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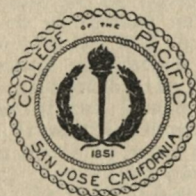
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COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC BULLETIN



ARMISTICE DAY EVENTS,
ROLL OF SERVICE MEN, AND STATEMENT OF
IMMEDIATE NEEDS OF THE COLLEGE

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
PUBLISHED BY THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC
MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, AND DECEMBER

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COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC
BULLETIN



THE BULLETIN OF THE
COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC
PUBLISHED BY THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC
AT STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

MANAGED BY THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC
STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

Published by the College of the Pacific
at Stockton, California

ARMISTICE DAY EXERCISES

The Armistice Day Program at the College was of such vital interest to the entire constituency that it seems most fitting to embody the record of the notable events of this great day in enduring form. This Bulletin, therefore, contains a statement of the events taking place at the special Armistice Day Chapel Exercises, the various addresses delivered, together with such names as can be secured of Pacific's men who were in any branch of the service during the war. Friends of the service men and of the College who may observe the omission of names of service men from the roll will confer a great favor upon the College, upon Miss Boss, the librarian, and upon the service men themselves and their relatives and friends if they will send on information about such men to Miss H. E. Boss, College of the Pacific, San Jose, California.

The portrait of each man is also very much desired. The information should be as accurate and full as is possible respecting branch of service entered, time spent in the service, major experiences, and honors, if any, received. Kindly assist in making the record absolutely complete.

The Cabinet, presented by the Reverend Dr. E. R. Dille, of Oakland, member of the Board of Trustees, in an eloquent address, was from the Board to the College, and is in honor of the service men who were at some time connected with Pacific. The silver plate on its cover is presented by Miss Boss. In the Cabinet will be filed the records and portraits of these men. It is the first of three memorials proposed. The second of these is to be a Bronze Tablet on which shall be inscribed the names of each service man. The third is to be a Memorial Hall to be built upon the campus, a beautiful, enduring reminder of heroism and sacrifice.

The Cabinet was accepted by President Knoles, as head of the institution, and by Mr. Bishop M. Estes, President of the Student Body, in felicitous responses.

In addition, during the service, The Reverend Dr. B. J. Morris, of Berkeley, former Dean of the College and during the war connected with the government rehabilitation work at Harvard University, made an appropriate address. Miss Boss, the librarian, who has so faithfully befriended the service men, corresponding with many of them during the period of the war and who has since diligently sought to complete the record of every service man, in appropriate remarks led up to the roll-call which closed the exercises of the day.

INTRODUCTION OF DR. DILLE BY PRESIDENT KNOLES

The richest thing in human life is personality. Growth and development is not by simple process but by mastery of the forces of life.

I am so delighted upon this rare day to have with us one of the leading personalities of this great western coun-

try,—a man who has had woven into his experiences that of a soldier during the Civil War, the experiences of a pioneer in this western country, the experiences of a man who helped lay the foundation, not only of the religious life but of the educational life of this great state,—OUR TRUSTEE AND FRIEND, DOCTOR DILLE.

ADDRESS BY DR. DILLE

Three years ago last April the German drive was at its appalling height; the Huns were within thirty-five miles of Paris, and the "superguns" of the "supermen" were killing worshipers in a Paris church on Good Friday. Who then would have had the hardihood to predict that before the leaves of autumn fell the turn of the tide would come, victory would perch upon the banners of the Allies, and Old Glory would win a new glory that should never fade?

Let us thank God on this Armistice Day and on the eve of our National Thanksgiving for the part that America had in the world war!

Our nation was a little slow to see the meaning and the implication of the great war; but our young men were not slow, and before we entered the war as a nation our young men, especially our college boys, by way of Canada, Great Britain and France, were hastening overseas that they might fight the battles of liberty under the Union Jack of England and the Tri-color of France.

In the spring of 1917 the Allies were weary and discouraged, for they had been hammering for a year upon the Hindenburg line of steel without being able to make a dent in it. They fought, not with backs to the enemy but with their backs to the wall. But on Good Friday of 1917 this young David of the West, America, ruddy with health and strength and with the enthusiasm of youth and in the strength of Jehovah of Hosts, threw off the fetters of neutrality and cried "We are coming, Brave Allies; hold the line a little longer— we are coming two million, four million, if necessary, ten million strong."

Then our youth came by hundreds of thousands, yea by millions—those boys whom we parents and teachers had been wondering about—wondering if the spirit of '76 and '61 to '65 had not decayed and died out in the piping times of peace. We thought they were careless and irresponsible, and not sober, serious, and strong. But these boys came from the college campus, the counting room, the office, the factory, and the shop, by millions and offered themselves for the supreme sacrifice. Allen Seeger, who died in battle, represented every youth in the A. E. F. when he wrote,

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

* * * * *

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down.

* * * * *

But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year;
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

And you and I well know that Chateau Thierry, the Argonne Forest, and the Hindenburg line proved conclusively that our boys did not fail that rendezvous. The best of our best, the flower of our young manhood lies in France and Flanders and makes that foreign soil holy ground. And this Armistice Day from where they sleep under the lilies of France and in the poppy fields of Flanders, or in the depths of the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea, they call to us to come and take up the great task to which they gave the last full measure of devotion.

These words found on the dead body of an Australian soldier in France are the voice of all the men who died, or were ready to die, that Freedom might live:

"Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes,
Beyond the tragedy of a world's strife,
And know that out of death and night
Shall rise the dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice whatever anguish wrings the heart,
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens, their heritage to take,
'I saw the powers of darkness take flight,
I saw the morning break'."

Is it possible that the men who died, died in vain? They died believing that those great times were Freedom's crowning hour, believing that they had seen the powers of darkness take their flight, had seen the morning break.

What of the returning brave soldiers who survived the war? Shall they tell their sons that the war which was to end war and to bring in a new world-wide era of democracy was not the dawn of ampler life, but the dawn of famine, barbarism, racial strife, and wars, wars from one end of the world to the other? Or shall we see the time when the war drum shall throb no longer?

Why, think of the cost of the war! It cost 200 billions of money and levied a tax on every man woman and child in the civilized world for centuries to come. It cost ten million human lives, the world's youngest and best who ought to have been the fathers of the next generation; it cost the sorrows, and woes and heart-break of millions of wives, mothers, and orphaned children. It cost devastated lands, ruined cities, ruined homes without number; it has set back the social progress of the race 100 years;

it has left the world a legacy of hatreds, enmities, and revenges that will last for generations.

Never since Calvary was such a price paid for human redemption, and we ought to get tremendous and divine values for such an outlay. We had four years of war, the most terrible that ever drenched the earth with blood; the peace bells ought to ring in 1000 years of peace!

Now I believe that the war has brought about a new unity of nations and races. Two thirds of the earth's population were arrayed directly or indirectly in the war, and out of the sixty-seven governments involved, forty-three were on the side of the Allies. The whole race was drawn together by the sacraments of sacrifice and suffering, and welded together in the fires and on the anvil of war. On the battlefields of France and Flanders, of Gallipoli and Italy, the American and the Australian, the British and the Belgian, the French and the Italian, mingled their blood together in a common cause; for this is the first war in history that was for humanity as a whole. The very awfulness of the German threat "Weltmacht oder Niederfall"—"World Dominion or Ruin", made all the nations feel that their interests were one, and they were united as never before by a common peril and a common purpose.

Over there Dago, and Wop, and Sheeny, and Mick, and Yank slept in mud, breathed poison gas and faced Hell together; and they will measure each other hereafter, not by race, or color, or creed, or language, but by their common manhood. I heard Joseph Cook say twenty-five years ago that the nineteenth century, by the annihilation of space by steam and electricity, had turned the world into a neighborhood; it remained for the twentieth century to turn it into a brotherhood; and may it not be that the war has cut the work short in righteousness?

On this Armistice day let us thank God for our Allies in the world war. We have no cause to be ashamed of them; may they never have cause to be ashamed of us!

If we had been buttressing the throne of a despotic ruler who blasphemously claimed to rule by divine right and who was willing to wade through slaughter to a throne; or if we had clasped hands with the unspeakable Turk—hands red with the blood of a million Armenians, we could never have set up their banners in the name of our God; but thank God we made no such unholy Alliance!

There are voices to-day, discordant voices, disloyal voices who are striving to put into the thinking of Americans suspicion, distrust, and hatred toward those who were our Allies in the world struggle. Those voices ought to be stilled, and forever stilled.

I am glad I have lived to see the day when the Stars and Stripes waved beside the blood-red banner of St. George in the wind of battle, and Americans and Englishmen fighting shoulder to shoulder against despotism, "And wherever we come, we twain, the throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake and his menace be void and vain; for we are the lords of a strong young land, and she is lord of the main." Lord of the Main? Yes! It was England's blockade that kept the German fleet bottled up in

Keil and that cleared the seas of every German vessel so that our two million men went across the seas without the loss of a man; it was British transports who carried over nearly two million of our noble sons, and it was British destroyers that convoyed those transports in safety, and it was Britain's great Navy that kept invasion from our shores.

It has been estimated that if the British dead of the world-war were to begin at sunrise some morning to march to a particular spot in military formation, twenty abreast, and should march from sunrise to sunset each day, the end of the tenth day would have come before that great shadowy army had gone by. If every one of the two million soldiers which America sent to France had been killed or wounded, and a million more which were at home training in cantonments the total would be 48,000 less than the British casualty list. And every Englishman who was killed or wounded was fighting our battles as well as his own. A million of England's brave sons lie in soldier's graves in France, and Flanders, and Gallipoli; and she must care for a million and a half of her crippled heroes. If we could call back the dead to life who fell in Flanders and France and at Gallipoli and line them up twenty abreast here on the Alameda, and gave the command "forward march", we could hear the tramp, tramp of those spectral legions all day and all night, and it would take four months for the army of the dead to pass a fixed point.

Why, when the war began the young men of England, and volunteer levies, without military training or experience pitted themselves against the seasoned legions, the finished product of the German military machine; and yet that unequipped and untrained army, who had one machine gun to a regiment while the Germans had twenty—that "contemptible little army", as Hindenburg called it—composed of clerks and school boys and common laborers, stood like a wall of steel against the best trained and equipped army in the world; and at the Marne they said to the black army of invasion, "You shall not pass, thus far thou shalt come, but no farther;" and when in the first year of the war Marshal Joffre said to the thin lines of English red and French blue, "Hold the ground or die", they said, "You'll find us here"; and he found them there, for 250,000 of them fell at the battle of the Marne and were buried where they fell.

I saw the spires of Oxford as I was passing by,
The gray old spires of Oxford, against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men who went abroad to die.

The years go fast at Oxford, the golden years and gay,
The hoary colleges look down on careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded war they put their games away.

They left the peaceful river, the cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford to seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away for country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen, who laid your good lives down,

Who took the khaki and the gun instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place than even Oxford town.

Then there is another ally—France, our sister Republic—The France of Lafayette and Rochambeau to whom we owe a debt of 150 years with compound interest. Never again will her enemies say of France with a sneer that she is a decadent nation for she had a new birth of freedom, and patriotism, and religion. France is bleeding at every pore. She is bled white, for she poured out more of the blood of her best than England and the United States together.

And what shall we say of little Belgium. She was given twelve hours, from seven at night until seven in the morning, to decide whether she would let the Hun peaceably go through her territory to invade France. On the one hand she was promised national integrity, the evacuation of her territory and full indemnity; on the other hand desolation, frightfulness, butchery, and to be left a crippled beggar at the world's gate! But she did not hesitate. "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide, in the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side; Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight, parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right; And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light'".

I heard County Montreux, the Belgium commissioner, say in Portland in July, 1917: "Germany gave us twelve hours, and we answered in one; 'Ils ne passeront pas!'—they shall not pass".

There is a picture to be hung in the gallery of the ages which represents Albert, king of the Belgians, standing in the presence of the Kaiser:

"Aha", says the Kaiser, "You have lost your crown and your scepter, and you have lost your throne".

And Albert answers, "But I have saved my soul".

Almighty God has answered that the kings who love their crowns more than they love honor and faith shall begin by losing their souls, and end by losing their crowns. Belgium refused to buy life with honor, and threw herself across the path of the invader and by her sacrifice saved Paris, France, Europe, and the world.

Thank God, Albert marched back into his capital, and a part of his escort was the gallant 91st division to which our boys of the College of the Pacific, some of them, belonged.

And when I remember our debt to our Allies and especially to Great Britain, I have only condemnation for that spirit of America which sings hymns of hate against England, and which would have our Government meddle in England's domestic affairs, and which would give aid and comfort to England's enemies. That imaginary President of an imaginary republic—the only thing real about that business is the dollars that some deluded Americans have contributed to it—this fake President of a fake republic, when asked whether or not the Sinn Fein had been

sympathetic with Germany in the war, said that "The friends of Irish freedom were in sympathy with any power that attacked England." In view of this it seems to be the part of America to leave Great Britain to deal with her own domestic problems as we dealt with ours in the Civil War.

More than three hundred young men of the College of the Pacific answered the call of God and country. We congratulate them to-day that they had a part in the greatest adventure in the history of the world: an experience that never came to a generation before, and can never come to one again. The debate of all history was on and was a draw till our boys took the floor, gave the casting vote, and won the day. To have helped make the chapter of history that was closed on Armistice Day is glory enough for one life time.

I am talking to young men to-day who sacrificed pleasure and the pleasant things in life without whimpering, and offered life itself for a great, high ideal. You kept your bodies clean, and your souls white in the temptations of army life and especially of camp life. You respected womanhood in France and Flanders, because your American manhood was true to the kindred points of heart and home, and all womanhood was sacred in your eyes. Jesus said "For their sakes I consecrate myself"; and these boys of ours, looking on the broken homes of Belgium and France and the countless graves over which the poppies grow in Flanders' fields, said "For their sakes we consecrate ourselves"; as "Christ died to make men holy," we offer ourselves to "die to make men free".

You went dry because you could fight better; and as Uncle Sam put a zone around every camp and cantonment, so since you came home you have helped us to put a zone around every city, community, village, factory, schoolhouse, and home; and you will help us to keep it there. We have insisted on clean living and character behind the O.D., the khaki, and the navy blue, and we and you are going to insist upon them behind the business suit and the evening dress. We kept the hospital and the Y. M. C. A. hut open day and night, and we are not going to keep our churches open four hours a week, but they are going to stand like the happy gates of Gospel grace, open night and day.

As long as the American Legion lives, which is the American Expeditionary Force on a peace footing, our mouth shall not lack for patriotic inspiration. If this republic ever becomes a tradition of fading memories it will be because the services of her soldiers and sailors are forgotten. The pillars of a nation's strength rest on the graves of its defenders; as "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church", so the bodies of brave men sown in the red furrow of war are the seeds of our national life.

While you live every faded and torn uniform of khaki, every smoke-stained and gas-stained battle flag says, "Love your country", and every crippled hero and every one of our returning brave says, "Love your country".

"How blest the brave, Fame's eternal camping-ground".

Your Alma Mater here is proud of you, and I represent the Trustees and Faculty of the College when I say to you that we contemplate three units of a Memorial to our men

who, "when the bugles sounded war, put their books away".

One of these units is to be a tablet in enduring bronze which will bear all the names of the returning and the unreturning brave. Another we hope will be a Memorial Hall like that yonder in Cambridge, which is the proudest gem in fair Harvard's crown. The first and smallest of these units it is my pleasant and proud duty and privilege to present to the College to-day. It is a filing cabinet of quartered oak to hold the three hundred odd records and portraits of the men and women of the College of the Pacific who went to the colors in the world war. It is a memorial which will grow in value and in sacredness as the years come and go, and in the presence of which the men and women who shall throng these halls in the coming years will take new inspiration to the service of God, and country, and humanity.

Through this memorial you will say to the students who come here: "We have a country worth living and worth dying for. You belong to God and your country; we commit the old flag we followed to your keeping; never let a spot of dishonor stain its folds; never let the wrong triumph over the right where it floats; never let a slave, black or white, political, social or industrial, breathe beneath its folds. Pray that it may never again float above a field of war, but that if it does, it may float there as a symbol of a great nation that scorns conquest, and the lust of territory, and of power, and that is brave to endure, and strong to suffer in the service of mankind."

RESPONSE BY PRESIDENT KNOLES

There are three sets of forces which help to make a college. Without any one of these a College cannot be built. There is first of all the necessary physical equipment. There was a time when a man could say a College consisted of Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and a student on the other. That time has passed. There must be a magnificent campus. There are no buildings which are good enough for a College. The demand is always for something better, something more magnificent. This group of factors has been fairly well provided for Pacific in the past. Due to accident and fire, however, it is not as complete to-day as it once was; and you do not know how my heart rejoices when I hear from this platform that this filing cabinet is but the first unit for the men of Pacific who were in the great World War. It is here not only as a physical presence, but it is here as a prophecy of the bronze tablet to come and of the building that is to be.

Another unit without which a College cannot be erected is the student body. I use that word because no other word can be used. If a school is to succeed its professors must be students and its professors must be members of the student body. I rejoice in the student body which is here. I am not thinking of numbers only; I am thinking of these two things together, quantity and quality, men and women making up this student body, making up the present second group without which a College is, not, possi-

ble. There are personalities which have been gathered together here, some through the action of the administration, some through intention; these men and women, these personalities, constitute a living College and the living College is only a link. You are here because others were here before you. I am here because others were here before me. We have entered into a heritage. The history of this institution has been patriotic from the beginning. The College has always stood for civic improvements and righteousness and has been always ready to make sacrifices for civic advancement. We face a future with confidence born out of the history of the past. So this moving unit, this personal unit, constitutes the second set of factors.

The third group is intangible. It is the good will of the men and women of the Church, of the State, and of the Nation. A College campus does not grow by accretion; it grows by purchase, by sacrifice, by wise choice. College buildings do not grow like trees on the campus. They grow out of sentiment, out of tender regard of those who have succeeded in amassing wealth, in gathering things together; and when men come to the end of life, they realize they cannot take these things with them and they look about for a place where they can make buildings grow, physical memorials. They look for a place to do good in a physical way. I am thinking now of these intangible things. Whenever we can send out lines of influence, whenever we can create sentiments and ideals that react for good, then we shall see the larger campus and more splendid buildings to care for a large student body, still creating a larger possibility for the days to come. And so, in behalf of the College, Doctor Dille, I accept this cabinet not only for what it is or shall contain in pictures and records, but as a prophecy for the future.

ADDRESS OF DR. MORRIS

Two years ago yesterday the clash of arms of the greatest of all known wars ended. A careful student of the times said in a recent address that this war was fought chiefly for three reasons: First, to abolish autocracy and make the world safe for democratic living; second, to end all war—it was a war against war; and third, to remove the cause of war, viz: the philosophy and ethics that "might makes right."

We have lived through this war. There are young men here who fought through this war. They were in the midst of the thickest of the fight. They tasted to the full the horrors of this, the most horrible of all wars. Some of them have come home again with mangled bodies, and poisoned lungs, and weakened eyes, and debilitated strength, and must carry with them the marks of this brutal war until their dying day.

These marks are of honor and unsubdued manhood. The men who bear them stood up in the face of weeping loved ones and chafing wise ones and answered the call of duty. They responded to the manly urge of the human soul so well expressed by Emerson:

Tho love repine, and reason chafe,
 There comes a voice without reply,—
 "Tis man's perdition to be safe
 When for the truth he ought to die."

We have a beautiful custom of standing with bared heads whenever the Star-Spangled Banner is sung. We who were not in the service ought to rise with bowed hearts whenever a man bearing the honored marks of this war enters our presence. This, not because we love war and desire to place the warrior in high esteem. No; we are not a war-loving people. We hate war. There is nothing that could compel us to eulogize war as war. The men who were in the trenches and who went over the top did not learn to love war. Their hatred for war grew more strong. We honor them not because they were warriors, but because they were men fighting to put an end to all war; fighting to dethrone autocracy, strife and brutality; fighting to enthrone democracy the world over; fighting to smite dead the cause of war, namely, the diabolical doctrine that might can do as it pleases.

We are too close to the world war to see its full significance. We may interpret its meaning, in part at least, by recalling past world crises. Note the crisis in Hebrew civilization in the ancient days of Deborah, the prophetess. The Canaanites and Israelites were each struggling to determine the character of the civilization at the cross-roads of the world of that day. The Canaanites thought by building iron chariots and other infernal machines of destruction that they could establish in Palestine a civilization based on might. The Israelites were, in large numbers, being won over to their way of thinking, to their philosophy of life. Even the rulers among the Hebrews were losing their manhood. They cowed before their enemies:

"The highways were unoccupied,
 The travellers walked in hidden paths
 The villages were uninhabited, and
 Rulers ceased in Israel."

But a woman with a masculine courage and a God-fearing purpose in her heart lived in those days, and she said to Barak, the weak king, "Hath not Jehovah, the God of Israel commanded saying, 'Go and draw nigh unto Mount Tabor, and I will draw there Sisera, Jabin's commander, with his chariots and his multitude, and I will deliver him into thy hands.'" But the weak-kneed Barak said, "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, I will not go." And the stout-hearted Deborah said, "I will surely go with thee; notwithstanding, thy going will not be for thine honor."

They went up at the rainy season of the year, and sure enough, Sisera, who trusted in his 900 chariots of iron and his multitude also came down to the river Kishon. And Deborah, who trusted in Jehovah, who believed in right rather than in might said unto Barak, "Up, for this is the day in which Jehovah hath delivered Sisera unto thy hands; is not Jehovah gone before thee? Hath not the rain rendered Sisera's chariots useless?"

"From Heaven fought the stars,
From their courses they fought against Sisera.
The river Kishon swept them away,
That ancient river, the river of Kishon.
O my soul! March on with strength."

And we may add, the strength of right as well as might.

How clearly we can see today that if the Canaanites had won, right would have been on the scaffold and might would have occupied the throne. But God was with the right. So again, when Xerxes, the Persian, marched against little Greece. Might was championed to overthrow freedom and the right. And the noble band with Leonidas fell martyrs to the cause of democracy—to the dethronement of might over right. How our hearts beat with manly joy when we read of the heroic deeds of Leonidas and his men! Shall not the hearts of youth for centuries, yea milleniums to come, beat high with joy when they read of the brave heroes who fell in the war waged to end all war!

And now, dear friends, as we mention the names of the men from these halls who gave their lives in this war, may we not ask their loved ones, whether present or absent, to wipe all tears from their eyes, and say with us, "We are highly honored to know that our sons, our brothers, our loved ones, our friends, have by their manly devotion to duty caused their names to be forever engraved on the world's honor roll of illustrious dead, whose dying gave life and freedom to the millions who come after them." For to die thus is to live in honor forever. And now in reverence we pronounce the names of our boys who shall abide from this time among the world's immortal heroes of freedom:

Dudley Robbins
Adrian Shepherd
Charles Walther

To these should be added the name of Leslie Boulware who contracted tuberculosis in the service and has since died.

We do not place the names of these men on the honor roll. They themselves did that by their deeds. We only repeat what has been done.

Friends, we have not yet done our whole duty. Along with these names must go all other names of boys who answered their country's call. Not for gain, and not for self, did they leave loved ones to serve their country, but for the high purpose, that oppression shall cease in the world. And they, too, have placed their names in honor. Let us say to them now: "Men of the brave, men of the true, our homage is yours while you yet live with us, and our prayer is, that no deed of anyone of you will ever remove his name from the high honor roll of the world's heroes of freedom. Nothing else can do it. May it remain there forever."

And still there is more to be said. How can we forget the mothers and sisters, and fathers, and brothers, and wives, and sweethearts of those who went to the front.

Only He who knows all things, knows to whom greater honor is due, whether to the one who fell in service or to the loved ones at home waiting for the letter that never came. Great hearts and true, all of them! And to each of them is high honor due.

Though the war has ceased, the victory is not yet won. There is a task remaining for us. Must we not see that autocracy is not yet dead, that strife is still among us, and that the dead who died in this war have only broken through the front lines, and thereby opened up for us the doors to a new world? Can we be content until autocracy is driven out of all phases of life—not only from political high places, but from industrial and social high places as well? We have passed a crises. Shall we go on and inherit the promised land—the new era that is struggling to be born? And so with this thought in mind we find ourselves in a position to do genuine honor to those whom we would honor to-day. And this we can best do by making real in our own lives the thought so well expressed by the great Lincoln, as he stood dedicating with immortal words the battlefield of Gettysburg:

"Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain", that "it is for us the living, to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us."

SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE BY MR. BISHOP M. ESTES

Mr. Chairman, Dr. Dille, Friends:

Shakespeare has said:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
And each man in his time plays many parts."

Then may we not as truly say all the world's a great studio in which each of us is the painter of his own portrait. Every day adds some new line, a bit of shading, or a dash of color. Here in the presence of the great Master with His all-seeing eye we work out our destiny.

Or may we not in an equally true sense liken our existence in this world to a process of posing before the great camera of public opinion. Picture after picture is being made of us to be filed away in the annals of time. Sometimes these pictures are not all we would have them to be; sometimes the picture is not exactly a true one, but, still, the general outline is there in unmistakable, bold relief.

It is a fact of common knowledge that the human face is often a true index to character. However, of one thing we are always sure: God created us in his own image and every right thinking individual puts forth every conscious effort to be a true copy of the great prototype.

Pictures are always cherished because they are more eloquent than words. Their value lies in the memories and the associations which always spring into animation as their peculiar significance comes to the observer. Some

pictures are cherished and preserved because their subjects represent past achievement and great possibilities for the future.

Pacific's men in order that they might be remembered, left their pictures with Miss Boss, our much esteemed librarian, who has most painstakingly collected and preserved the pictures and records of our boys. There is a place of high honor for Miss Boss in the heart of each boy from Pacific that wore the uniform.

Pacific's men had for their ideal unmeasurable devotion and service to their country, the performance of honor to their Alma Mater, and the fulfilment of their duty in the sight of God, to wage such a fight that war should become an institution of the forgotten past.

Pacific's men feel highly honored to-day by this presentation from our most worthy Board of Trustees who have made possible this gift by their personal contributions. As men of this college and as citizens of the United States, we do not feel that to say "Thank you" is enough.

Dr. Dille:

I feel confident that I express the sentiment of every service man present when I say that we mean to show our appreciation by finding fields of thought and action in which to make new careers for ourselves such that none may ever take detriment from us—such careers that it shall be said of Pacific's men:

"They were strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as the pines,

By the scale of the hemisphere they shaped their designs."

If we would be worthy of the past we cannot live on its glory. So here, to-day, in the presence of Him who gave His life for the whole world, we pledge ourselves anew to the tasks of the living, realizing that liberty is responsibility; responsibility is duty; and duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law, for the law, and of the law, for

"by the soul only,

The nations shall be great and free."

SERVICE MEN'S ROLL-CALL BY MISS BOSS

After inviting Dr. Morris and Dr. Dille to join the ranks of the service men in the roll-call, Miss Boss said:

"It was to join the ranks of the United States in the rehabilitation of the wounded and incapacitated soldier, that Dr. Morris left us here in California and went to Harvard, and Dr. Dille was himself but a lad when he answered his country's call to the Southern battle-fields. It is therefore fitting that they should take their places beside the service men of the College of the Pacific."

Addressing these two:

"It is not just a group of school boys I invite you to join to-day. Some of these wore the life-belt for months, conveying their comrades through dangerous waters. Some standing here breathed the poison gas of Belleau Wood. Some faced the bursting shell and fought their lonely fight at night in No-Man's Land. Some of Pacific's men were

of that number who outran their artillery and lay in their fox-holes unprotected through those terrible three days in October. One gold star yonder stands for one of our airmen who refused not to use a plane discarded by the French,—all there was to offer him! Chateau Thierry, Soissons, Mont Faucon, The Argonne, and even Flanders' Field where poppies grow,—these and many more illustrious ones are names made sacred to us by their association with these our sons.

It is with the voices of these that we invite you to respond this morning to Pacific's roll-call."

MEN OF THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC IN THE UNITED STATES SERVICE IN THE WORLD WAR

I. Direct from College

ARMY	†McMurray, Geo. H.	Winning, Del Norte
Allenby, J. Leslie	Moore, William	Winning, Evans
Baker, Herbert C.	†Mosier, LeRoy	Windsor, Donald
§†Bayon, W. D.	§†Murphy, Howard W.	NAVY
Breeden, Robert	Patterson, Lorin	§Adams, Lawrence
§†Browning, Herbert E.	Pennington, Richard	§Baugh, Max
Bucknor, Harold	Perry, Nelson	Bingham, Jenness
Clark, Bruce	Padley, Robert	Blodgett, Carlton
Couger, Winslow L.	Ramer, Leo	Davis, Frank C.
Dennis, Chas. M.	Repass, Merle	Estes, Bishop
†Derby, Howard	†Riley, Herbert	Foster, J. Bryan
†Dyche, Justin	*Robbins, Dudley	Hestwood, Robert
†Elliott, Merle	Robinson, Ralph	†Lyon, Wm. Penn
Everett, Chas M.	Rodeck, Benj.	Wood, Wilbur W.
Fair, Frank	Rolls, Bertram W.	Wright, Richard
Fautz, Francis J.	†Riordan, Harold J.	MARINE CORPS
§†Freeman, Elmer S.	†Rowe, Howard	§Keene, Frank
Garrido, Manuel	§†Ruler, Sidney	LIMITED SERVICE
Goude, Stuart	Shank, Roger Donald	Bennett, Manfred
Gross, Lloyd	Smitherum, Edgar	Y. M. C. A.
Haw, Charles	Sperry, George	Raymond, Charles
Haw, Huber	Swimley, Max	BRANCH UNKNOWN
Hayes, Loy	Telfer, Waldo	Leisz, George W.
†Johnstone, John	†Telfer, Warren	Fritts, J. W.
Kistler, Amandus	Todd, Edwin T.	
McChesney, Clark	Walker, Paul	

II. Graduates

ARMY	Pearson, Clarence	MARINE CORPS
Cadman, Paul F.	Barnett, Lervy N.	Aitken, Malcom
Cowan, Guerdon	†Ring, Ross	LIMITED SERVICE
Couger, Harold V.	Sheldon, Chas. C.	§White, Geo. W. Jr.
§Ham, Allen	Stephens, Chas.	Y. M. C. A.
Hanson, Ernest	Williams, M. J.	Rideout, Z. Ransome
Hughes, Edwin H. Jr.	Winter, Chas.	Smith, Edwin H.
Kelly, Leslie	Wright, John	BRANCH UNKNOWN
Kirkbride, C. M.	NAVY	Johns, Watson
McChesney, Harold	Rice, Sam'l Gregory	Kellogg, Leslie
McChesney, Nathan	Roberts, Milton	Darling, Harry C.
McNair, Donald	Shafer, Ray	William, Malon
Noble, Harold	Wilkie, Henry F.	

§ Record Obtained

† Photograph Obtained

* Gold-star men

III. Former Students

Aitken, Douglas	Needham, Guy	Bryant, C. O.
Apple, Arthur	Needham, Roy	Burgess, Howard
Argall, Charles	Richards, Harry C.	Dalton, Philip
Argall, Clarence	Scoble, Walter	Dawley, Sibley
Argall, Claud	Shafer, Lloyd	Francisco, Raymond
Bailey, Wilbur E.	Spencer, Hall	Frey, Earl
†Ball, George	Springstein, Benj.	Gable, Allison
Ballard, Jack S.	Swank, Henry	Gallup, E. R.
Barnhart, Earl L.	Thorsen, Jacob	Garnett, Jos. St. Clair
Beckstrom, Elmer	*†Walther, Charles E.	Gertrich, (?)
Blaben, Kingdon	§Ward, Harold	Gladden, Clarence
*Boulware, Leslie	Withrow, Earl G.	Hartwell, Harry
Bowden, Curtis	Wright, Harold	Hess, Clifford D.
Boyd, Ed.		Hubbard, Gordon J.
Brokenshire, Mark G.	NAVY	Johnson, Henry Allen
Budge, Orne	Andrus, (?)	King, C. K.
†Burtner, Ed.	Atherton, Geo.	King, Percy
Chamberlain, Capt. A. M.	Bacon, Bruce	Mallock, J. M.
Clary, Cecil	Chapman, George C.	Marris, Alfred
Coe, Carl	Holt, Dean	May, Fred
Crothers, Wesley	†Hornaday, Paul	Miller, Raymond
Ellis, Reginald	Hudleson, Warren	Ocletree, (?)
Elmer, Ray	Johns, Clifford	Paine, Alex.
Ewing, Eldred Elmer	Shafer, Harold	Paul, Forest Ellsworth
Fernish, Charles	Staub, J. Sam'l	Pederson, Arthur
Fickes, Geo. Archie		Pierce, Henry
Griswold, Elvin R.	MARINE CORPS	Pittsley, Fred Dean
Harris, Ino	Otrick, Sumral	Slocum, LeCount W.
Hestwood, James	Tyler, Wm.	Terwilliger, Kenneth
Kesling, Earl	Wells, Howard	Turtin, Franklin
§Laughlin, Reginald	Wood, Jack	Wagner, Clarence
Ludwig, A. William		Walker, Herbert
Lyons, William	LIMITED SERVICE	Whitaker, W. R.
Marckes, Dr. C. C.	Aitken, Rob't.	Wiggins, Charles
Marriott, Joseph S.	§Troxell, Harold Coble	Wiggins, Harold
†Meyer, Luther	BRANCH UNKNOWN	Wiggins, Ralph
Moore, Arthur	Acton, Edward	Wildanger, Warner
Needham, Chauncey	Allen, Jacob	Wood, Warren
	Ballard, Henry	

IV. Students' Army Training Corps

Argall, Marsden	Erickson, Earl V.	Pelton, Alvin H.
Archer, Gerald S.	Farman, Philip C.	Phillips, C. C.
Baker, Elwin H.	Farnham, H. H.	Pope, Cecil
Baker, Ray'd Addison	Fehren, Fred G.	Pope, W. C.
Baugh, Elwood B.	Friedman, Edwin Allen	Pritchett, John P.
Beck, Evan F.	Hadley, Clarence J.	Rider, John Melvin
Beecroft, Alba R.	Harper, P. B.	Rockwell, Chas. M.
Behmyer, Theodore E.	Harris, Lawton D.	Sanderson, L. D.
Bickel, John R. Jr.	Harrison, S. Winston	Schneider, Wesley J.
Bodley, Homer S.	Hawkins, Elm'd Lester	Shellbach, Neil H.
Bodley, John A. W.	Hayes, Milton C.	*Shepherd, Adrian M.
Bogart, Chas. R.	Hoyle, Carl E.	Silbernagel, Edwin
Bonner, Willard H.	Headley, Worth V.	Smith, Chauncey D.
Bothan, Myron O.	Hildebrant, D. Homer	Sowell, B. F.
Boulware, Wm. F.	Huff, William	Sprague, Lewis M.
Brancato, Sam'l A.	Hulbert, Newton Geo.	Stevens, Alex. Chilson
Brown, Savery B.	Jensen, Ernest E.	Stern, H. K.
Burlingame, Donald L.	Jessee, Arthur E.	Stewart, George John
Campbell, Lyle F.	Johnson, Hilding R.	Stuart, George E.
Carroll, Paul W.	Kistler, Sam'l Stephens	Stillings, Wm. A.
Candee, George M.	Lagnens, Vincent P.	Walker, G. C.
Carlson, Ernest Joy	Lambert, Orville D.	Tate, Jos. M.
Chamberlain, Cecil F.	Landels, John Ernest	Thomas Russell W.
Coates, E. A.	Leonard, Carroll S.	Waring, Richard Gilbert
Coffield, William	Lollich, Horace A.	Warner, Harold R.
Collins, Arthur L.	Lundborg, Wm. C.	Weaver, Ralph Emerson
Cowden, Frank S.	McAlpine, John H.	Whitaker, Leslie S.
Crozier, George W.	McDonald, Frank J.	Moore, Howard H.
Curtis, Oren	Main, Arthur M.	Marx, Fitzgerald F.
Davenport, Wendall	Marken, Wm. J.	Pierson, Floyd D.
Denton, Richard, E.	Mobley, Philip L.	Paul, George R.
Devereaux, Harold St.C.	Momberg, Gus. Adolph	Smith, Arthur H. Jr.
Elmer, Wilbur Chester	Morero, Joseph	Percy, Homer B.
		Smith, Renssalaer J.

§ Record Obtained

† Photograph Obtained

* Gold-star men

V. Entered College After Service

ARMY			MARINE CORPS		
§†Baldwin, Robert	Patterson, Charles	§Sloss, John W.			
Baldwin, Willis	Shipley, Arthur	Norton, Oliver			
Blydenburg, Charles	§Wagner, Clarence R.	Ray, Melvin			
Burchfiel, B. E.	§Williams, Kenneth	Case, Lloyd			
Glann, James	Wilson, Ray	§Trahern, William			
McReynolds, Homer	Winston, Walter				
Lining, Vidal M.	Wise, Chester				
§Moore, William L.	Wise, Herman	Engeman, Edward			
Mork, Donald	Saunders, Paul	Look, Hilmar			
Olsen, Arthur		§†Moore, Frederic H.			
NAVY					
	Harpster, Dwight L.				

§ Record Obtained

† Photograph Obtained

* Gold-star men

TABULATION

	Army	Navy	Marines	Limited Service	Y.M.C.A.	Branch Unknown
Direct from College	54	11	1	1	1	2
Graduates	21	4	1	1	2	4
Former Students	51	10	4	2	..	42
Entered College After	20	6	3
Students' Army						
Training Corps	99
Total by Branches of Service	245	31	9	4	3	48
Grand Total	340					

THE PRESENT NEEDS OF THE COLLEGE
OF THE PACIFIC

For a number of years educators in general have thought of the College of the Pacific simply as a small denominational college, filling only the needs of a denomination and therefore not at all a necessary part of the educational life of the entire state.

During the last two years, due to a tremendous growth of the High Schools of the state, the whole educational problem has been changed. Heretofore the University of California and Stanford University have been able to care for all of the students who have desired collegiate instruction on a co-educational basis, while Mills College has amply supplied the need for a school for women only. This year all three of these institutions are filled to overflowing, and it is the judgment of educators, East and West alike, that the time has arrived for the third strong co-

educational institution in Northern California. In comparison one needs only to point to the situation in Southern California, where within a radius of thirty miles to the city of Pomona there are seven co-educational institutions granting the Bachelor of Arts degree in addition to the University of Southern California, now the second largest institution in the state. It is very evident, therefore, that the field for the College of the Pacific has become very much wider and its place in the educational world very much more clearly defined. If it meets the need for a third institution its future is assured. If, for any reason, it fails to meet its opportunities and privileges the probability is that some other institution will be located in this northern territory.

The problem is still further intensified by the very rapid growth of the Junior College idea. There is every reason to believe that the State of California through the Legislature will soon make ample provision for scores of such institutions. This will relieve the existing colleges and universities of the problem of caring for hundreds of freshmen and sophomores, and at the same time give them an increasing number of upper division students, because the larger the number of those able to secure lower division training the larger the number of those desiring further collegiate work. Without the planning of those responsible for the institution it has been thrust into the very midst of this changing order. It is necessary for us to make a survey of our ability to meet the situation.

Due to a long standing discussion concerning the relocation of the College there has been no settled building policy, and in spite of the fact that during the last six years two large buildings have been destroyed by fire, only one new building has been erected and that has been used as a dining hall and social hall. No additional classroom facilities have been provided. The buildings in which the class rooms are located are old and the quarters are necessarily cramped.

The first need of the institution, therefore, is a policy which will determine the location and character of classroom buildings, not only to meet the needs of the present student body but of the additional hundreds who are now planning at some time to be in the College.

In the second place, students of College matters have come to the conclusion that it is no longer possible to look to the homes of the people surrounding colleges and Universities for suitable living conditions for the students. Even our State University and Normal Schools are planning to erect adequate dormitories. The College of the Pacific could have housed upon its own campus at least twice as many students as it has been able to accommodate this year if it had had the facilities. One of the strong points to be discussed in connection with a Christian College is the provision for the moral and social conditions of the students upon the campus. The immediate need of the College of the Pacific is for a new and commodious dormitory for women. When this is secured the present women's

dormitory can be used for the men advantageously. These material needs are imperative and should be provided for immediately.

While these problems are great and are carefully being looked after by the Board of Trustees, the paramount problem is that of an adequate endowment to care for increased expenses of instruction and supervision. The Trustees have every confidence in the willingness and ability of the California Conference and friends to aid the College in every way possible so that it can function in the very best possible manner.

The Administration is very anxious to be of service to any of the prospective friends of the College in any possible way, and to this end invites correspondence containing advice, suggestions, or questions of any kind.

APPROPRIATION FROM THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION

It will delight the entire constituency to know that the Rockefeller Foundation has responded to the application of President Knoles and has appropriated the sum of \$4,000.00 yearly for three years to the College of the Pacific for the increase of Professors' salaries.

For copies of the new catalogue to be issued in March, 1921, or for other information, address

TULLY C. KNOLES,
President College of the Pacific,
San Jose, California

