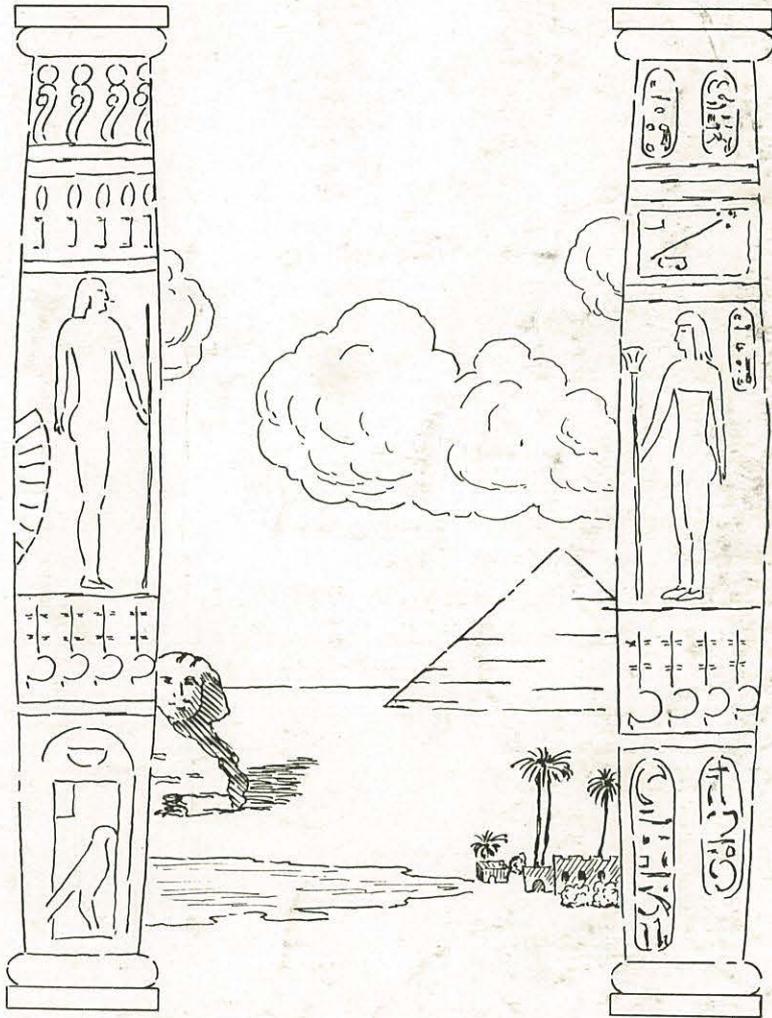


*Betsy Balking*



*Resting*

# COLLEGE *of* LIBERAL ARTS



## Graduate, School of Oratory



R. MYRTLE MANGUM, A. B., B. O.

*Nampa, Idaho*

Missionary to India, 1912-17

Graduate, Pasadena University, '20

President, Girls' Glee Club, '23

Vice President, India Band, '23

Ortonian Literary Society

Olivian Quartet, '23

*Life work:* Missionary

“Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold set in pictures of silver.”

Not only throughout our own country but in the far away land of the Hindu, multitudes have been inspired to better things by the stirring messages of Miss Mangum. But after seven years of service for the Master in India and some time spent in the ministry in the homeland she felt her need of further and more intensive training. In 1920 she received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Pasadena University. She then received a year's training in oratory under Professor Sutton, and another year under Professor Myers has won for her the degree of Bachelor of Oratory. This is the first time this degree has been conferred by the Northwest Nazarene College.

God has especially favored Miss Mangum with genuine native talent in speaking. A noble bearing, a clear, full voice, and a natural dramatic ability have well fitted her to give effective utterance to a great message. Besides, in Miss Mangum are manifest a deep and fervent Christian life, and a magnetic personality. Her presence and example have been a benediction to all of us and as she goes to further work for the Master we are sure that her labors will be abundantly fruitful.

## College Seniors

FAIRY STEELE CHISM, A. B.

*Moscow, Idaho*

PRESIDENT, SENIOR CLASS, '23  
 Vice Pres., Associate Student Body, '22  
 Secretary, College of Liberal Arts, '21  
 Ortonian Literary Society  
 President, African Band, '21, '22, '23  
*Life work:* Missionary to Africa



To see her is a joy;  
 To know her a choice privilege;  
 But to have her for a friend is an enduring benediction.

I count that day happy that discovered her to me—a friend “whom I associate with my choicest thought.”

All the virtues of pure and noble womanhood are hers—beauty, purity and truth, and a heart full of sympathetic understanding. Truly “I did not know that humanity was so rich.”

These graces belong to her, because very early she was awakened to the truth that life is a precious thing and must necessarily be fashioned carefully,—and realizing the sacredness of the task because of its eternal value, she submitted to Him, who alone can model perfectly.

Those who have known Miss Chism have felt the sweet power of her personality on their lives for good—a personality made strong by the noble aspirations of her heart, and which will endear her to the sin darkened land to which she has been called.

## College Seniors



LOTA E. CHANNEL, A. B.

*Zurich, Kansas*

President, Home Mission Band, '21, '22

Ortonian Literary Society

*Life work:* Pastor

Lota E. Channel can well be called a product of N. N. C., for he is the only student, so far, to pass through her halls from freshman year, academy, to senior year, college. He knew the school in her infancy. He helped to fight her battles. He shouted at her victories. He has been a loyal student, and could well serve as an example of the established Christian characters Holiness Schools ought to turn out. Of late, one man (a stranger), while looking at Lota Channel's photograph, said, "Oh, but that man has a good face, a good face!" He does have a good face. It is an index to his character. There one can read firmness of purpose, zeal, ruggedness, sympathy, understanding. He has a working salvation. He is a staunch home missionary, a minister of the Gospel—settled to go through with God.

"Truest wisdom is a resolute determination."

## College Seniors

CYRIL ELLIS CARVER, A. B.

*Didsbury, Alberta, Canada*

President, College of Liberal Arts, '22, '23

Editor, "The Oasis", '22, '23

Manager, "The Oasis", '22

College Quartet

Ortonian Literary Society

*Life work:* Medical Missionary



God carefully watched over Cyril Ellis Carver when that young man served in the Canadian Machine Gun Brigade "over there," and in March, nineteen nineteen, brought him home unscarred. For God had a special plan for this life, and angels smiled when he gave himself to Heaven's service the following June. In the sweet light shed on his pathway he entered Northwest Nazarene College where through definite leading and trusting he found his calling. He was to bear the "glad message" to benighted Africa.

Northwest Nazarene College has been blessed in having this young man in her student body. For the past two years he has served as President of the College of Liberal Arts, and Editor-in-Chief of the Oasis. He is a star member of the College Quartette—forever about the King's business.

From this college he will enter a medical school with the ultimate aim of going to Africa as a Medical Missionary—God speed him.

"Awake my soul! stretch every nerve  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown."

## College Seniors



EVELYN HUTTON A. B.

*Durango, Colorado*

Vice President, Home Mission Band. '22

Ortonian Literary Society

*Life work:* Preacher

Evelyn Hutton was born near Wray, Colorado. Before she had finished grammar school the family moved to Kansas where she received her early education.

It was in Burr Oak, Kansas, that she first found God in His saving power, and from that day her life has belonged to Him.

Feeling the need of religious training she came to Northwest Nazarene College in 1919 and began her college work. Choosing Theology and Philosophy as her major subjects, she has proved herself an apt student, as well as an earnest Christian worker.

Miss Hutton is an active home missionary, and feels God's call upon her to preach the gospel. She says: "My desire is to be at my best for Jesus that I might be an instrument in his hands for the salvation of souls."

"A mind not to be changed by place or time."

## College Seniors

DOROTHY E. SHELDON, A. B.

*Corvallis, Montana*

Treasurer, Senior Class

Vice Pres., Ortonian Literary Society, '21

President, Girls' Athletic Club, '22

*Aim:* Capable High School Teacher



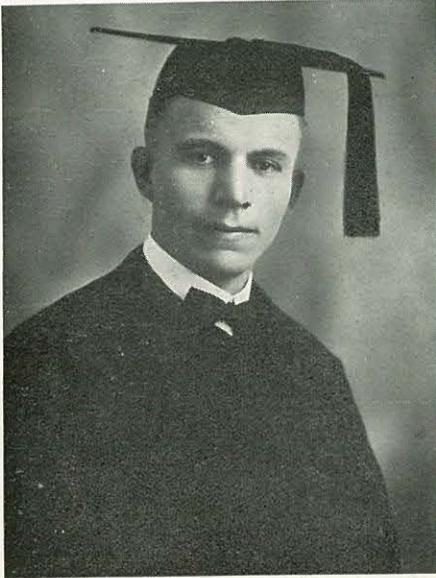
Dorothy Sheldon is one of the most promising young women belonging to Northwest Nazarene College. She came to our institution as a College Freshman from that lovely part of Montana known as the "Bitter-root." And she came covered with laurels won from the State Board of Education for her dramatic talents.

Many adjectives can fittingly adorn a character-sketch of Miss Dorothy. She has notable executive ability—she could be a figure in Social Benefits at large. She has played a leading part in all college activities, and she possesses a loyalty and perseverance which solves the problems she undertakes. Kindness and consideration for others find a home in her heart,—her hands always find kind deeds to do, and her lips gentle words to speak.

Northwest Nazarene College has greatly enjoyed Dorothy Sheldon.

"Nature seems to exist for the excellent."

## College Seniors



EDWARD C. KLINDWORTH, A. B.

*Connell, Washington*

President, Ortonian Literary Society, '21

Vice President, Home Mission Band, '22

President, Associate Student Body, '22

*Life work:* Minister of the Gospel

Mr. Klindworth is a senior, not only in the intellectual acquirements that the four years of a college curriculum should produce; not only in the possession of mature, sound judgment, and practical, unbigoted, common sense; but in the possession of a Christian experience that is real and true. Real, because it tempers and qualifies every phase of his daily life, and true, because it has produced in him an undiminishing desire to preach the eternal truth of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Klindworth entered our college in the fall of 1917. The following two years, due to service in the army, and sickness, were missed. But in the fall of 1920 he started again, continuing until completing his course this year. For the last two years he has been an efficient and capable manager of the Students' Club.

“Difficulties are stepping stones to this young man.”

## College Seniors

MASAMOTO NISHIMURA, A. B.

*San Lorenzo, California*

President, Japanese Band, '22, '23

Ortonian Literary Society

*Life work:* Preacher



Masamoto Nishimura began his education in Japan where he completed half of his high school course. He was converted one year after he came to the United States. Five and one-half years ago he came to the Northwest Nazarene College, graduating from the Academy in 1920. Throughout his college career he has been engaged in Home Mission work among his own people. As a thorough student, a faithful friend, and a devout Christian, he has greatly endeared himself to the student body; especially has he become a favorite with the boys of Gideon Hall. Brother Nishimura expects to preach and teach among his own people, either in this country or in Japan, as God may direct.

Mr. Nishimura's personal motto: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

## College Seniors



GUY ESTEL SHARP, A. B.

*Newbridge, Oregon*

Vice Pres., Associate Student Body, '23

President, Ortonian Literary, '22

*Life Work: Preacher*

A pleasing personality possessing the rare combination of a jovial happy disposition and a strong sterling character.

"Guy" as we familiarly presume to call him, came to us three years ago from the pine clad hills of Oregon just after his return from a period of service in the United States Navy, where he "did his bit" for Uncle Sam during the World War.

As he freely answered the call of the Flag, so he has gladly responded to the call of Calvary's Cross and all the powers of his regnant manhood have been committed to a thorough preparation for the higher things in the realm of true Christian service.

We bespeak for this noble life a most successful and God honored career.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

## College Seniors

MYRON BLANCHARD, A. B.

*Tillamook, Oregon*

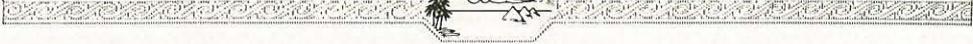
Vice President, Senior Class  
 President, China Band, '22, '23  
 Chaplain, Ortonian Literary Society, '22  
*Life work:* Missionary to China



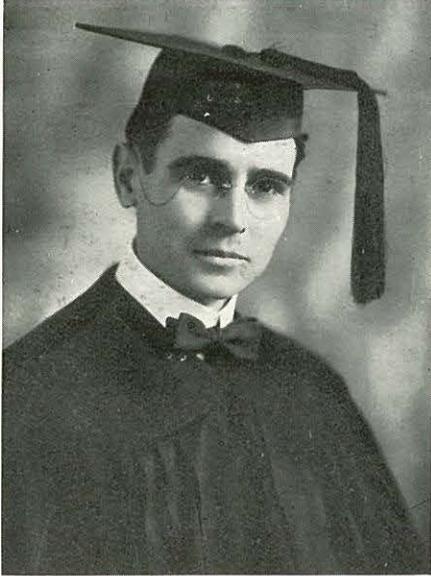
It was while engaged in the pastorate at Winlock, Oregon, that an intense desire for more efficient preparation prompted Myron Blanchard to come to N. N. C. Through the long struggle of three college years he has been as true to this purpose as the needle to the pole.

Mr. Blanchard, by the quiet and unassuming life which he has lived among us, has won a place in our regard that is as sure and warm as it is unobtrusive. Behind his reserve and humility is a sterling Christian character that has been an inspiration and a blessing to us all. His courage and purpose in the face of discouraging odds, his earnest devotion to duty, his sound judgment and keen intellectual grasp of the problems that have confronted him, and the constant cheerfulness and mild humor which he never fails to manifest, will attest the fitness of the excellent place which he holds among us. Mr. Blanchard is looking forward to missionary work in China.

“He who perseveres will be crowned.”



## College Seniors



GEORGE FREDERICK OWEN, A. B.

*Bethany, Oklahoma*

President, Associate Student Body, '23

Ortonian Literary Society

*Life work:* Evangelist

“God’s finest work is a Christian gentleman.”

Christian character comes not by accident, but through a process. George Frederick Owen was converted as a child of eleven years and when yet only sixteen started in his life work of preaching the gospel. Ever since, God has increasingly blessed his work as evangelist and pastor with marked success.

Since coming to N. N. C. in 1921, he has won his way into the esteem of all, both faculty and students. As president of the Student Body he has had at heart the best interests of the school, and has been an inspiration of much of the progress that has been made the past year.

But it is not alone for what he has done, but for what he is, that we most appreciate Mr. Owen. All those who know him recognize in him a true Christian gentleman, courteous and refined, and a most pleasant and amiable friend. The influence of his example has left among us many a mark for good that will never be effaced.

“He never did desire fame, but does desire to live a life worth while.”

## College Seniors

MARY ELIZABETH PAYLOR, A. B.

*Bethany, Oklahoma*

Secretary, Senior Class '23

Ladies' Glee Club

Ortonian Literary Society

*Aim:* Teacher



Elizabeth Paylor, a daughter of the sunny South, came to N. N. C. at the beginning of this school year. By her genial personality and cheerful nature she has gained the respect of all. Miss Paylor completed her high school work at Central Nazarene College, Hamlin, Texas, and took two years' college work at Bethany-Peniel College, Bethany, Oklahoma. Her junior year was spent at Oklahoma City College. Although quiet and unassuming her true worth of character shines out in a consistent daily walk with God.

Miss Paylor has assisted her father this year in the music department. She is preparing to become a teacher and will doubtless impart to her pupils a knowledge of true Christian values reinforced by a living example of the saving and keeping grace of God.

“Indeed true gladness does not always speak.”



## Junior Class

### OFFICERS

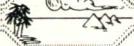
ROY SWIM, *President*  
LIDA CHISM, *Secretary-Treasurer*

L. S. TRACY, *Vice President*  
IRA TAYLOR, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

We were returning from Arrow Rock Dam and had stopped several miles from Boise for supper.

"We have done almost everything today but climb a mountain!" someone exclaimed. We needed but the suggestion, and hilariously set out to ascend the great butte whose foot sheltered our temporary camp. The ascent grew steeper and steeper. Some few, soon weary, gave up, and returned to the cheery fire below. But for the rest there was not turning back. We climbed more slowly, yet on we went toward our goal.

It was a long, weary climb, but we at last reached the top. We stood on the crest of one of the ranges that surrounded the wide-flung Boise Valley. Indistinct in the blue distance the opposite ranges lifted their towering heads. Below us shimmered the waters of the Boise River and far down its banks,



## Junior Class

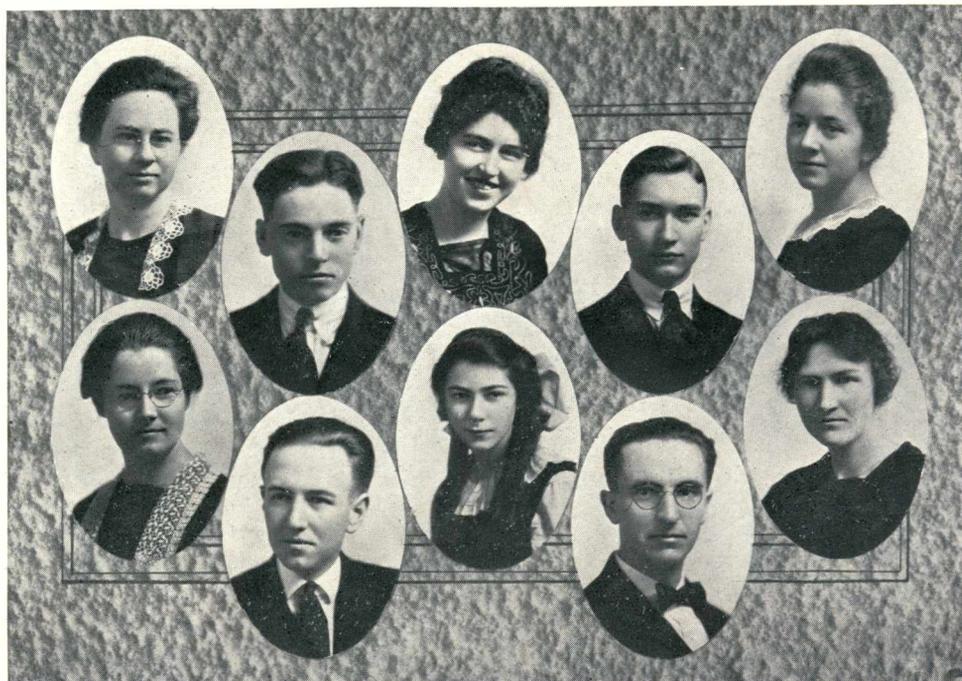
CLASS COLORS: *Royal Blue and White*

CLASS MOTTO: *"No Cross, no crown"*

almost hidden by intervening ridges, lay the sheltered Capital City. Out in the distance, breaking the gray of the sage plains, lay the green of the irrigated country, dotted here and there with farmhouses richly set midst fields and pastures and orchards. Somewhere out there, hidden by an elevation of gently rising hills, was our own beloved Nampa, our college home. It was a new and beautiful view, so different from the accustomed limited one, that we felt that we had never really seen the valley before.

I have found in this bit of experience an analogy of college life. The climb may be long and difficult, but the height once gained is worth all the toil and sacrifice. Some have dropped out by the way-side, but for others there is no turning back. As Juniors we are still climbing, and are anxious to gain the final height where beautiful unexplored valleys of promise lie out before us. To some that height will be the final preparation for work in the homeland, to others, in the foreign fields. But to all, it will mean a fuller, broader life of usefulness, a life of service for the King of kings.

VERNE HUTCHINS, COL. '24



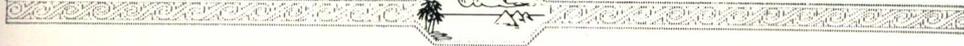
## Sophomore Class

### OFFICERS

G. IRVING WALLACE, *President*  
ADDIE LOGAN CHISM, *Secretary*

HAROLD J. HART, *Vice President*  
LOIS L. YOUNG, *Treasurer*

As another school year draws to a close, we look back upon it with a certain satisfaction, in that it marks for us achievement and progress. We have not attained all that we have striven for, yet we have been conscious of a certain mighty under-girding that has kept pushing us out beyond ourselves to greater attainments. Of course, we are eagerly looking forward to that happy day in '25, when we shall wear our caps and gowns; yet, as individuals, we are kept busy gleaning of the treasures that continually come to us from every side. We are unable to grasp all that invite us, and we cannot retain



## Sophomore Class

CLASS COLORS: *Crimson and Grey*

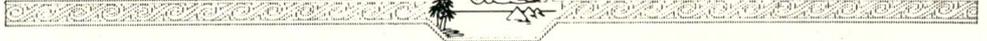
CLASS MOTTO: *"In His will is our peace."*

all that we grasp; the result is an unquenchable thirst for all that is best in life, intellectually, morally, and spiritually.

Today we are here sharpening those tools that the divine hand has placed in our keeping, and studying to show ourselves approved unto God; tomorrow will see us in our respective fields of labor, putting those same tools to use, we trust, as workmen that need not be ashamed. With these thoughts in mind, we are brought to the realization that these wonderful opportunities that are now ours are only the doors through which we must pass to greater responsibilities, for the greater the opportunity, the greater the responsibility.

Our hearts are full of hope for the future, trust in our God, and faith in ourselves, and so we press on.

A. H. EGGLESTON, COL. '25



## Freshman Class

### OFFICERS

CARL MISCHKE, *President*  
LELA TAYLOR, *Secretary*

PERCY BARTRAM, *Vice President*  
RUBY B. LOWRY, *Treasurer*

We are here, at last—students in the College of Liberal Arts at N. N. C. As high school students we looked long and expectantly to the transition. Now, it is made, and almost a year of college life has gone by. We have settled down in our new scholastic sphere as if we had never known any other, or rather, with the appreciative thought that college life excels all other. To be sure, we have laid aside the prestige of high school seniorship, and have humbly resigned ourselves to the role of freshmen. However, we are reconciled with the fact that we are now “college” freshmen.

As a class, our aspirations are still high. We have an aim in view. It is not simply to wear the cap and gown, or to be granted the worthy degree of Bachelor of Arts. These honored distinctions have their rightful place in a college student’s life; still, they are of but momentary importance, and are merely symbols of another and more significant number rendered in the program of life. Nor have we set as our goal positions of eminence in our material and



## Freshman Class

CLASS FLOWER: *Daffodil*

CLASS COLORS: *Green and Gold*

CLASS MOTTO: "*Still Climbing*"

spiritual life. To these heights we believe that many will attain, but still higher and nobler are the aspirations of our college freshmen. To us, the college classroom is a place where we can more adequately prepare ourselves for our respective callings in life. In brief, efficiency, not position is our aim. As Hubbard has remarked "The greatest satisfaction in life is to do good work."

We are proud of our class. More than half our number graduated from our own academy last spring. Others have joined our ranks, from the far-away South, from the rolling prairies of Kansas, and from all parts of our own great Northwest. We are here today and gone tomorrow. A few years will find us scattered over the globe in response to our various calls. Again, will we be freshmen, but this time our classroom will be in the school of life. Some will learn how to reach the heathen of India and Africa; a few will go out into useful business and professional careers; others will grapple with the minister's perplexing problems in the United States and Canada, while still others will become the staunch home-builders of our nation.

## The Home of N. N. C.

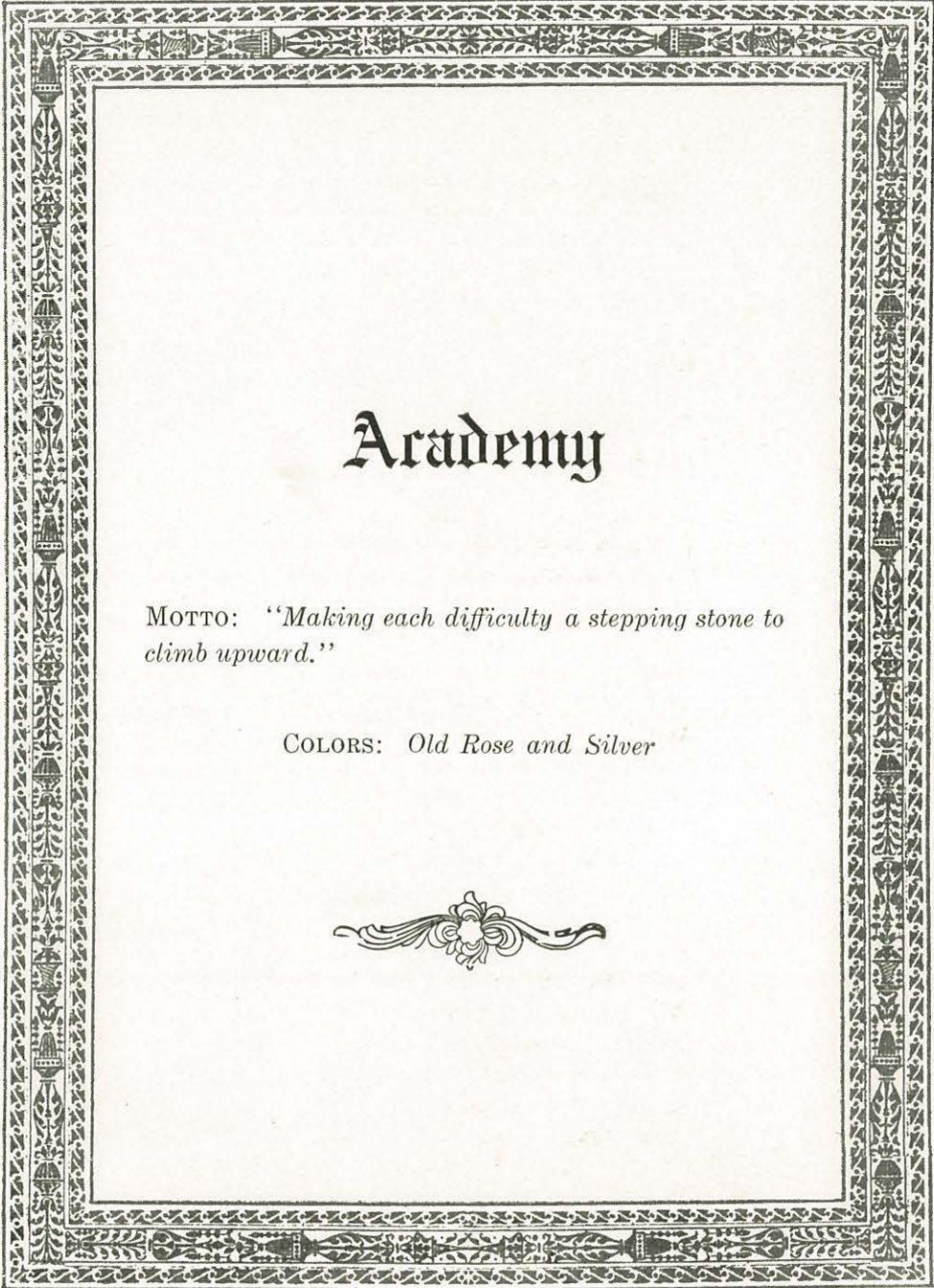
Away in Idaho,  
That's where the rosy apples grow,  
And the blushing peaches ripen  
'Neath the summer sky so blue;  
Where the meadow lark and robin  
Sing the spring and summer through  
'Tis a pleasant place to be,  
It's the home of N. N. C.

*Chorus.*  
Idaho, dear Idaho,  
You're the Gem of the Mountains,  
And the gem of all the states;  
Idaho, dear Idaho.  
You're the place I long to be,  
You're the home of N. N. C.

Away in Idaho  
That's where the best potatoes grow,  
And the prunes are right for canning  
In the fall of every year;  
Where mosquitoes are a-flying  
And a-humming 'round your ear,  
As you irrigate the flowers  
Between the scanty showers.

Away in Idaho  
You'll find the greatest place I know,  
Where the sun is brightly shining  
On the campus of our school;  
Where the students all are trying  
To observe each golden rule;  
That's the place for you and me,  
It's the home of N. N. C.

OLIVE INGLER, Col. '24



# Academy

MOTTO: *“Making each difficulty a stepping stone to  
climb upward.”*

COLORS: *Old Rose and Silver*





## Academy Seniors

WALTER H. LOWRY - - - - - *Buhl, Idaho*  
President, Senior Class

Walter Lowry is esteemed by his friends for his sturdy Christian character. He is quiet and unassuming, a young man of sterling worth. He is standing on God's promise to give him the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

ANNIE KERR - - - - - *Calgary, Alberta*  
Vice President, Senior Class

Annie Kerr is a Christian girl of sterling character. It has been a privilege to be associated with her as a classmate and friend. She is energetic and purposeful, yet she always has time for a pleasant word or a smile. We enjoy her Irish wit.

WESLEY E. STIPE - - - - - *Diamond, Oregon*  
Sergeant-at-Arms, Senior Class

Clean, upright, energetic, "Wes" is in the true sense of the word a "regular fellow." He is a practical, positive Christian, a true friend, and a jolly classmate.

MARY E. HEPLER - - - - - *Greencastle, Indiana*  
Treasurer, Senior Class

Mary—she is just Mary, and we like her "just because." But there is a real reason why. We like Mary just because she "moves among her race", showing a happy "morning face." She smiles, and that "morning light" which Stevenson loved, radiates to those about her.



## Academy Seniors

MAE W. VAUGHTERS - - - - *Davenport, Iowa*  
Secretary, Senior Class

A pure, sweet, Christian girl with an interest in the lives of others, held steady by the guiding hand of Him who is her Companion.

PAUL F. LITTLE - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*

Paul has mounted to the summit of the academy years, with high ambitions to accomplish that which lies ahead. His studious manners and his quiet ways have been a help and an inspiration to his classmates.

MILDRED V. GROENIG - - - *Yakima, Washington*

Mildred came to N. N. C. in 1921. Her firm determination and strong courage have helped her over many hindrances in the way. She has won our love and respect by actions which speak louder than words. How glad we are to know that she is called to dark Africa!

WALTER D. MILLER - - - *Emmett, Idaho*

Walter graduates from Academy after spending three years with us. He has proved himself to be of irreproachable character, a willing but unassuming worker, a devoted Christian, a perfect gentleman, well worthy of our appreciation and confidence.



## Academy Seniors

RUTH BORN - - - - - *Yakima, Washington*

Some people have said that holiness robs one of individuality. As a living refutation to this argument we submit Ruth. Her frankness is refreshing and her life a blessing. We have confidence in her religion.

VELMA C. MEGGERS . - - - - *Salem, Oregon*

The one main goal in Velma's life is to some day, "tell the old Story" in Africa. She is an earnest Christian, always ready to do her part, whether it be to sing in a schoolhouse or lead in student activities.

JAMES A. RODMAN - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*

To be a friend of Jim's is not a distinction—for he makes no enemies. Yet he stands firmly on his own feet as all his fellows of the playground will attest.

ALICE D. BRYAN - - - - - *Spokane, Washington*

We could write many pages and not pay Alice Bryan as high a compliment as by merely saying that she's a "regular" girl. Oh, she's sometimes unconventional, and often inconsistent — that's what makes her "Alice." But we like her and believe in her because we know she is "true-blue", a good student, and a real Christian.



## Academy Seniors

PEARL GOOD - - - - *Sawyer, North Dakota*

By her godly life Pearl Good has won for herself many warm friends. "Others" seems to be the motto of her life. God has called her as a missionary to Africa, and we wish her a hearty "God speed" in her further preparation.

BACHER MAGHJEE - - - - *Nashville, Tennessee*

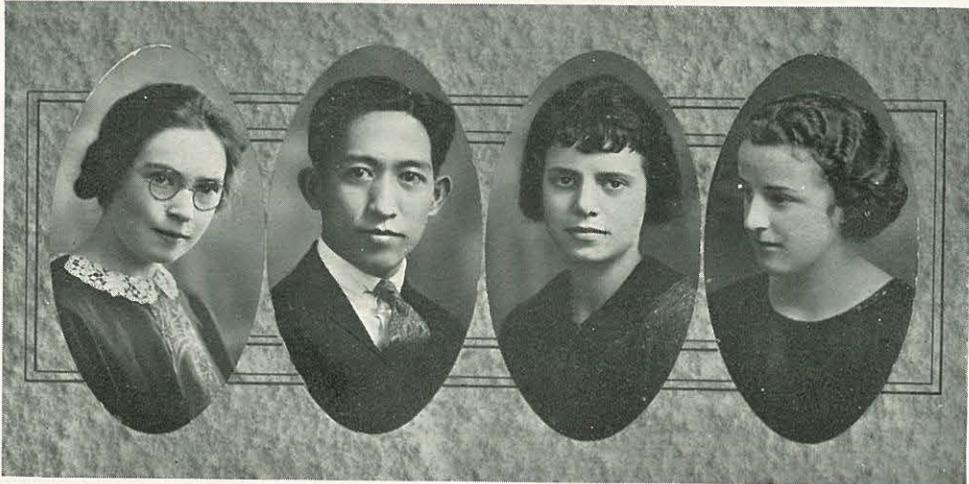
Bacher Maghjee, with manners bland,  
Clever, athletic, and gritty as sand;  
He is a youth of quiet ways,  
A student of old books and days,  
To whom all tongues and lands are known,  
And yet a lover of his own.

DOROTHY RODMAN - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*

"Stillness of person and steadiness of feature are signal marks of good breeding." This thought of another seems completely to be exemplified of you. Faithful always to the doing of "ye nexte thyng" the years of your life should reach a glorious fulfillment.

HAZEL NEIL - - - - *Melba, Idaho*

Hazel Neil is an unassuming girl who accomplishes every task that she undertakes. She is a loyal and sympathetic friend, a congenial classmate and a faithful student.



## Academy Seniors

MYRTLE DOOLEY - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*

A shy little lass entered N. N. C. four years ago. Now she is a tall senior, a bit less shy, 'tis true, but still modest and reserved. Myrtle is one of those quiet, industrious persons whose work always speaks for itself.

FELIX DIAZ - *Cabanatuan, Nueva Eceja, Philippine Islands*

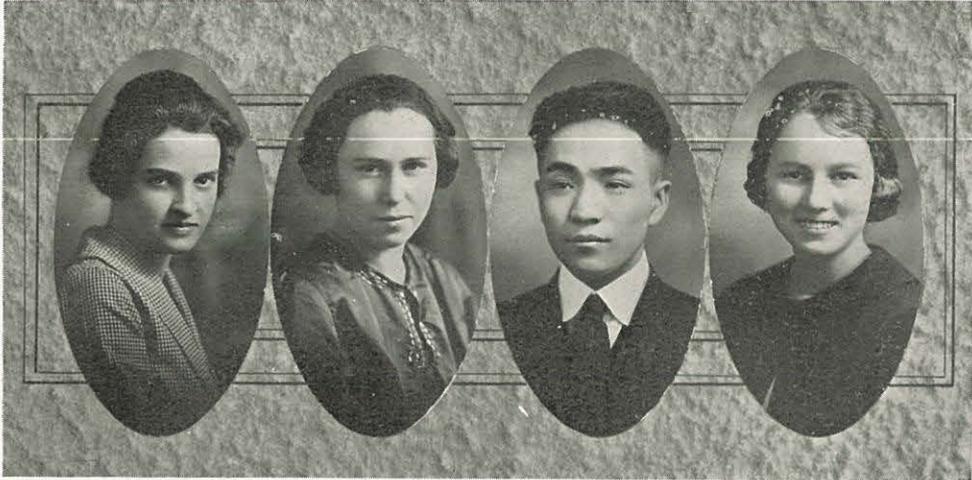
We cherish our friends from the Philippines as representatives of the great work of Christianization in that field. Felix Diaz, a unique figure of this group, we have found to be a very congenial, faithful friend and student.

ANN CLINTON - - - - - *Oakland, California*

The twentieth century is a distinctive age, it is producing distinctive people. Miss Anne is without doubt a twentieth century girl. And if she is somewhat of an iconoclast and more of a realist, she is an insatiable seeker after the truth.

VIRGINIA RECK - - - - - *Portland, Oregon*

One need only think of yellow curls and a pleasant smile to be reminded of Virginia Reck. She possesses a sincere, gentle and loving disposition, best known to her closest friends. Jolly, but a good student.



## Academy Seniors

GRACE M. LITTLE - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*

She is one of those modest, quiet, lovable girls who can no longer be found without diligent search. To see her is to admire her; to know her is to love her; and to be near her is to feel the fragrance of her pure, spotless life.

RUTH GILMORE - - - - *Wichita, Kansas*

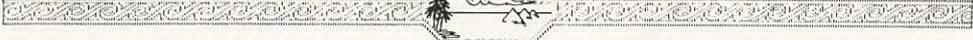
From the breezy state of Kansas came this gentle maid to brighten the lives of classmates and teachers. With her cheery smile and winning ways she wins her way into the hearts of all about her.

TADAHITO SHIZUOKA - - - - *Kagoshima, Japan*

Tadahito Shizuoka was born in southern Japan, from whence have come so many great statesmen and heroes. His is a sweet Christian character, and we all love him. His ambition is to work for the Lord among his own people.

CORA BELLE PAYLOR - - - - *Bethany, Oklahoma*

Cora Belle is the baby of the class, but neither last nor least. With her dimpled smile she makes friends with all she meets.



## Academy Juniors

### OFFICERS

ARTHUR B. COOK, *President*

WILIARD W. HARPER, *Vice President*

CAROL E. VAUGHTERS, *Secretaay*

RUBY E. MOORE, *Treasurer*

WESLEY E. HOLLOWAY, *Sgt.-at-Arms*

CLASS COLORS: *Peacock Blue and Gold*

CLASS MOTTO: *"Not to the summit, but climbing"*

The Junior Class of 1923 is the smallest class in the Academy this year, being only twenty in number; however, we comfort ourselves with the fact that it is not always quantity but quality that is desirable. And, of course, as any student will say of his own class, we have that, for two of our classmen are preachers, while some have talent along musical lines

As to social activities we have had a fine year, having had the long-looked-for privilege of entertaining the "Freshies," who in turn gave us an evening of fun. We came away, an enlightened class of Juniors, as to the possibilities lying within the much persecuted Freshman. Professor Tracy is our class adviser, and he enters into our good times as one of us. Surely we enjoy his humor.

But best of all, the majority of our class are Christians, and we mean to make our lives a blessing and be of service to the Christ, who has done so much for us.

ESTHER FRY, ACAD. '24

*changed price*  
OASIS



## Academy Sophomores

### OFFICERS

ELSIE M. BARTRAM, *President*

MARTHA L. TRACY, *Vice President*

RAYMOND J. GILMORE, *Secretary*

ALTHA L. HANSON, *Treasurer*

HARRY E. KILLION, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

CLASS COLORS: *Silver and Blue*

CLASS MOTTO: *"Enroute for the summit"*

We, the Academy class of '25, have gathered from all parts of the United States, Philippine Islands and Canada, to pursue the paths of education. It is a well-known fact that in order to reach any certain point we must follow the right path. And as we intend to make the best of our lives, religiously as well as educationally, we feel that we are on the road leading upward.

We number twenty-seven with the majority followers of the lowly "Nazarene." While we have several prospective foreign missionaries others have dedicated their lives to God's work at home.

Along with the hardships of our class work we have had many enjoyable times together, such as our class parties, skating trips, hikes, and excursions. We have tried to be as loyal to our principal, Professor Tracy, and to our teachers as we realize they have been to us. We are looking forward with great pleasure to our Junior year and bequeath to our following class-men our best wishes for as prosperous a journey as we have had.

DORIS EASTLY, ACAD. '25

1923

*Forty-seven*



## Academy Freshmen

### OFFICERS

IVOR BARTRAM, *President*  
 URSULA CLARY, *Secretary*

SETH LOWRY, *Vice President*  
 GRACE HOLMES, *Treasurer*

PHILO GRAHAM, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

CLASS COLORS: *Salmon Pink and Green*

CLASS MOTTO: *"Onward and upward is our aim"*

We may be a queer looking lot, but by close observation and careful study, one would be compelled to acknowledge that we are a very intelligent class—for Freshmen.

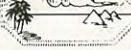
We can remember when on the first day of school, we came trembling to our classes, expecting the teacher at any moment to completely annihilate us. (For we had heard the day we sorrowfully left the dear old Grammar school, that when we entered into our high school course, we were supposed to become very grave and quiet).

But now, after nine long months, we have decided that our teachers and our principal are as full of fun as we are and we have learned to like them all.

We, the Academy Freshmen of '22, wish to thank our faculty for their prayerful interest in us during the past year. We expect some day to become men and women who will bless a world, and be an honor to dear old N. N. C.

# Departments





## Bible College

### Graduate



HOWARD A. PARK

*Nampa, Idaho*

*"I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron."*

Our friend, Howard Park, was reared on a farm in Pennsylvania. In 1903 he gathered together all and went into a far country, literally and spiritually. He took up the reckless life of a railroader, and was known for many years as a "Railroad Bum." Finally, in 1915, he came to himself and arose, and went to his Father's house. Gloriously converted and sanctified and received into the heavenly family, he answered the call to the field already white unto harvest with, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

Mr. Park came to Northwest Nazarene College in 1917, and entered the Bible Department. He has been preaching in connection with his training in college and succeeds well as a pastor. Although Mr. Park expects to labor in the wilds of Africa, yet until such time as the Lord opens the way to the prospective field of labor over the sea, he hopes to continue in the pastoral work of the home land.

Mr. Park is a man of conviction and courage, and possesses the firmness of character which will make him a conqueror in the battle of life.

"Steady and true as the stars that shine,  
So would I keep this heart of mine,—  
Fit for a gift to my Lord divine,  
Steady, steady and true."

## Bible College

### Graduate

SHERIDAN HUGHES

Nampa, Idaho

*"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath annointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek."*



We greatly appreciate our Bible College. First because it is an institution in which the bible is taught, not as a book containing God's word, but as "the word of God."

Again, we are thankful for our staff of sacrificing teachers who have been an inspiration to us, and whose godly instruction and counsel cannot but be felt in our future lives.

Then, too, the genial atmosphere of the school is conducive to the building up of one's faith in God, and the molding of christian character.

Altogether, one is reluctant to leave the school with all its associations. We, as students, cannot but feel highly honored to have had the privilege of being here for a little while.

H. A. P.

### Undergraduate

L. D. MEGGERS

Nampa, Idaho

*"Thou wilt shew me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasure for ever more."*





## Grammar School Graduates

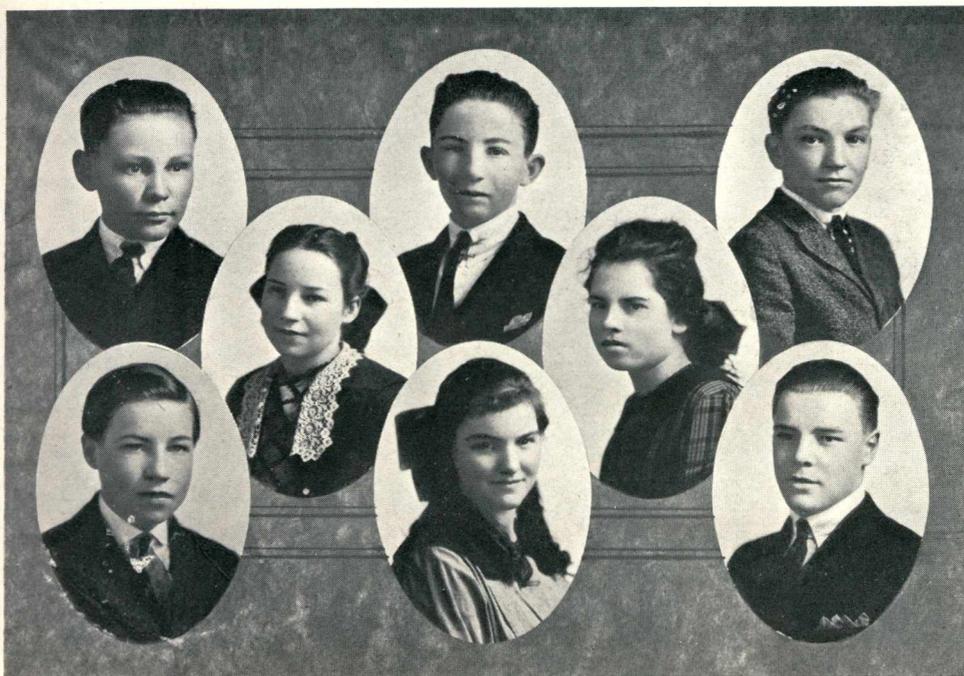
### OFFICERS

LEE SHELDON, *President*  
MARGARET PARSONS, *Secretary*

ROSS PARK, *Vice President*  
GLENN JANOSKY, *Treasurer*

The history of the eighth grade class of 1923 is more ancient than that of any class in the institution, for it began back in the fall of 1915, when on a September morning, a very few tiny tots started to school. That was the time when the Idaho-Oregon Holiness School was using the Narazene church as a place for work, and impatiently waiting for the new building out in the sage brush to be finished. Two members of the class, Margaret and Lawrence Parsons, were present that memorable November day when the school moved to the campus and the first lessons were learned in the Administration building. The school room used by the lower grades during that year is now the college library. We had five grades in a room, and Professor Marshall was then principal over the big and little.

The next year we went down a few steps, and occupied the basement of the addition, for already the new building had become too small. When we



## Grammar School Graduates

were third graders we moved out to what was, in campus language, called the "Chicken Coop", later the south wing of the dining hall. Those were happy days. We had none too much room for school work,—with no cloak rooms nor halls,—yet outside there was ample room and there were capital places for play.

But during the following year something better yet was happening—another building was going up. When school opened we moved again, and for the last time, into our own grammar school building. How fast the whole school had grown!

Here for five years within these walls we have worked and played and minded our teachers. Our class has grown from three or four, to sixteen;—for boys and girls have come from many states to be in a school where Jesus is honored and the Bible is in use. Two of our number have had the privilege of attending from the beginning, never having belonged to any other school. No doubt we know a great deal more than we did eight years ago. What we have learned has only made us eager for more knowledge, and we are looking forward to the time when we shall move again,—into the Academy.



## Special Students

Not least among the features of our school is the fact that its courses are adaptable; that they are varied enough to meet the wishes of practically all who wish to come to our school. Besides the regular College of Liberal Arts, Academy, Bible College, and Grammar School, there are the subsidiary departments of Oratory and Expression, and Music. Many include work from these departments in their regular courses, but others take work only in one of these special lines—or so that they cannot be classified in any of the other divisions. Hence, our “special students.” They are not a minor or subordinate class, but merely another class.

They are good, loyal students and worthy members of our student body.

*“’Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.”*



## Oratory

For several years we have realized our need of an expression department. We have been acquiring knowledge by diligent research and by classroom lectures and discussions. However, the art of expressing this knowledge, and of instructing and leading others by imparting our thoughts to them through the medium of speech, has been neglected. This year, Professor Myers is bringing us the needed instruction. His students have been making marked progress in learning the elementary steps of expression, and are applying their art in the routine of school life. Professor Myers has a method of teaching which serves to develop our own personalities, so that we may give expression to our own true selves, and not merely follow the rules of oratory in a mechanical manner. The department has enjoyed a good year, and the beginning has been made in preparing our aspiring young orators for useful lives in the ministry. The public programs rendered by the department have been well attended, and truly appreciated by the school and community.

MYRON BLANCHARD, COL. '23



## Voice and Violin

There are some people who insist, in spite of every argument to the contrary, that the quality of one's voice is always inherited, not made. That is, unless one is born with the ability to sing beautifully and correctly it is futile to attempt to create one by instruction and practice. The voice division of our music department operates on the contrary belief. Of course, we would not guarantee that in any given time we could transform an illiterate fish monger into a finished artist—no one could. But we do claim that we can teach you how to sing.

To the unlearned, the methods and details of this art are simple. They cannot see that it entails any great effort on the part of either the instructor or the pupil. Others—those who know—have found out different. They have learned that the technique of singing involves some deep and complex principles; and that he who masters them must not only practice, but study. We who are called upon to do no more than carry the melody of a hymn or popular song, do not appreciate, oftentimes, the skill of an artistic singer.

So, then, as the department of voice culture in a school of a denomination in which music plays so large a part, we feel that we have not only an important place to fill, but a needy one. For we train our students to sing to please God, as well as to please people.



## Piano

“Music is the science of combining tones in melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic order so as to excite the emotions or appeal to the intellect.” But music is more than a science; music is also an art, and the artistic has far greater appeal to the emotions.

Music is the art which creates melodies—simple though they may be—melodies that haunt one’s dreams and ring in one’s ears throughout the day; unconsciously they weave in and out among our busy thoughts, now and again forcing themselves upon our conscious thoughts as we hum them softly or whistle them merrily. Music is the art of blending tones into chords of rich harmony—harmony that lifts one out of the workaday world into another and brighter sphere. It refreshes the weary mind, quiets the restless spirit, and brings faith and hope to the discouraged soul.

Our Music Department exists primarily for the purpose of developing the pupil’s ability to express his personality through music; for music is a means of expressing one’s inmost feelings, whether they be joy, sorrow, hope, despair, faith or love. While we recognize that everyone cannot excel in this mode of expression, whosoever will may have the joy that comes from an appreciation of music. To create a love for the good, and cultivate a keen appreciation of the best, is our aim.



## Orchestra

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rock and bend the knotted oak.”

—*Congreve.*

Rich indeed are they who have learned to get happiness from music, to appreciate the poetry and sentiment of song, and to understand and enjoy the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity of its great and impassioned masterpieces.

Music enriches the mind, purifies the soul, expands the affections, softens the heartaches, stimulates the imagination, and leads to a higher and nobler conception of life and its surroundings. Music is a refreshing spring by the wayside of life from which we may all draw pleasure, enjoyment, and permanent benefit.

In the home, music is as necessary to the pleasure and happiness of the family as is food and raiment for their material comfort. In the school it is equally important. At least, we find it so at N. N. C.

Our orchestra directed by Professor Paylor now consists of seventeen pieces: seven violins, a piano, two trombones, two drums, a saxophone, a tuba, an alto, and two cornets.

We are indeed glad for and proud of our orchestra. Through it we hope to be able in even a small way, to interpret the hidden feeling and emotion of the masters.

BESSIE FLOWERS COL. 25

The Medical Institute

Faculty



THOS. E. MANGUM, A. B., M. D.  
*Dean*



EMILY R. MANGUM, A. B., R. N.  
*Superintendent*



GERTRUDE SLACK, R. N.  
*Head Nurse*



DAVID PHILLIPS  
*First Aid*



EDITH WHITESIDES  
*Field Representative*

OASIS



## Graduating Nurses, Missionary Sanitarium

The Missionary Sanitarium opened with one patient in the early part of the year of 1920. Its first home was in a residence building two blocks from the college, on Holly Street. Miss Nellie Love, of Portland, Oregon, who graduated in February of this year, was the first nurse in training. In June the force was increased by the addition of three more nurses, two of whom will complete their training this coming summer. In April, 1920, Mrs. Edith Whitesides was appointed missionary representative for the Sanitarium.

On October first, 1921, the Sanitarium moved into its fine new building just across from the College campus. Here the Lord has prospered the institution and has shown that His stamp of approval is upon it. It has ministered to the needs of hundreds of patients, it has proved a blessing to many of our returned missionaries, and within its walls souls have learned "the way" more perfectly and some have found God.

The nursing staff now numbers six young women in training, besides Miss Love who is still acting as surgical nurse. Two of these nurses entered training during the month of February to take the places of those who are soon going out. All of these young women are of sterling Christian character, and, with the exception of one, all are training for special work for the master.

VERNE HUTCHINS, Col. '24

*Sixty*

1923

OASIS



# Literary

1923

*Sixty-one*

## But Ashes

A fire was burning low in the grate, the ashes sifting down, the red coals feebly attempting to break forth into a blaze and casting a dim, ruddy light on the figure of an old man, seated in front of the fireplace, and lost in thought.

For an hour or more he had sat there, utterly indifferent to his surroundings, gazing into the dying embers with far seeing eyes. Why such an attitude? Did he, even as a child would, find pleasure in forming pictures in the fire and watching them burn away? Surely not, for to this man such things were as folly, a waste of valuable time.

Watching intently the little spurts of flame leaping fitfully, visions of far off days came before him, ghostly images stalked through his awakened imagination and still he alone with his somber thoughts sat inert. Slowly, gradually, the fire died out, the glowing coals crumpled together and sank lower still. Suddenly the high tower of a miniature castle has toppled over and fallen with gentle sound, and the ideals of his youthful days have fallen, and with them his faith in mankind.

The dull red glow changed to grey and still the aged man sat pondering over the past. Now the firelight faded away entirely. The white ashes slipped softly down, ah yes, crushed hopes,—bright prospects of former days has thus died leaving nothing—less than nothing,—dead ashes.

AUDREY PHILLIPS, Col. '25

## Two Dawns

The early morning was cold and dismal. We had traveled upon the deserted highway through miles of shifting, intermittent banks of dense gray fog. But now, reaching the summit of the Heights, a place where we had often paused to look down upon the panorama of the great city below, a view of unequalled beauty lay before us.

A great sea of fog lay over the wide-flung valleys of the Columbia and Willamette, a fulsome sea that rolled and tumbled its noiseless billows upon the sheer slopes below us. About us the air was clear and crisp with the frost of Autumn. Far to the east, his feet bathed in the moving sea, Mount Hood, that majestic monarch of Oregon, reared his noble head, white with the snows of countless ages, to the first light of the morning sun. How often he had thus greeted the sun's first rays, and stolen from their glory to make make for himself a golden diadem, while all the world below him yet lay in morning dusk.

Higher and higher rose the sun, until his great red face appeared over the shoulder of the mountain and until over all the world he poured a flood of crimson glory. The white of the towering peak turned to rose and crimson,—the whole eastern sky flamed with the dazzling glow and reflected itself in the blushing rose and gold and crimson of the shimmering, surging, ocean of fog. Even the stately St. Helens, far to the north, the farther shore of this rolling sea, took on in fainter coloring something of the glowing beauty of the dawn. But never was sea or sky or mountain so beautiful as this silent, surging ocean of prismatic fog. No smoke penetrated here, nothing even of the great city lying below, no clamor or sound, rose through this sea of misty, airy beauty.

Reluctantly we left the glorious dawn and dipping down the boulevard, were again swallowed up in the fog.

The great city lay wrapped in morning sleep. Dawn was breaking, but what a different dawn and in what a different world! Over all this valley world lay a drizzle of thick, gray, fog. A few early street-cars, monstrous, shapeless things, lighted by many dully-flashing eyes, clanged their slow way along the wet streets. Even their warning notes were subdued as though blanketed by the non-resonant air. The first scattered pedestrians, sheltered by grotesque umbrellas, appeared and disappeared in the haze. Apartment houses, office buildings, stores, loomed up along the street in gigantic proportions.

It was dawn in the city, a cold, dark, cheerless, dawn. There was nothing here of the beauty of the morning in the sunlight above—no glowing colors here, only the heavy, dead, gray fog. It was dawn, but truly, another dawn.

VERNE HUTCHINS, Col. '24

## On Greatness

The constant wonder of the small boy and the college student is "How did our great men get that way?" When we think of our national figures as some facts of their existence are presented to us, or as their birthdays are celebrated, we are often inclined to feel bored at the conventional reiteration of their heroisms. It seems to be making too much of a few individuals to continually be "harping" on their noble deeds and character. However, after my subjective consciousness has brought back the details and setting of these men's lives, I feel rather ashamed of my first egotistical lack of interest.

To be specific, I think Lincoln will be an example of simple but rugged truthfulness and nobility for many generations. But why? I suppose be-

cause he is not likely to be replaced in the American mind by a greater or even an equal for some time.

But why does not our age which is supposed to be one of such unlimited opportunities, produce men of Lincoln's type?

Personally, I have had very little time for thought along this line and that brings to my mind the fact that thought is an expensive luxury in our age, for it requires time to think, and time is money and money is existence, Life, that wonderful elusive something that has racked the brain of many a scientist, has now been reduced to a matter of dollars and cents, and the majority of us are so thoroughly engrossed in fighting for our share of silver, or what amounts to the same thing, our share of all we embody in our concept of life, that we have no time for unremunerative thought. Efficiency is the slogan of everyone who intends to arrive on this road, and speed is one of the chief requisites for its attainment. All our old aesthetic, idealistic, inefficient dreamy notions of life and its responsibilities have been exchanged for an idea now prevalent, which considers our existence creditably accomplished if we succeed in dying from any other malady than starvation, and in getting our progeny well started in the wild scramble for life. Such matters as honesty and truthfulness are trifles for the uninitiated to quibble over. The result, not the means, is the important thing in our day.

Lincoln grew up in the slow unhurried mood of which his portraits give evidence. He grew slowly and therefore never wearied of the process. If he was brilliant he was never spoiled by being told so at school, or by being hurried through his studies. His chief education was prosecuted after he was nearly grown and he attacked it with a purpose and that not to get a diploma or degree, but to obtain a mastery of his mother tongue and the rudiments of knowledge essential to the life of one who would serve his fellows. The shade of Lincoln's home life was particularly sombre as compared with that of the college youth of today. His allowance was a freedom to earn his own money, and his inheritance consisted of a strong moral and physical endowment with the atmosphere of ethical christianity that was to enshroud his whole life. The circumstances of his early life were those that developed all the admirable qualities of his character that his later life revealed, but would have showed up one with less commendable motives with equal intensity. He was not a victim of circumstances. He capitalized upon his circumstances.

In answering the question as to why Lincoln's are not forthcoming today, I would not attempt to prove that the opportunities are not so good for developing a keen intellect at present, nor would I say that we do not have Christian homes whose atmosphere is as wholesome as Lincoln's. Yet there seems to be a difference somewhere. To my mind Lincoln's advantage lay



ORTONIAN QUARTET

particularly in his freedom from the over-stimulating effect of contact with the problems of busy humanity until such a time as his natural judgment could aid him in making the important choices of life. The youth of today is rushed to maturity with such haste that he never makes the full, solid growth that is apparent as we once more contemplate the character of that man of men, Abraham Lincoln.

JOHN DEAN, Col. '25

## Only a Sneeze

Ka-choo! 'Twas only a sneeze, a common, everyday, ordinary sneeze, and capable in itself in producing no great cataclysm of politics, or of arousing no latent capabilities or possibilities of the mind of man, yet somehow it boldly intruded itself into my consciousness and began to suggest a line of thought, a portion of which I shall attempt, gentle reader, to place before your innocent and unsuspecting eye. It is not my purpose to enter into a physiological discussion and analysis of the sneeze, but to merely offer a few observations and remarks.

A sneeze is a sort of hysteria. That is, a person while under the influ-

ence of one of these maniacal manifestations is, so to speak, insane or at least qualificationally so, and the only thing which keeps him from the asylum is the relatively short space of time which elapses between the "ka" and the "choo." The proof of this effect of the sneeze upon the mind of the sufferer is taken from the fact that no person, while directly in the throes of a sneezy paroxysm, is capable of concentrated or mind directed thought and action, a fact often demonstrated by the wild, aboriginal articulations and gesticulations of the sneezer. The sneeze itself is also out of the control of the intellect. What person can, by exerting ever so much will power, produce a sneeze or stop one? True, it may be stifled and choked almost to the point of unrecognizability, nevertheless, the state of the paroxysm is present. A sneeze might then be classed as a nuisance; first, because of its involuntariness and uncontrollability; and second, because of its untoward mannerisms.

There are times, however, when a sneeze may be a blessing, a God-send. Haven't you ever noticed a person in the act of sneezing, and after he has indulged in two or three quite vociferous ones, haven't you seen him throw his head back and his mouth open, and, with his eyes either esqueezed tightly shut, or held glaringly open and his nostrils widely dilated, haven't you seen him wait with every muscle tense and every nerve on edge for the sneeze which would not come? He absolutely could not sneeze and yet he more absolutely had to, and then—look out! Oh, what a relief!

Then again, there is another type of instance which I merely mention in passing. This is the case of the burglar, who, while engaged in a precursory investigation of the contents of the bureau drawers in the hopes of finding a clue to your private stock, has come into a too intimate contact with the bottle of smelling salts and has been forced to make his sneezerly exit to the tune of a Colt's ".32."

These above two cases represent the extreme "I want to," and the extreme "I don't want to," of sneezdom. Between them lie the great fields of casual, and of hay-fever sneezing. I make these two divisions because of the fact that if a person is a persistent sneezer he is sure to be the possessor of some acquired or hereditary asthmatic malformation— Oh, the prolificacy of the hay-fever sneeze, and proclivity of the victim to indulge therein,— and if he is a non-persistent sneezer he will naturally fall into the class of casuals.

Leaving the persistent sneezer in the hands of the physiological professionalist, I would remark a bit concerning the latter class, the casual, I consider this sort of sneezer more dangerous both to the individual and to society in general than the hay-sneezer; for while the latter recognizes his affliction and prudently stays at home, the former is let loose to work his havoc far and wide. He sits behind you in church and you can feel the cool

spray on the back of your neck; he explodes in your library, and throws into a hopeless debacle the thought fabric you have so carefully been erecting; and, most "awful" of all, he sits beside you at the table and with his mouth full of soup and crackers and the precipitateness of the paroxysm preventing his grabbing his napkin, he sprinkles all too liberally the—but why continue the picture? You know him, and while you may like him and respect him, you nevertheless have a sort of feeling that—well you'd just a little rather he would be a bit more careful, that is—er—ka-choo!

CALVIN EMERSON, Col. '24

### "Sleeping In"

There is a class of people in the world who enjoy getting out of bed early in the morning—I'm not one of them! I like to sleep late. I thoroughly enjoy sleeping late. Nothing can excell the over-powering joy, the utopian bliss of lying in bed. I would submit it as the peer of all indoor amusements.

I am familiar with all the arguments of the early rising fanatics who think it a heinous crime to sleep past six o'clock. They have bored me since I have been old enough to think. Of course, it is "better" to get up at five o'clock. Your brain is clearer, your senses keener, and all that sort of thing. I'll admit it. Sure! Let's eat one-half as much as we do now and sleep four hours each night. Our brains would be alert enough to get a Greek lesson in a half hour. But is it worth it? That is the question. I say no! Let me get up late—bleary eyed, stupid, and lazy—but let me get up rested.

I often pictured, during the palmy days of youth, when day dreaming was an inevitable feature of my daily program, of the days when my ship would come in. Ah, then what dreams would fill the field of fancy. In the land of unfulfilled desires amidst the luxurious fittings of my stupendous mansion, on a bed of silken down that would be re-fluffed nightly, I would sleep great intervals at a time. Nothing but the soft swish, swish, of the palms which constantly, day and night fanned my face, would be heard in the room. The first slave that aroused or even agitated me would be instantly put to death. I would sleep. Oh, how I would sleep! Sleep until the last shred of desire would be satiated. Sleep until my body would be restored and supplied for the demands of my waking hours. Sleep until I would be glad to get up. Alarm clocks—those instruments of evil—would be banned from

# Beautiful Idaho.



*Shoshone Falls*



*Payette River*



*Near Cascade*



*S Fork of the Payette*



*Idaho's Capitol*



*Mountain Road*



*Arrow Rock*



*Canal*



*Falls*



*"The Woolly West"*



*Miners Hill  
near Idaho City*



*SNAKE RIVER CANYON*



*"Dry Buck"*



*PAYETTE LAKE*

my realm. Not even pictures of them would be tolerated. The waters of Lethe would be my only drink; the Poppy my only flower. And high on the head of my bed, chiseled from the finest marble would rest in simple dignity a bust of Morpheus—that grand old man of sleep.

Those were the days. Why must they fade? Now in the cold materiality of alarm clocks and six o'clock bells, life wears a different aspect, and I have no time to dream. I can only gloat over the voluptuous visions of fancy. And now I go on a slave to system, a helpless follower of conventions. If I, some morning, defy the attempts to arouse me and maliciously sleep one hour late—the day is out of joint. It is useless to try. The best I can do is to look forward to the day when senility will call me from the stern rigors of earning a living and I can devote my time principally to sleep. Meanwhile, I shall pursue my weary way, fighting off inertia and fatigue, maybe becoming a member of the myriad multitude of Tired Business Men, but always holding in my vision the idea of Paradise as a place where I can "sleep in."

G. IRVING WALLACE, Col. '25

## The Lucky Child

A guest in a house came down a long corridor; a rich gallery, hung with costly tapestries; jeweled with fine old paintings each set deep in its golden frame; lined at its walls with rare old armor, some black, some bluish steel, some as bright as new silver, some delicately inlaid with fine gold tracery of little vines and flowers; lined also with fine old chairs cushioned in faded red and purple, chairs wide and shallow and fringed, that brought back the portraits of the amiable, weak, and beloved Charles with his frothy lace collar and his pointed little black beard; laid on its floors, dark as water, with rugs like silk, and gemmed with color, and silent as moss.

Wealth—tremendous wealth—and taste, encrusted the lofty tunnel down which he made his way. And at the end of it, as it happened, in an equally rich setting, in an amber and violet lighting that fell through rare stained-glass windows, sitting straight and seriously in a huge chair of ancient walnut and painted and wooled Spanish leather, he came upon the child of the house—the ONE child.

She sat quaintly and soberly, in black velvet and lace, beneath two gorgeous candlesticks that were anything but childlike. She was thinking her own tiny thoughts and looking rather lonely. But really, she was not feeling

(Continued on page 103)

## My Father

"At Rest" were the words engraved on the silver monogram on his casket. I well remember when I was left alone in the room, with what awe and reverence I had leaned over the casket's side and studied the face for any signs that might seem to contradict this simple statement. Yet I saw that every wrinkle and every seam and every feature was bathed in peace. Not one small shadow darkened the beautifully quiet face into which I was looking. Yes, he was "at rest;" he, who had answered his country's call to arms in '61; he who had faced the hardships of a bitter war's ravages; he, who had slept and eaten in the muck and ooze of the battlefield; he, who like Jacob had had but a stone for his pillow, was now "at rest."

Before the railroad had left left its track across the continent, he had taken his small family and crossed the plains to risk all in the unknown west. They found a little home up in the fastnesses of the Colorado Rockies, and there through many sweetly sad years they had labored and toiled. The wild beasts and friendly Indians, along with a few scattered settlers were their neighbors; sickness and sorrow and death found the little home and left the scars of their visitation. Out through the long years, they sacrificed and toiled on, first happy through achievement, then crushed under disappointment,—and today—he is "at rest."

We solemnly and sadly followed the casket as it was borne from the little log cabin nestled so quietly among the barren apple trees; we went along the garden path and out through the picket gate to the road that led to the little white church on the gently sloping hillside. It was the Sabbath day and the sun shone brightly on the snow that had fallen inches deep in yesterday's storm; the air was still and cold. The country folk and townspeople were gathered in groups about the little church, their faces expressive of a kindly sympathy and sorrow for their fellow man in distress, and of respect for the dead.

We passed into the church and took our seats near the casket. There were comforting songs sung; one, I particularly remember:

"When my life work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide,  
When the bright and glorious morning I shall see;  
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side.  
And his smile will be the first to welcome me."

I have forgotten the sermon now; but I know that there was prayer, and words of heartfelt appreciation of a life now lived.

The moment had come for the last farewell. We gathered by the casket's side, and stood looking down into his face. As we haltingly turned away, I



OLIVIAN QUARTET

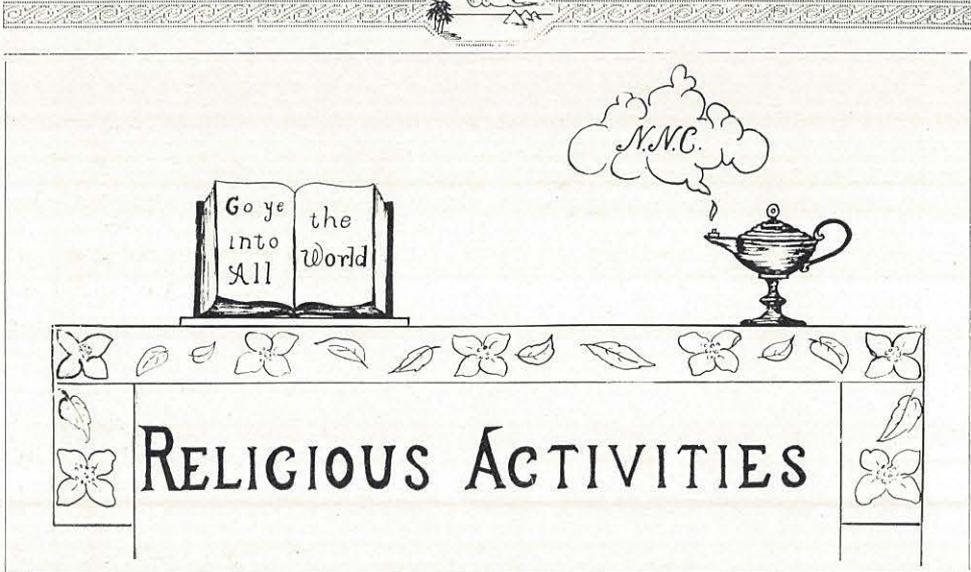
was trying to think what it would mean to me throughout all the tomorrows never to see him again.

The casket, carefully wrapped in blankets, was placed in a spring wagon, the procession formed, and the drive to the little mountain grave-yard down the river was begun. As we drove along our hearts were hushed and peacefully quiet. Now we passed by the little red brick schoolhouse where I had gone years before as a first grader. How the years had slipped by! I had finished school and grown into young manhood, while he had grown old and stooped and gray, and today—he is “at rest.”

We followed along the river’s edge, climbed the grade, and crossed the railroad track; there, but a few rods ahead of us was the grave-yard. As I think of it now, it did not seem like an enemy, but as a friend.

The service by the grave was not long. The minister read a few words. Again there was prayer, another song, then gently and lovingly, we laid him away amid the fragrant cedars and pines to await the Resurrection. *He* was “at rest.”

G. IRVING WALLACE, Col. '25



## Reflections

I sat one afternoon in my pleasant room in the girl's dormitory at N. N. C., looking out across the brown fields and beyond to where the sun was slowly sinking below the rim of low hills, and leaving behind it on the western sky one of the beautiful sunset scenes of our semi-arid Idaho. I was thinking of our college and of the young men and women who are training here, and the question came to me "Why are we here?"

As I pondered over that question, the first step toward its solution seemed to be in the word "sacrifice." Our school is young and just in the making; the buildings are not of costly stone or marble; we have no sunken gardens nor sparkling fountains; our material possessions are not valued in the millions, but as I reviewed the past I was made to exclaim "At what a cost our college has been planted here."

First of all I thought of the hours of prayer and intercession that gave it birth, of the sacrificial giving that has built its walls, of the men and women of God who have given of their very lives to the students in the classroom, of our president who has carried with such grace the burdens that would have broken the spirit of a less courageous man, and back of all this the fragrant life of that man of God, Dr. Bresee who was willing to be misunderstood, and cast out rather than to be disobedient to the Heavenly vision.

But that is not all. This small picture of immediate sacrifice became a part of a larger one belonging to all Christendom—the panorama of what it has cost to preserve and bring to us the Christian faith and the Word of God. Against

a crimson sky I saw passing before me in review such saints as Madam Guyon from her prison cell, Luther riding alone amidst the howling mob, the martyrs as they laid down their lives at Nero's block, and Stephen as he gazed steadfastly into Heaven and prayed that wonderful prayer, "Lay not this sin to their charge." Then as I bowed my head there came to my mind the scene on Golgotha's hill where was made the one great supreme sacrifice without which we would have no Christian faith, no Word of God, and no light and blessing in our own lives.

Such is the background of our Christian heritage and it comes to us as a challenge to give as we have received. How shall we carry forward the plan? What is our mission? We believe that we cannot better pay the debt than by being obedient to the great commission "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

The call of Christ rings across the ages, "Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields that are white already to harvest." Oh, to see the world as Jesus sees it! To realize as if they were before our eyes the horrid cruelties of heathenism, the hopelessness of those who sit in darkness, the souls that die every day in this dark world without hope of heaven or a ray of light; oh, to see the fainting souls of men and women of our own land who are as sheep without a shepherd. There is no better place on earth than in a school like this to catch the vision and answer the call. Many of our young men and women have here been gripped by the need of the world and have laid their lives upon the altar of service—a living sacrifice, and, bound by the cords of a divine call and a glad response, are going forth from this hallowed place as workers together with God.

Not only do we here come face to face with the issues of our life-work, but through the patient and untiring guidance of spiritual leaders and Christian teachers, we are led in the paths of truth and are taught the cardinal lessons of the Christian life that as we go out to fill the place our Father has planned for us, whether it be at home, or abroad, in the school-room, in the pulpit, or in the home, we may be workmen that need not to be ashamed and reapers in the vineyard of our Lord.

LOIS L. YOUNG, Col. '25

'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Stop, my soul, be still and gaze."

"Crosses there are in abundance, but when shall the doctrines of THE CROSS be lifted up?"



## African Band

### OFFICERS

FAIRY STEELE CHISM, *President*

CYRIL ELLIS CARVER, *Vice President*

CLARA UELTSCHI, *Secretary-Treasurer*

When the Lord laid His hand upon Louise Robinson and called her to Africa, our band had its beginning. For the first years she stood practically alone to represent her chosen field, but she prayed on and trusted until others had felt the call, and she had gathered enough about her to form an organized band. With her as its president for the first year, the band grew and prospered. From the very first, emphasis was laid on prayer and things spiritual until our meetings became such times of waiting upon God that often we would linger in prayer, unconscious of the passing hours. This feature has been characteristic from that time on.

In the fall of 1920, the way was opened for Miss Robinson to sail, and she is now in South Africa. We have missed her in many ways, but her place has been ably filled by her successor, Fairy Chism.

In the past three years the band has accomplished much in a practical way. A native girl has been supported in school, and services have been held in the Boise colored churches. Besides this, the homes of the colored people of Nampa have been visited at different times, and efforts have been put forth to make practical our missionary zeal while still in America.

## Our Outgoing Missionary

FAIRY STEELE CHISM

*Moscow, Idaho*

*"Love seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care;  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a heaven in hell's despair."*



Fairy Chism was born in Booneville, Arkansas, Jan. 10, 1899. She lived in the South until she was past eleven years of age, then moved to the Coeur d'Alenes in Idaho.

She never remembers the first time when she wanted to be a missionary or how the suggestion first came—the desire seems always to have been. So real was this missionary dream to her that when she left Arkansas, she told her classmate chum that the next time she would see her would be when she came back from the west on her way to the mission field. If the Lord wills, the prediction will come true within a few months.

As a young girl she attended the Methodist Church and was a devoted member of the Young People's Society. From childhood she seems to have had an intense interest in spiritual things. When the Nazarenes held special services at Moscow, Idaho, where her home was at that time, she was attracted by the meetings, and soon felt her need. She began seeking for the blessing of entire sanctification. This longing led her to the Northwest Nazarene College where again she continued to seek until God definitely answered. Soon after this came a call to preach, then followed the distinct call to Africa.

Miss Chism has been a strong spiritual force in the college, her earnest exhortations, her messages, and her unctuous prayers have been a blessing. She will be missed from the student body, but we gladly give her to a larger field of labor.



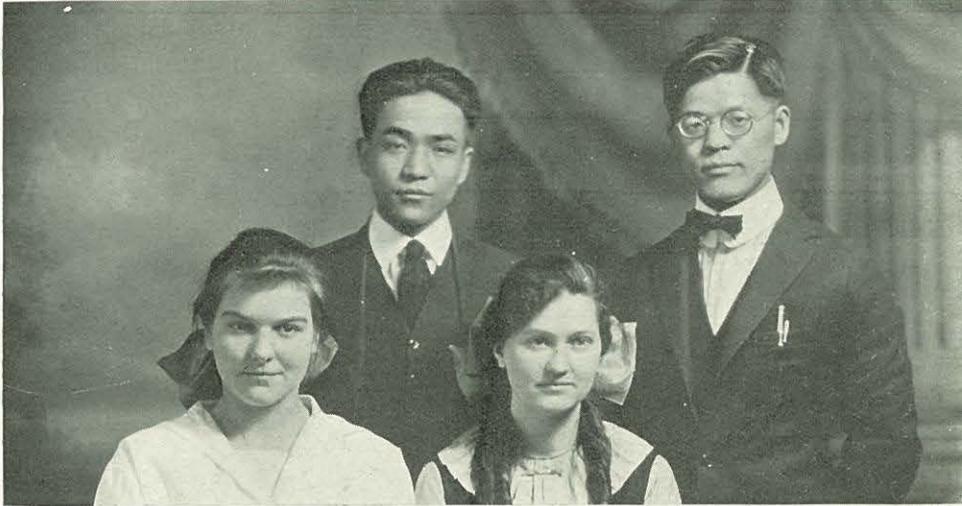
## India Band

They turn their backs, this little band,  
 On friends and prospects ever;  
 They bid farewell to all that's dear  
 The heart from home they sever.  
 They see the needy hands, for aid  
 Outstretched across the water;  
 They hear the call, and give up all—  
 "Farewell, perhaps forever."

What seek they in that burning clime?  
 What prize can lure them thither?  
 Why discount health, aye, life itself,  
 And from strength to weakness wither?  
 Is it wealth, or fame, or life romantic?  
 Is it gold and filthy lucre?  
 Will they gain a store of richer thought,  
 Or is it for adventure?

Nay! Nay!! These things are not enough  
 To pay for what they'll suffer;  
 In dusky garb some jewels are found  
 Than brightest pearls are richer.  
 They seek the wealth, the honour, fame,  
 Of worlds and beings higher;  
 They'll find the precious blood-bought souls.  
 —This is their one desire.

L. S. TRACY, Col. '24



### Japanese Band

While Japan has a glorious history of an unbroken independence of more than two thousand and five hundred years, in Christianity, she is still in her youth. The first opportunity she had of learning that there was such a book as the Bible, sacred and holy, came to her fifty years ago when Commodore Perry presented a Bible to the Emperor of the land. Since then Christianity has prospered and flourished until at the present day there are about one hundred and fifty thousand Protestants and seventy-five thousand Catholics in Japan. But comparing these with the great multitude of sixty-five million souls, they are merely a drop in a great ocean.

As Japan is still in her youth, she has all the characteristics of the young. She is speculative, skeptical and sentimental. Such tendencies naturally lead her to the new thoughts and strange doctrines, namely, German rationalism new theology, higher criticism, the evolutionary theory, and so-called modern cults. To rescue her from this period of darkness and doubt, we must give her the true gospel. In fact, she needs it more than any other thing in the world. She has education, and there is in her that potentiality that would cause her to become a great Christian nation, but only will this be so through the faithfulness of the bearers of the gospel of Christ. Who will go to the rescue before the opportunity is lost?

M. N.



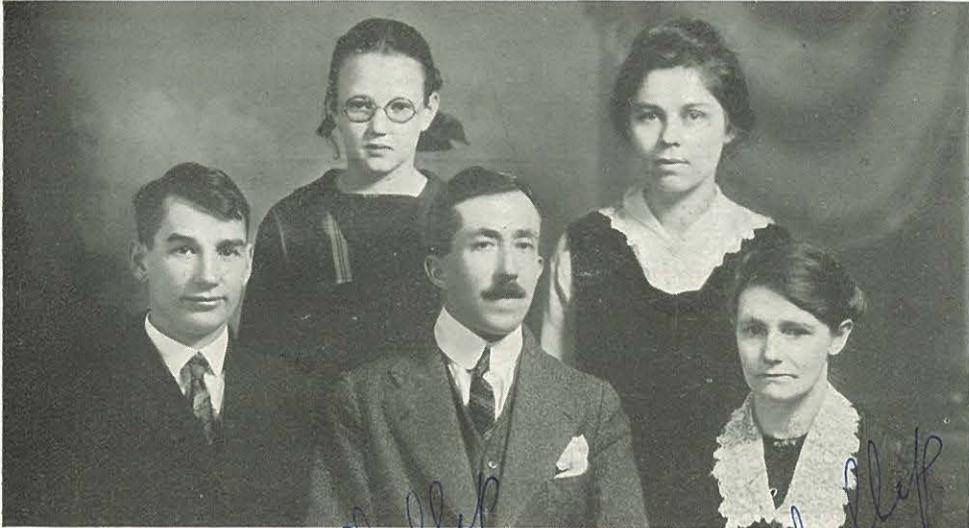
## Latin American Band

“In Latin America, Christianity, instead of fulfilling its mission of enlightening, converting, and sanctifying the natives, has itself been converted: paganism has been baptised, Christianity has been paganized.” Here Romanism of the fifteenth century type reigns supreme. But papacy and paganism have failed to satisfy the hungry hearts of the people, painted saints though an exchange for mud gods, fail to satisfy hungry souls. When will the living Christ be lifted up in Latin America? One may travel for hundreds of miles through territory under the control of Rome and never find a soul who knows that the Saviour can save from sin. “Crosses there are in abundance but when shall the doctrines of **THE CROSS** be lifted up?”

So few have caught the vision of Latin America's *real need*, which is the Gospel message of full salvation. Our band is small, too small for such a vast and needy field, but thank God, He is keeping the vision ever before us, and we believe that in answer to mighty prevailing prayer, our little band of only six members will exert an influence that shall be felt throughout the whole of Mexico, Central and South America.

“Come labour on,”

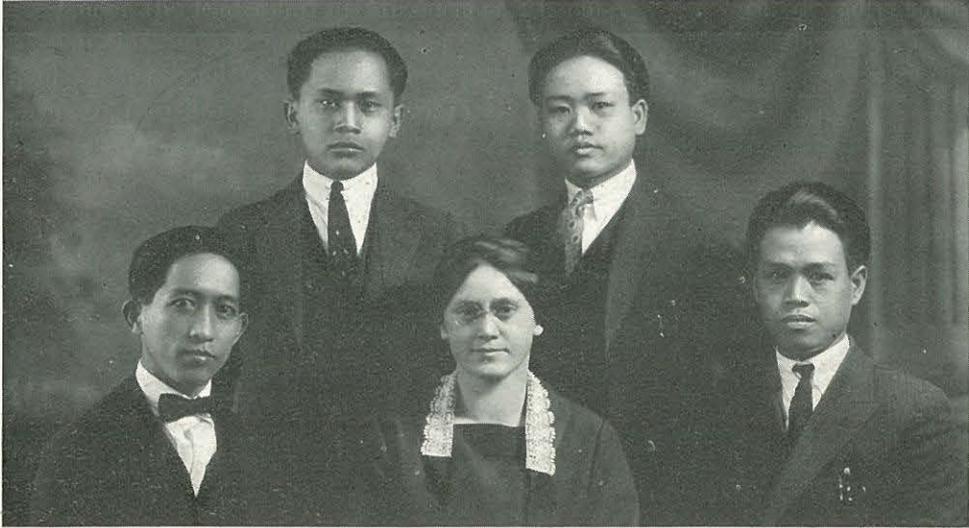
The labourers are few, the field is wide;  
 New stations must be filled and blanks supplied,  
 From voices not distant far, but near at home  
 The call is ‘Come!’ ”



Phillip  
China Band  
Mrs Phillip

The missionary motive is dependent upon two factors—the personal call and the heartfelt realization of the needs of the field. “Go ye” and “Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields” are missionary texts that keep the fires of consecration aglow in the hearts of those who are called. To us has come the call to evangelize the Chinese. A great host of people under the chains of superstition and sin beckon us. Moral depravity and selfishness more tyrannical than the deposed Manchu dynasty, hold sway over an empire. The Chinaman races through the narrow crooked streets of his city, trying to escape the Evil One; not knowing that demons dwell in his own heart, nor that there is escape through faith in Jesus. Witchcraft, deceit, superstition, and the false-teaching of priests hold him to his primitive methods, and keep his soul in the bondage of fear and dread. With hearts burning with love for the lost, we long for the time when we shall take our places as reapers in the great white harvest fields.

C. M. B.



## Philippine Band

While attending medical college in our country Rev. Brauleo D. Diaz heard the glad tidings of great joy that was heralded by the angels so many years ago. Never before had the Gospel truth in its simplicity gripped his heart for he had been a victim of priest craft and superstition in the Philippine Islands. After giving his heart to God and feeling a call to preach the Gospel, the burden for those of his own kin and country came upon his heart. He turned to the One who is a never failing source of help and spread the matter out before the Lord. As he prayed his faith increased and he dared to ask the Lord for six young men from his own people whom he might see trained and equipped to go out as messengers of Christ to their countrymen.

We have been privileged to share in the answer to that prayer since four of those young men have come to N. N. C. to get their training. Their happy faces, bright testimonies and earnest lives are an inspiration to us all and we bespeak for them fruitful lives of service.

Under the leadership of Miss Emma Mischke, a consecrated godly young woman this band is united together in prevailing prayer for the salvation of souls in heathendom and we believe that the God who has promised will give them the heathen for their inheritance.

## Chapel

Chapel services are generally considered to be occasions when we meet to go through a certain form, or to perform a particular duty, but this cannot be said of the chapel services of N. N. C. They are looked forward to with joy, and entered into whole-heartedly as times when we lay aside every other care and enter into the presence of the Lord with praise and thanksgiving.

Variety is the greatest means of maintaining interest, and this truly characterizes our chapel services. No two services are alike. We are indeed favored when our beloved President, Dr. Wiley, conducts these services, for he gives practical talks that deal with the fundamentals of Christian living. Then it is blessed to listen to the thrilling testimonies of young men and women who have dedicated their lives to God; to hear the inspiring messages of such able men and women as compose our faculty; to feel the hush and awe of the Holy Spirit's presence; to behold the mighty working of the Holy Ghost upon the hearts of the unsaved, and to witness the joy of the saints over a sinner that repenteth. Many young men and women will go forth to bless the world, having found God in saving and sanctifying power at the altars of N. N. C. These services have been times of real inspiration to holy living, times when problems have been settled, decisions made, and times of real character formation.

As a body of students we will go out into the world into different vocations and different environment, but the memories of these occasions and the impressions made upon us will be lasting.

A. D. FRITZLAN, Col. '24

## The Evening Worship

The charm and beauty of the twilight hour is known and appreciated by our dormitory family at N. N. C. just as truly as by any of the many home circles here represented. The evening meal at the dining club carries with it a special sacredness, since it is hallowed by that care free spirit which pervades the close of the day, and is immediately followed by our regular evening worship.

These devotional exercises are as varied as the different personalities of the young men and women who have charge from time to time. While some in their timidity, only read a short psalm and call on a friend to pray,—others unburden the pressure of their hearts by an hour of earnest exhortation. Be-

tween these two extremes, we have almost an endless variety of surprises. The spirit of the evening may give inspiration to testimony, and song, while shouts of victory ring through the dining hall. At other times we kneel to spend the hour under a heavy burden of prevailing prayer, and frequently an improvised altar, has been the scene of great triumph, as one or more of our boys and girls settle the great question for time and eternity.

The deans, Mrs. Wallace and Mr. Hess have contributed their part in making this hour profitable, by their timely admonitions and earnest entreaties. The other members of the faculty, Miss Norris and Miss Gustafson, also Rev. and Mrs. Fritzlan, returned missionaries from India, whom we are glad to have with us, have given of their rich experiences to the edification of all.

Of all the many pleasant hours, which have been ours to enjoy during these happy school days, this the hour of worship, is the best. Lessons may be forgotten, social functions will stand out less vividly as the years come and go, but memory will ever hold in sacred trust the hour of evening worship, as the Spirit of God brooded over the dining hall, and the gathering shadows deepened into night.

WEAVER W. HESS, Col. '26

## A Visit to the Indian's Holy City

Benares is called the Holy City of India. The Indians consider it to be the most sacred of all their places of pilgrimage. Indeed, on entering the city, you at once perceive that there is a great deal to be seen there pertaining to religion. But since the religion of India is not a holy religion, but one of a very low standard of morals, corruption and vice, it would naturally follow that the Hindu's holy city would be one of sin and night.

It was a very hot afternoon when we reached Benares. The mighty tropical sun was baking and burning everything it touched. The trains were filled with men and women, clad in the thinnest apparel; some were hardly clothed at all. With wet clothes hanging in the windows to cool the air, large palm leaf fans in the hands, women wiping off the perspiration with the corner of their "saris", and with the men sighing for a breath of air; under such conditions we arrived at the station which the Indian is pleased to term the Holy City.

We were met at the station by an Indian lad in a gharry (a closed carriage) and were taken away to the mission home of some of our missionary friends. The night was spent in trying to sleep; but, although we were on

(Continued to page 88)



## Home Mission Band

This year our Home Mission band has been especially active. Much was accomplished last year, more people have been reached this year partly on the account of the benefit derived from last year's work, and partly because of the leadership of Rev. A. E. Sanner, who has seen much service in pioneer work in the home land.

The speedometer of our home mission truck shows that the car has been driven twenty-five hundred miles carrying the workers to the many services of the year; and in addition to the truck from one to four cars have been in use almost every Sunday carrying the workers to their places of labor where they sing and preach full salvation.

The Lord has enabled the band to raise five hundred dollars in cash, and two hundred dollars in pledges; to conduct three hundred fifteen regular, and many jail and street services; to supply five regular appointments, and assist in a number of revivals; to arouse local and extended interest, and to pray with one hundred thirty-four seekers at the altar; to give opportunity for Christian service to more than sixty students, and to do much good that type fails to describe.

Rallies have been conducted in school houses, churches, and towns where

(Concluded on page 96)



Canadian Band

“The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.” Luke 10:2.

The Canadian Band meets every Tuesday for prayer, from 12:30 P. M. to 1:10 P. M., and these seasons are times of real refreshing to our own souls. We mean first of all to keep the fire on our own souls, individually, then on the band as a whole, and finally, to be a blessing, and a living example of the life of holiness which we profess before all whom we meet.

We have written many letters to the pastors, evangelists, and district superintendents on the Canadian field, earnestly desiring of them to know their pressing burdens, that we may pray for them accordingly. The letters which we are receiving from them keep our hearts melted and broken up, and the burden upon us, and give besides, a growing vision of the work.

However, far above all other calls, comes this one, that “the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest”; and while we are here in school, busy preparing to answer this call, we are praying that God will yet call many more to this needy field, and we dare to believe that our God is answering prayer.

A. H. E.



### Deaconess Band

Go into a summer flower-garden and you will find the air laden with sweet perfumes. In the early morning, when the dew is still on bud and blossom, the fragrance is sweetest. So in the Garden of God we find the fragrance of beautiful lives that are continually anointed with the dews of heaven.

No life is more fragrant than the one given in loving sacrificial service to our Lord in ministering to the needs of others

In our own church we have that band of noble women who wear the bonnet, our deaconesses, the fragrance of whose lives is far-reaching. Go with me as I follow the work of one of these ministers of mercy. What a field of usefulness is hers! As she enters the home, where poverty and discouragement dwell, hope seems to spring up; in the sick room her faithful watching during weary hours is rewarded by the opportunity to point the sufferer to Jesus. The blessing of Christ seems to be peculiarly hers as she

“Weeps o’er the erring one,  
Lifts up the fallen  
Tells them of Jesus  
The mighty to Save.”

There are in our college six young women who have heard the call of Christ and have consecrated their lives to the work of the Deaconess. May God bless them as they prepare and go forth to give the loving service of refined, trained, and spiritual workers.

## A Visit to the Indian's Holy City

(Continued from page 84)

the veranda and had a large fan run by gasoline, near our cot throughout the night, it was almost impossible to rest because of the intense heat.

Arising early in the morning, in company with the resident missionary, we started out to visit the sacred park of the Hindu city. We passed by Oriental homes, including the apartment for the men, the zenana, or closed apartment for the women, with the compounds where the children play. We saw water carriers with their skin bags for carrying water, barbers sitting by the roadside shaving men, peddlers, snake charmers, native musicians with their large drums and gourds to which were attached wires for making a sound, washermen with great bundles of clothes, which they were taking to the ponds and rivers to beat on the rocks to make them clean, tailors in their shops sitting flat on the floor or with the garment they were sewing held between their toes, shopkeepers of all kinds, lepers, and beggars of bread; all these we saw as we passed that day through the city.

We soon drew near to the Ganges, which is called by the Indian, Mother Ganges. Mother Ganges means the source of all life. Everything that is, has sprung from this source of life. Hundreds of temples line the banks of the stream, such as the golden temple where they worship their principal gods, the cows' temple, the shrines for the goddesses of education, beauty, wealth, and the sacred bull.

Great sums of money had been spent in building these places of worship, some of which were very expensive, as was the golden temple; others, however, were only common buildings of wood or brick.

Pilgrims in great throngs from all parts of India had come to the Holy City to bathe in the sacred stream. Men and women alike were buying, selling, bathing, offering gifts of rice, flowers, and money to the gods to appease their wrath. Hundreds were sitting on the banks under their umbrellas, and as many were in the stream, believing that their sins might be washed away. Women were wailing for their dead, while the lifeless forms were being broken and thrown on the funeral pyre to be burned. Mendicants and fakirs, wicked, vile, unclad, and unclean, crying out in their unearthly tones, were posing as the righteous of the city.

After we had spent some time in and about the temples we stepped into a little native boat and sailed down the muddy stream of the Ganges, viewing from afar the city that to the Hindu is the place where the gods dwell. In our great sympathy and love for the poor, deluded people we could but be thankful for the privilege we had of telling them of the heavenly city whose builder and ruler is God.

R. MYRTLE MANGUM

OASIS



# Organizations

1923



*Eighty-nine*



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LEAH FRY  
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CYRIL ELLIS CARVER  
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*Ninety*

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HOWARD A. PARKS, *President of Bible College*

The students of this college are a motley body. They come from many different states, also from several foreign countries. They come from various types of homes—some from the country and some from the city—mostly from the homes of the poor, but a few from those of the well-to-do. Some arrive with a rich experience of salvation; others have yet to find the Pearl of Great Price. Of those who have found rest for their souls some have come from a background of thorough christian training; others have had to part sadly from those whose unquickened hearts did not understand.

All of these are stirred together in the melting pot of a holiness school. No student who has caught the spirit of the institution can ever return to his home the same boy or girl. They have received a stamp they can never efface. Every class, every chapel service, every consultation with a member of the faculty leaves something with the student that is henceforth a part of his make-up.

Not only do the students learn from the faculty through the regular official channels of school life, but they also learn much from each other. This is done through the regular channels of conversation and friendship, and also through our student organizations. Here the students have an opportunity to express their opinions in an orderly way; they learn to match their wits with those of their fellows—to be good winners or good losers as the case may be. All of our student organizations are subordinate to the Associated Student Body of which Mr. Owen has been the efficient president. A beautiful harmony has prevailed at all of its meetings from the annual reception in September until the close of the year. Our ambition is that our Student Body may more and more through its own and subordinate organizations give the students such opportunities for self-expression as shall fit them for the exigencies of life.

E. C. K.

# Ortonian Literary Society

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LAUREN IRWIN, *Pianist*

There is something delightful in idly straying off from the beaten paths and the blazed trails, and wandering aimlessly about in the big woods, listening to the winds in the pines, walking on thick soft carpets of needles and moss, breathing the invigorating air, and realizing that all is yours to enjoy and to possess. How big it all seems. It reminds one of our own Sidney Lanier's Marshes of Glynn:

" \* \* \* \* , with a step I stand

On the firm-packed sand, Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea. \* \* \*

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free

From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin

By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the Marshes of Glynn."

Another thought. I have wondered if the stall fed calf did not envy his brother of the wide pasture. No doubt the one is as well fed as the other, but nevertheless, I think that I should enjoy the freedom of browsing about, of taking a bite here and a bite there, even though I should run the risk of eating some poisonous weed—and, by the way, this life would be unlivable were it not for the continual interest which it affords us by reason of the thousand and one chances which we take daily to keep this interest alive.

The realms of literature and of literary expression are the most fruitful fields of man's entire domain. No other is so productive, no other scenery so inspiring, no other pastures so inviting, and in no other line will cultivation bring such immediate and sure and satisfying results.

But in literature as in other realms, man is prone to wander at the risk of losing his way, and to feed in strange pastures to the jeopardizing of his ideals. The tendency seems to be universal. However, the tendency brings experience, and experience is man's best teacher and protector.

So—to provide a fruitful ground for intensive cultivation, to give opportunity for the appreciation of the scenic beauties of literary art, to urge men onward to a love and appreciation of literature, to develop by helpful training the ability and talent which each one possesses, and, not the least of all, to prevent the literary explorer from losing himself, we stately gather together in our own society hall.

CALVIN EMERSON, Col. '25

# Apollonian Literary Society

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ESTHER G. FRY, *Secretary*

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HILMA M. SHERN, *Sponsor*

MOTTO: *That we may approve that which is excellent.*

COLORS: *Crimson and White.*

Among the most important, if not most important, of the academy student body organizations, is the Apollonian Literary Society.

No education, however limited, is complete without some literary training. And where is a better place to receive this training than in school? We are in school to learn, and as each of us make our mistakes, we are not therefore, bored by the blunders of our fellow-students. It is understood that we are in school for the purpose of educating ourselves for future use in the world.

None of our great public speakers or noted orators came by their ability without more or less practice, and why not do our practicing before an audience who is willing to help instead of criticize?

How often have we gone to some public entertainment and come home almost disgusted! Some one who was supposed to be educated, and no doubt was to a certain extent, was on the program for a speech. Upon arising he seemed to forget everything he had to say, turned red in the face, made a few scattered remarks and sat down embarrassed and disappointed—he had failed to convey his message to the audience.

Since in our school the majority of students are preparing for the Lord's work, should not we above all others, prepare ourselves to deliver our message in a way that will appeal to our hearers? For, do not we have the message of all messages for which the world is craving? Our generation is a busy, fast-moving people, and will not take time to hear, or even consider anything that does not touch their hungry hearts and offer something better than that which they possess. We have what they are longing for; it is our duty to give it to them. We are ambassadors of the King; it would be a disgrace if we did not make the best of every opportunity to make us more efficient in His service.

VELMA MEGGERS, Acad. '23



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 JAMES SHORT—District Superintendent, Church of the Nazarene, Indiana,

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 LEODA GREBE—Student, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, Cal.

*"To thine own self be true, and it will follow as the  
 day that thou canst not be false to any man."*

*"Just behind the shadows, God is watching for His own."*



### Home Mission Band

(Continued from page 85)

little or no real spiritual work has been done in months, and where in some instances, years had passed since any kind of protestant service had been conducted. Through the influence of some of these rallies an interest has sprung up that has caused the people to clamour for an evangelistic campaign to be conducted this coming summer.

G. F. O.

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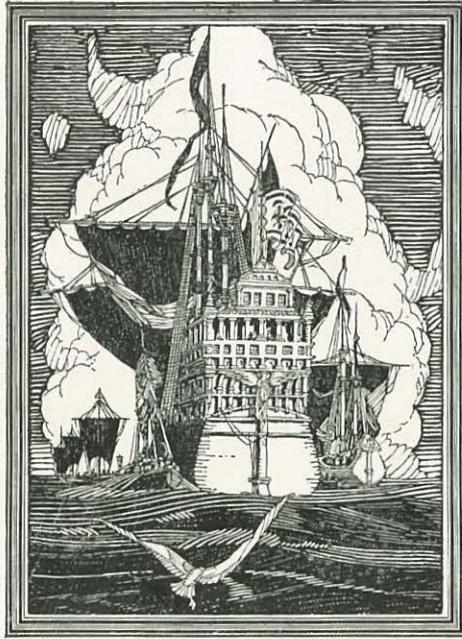
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*Ninety-six*



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*Ninty-seven*



## Gossip

(Continued from page 72)

“So it is with gossip,” replied the good priest. “It is easily spread. But never again, no matter how hard you try, can you gather back the words you have so thoughtlessly scattered.”

HAROLD J. HART, Col. '25

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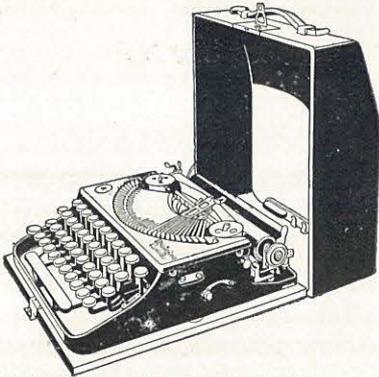
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*One Hundred Two*

**Lucky Child**

(Continued from page 69)

particularly unhomelike with the candlesticks and the antique leather and walnut, for she had always been surrounded by such things.

Her tiny feet were quite at home in the velvety silence of the Persian rugs, as much as were the bare feet of a certain child in a very far and distant part of the same country at home in green, warm grass outdoors. She did not know she was unlucky, and neither did the guest, for he murmured as he went on, "The lucky child!"

A philosopher tramped steadily down a country road in another place in the country—a place where there were wide fields and warm, dusty roads—great sweeps of sunshiny open, mottled with grateful shade, beside fences and streams. There were no tall, fine houses, only far apart, squatty white ones, snuggled close to trees and generous barns.

The philosopher turned a curve in the road and found himself in the cool shade of an apple tree that grew, gray and old, beside a gray and old stone wall. Between him and the tree and the wall was a little stream that flashed and looked cool and made chuckling noises. The grass by the stone wall was set thick with fallen golden and pink apples. And looking happily at the

(Concluded on page 104)

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## The Lucky Child

(Continued from page 103)

inviting spot the philosopher saw under the tree, with her back against the stone wall, with an apple hiding most of her chubby face, a tiny girl. Her eyes were bluebell blue. Her little face was as yellow and pink as the fat apple pressed tight against it. She had a tiny sunbonnet and a little dog

Her little body was coming freely out of the pink gingham slip she wore, at the arms and neck and legs. And her little feet were as bare as her hands. Far over a field was a farmhouse. And here was the child of it—the ONLY blessed child.

And the philosopher—because he was one—murmured as he picked up an apple for himself and gravely saluted the brown little smiling child, "There's a lucky child!"

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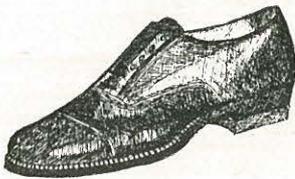
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## OASIS

### The Hills

(Continued from page 72)

tion by these more abiding beauties of nature. It is their unchangeable and immovable presence which impresses one from day to day, and from season to season. Even though at times the clouds may hide their crests from view, we know that like faithful sentinels, they are always there.

Sometimes they seem to be far, far away, beckoning and calling us on to higher realms; at other times they draw near and one feels that they are trying to give us an opportunity to overtake them. Like kind and sympathetic friends, the hills surround us, looking down upon us as we labor; if we are successful, they rejoice with us; if we are defeated, they comfort us. And always they lift their heads high above the lowlands around, as if urging that we, too, might lift our eyes to see above and beyond the things of time and space; that following their example we might come to be better acquainted with their Creator, to have a greater conception of his majesty and power.

The hills are not entirely without human aspects. At times they seem to have moods corresponding in a measure to ours. During the winter months they frequently present a formidable appearance, darkly frowning at us, and

(Continued on page 109)

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*One Hundred Eight*



## The Hills

(Continued from page 106)

unexpectedly hurling moisture condensed into snow and sleet in our direction, as if they desired to bury us. Then, again they repent of their coldness toward us and fairly sparkle in the bright sunlight to assure us of their good will. In the months of spring the hills take on new life, and seem to radiate with happiness at the pretty new covering of green that appears on their barren slopes. But it is in the summer time that the hills assume that sociable, inviting attitude that draws the hot, dusty traveler to themselves as a magnet draws iron, while below them lie plain and valley, city and town, smothering and sweltering in the heat of hot summer days, the hills standing out as a place of refuge for all. When the late fall days approach and the many visitors depart, the hills withdraw in solitude behind a thick, hazy atmosphere. Their beautiful green covering slowly changes to one of red, yellow and brown, and at last is once more covered with a cloak of pure white.

The moods of the hills vary even in one day. When the sunrise clothes them in robes of pink and gold, they greet the new day with joy; their posi-

(Concluded on page 111)

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*One Hundred Ten*

**The Hills**

(Continued from page 109)

tion in the world is assured and there is nothing to disturb their peace. In the pale moonlight, the hills stand out calm and serene, one more day is over and they have no regrets to offer. As the moon slowly and quietly slips behind the horizon, a drowsy little dream floats by with a whispered "Good-night" from the hills and we go to sleep, knowing they will keep silent watch during the night and be there in the morning to be an inspiration for the new day.

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But soon the sun begins to shine  
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Sometimes we have a little rain,  
And then the mud is deep again;  
But when the wind begins to blow,  
Behold the mud is on the go!  
In Idaho.

But when it forms a little crust,  
It soon will crumble into dust;  
And then we wish for rain once more,  
Forgetting the mud it made before.  
In Idaho.

O. I.

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## OASIS

### Crossing the Bar

• • • • •

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

— *Tennyson*



*Finis*