

# THE OASIS



'24





The Oasis



# THE OASIS

VOLUME SIX

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-four



PUBLISHED BY

The Associated Students of Northwest Nazarene College

Nampa, Idaho



## DEDICATION

We know few who have so unselfishly given themselves to the best interests of our college, or have proved more of an inspiration to our lives; for her devotion has been ardent and deep, her sympathy has been unfeigned and her friendship congenial and constant. It is to her,

MRS. RHODA WALLACE

Dean of Women

that we lovingly dedicate this, the sixth volume of

The Oasis





## F·O·R·E·W·O·R·D



### A LIFETIME TREASURE

You are sure to find many interesting things in this book the first time you leaf through it. But remember—it is history just made, and hardly far enough away to be appreciated. Preserve it carefully and some day you may find that it has become a veritable mine of rich memory treasures.



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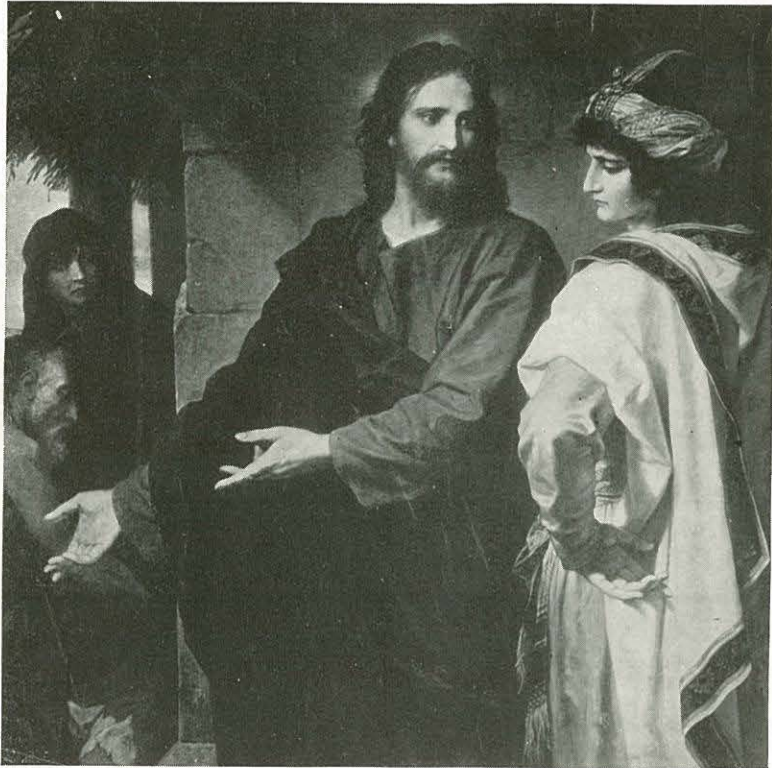
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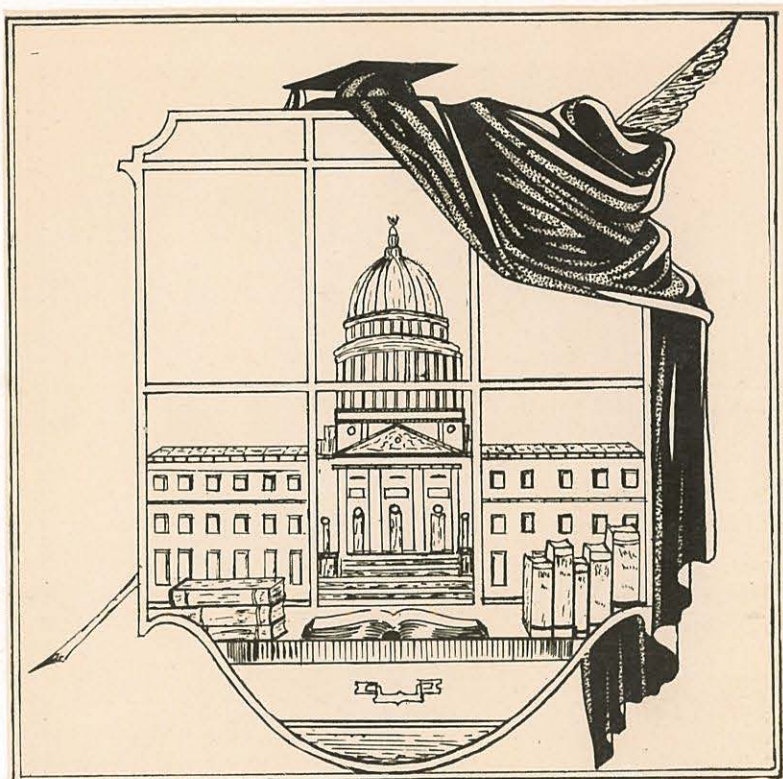
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*"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."*



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COLLEGE





ROY E. SWIM, A. B.

NEWTON, KANSAS

Major: Philosophy and Theology.

Thesis: The Christian View of the Origin of Man.

What we think of him:

*A conscientious Christian,  
Kind, courteous, scholarly.*

OLIVE INGLER, A. B.

DENVER, COLORADO

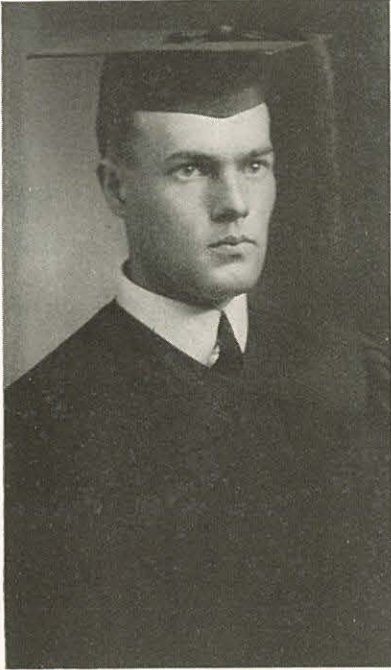
Major: Education.

Thesis: The Place of Silent Reading in Elementary Schools.

What we think of her:

*Together with modesty and loyalty,  
She possesses wit and charm.*





IRA N. TAYLOR, A. B.

RIDGEFIELD, WASHINGTON

Major: Education.

Thesis: Christianity as a Factor in the Development of Education.

What we think of him:

*An unobtrusive, sociable fellow,  
Always ready to lend a hand.*

LIDA S. CHISM, A. B.

MOSCOW, IDAHO

Major: Philosophy and Theology.

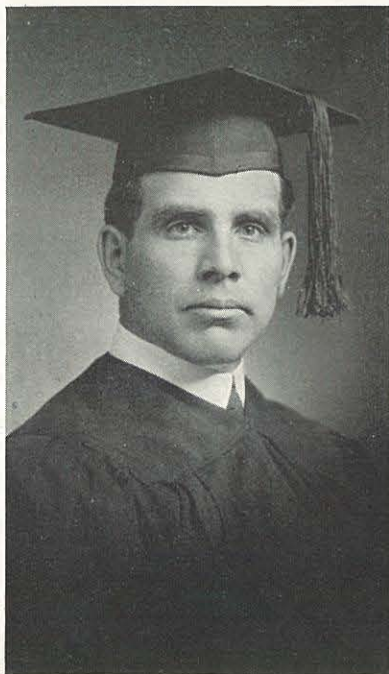
Thesis: The Problem of the Working Girl.

What we think of her:

*She is quiet and unassuming,  
Always a helpful and dependable friend.*







EDWARD E. MARTIN, A. B.

ONTARIO, OREGON

Major: Philosophy and Theology.

Thesis: Psycho-analytical Results of the Experience of Entire Sanctification.

What we think of him:

*He has a forceful personality,  
True courage and sincerity.*

ETHEL G. SHERN, A. B.

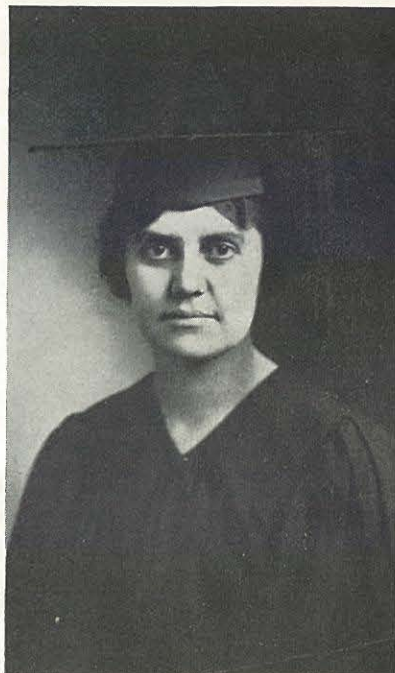
RIVER FALLS, WISCONSIN

Major: Sociology and Education.

Thesis: Modern Sociological Tendencies in Elementary Education.

What we think of her:

*She has much artistic ability,  
Is a cheerful companion, sympathetic  
and kind.*





FLORENCE E. SOUTHWICK, A. B.

BOISE, IDAHO

Major: Missions.

Thesis: History of the Chinese Religions.

What we think of her:

*In her a quiet earnestness,  
Is combined with a love of wholesome  
fun.*

ALMA PEARL WILEY, A. B.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Major: Education and Sociology.

Thesis: Education in the Orient.

What we think of her:

*Although a bit shy, possessing undaunted  
courage,  
She triumphs over all difficulties.*





LEIGHTON S. TRACY, A. B.

NAMPA, IDAHO

Major: Missions.

Thesis: Modern Hinduism a Product of Pantheism.

What we think of him:

*A dignified, efficient Christian gentleman,  
With a quiet sense of humor.*

GERTRUDE P. TRACY, A. B.

NAMPA, IDAHO

Major: Missions.

Thesis: The Social Position of Women in India.

What we think of her:

*A gifted woman, with wide experience,  
Her adaptability makes her an ideal missionary.*







ANDREW D. FRITZLAN, A. B.

BETHANY, OKLAHOMA

Major: Philosophy.

Thesis: Religions of India.

What we think of him:

*He is an energetic man, optimistic  
And full of missionary zeal.*

DAISY M. FRITZLAN, A. B.

BETHANEY, OKLAHOMA

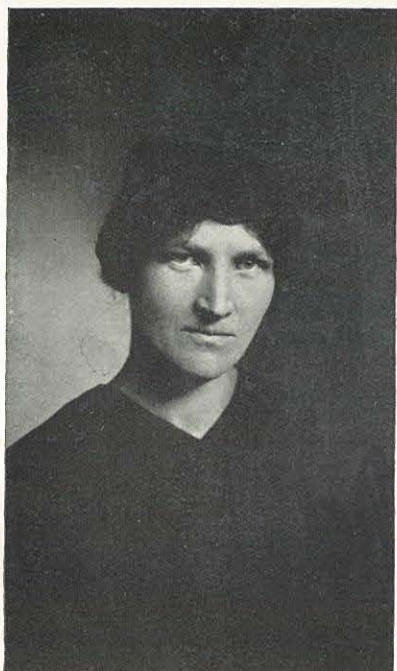
Major: Philosophy.

Thesis: India's Caste System.

What we think of her:

*A true companion, a devoted mother,  
And always ready to help others.*





LOIS L. YOUNG, A. B.

LAUREL, MONTANA

Major: Education.

Thesis: Art Instruction in Elementary Schools.

What we think of her:

*She is characterized by a reserved refinement,  
And to know her is to love her.*

INEZ A. BARNETT, A. B.

STUDLEY, KANSAS

Major: Science.

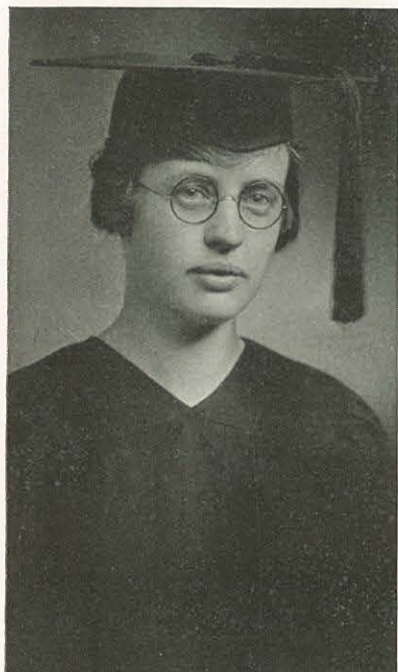
Thesis: The Influence of Medical Work in Missionary Propaganda.

What we think of her:

*A thoughtful, persevering worker,  
She is ever steady and true to her call.*







ELSIE M. HASELWOOD, A. B.

CHEWELAH, WASHINGTON

Major: Philosophy and Theology.

Thesis: Missions Among the Spanish in South America.

What we think of her:

*Her wholehearted devotion to the right  
Is punctuated with frankness and originality.*

GLADYS R. AIKENS, A. B.

TUTTLE, NORTH DAKOTA

Major: Education.

Thesis: The Recitation.

What we think of her:

*Practical, optimistic and unselfish.  
She is gentle in speech and manner.*





## Class Poem

Ah, yes, it seems but yesterday  
That we first entered N. N. C.  
But weeks and months have rolled away  
And college seniors now are we.

As one by one the years sped on,  
Our numbers waxed and then did wane,  
Till, though once nearly thirty strong,  
Today we number just sixteen.

Happy hours we've spent together,  
Some hours of work as well as play;  
And for these, our Alma Mater,  
We owe a debt we ne'er can pay.

Though we are glad to reach our goal,  
With tear dimmed eyes we go from thee;  
And deep within each heart and soul,  
We'll cherish your dear memory.

—*Olive Ingler, Col. '24.*

## An Appreciation

**W**E have long nestled against the warm breast of our parent institution, and now that we face the problems of life, we feel the estrangement that comes with leaving the care of our beloved Alma Mater—for through the years we have truly come to love her.

The fruitful cause of much that gives the college her ideal atmosphere lies in the personal interest and devout lives of our faculty. We cannot say too much in appreciation of their words and work, or the precious influence of their lives upon us.

Nor can we fail to appreciate the splendid fraternal spirit that pervades our student life. Meeting the same questions, struggling with the same problems, and realizing something of the same mental awakenings cannot help but have fostered peculiar and intimate fellowships.

Thus the blessing of deeply spiritual professors and the associations of our fellow students have impressed us indelibly and eternally. We have caught the N. N. C. spirit. Our hearts are warm with N. N. C. enthusiasm. We stand for N. N. C. ideals. Wherever we go we will keep the tryst, ever cherishing the fellowship and memories of our college days. —*E. E. Martin, Col. '25*



## Class of Nineteen Twenty-four

### OFFICERS

ROY E. SWIM, *President*

OLIVE INGLER, *Secretary-Treasurer*

IRA N. TAYLOR, *Vice-President*

ANDREW D. FRITZLAN, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

CLASS COLORS: *Purple and White.*

CLASS MOTTO: *Κατὰ σκαπὸν διώκω.*

### TO OUR ALMA MATER

ALMOST like a dream, have months slipped into seasons and seasons into years since first we gathered to thy shelter. And now the day is come that we must say farewell. No hurried parting word will here suffice; our footsteps linger at thy threshold, our heart-chorus draw us back to breathe within thy humble walls one final prayer. So often in times past has the atmosphere of heaven filled thee with its healing fragrance, so often have our souls been conscious of the Presence Divine, that we are loath to leave this blessed spot.

Then come the thoughts of friends, our student fellows, with whom we have trod thy halls in quest of truth and shared our mutual problems and achievements; and memories press in upon us of those who through long, toilsome days of sacrifice have sought to form within our minds ideals of higher, holier things. Our hearts—we hardly know when—have knit with theirs, our sympathies have intermingled, until we almost feel a part of them—a part of thee.

But, though our parting brings a sense of heart-pain, it is a pleasant grieving that we bear. For though we fain would stay beneath thy covert, our staying would but little bless the world. It is Life and Duty and our love of that for which thou livest that bids us take our leave, and we must go; not forsaking thee, but to serve in a larger sense that calling for which thou hast fitted us—to live out in the world the higher life to which thou hast inspired us.

And as we go, we go not empty handed, but in possession of the greatest gift that mortals know. It is not wealth nor honor, nor even wisdom of this world that thou hast given us, but something far more valuable, and everlasting. It is the soul-impression of a great Ideal; and more than that, the power of a great motive that moves us on to that Ideal. This is the love of Christ, the Son of God, the Son of Man, which, by constraining us, now draws our hearts to serve our fellowman.

Toward the mark of the prize of this high calling we would ever press, and though perhaps the future years shall fail to know our names among the annals of the great, and it may be the hall of fame will never hold our statues, yet may this one thing be said by those who know us best, "His chief ambition was to serve his Lord, and serving Him, his life has been a benediction to the world."

—Roy E. Swim, Col. '24.

1924

*Twenty-seven*





## College Juniors

### OFFICERS

JOHN DEAN, *President*  
EDITH CARTER, *Vice-President*

MYRNA WALLER, *Secretary*  
CALVIN EMERSON, *Treasurer*

There's a legend in our annals  
Of a class, illustrious, famed,  
Of a class of men and women  
Who by History are named.

For John Dean, who was its president,  
Is a wise and honored seer,  
While Miss Carter and Miss Waller  
As their songbirds have no peer.

Next in honor, as their thinker,  
Calvin Emerson takes his place;  
Lauren Irwin and Miss Paylor  
Play with sweet and pleasant grace.





## College Juniors

CLASS COLORS: *Royal Blue and Gold.*

CLASS MOTTO: "*Opus, Sine qua non.*"

Eggleston and Bottemiller,  
Are God's ministers alone,  
While Glen Wallace and Miss Phillips  
As great writers hold their own.

Four were called across the waters,  
Messengers of saving grace;  
Hart and Craig and Tock and Eultschi  
In far lands have found their place.

Addie Chism and Miss Flowers  
Were both faithful, yes, and more,  
To their most illustrious classmates,  
Junior Class of Twenty-four.

—*Bessie Flowers, Col. '25.*



## College Sophomores

### OFFICERS

GENEVIEVE DIXON, *President*  
JAMES NEIL, *Vice-President*

CATHERINE CLINTON, *Secretary*  
ALVIN SNYDER, *Treasurer*

WILLIAM PENNER, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

WE frankly admit that as college sophomores the novelty and glamor of our freshmen year is no more—we are wiser, yet I believe, not sadder.

It may be trite to say that we have quite a comfortable feeling as we view our last few years and realize that we have successfully broken through into real college life; but it is a fact that we have come up on an entirely new plane—we are making, it seems, a greater transition this year than that from Academy to first year college.

As freshmen we felt somewhat like the boy who was thrown over-board and allowed to flounder about without help in order that he might learn to swim. More than once we felt hopeless, and perhaps we were so at times, as we wandered about the library searching for knowledge outside of our text-books. Our instructors did not heed our pleadings for rescue, but with words in season at sundry times they did keep us from sinking. Those were days of much splashing; and if we have been quieter since we became sophomores, it is





## College Sophomores

CLASS MOTTO: *We fly with our own wings.*

CLASS COLORS: *Pink and Silver-grey.*

because we have really learned to swim. Now with more confidence and long, telling strokes, we are venturing into deeper waters. We have at last acquired habits of study and made the transition that will enable us to be students throughout the rest of our lives.

With an eye single to the glory of God, and a high standard that is continually being raised as we strive towards higher ideals, we "press towards the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

—*Elmer Otterbein '26.*

"Real joy comes not from ease, not from riches, not from the applause of men, but from having done things that are worth while—*Wilfred Grenfell.*"





## College Freshmen

### OFFICERS

WALTER LOWRY, *President*

CORA BELLE PAYLOR, *Secretary*

VELMA MEGGERS, *Vice-President*

HAZEL NEIL, *Treasurer*

RALPH COOK, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

WE have finally made it—we mean, College. We realize the fact that we are only “freshies,” but this to us means a great deal. One of the milestones towards which we have been plodding has been overtaken.

No doubt the other three classees could get along nicely without us; they have probably forgotten that they too, were one day freshies. However, we admire them. As we watch them we are inspired to toil on, and make our mark in the world along with the rest.

Our class contains material for the making of great men and women. We have seven in the class who will fill high positions in the teaching profession in the near future. We have eight ministers of the gospel, and out of this number four are called to minister, not only to the needy of our own country, but to those who are in darkness across the Sea. We have four musicians, who will no doubt rank with the best. Last, but not least, are the home makers and practical business people.



## College Freshmen

CLASS COLORS: *Green and White.*

CLASS MOTTO: "*Let no man despise thy youth.*"

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Of course we are all in the making. We fully realize that these are the days for laying the foundation; but, with our mind's eye we can see in the future great edifices built upon these foundations. We are all studying to show ourselves approved. There is no doubt but that in future years, the members of the freshman class of '24 may be found in different parts of the earth making the world better and happier.

—*Velma Meggers, '28.*

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The optimist is not one who is living in sunshine all the time, but one who often lives in drizzling rain and still keeps his joy. Part of the outfit of joy is opposition.—*Dr. Vance.*





## The Bible College

### OFFICERS

ED AX, *President*

BRYAN LOVETT, *Vice-President*

DOROTHY RANKIN, *Secretary-Treasurer*.

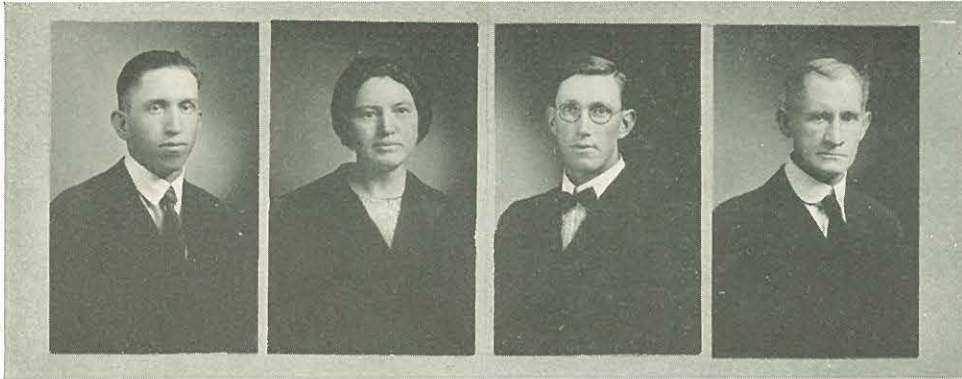
IT matters not how profound religion may be in its theological and speculative aspects, its demonstration must be found in every day life. Speculation may be profitable in the classroom or study, but when introduced into the pulpit, it is abhorred by those in the pew. Little does the person in the pew care for the technicalities of theology; his concern is to satisfy a craving in his soul.

The present day need has been felt and already the pendulum is swinging from the speculative to the practical. The church is stripping itself of the non-essentials and emphasizing the vital elements.

The vision of the church has broadened. It has defined its ideals; the world is its parish. And every question involving the temporal as well as the eternal has become its concern. This has called forth many new and perplexing problems for the ministry.

Our school is endeavoring to meet this special need and help solve some of these problems in the Bible College. One important phase of this department is the work in "Pastoral Practices" conducted by Professor Sanner. In his own unique and vigorous way, he attacks in turn the actual problems which false doctrines, the church, and even the preacher himself presents.

But the practices class forms only one course in the Bible College. Other courses such as Biblical Theology, Systematic Theology and Church History are given. The students are encouraged to examine for themselves the ultimate



## The Bible College

sources of Christian life and experience in such a manner that their faith may become an intelligent conviction based upon divine authority.

So with enough "theory" to make us think and enough "practices" to keep us on earth, the Bible College fills its essential place in Northwest Nazarene College.

### *The Bible*

The Bible Contains—the mind of God, the state of man, the way of Salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable.

Read the Bible to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you.

The Bible is the traveller's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Heaven is opened, and the gates of Hell disclosed.

Christ is the Grand Subject of the Bible, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet.

Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened to you at the Judgment, and be remembered for ever.

The Bible involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labour, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.—*Christian Courier*.





SHOSHONE FALLS



ACADEMY





## Academy Seniors

### OFFICERS

EDWARD WOOTON - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*  
*President*

"He does the work of a true man.  
Crown him, honor him, love him."

MILDRED BINGAMAN - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*  
*Vice-President*

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair."

MARTHA TRACY - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*  
*Secretary*

"She hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of  
truth,  
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of  
youth."

VERNON ARNOLD - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*  
*Treasurer*

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward."

ALICE GRONEWALD - - - - - *Connell, Washington*

"She liked whate'er she looked on,  
And her looks went everywhere."



## Academy Seniors

RALPH COOK - - - - - *Portland, Oregon*

"He is as true as the needle to the pole or the dial to the sun."

MABLE LITTLEJOHN - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*

"A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for loves to travel through."

RUBY MOORE - - - - - *Nampa, Idaho*

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

ALBERT HARPER - - - - - *Filer, Idaho*

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT - - - - - *Walla Walla, Washington*

"Her presence lends its warmth and health,  
to all who come before it."





## Academy Seniors

ARTHUR COOK - - - - - Portland, Oregon

"A courteous and affable gentleman."

LOLA COLLINS - - - - - Nampa, Idaho

"Unspoken homilies of peace  
Her daily life is preaching."

EMMA MISCHKE - - - - - Yakima, Washington

"She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone or despise."

WILLARD HARPER - - - - - Filer, Idaho

"He lives to learn in life's hard school:  
How few who pass above him."

LUCILLE RICE - - - - - Nampa, Idaho

"She makes the best of everything  
And thinks the best of everybody."



## Academy Seniors

PAUL WHITE - - - - - *Sergeant-at-Arms* - - - - - Nampa, Idaho

"There was manhood's brow serenely high  
And the fiery heart of youth."

LELAH PALMER - - - - - Corral, Idaho

"Her air, her smile and her motions  
Tell of womanly completeness."

LAVILLA COBB - - - - - Boise, Idaho

"Whatever she does, she does well."

WALTER SMITH - - - - - Nampa, Idaho

"Toiling and rejoicing,  
Onward through life he goes."

CAROL VAUGHTERS - - - - - Nampa, Idaho

"The noblest service comes from nameless hands,  
And the best servant does his work unseen."





## Academy Seniors

DIONISIO DIAZ - - - Cabanatuan, N. E., Philippine Islands

"The tasks of every day he met in a quiet, gentle way."

HELEN NUTT - - - - - Billings, Montana

"A face of gladness overspread,  
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

GLADYS DOOLEY - - - - - Sandpoint, Idaho

"Happy because she can't be otherwise."

RUBEL GILMORE - - - - - Nampa, Idaho

"His common sense is a possession to be prized."

LORRAINE HOLLEY - - - - - Nampa, Idaho

"Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,  
But she never failed to please."

ETHEL McCALL - - - - - Nampa, Idaho

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,  
Which is in the sight of God of great price."

## N. N. A. '24

CLASS COLORS: *Purple and Gold*CLASS FLOWER: *Purple Pansy*CLASS MOTTO: *"Not finished: just begun."*

## Class Allegory

ONCE upon a time a Freshmen class, in search of Fair Education, we stepped upon the campus of revered Northwest Nazarene College. We were soon met by Timidity, who undoubtedly caused us many embarrassing conflicts. When the Junior class entertained us, proficient Timidity was there with green bibs, green caps and green ice cream. This, no doubt, was our greatest battle, but with red faces, happy spirits, and courage generated by such hospitality, we gave Old Timidity a mortal wound.

One victory was no sooner won than another obstacle was encountered and needed to be overcome, if the class were to become dignified Seniors. During our study, which was indispensable to acquiring a high standing, Laziness would tease our brains and tell us that it was easier to do any thing than to study. "Hard to Study" threw his forces with Laziness until quite occasionally we met John Zero face to face in the class room.

Spring came and Sport offered great temptation. Sport would call us to play and we would "cut" classes to go with him for a good time. Many times had Sport caused some of us lads and lassies to be called up on the green carpet by Authority. Then Sport stood and laughed at our humiliation.

The next year found most of the class, with a few additions, back at Northwest Nazarene College. Our most subtle opposer of the Sophomore year was "Know It All", who deceived us greatly. We soon became acquainted with "Willing to Learn" who taught us, by the end of the year, that "Know It All" was a deceiver. The enticers of the first year were not so strong since our class was beginning to learn that "Hard Study" and "Stick-to-it-iveness" were the only safe guides to follow.

By the end of the third year our famous class had completely conquered these opposers whose sole purpose was to defeat us in our attempts to find Fair Education.

We are Seniors of the much revered Northwest Nazarene Academy; dignified Seniors, and we are glad of it. We have been overcoming, we have been conquering, and we are going forth to conquer. We hope to be a blessing to others as N. N. C. has been a blessing to our class.

We are conquering because we have learned that "Hard Study" and "Stick-to-it-iveness" are the proper companions on the road to success. Our opposers we have left far behind; we hear their dim shouts, as they seek to turn other wayfarers astray, but we heed them not. We push forward to the goal to win the prize.

—Helen Nutt, Acad. '24.





## Academy Juniors

### OFFICERS

WINONA EASTLY, *President*

ALTHA HANSON, *Vice-President*

ELIZABETH STECK, *Secretary-Treasurer*

CLENARD PRICE, *Sgt.-at-Arms*

CLASS COLORS: *Peacock Blue and Gold.*

CLASS MOTTO: *"Enroute for the summit."*

Thrice have the blessings of bountiful seasons  
 Gladdened our hearts and brought joy and sweet pleasure.  
 Thrice have we met to pursue paths of learning,  
 Counting it joy to give study for leizure.

Memories hang over the path we have journeyed  
 And hazy visions—all rose colored now—  
 Bring fresh enjoyment, with each new repeating,  
 Of fun and frolic which life doth bestow.

Heartaches have been gently softened and blended  
 Into a net work of glorious design,  
 And there is peace in each soul—buried treasure,  
 As on the dim past our memories recline.

*Winona Eastly, Acad. '25.*



## Academy Sophomores

### OFFICERS

ALLEN HOWARD, *President*

GRACE HOLMES, *Vice-President*

BERNICE CHAPMAN, *Sec. and Treas.*

HARRY KILLION, *Sgt.-at-Arms*

CLASS COLORS: *Old Rose and Silver Grey.*

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

Thirty-strong we have reached the second step toward the goal ahead of us. We make it our aim, first, to be true to our God, whom—we are glad to say—most of us follow, and second, to be superior to the Freshman Class in our words, actions, and deeds. We are neither irresponsible Freshmen, care-free Juniors, or dignified Seniors, but rollicking, happy-go-lucky Sophomores.

As a class, we are not *shallow* as our name might imply, but each one bears in mind our motto, "Onward and upward is our aim", forgetting the past, improving the present, and reaching out eagerly toward the future. Six states contribute to our class; also Canada, Alaska, Russia, and India are represented.

We all consider it a pleasure to hold our standard high, and act, on the whole as it behooves a class of Sophomores.

—*Olive Tracy, Acad. '26.*





## Academy Freshmen

### OFFICERS

ELLEN PATTON, *President*

VELDA MAXWELL, *Vice-President*

EDITH NUTT, *Secretary*

LAUREN SEAMAN, *Treasurer*

WENDELL SEAMAN, *Sgt.-at-Arms*

CLASS COLORS: *Silver and Blue*

CLASS MOTTO: *"Fresh and green, but growing."*

"Look at the Freshies!" Yes we are only Freshmen, but—

"Wait little Freshie, don't you cry,  
You'll be a Junior by and by."

We are patiently waiting and by a few years of steady plodding we expect to attain to the wonderful name of Junior or even Senior.

After a few weeks of hard labor at the beginning of the year we were entertained by the Juniors and every one enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The Juniors must have known from experience just how much Freshmen enjoy good refreshments.

We are a jolly group of young folks, about forty in number, assembled from various states of the Union and Canada. We are very proud of our class, as each one is trying to achieve as much as possible during his school days, which will pass by all too soon. But when they are finished we will look back with fond memories to the time, years ago, when we were only Academy Freshmen.

—*Edith Nutt, Acad. '27.*



## Grammar School Graduates

### OFFICERS

DONALD HARPER, <i>President</i>	VIOLA McABEE, <i>Vice-President</i>
HAZEL WILLIAMS, <i>Secretary</i>	PHYLIA RAFF, <i>Treasurer</i>
RALPH HOLMES, <i>Sgt.-at-Arms</i>	
CLASS COLORS: <i>Burnt Orange and Jade Green.</i>	
CLASS MOTTO: <i>"Striving for the goal."</i>	

### IDEALS

To be real, practical, Christian men and women in the strictest sense of the word.

To be reverent in the house of God and respectful in all other gatherings.

To be considerate of the welfare and happiness of others, and especially so of our elders.

To be earnest in work and play.

To be truthful and honest,  
Ever quiet and kind,  
But above all a Christian,  
In which all are combined.

To finish our Grammar School work and enter the Academy with the proper education and principles to be real gentlemen and ladies in that department.

1924

*Forty-seven*





COLLEGE ORCHESTRA



## DEPARTMENTS





## Music Department

"A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of a thing, detected the inmost mystery of it. All deep things are song. See deep enough and you will see musically."—*Carlyle*.

"If all were determined to play the first violin we should never have a complete orchestra."—*Schumann*.

"I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play."—*Browning*.

"All musical people seem to be happy. It is the engrossing pursuit, almost the only innocent and unpunished passion."—*Sydney Smith*.

"If music be the food of love, play on."—*Shakespeare*.

"All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly and in time"—*Ruskin*.



## Art Department

"Without enthusiasm no one will ever accomplish anything in art."—  
*Schumann.*

In Art all our pictures

*"Are but parts of our stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."*

"Oh Lord how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them  
all! the earth is full of Thy riches." Psalm 104:24.







## Expression Department

**S**PEECH is the only medium whereby we can communicate our thoughts to others. If our speech lacks clearness we can only poorly convey our ideas.

One may have rich ideas which could be of inestimable value to the world, but, if inadequately expressed, they fail to have the far reaching influence otherwise possible.

The artist expresses his ideas upon canvas; the poet conveys his thought by means of the printed page, and each in his own way gives his message to others. The effective preacher is also an artist, though he does not express himself with paint and brush, nor does he necessarily use the printed page. Words are his means of expression. The voice of the living speaker makes an infinitely more vivid impression upon the mind than words on a printed page, or the figures and colors upon canvas.

Under the supervision of Professor Myers, the Expression Department is endeavoring to prune out the erroneous grammatical and rhetorical accumulations to which we seem naturally to fall heir. Also it is endeavoring to train our young preachers and Christian workers how to appear before the public. This year, besides private instruction in Oratory, there have been classes in Argumentation and Debate, and Expression. It is true that the department is only in its infancy, but already we are enjoying benefits from it. The joint recitals given by the Expression and Music departments have amply proven the success of this part of our institution. The Literary Society also receives help from this department, as the members contribute to our Society programs.

—H. J. Hart, '25.



## Special Students

**S**pecial students all are we,  
**P**roving to the rest,  
**E**very one may have a part—  
**C**ontribute to the school his best;  
**I**n the classroom, hall or chapel  
**A**lways earnest, kind and thoughtful,  
**L**oyal to the school.

**S**ervice ever true and faithful  
**T**o the Lord we freely give,  
**U**nfailing in our efforts,  
**D**evoted to His word.  
**E**ver we'll press forward,  
**N**ought reserving of our might;  
**T**rue soldiers will we ever be,  
**S**triving for the right.





## Medical Department

### FACULTY

THOMAS E. MANGUM M. D.  
EMILY R. MANGUM, R. N.

GERTRUDE SLACK, R. N.  
EDITH WHITESIDES, *Field Representative*

## A Place of Rest

**E**VEN after the great victory on Mt. Carmel, the rugged and fearless old prophet, Elijah, was still human. Worn by the conflict, threatened by the Queen, he fled to the wilderness. Weary, discouraged, heartsick, he doubtless would have died there under the juniper tree and his life's work have been ended, had not a messenger of God's love brought just the sustenance and encouragement that he needed.

Elisha, his successor, doubtless many times weary, sought the quiet of the Shunamite's home where he found, in the room prepared for him, a haven of rest.

Jesus, himself, though "more than a prophet", was subject to the weariness of the flesh and often went aside to rest. The home at Bethany was a sweet refuge to him. To the disciples, who were thronged until they found no time to eat, He said, "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile." And He still looks tenderly upon the workers in His vineyard and bids them step aside and rest awhile.

The Nazarene Missionary Sanatarium is one of the places He has provided for the care and rest of weary disciples. Missionary cottages are soon to be a feature of the Institution, and those missionaries not needing the care of physicians and nurses will be able to rest and recuperate under pleasant surroundings.

Two returned missionaries, Sister Campbell from India and Brother J. D. Franklin from Central America spent their last days upon earth in the Sana-





## Nurses in Training

	GRADUATES	
Mary Jackson		Priscilla Bartram
Nellie Mandtler	UNDERGRADUATES	Maud Varnedoe
	Pearl Good	

tarium, where prayerful friends ministered to their needs as the end approached they praised God for permitting them to pass this way.

Ministers and Christian workers, coming to us with broken health, have received healing from the Lord; others through medicine and surgery have recovered their health. They have said, "How good God is to let us rest here a little," and have gone out from us praising Him, encouraged to press on. Patients have come to us with a weight of guilt and sin and God has lifted the load and set them free.

The Nurses' Training School as a feature of the Institution is not to be despised. Christian workers, especially missionaries and deaconesses tell how much their usefulness is increased by some knowledge of bodily healing and alleviation of pain.

We have graduated three nurses, Miss Susie Bevard, Miss Oral Mercer and Miss Nellie Love. There are now four in regular training; Miss Priscilla Bartram and Miss Mary Jackson, both from Canada, who will graduate in June, 1924; Miss Pearl Good of North Dakota and Mrs. Helen Mandtler, formerly of Portland, Oregon, are in their first year. Miss Varnedoe, returned missionary, has spent about six months taking special training with us, and Miss Goldie Sweet of Ontario, Oregon is having some practical work in the hospital this semester.

Several college students have taken class work with the nursing class. They are not charged extra for this privilege. Also the student nurses have the privilege of entering college classes without charge and some have carried a course in college while doing their regular duty in the hospital.

—Emily R. Mangum, '21.



## The Oasis Staff

ROY E. SWIM - - - - -				Editor in Chief	
GLENN WALLACE - - - - -				Associate Editor	
WILLIAM A. PENNER - -		Business Mgr.	EARL STIFF - -		Ass't. Business Manager
EMILY GUSTAFSON - -		Faculty Advisor	ETHEL SHERN - - - -		Art Editor
OLIVE INGLER - - - -		College Editor	AGNES FOSS - - - -		Art Editor
LOIS YOUNG - - - -		Literary Editor	ALBERT HARPER - -		Academy Editor
ELSIE HASSELWOOD - - -		Organizations Editor	ADDIE L. CHISM - - - -		Secretary

PERHAPS this number of the Oasis is somewhat different from the ordinary college Annual—if so, we are glad. We have endeavored to get as far away as possible from the comic Sunday newspaper idea, and to edit a book that would be in harmony with the high ideals of a college—yes, even more than that, a book that would really embody the distinctive spirit of our college—the Christian spirit. A simple dignity of design, consistency of plan, real value, of content, and a genuine Christian tone throughout has been our constant aim.

If we have been successful at all, most of the credit must fall to the splendid cooperation which the staff has constantly rendered. Thanks to the faithful work of our department editors, we have been able to get our book out almost a month earlier than usual.

This year we have been working on an entirely new financial basis which, through the diligence of our business managers and the splendid cooperation of the students, has been a real success. Six hundred “Oases” is this year’s record.

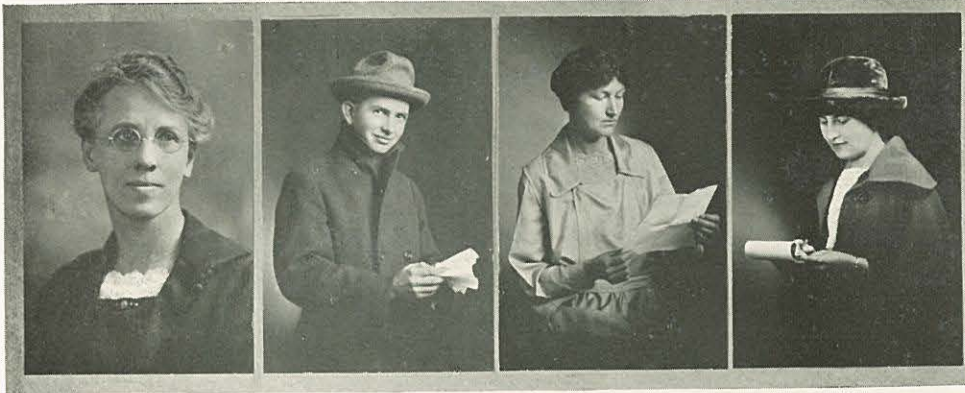
We feel that we owe a real debt of gratitude to our Faculty Advisor, Miss Gustafson, and to Professor White, our instructor in English, for their valuable counsels.

The engraving for this year’s “Oasis”, as last year, was done by the Bureau of Engraving of Minneapolis. Their wide experience in annual construction has been of much help to us.

The printing and binding was done by The Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, whom we have found to be most agreeable and valuable allies. The novel cover in which this volume is bound was originated by them.

Finally, by way of apology for the radical break with conventionality which the tint used in this book has brought about, we might say that our love of Idaho’s scenery, especially its sunset hues, brilliant in the background of gray mountains and sage-brush plains, was a temptation not to be resisted. So we trust our friends will understand and appreciate it with us.





Gustafson

Swim

Young

Inglar



Penner

Foss

Shern

Wallace



Stiff

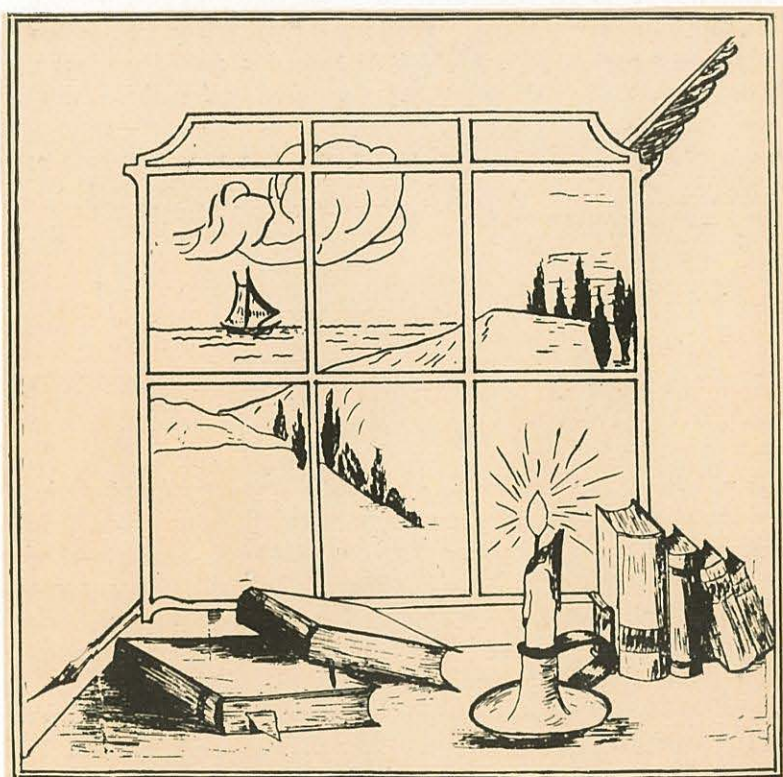
Haselwood

Chism

Harper







LITERARY





## Preface

PRESIDENT Elliott has said, that, "To see beauty and to love it is to possess large securities for a happy and worthy life." To be able to express beauty is to help others to see it and so to add to their securities for such a life.

In this section of our book we offer to our readers some blossoms from our garden of literary minds. It may be that these blossoms have lost "half their petals in our speech", yet we hope that there will be found in them a little of beauty and truth.

So we say "Go little Book, and carry our messages in prose and poetry to those who have in them enough of the artist to appreciate the petals that fell, along with those that remain."

## The Shadow

*"The Shadows cast by the Rising Sun,  
At evening all unite in One;  
And Night is begun."—A. W. P.*

We do not think it strange in this beautiful world of nature in which we are placed that the sun, the great luminary of our little universe, should even in his rising, gorgeous and inspiring as it sometimes is, cast a shadow. We seldom stop to notice that with the coming of the light of day comes also the lurking shadow which follows the meandering sunbeam even more closely than the wily fox follows the scent of his unfortunate prey. Through all the hours of daytime the chase continues and then, with the waning light, the shadows lengthen and broaden until all touch one another, the sun drops from sight, and it is night.

The light of mortal life rises with a shadow over it. Our first blind impulses, our proneness to contraries, are shadows cast from the first and purest rays of light. Shadows are dim for a while. Eclipsed by the freshness, the brightness and the unbounded activity of the life, shades have but little chance. And so we pass along.

Charmed by an ideal, attracted by a voice calling us to rise and to behold in a brighter light, we turn and there, trailing closely is the shadow. We are puzzled.

We would be men, we would stand upright, we would even exalt ourselves, we would take our position at the head of creation and from our little hill-top, which we often would make a mountain, we would gaze upon all below with satisfied air. Yet but a turn, a glance behind, and the shadow, following at our heels, speaks mockingly and we sink down.



We mingle with the crowd, our shadow follows and we notice that others are being trailed by similar shadows. We bow our shoulders to toil and all around us we are conscious of other toilers, some with faces bent almost to earth, some who stagger under loads which cast an even larger, darker shadow than ours. A few with smiles, some with an air of resignation, more with faces worn and tired, all plod on, all conscious of The Shadow.

Occasionally we meet one whose load is too heavy, whose shadow most envelopes him. We take the opportunity and are able to help him to leave a part of his burden by the side of the road. There remains yet a shadow but perhaps not so dark or so large. Here is a joy.

And then some day we stand by one with whom we have travelled far and see the sun slowly sink and the lengthening shades close in. He disappears in the night and we bear a double care and our shadow trails closer and seems to be a trifle darker.

But it is not for long. Soon the light is lost amid a bank of clouds, the sky shows crimson, twilight turns to dark and mortality has passed away and on the stone is written: "And the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it."

—*Calvin Emerson, Col. '25.*

## A Day

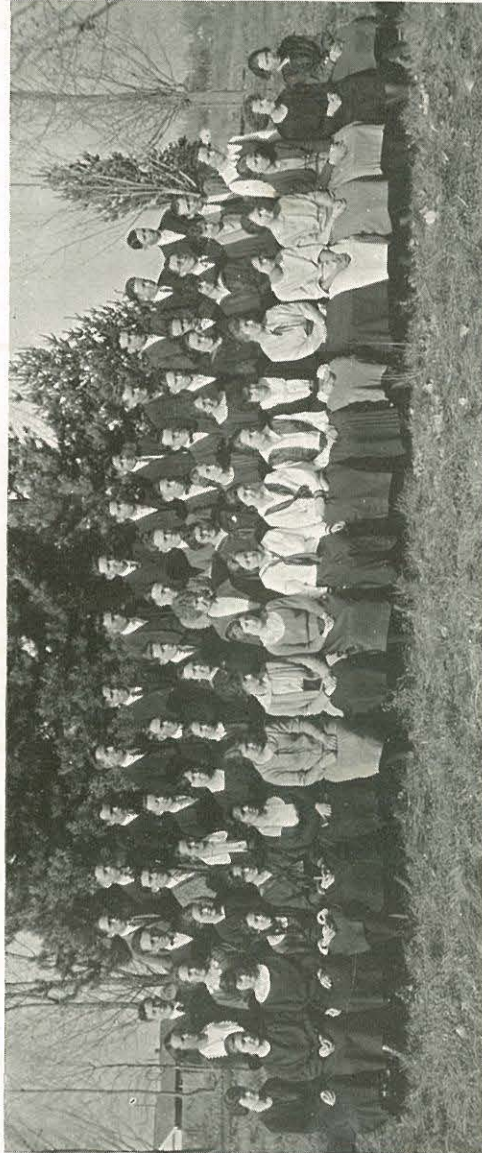
Almighty God—must such days come  
When peace is gone, and darkness, like  
A pall beclouds my troubled soul;  
When base desires thought conquered by  
Thy grace—arise again to tempt;  
When terrifying thoughts dart through  
My mind and leave me shaken and  
Afraid, and all that's good within  
Seems fled; and hope is dashed to ground?

Is this the price that I must pay  
To win a faith in 'Thee that's sure;  
A faith that can outride the storms  
Though every man should fail but I?  
If so, the price I'll gladly pay,  
And through it all I will believe,  
Though dark the path and rough the way,  
That Thou art God and doest all things well.

*G. W. Col. '25*







ORTONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



## Ortonian Literary Society

### OFFICERS

CALVIN EMERSON, *President*

VELMA MEGGERS, *Recording Secretary*

GENEVIEVE DIXON, *Corresponding Secretary*

ALVIN SNYDER, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

JOHN DEAN, *Vice-President*

CARL MISCHKE, *Treasurer*

CLIFTON JOHNSON, *Chaplain*

GLENN WALLACE, *Pianist*

THE Literary Society of our institution furnishes a very necessary part of our education. We may read poetry of all kinds,—lyric, dramatic, narrative; or prose,—fiction, sermon, history and science. Such reading is indispensable to our training. But there is an essential which some of us are willing to overlook, as it causes us some fear or embarrassment. The matter of effectively expressing what we have read or learned or experienced is one of the demands of this age when efficiency is so greatly sought in all walks of life.

Business and professional men are demanding the best methods for their lines of work. Whatever may be our life work, the necessity of being able to express ourselves forcefully and clearly is readily seen. The business man must be able to make clear the merits of his goods in order to make a sale. The lawyer must plead his case with eloquence. The pastor or missionary must prove his point and make his plea so intensely that he will win souls for his master. Even in ordinary walks of life we need to be able to explain our thoughts and plans to others in a concise, comprehensive manner.

This is proof enough for the need of literary societies in our colleges. Here we get our training,—the elements of our education,—and here, too, we must not forget the need of ability to use our education after leaving. We cannot speak well by mere study; we must practice. "The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse."

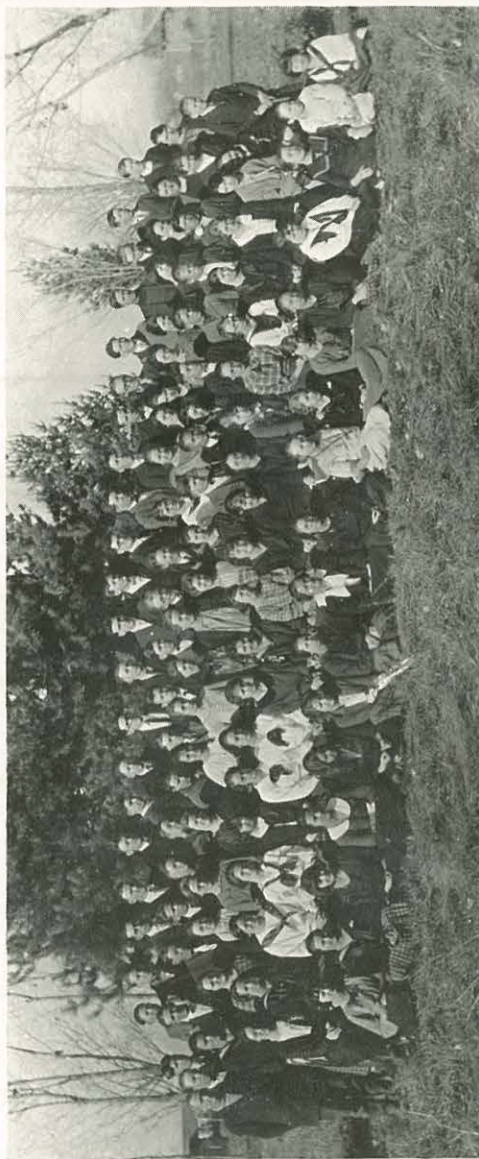
The society has done good work this year at its weekly meetings and public programs; and the demand in life for what we propose to give in our literary society should be deeply felt by all. Teachers, preachers, missionaries, business men,—all need what we can give. We should avail ourselves of the opportunities that are ours for the asking.

"He who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom."

We will be more efficient workers as we go out into life from the N. N. C. because we have been in the Ortonian Literary Society.

—Gertrude P. Tracy, Col. '24.





APPOLONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



## Appolonian Literary Society

### OFFICERS

ALBERT HARPER, *President*  
ALTHA HANSON, *Secretary*  
CLARENCE HEPPLE, *Chaplain*

EDWARD WOOTON, *Vice-President*  
JOHN MANDTLER, *Treasurer*  
EARL STIFF, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

THE Appolonian, as you may be interested to know, is the Literary Society to which all of the Academy students belong, from the least and most backward freshman to the most important and self-possessed senior. And if you should ask one of its members he would declare in no uncertain tone that if the Ortonian has met with any degree of success, it is largely due to the training its members have received in the Appolonian. But you had better ask the Ortonians about that.



In every life there come times of crisis when the old ideals and ways of doing things become too small and are inadequate for the expanding energy within. The individual begins to reach out, to try the unknown, to enter untried paths. This reaching out may involve some wanderings that reach no goal, but by continued efforts, the wanderer will find that plane that satisfies him for the time being.

So it is in the life of societies. We have seen our Appolonian passing through just such an experience this year. It had outgrown the old methods and a new energy seemed to be crying out for expression; and so it has left the plane of former years and we have seen it on the move toward some new goal. This progressive spirit has manifested itself in the adoption of a new constitution, the giving of more frequent programs and a growth of interest occasioned largely by the imposition of a system of fines.

Has it reached the desired goal? Perhaps not, but it is at least on the move and by continued and persistent efforts it will reach the plane for which it has been seeking.





## Moving

**M**OVING is no easy job I can tell you. I would rather live in a tent or, what is worse, the third floor apartment, than move three times to a mansion. Even the thoughts of the mental, not to mention the physical agony that such a course of action occasions, is sufficient to disturb my entire trichotomic being for periods of indefinite length. But, of course, contemplation is nothing to realization. If the thoughts of moving have a degenerating effect upon a man's disposition, it is difficult to predict with certainty how he will act upon experiencing the agony in all its exasperations. My advice to the wife of an irritable husband would be to move while he is away on his vacation or arrange to have him visit his mother-in-law while the meta-move-osis is in progress.

Now our concept of "moving" in an economic, social sense has parallels in our mental and spiritual spheres as well, which are for the most part as thoroughly disagreeable while in progress. There seems to be a fundamental principle very firmly rooted in the human nature that is responsible for the ready formation of habits, the liking of familiar objects, and the acceptance of the established for its own sake. I do not say that this is a trait to be disregarded or suppressed, for it is doubtless responsible for the preservation of the accomplishments of the past for our use and advantage. But I do contend that valuable as the trait may be, it should never be allowed to hinder an equally strong urgency in the human composition to scorn the old in its quest for the new and original. The ecclesiastical world offers very graphic examples of adherence to these opposing tendencies at the present time. Divisions are very sharp and distinct; contentions between the opposing factions are interesting and frequent. The points of contention are very suggestively theological. For upon this fact hinges the explanation and solution of the difficulty.

From one point of view the objections are just and valid. They show the lack in the conformity of present day religion to advances in other spheres. The cry is that progress and religious life can be maintained only by abandoning the old theology and all its out-grown conceptions. And the very fact that this cry is made proves that the old theology has lost its power of interest and must be replaced.

But why has it become uninteresting? Simply because it is only a form. What was intended to be the content of this form, to give it life and make it an indispensable part of human experience has long since been forgotten by the church in general, it seems. As a theology and nothing more there is little to be gained or lost in conforming to it or rejecting it. But the fate of all that is distinctive in our civilization depends upon whether or not Christianity, as a personal individual religion, passes or remains. As the present

(Continued on page 101)



## Lines on Being Young

I do not want to die,  
For I am young.

Perhaps when I am old,  
And heavy cares weigh down;  
When disappointments come.  
And life is but a frown;  
Or, when within me dies,  
Or wanes, as it may be,  
That happy song of youth  
Within the heart of me;  
Then, I will sigh for death  
And at her feet I'll bow  
The "keepers of the house"  
May tremble then, but now  
I do not want to die,  
For I am young.

I do not want to die,  
For I am young.

Yes I am young and free  
And each new day I greet,  
Alive and confident  
It's problems I can meet.  
Then, there's the smile of her  
Which every care dispells—  
O God—thank Thee for life!  
Help me to live it well.  
They say we journey, sure,  
But on the way let's live,  
Let's make each moment real;  
To God the best let's give, so

I do not want to die,  
For I am young.

—G. W. '25.









## When Spring Weds Winter

A FUNNY and a sad little letter lies blue and sweet-smelling on the mahogany desk under my elbows. It's a funny letter because (Oh, not funny to laugh at—never, but just funny to smile over very tenderly)—funny because its problem is so easy to solve, and sad because I'm scared for fear the little girl who penned it won't solve it right.

When Spring weds Winter scarce ever does she find herself with the golden apple of happiness in her reaching hand. Oh, sometimes it works—but *everything* works sometimes, with some people. You see this blue letter wants to know, "Shall I marry a man— an *old* man—with whom I shall sit, like the little person in the 'Mother Goose' rhyme—not 'Washing dishes, nor feeding the swine,—but on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream,' or shall it be Youth who calls to me in my own tongue, but who has only a few lonely coins in his treasure house? Which should it be?"

You know which. You gave yourself away in that one short phrase, "or Youth who calls to me in my own tongue." Why! already you're turning to Youth, my friend.

Don't you know—that no matter if the yearning for pearls around your neck and the broad-kneed, silken lap of ease makes you link your arm in that of Age for good and all—that there will come little hours a-sneaking in when you will look over and beyond Winter's head and see with blinded eyes and thumping, racing heart, the shape of Youth, active, straight backed, the lamps of Romance alight behind his eyes and ready laughter curling his mouth?

And you will long to laugh, and ride and follow the aimless, hilarious dreams that Youth is chasing most of the time. For Youth would dance for joy, you know, and go, and laugh at nothing at all!

Youth moves fast and his feet are tireless, as yours are, too. And sometimes where Winter would snuggle and smile at his ease you would only yawn at the fire, and Youth's call at these times would sound like a silver trumpet in the house of your heart. My small blue letter friend, when Spring weds Winter she'll dream of Summer, sure.

—Bessie Flowers, '25.

## Failures

He who makes no failures makes nothing. Perhaps on first thought most of you will insist that to live without failures would be paradise found on earth. But on second thought, I believe you will agree with me when I say that even though this life without failure were possible it would at the same time be very undesirable. Without mistakes or the possibility of failures, practically all the humor and excitement of this life would be gone. That sweet tingling spice

(Continued on page 71 bottom)





## ACADEMY

### Sorrow

**A**WAY down in the deep blue sea, a tiny oyster was in distress. Its tender flesh was sore and aching almost beyond endurance; all because a tiny grain of sand had accidentally slipped inside the protecting shell. Day after day the sand remained, causing the poor little oyster much pain and sorrow; but after awhile the nacre contained in the body of the oyster sent forth a flow of its refreshing fluid and, covering the sand, gave the oyster happiness once more.

One day it was taken from its peaceful bed and brought up to the light of the sun. An exclamation arose as the shell was opened and a pearl of great price was taken to the court of the king, who wore it in his crown. The grain of sand had caused sorrow, but it became a pearl admired by all who saw it.

Away down in the heart of a friend there was great sorrow. Rebellion arose against the Father who allowed her to suffer such pain and anguish, yet as time swiftly passed by, submission brought a soothing balm, and comfort to her soul, and this very sorrow was changed to an adornment fit to grace His diadem. Other sorrowing ones saw this jewel and were encouraged to bravely endure.

—*Olive Tracy, Acad. '26.*

### His Way

"Father, help me to forgive!"

The words came brokenly from the girlish figure thrown upon the green knoll at the entrance to the woods. For several minutes she clung to the grass in unchecked grief. But when she raised her head she sprang up with an exclamation of joy and stood raptly gazing upon the scene before her. Then quickly stepping to the side of the wood path the girl disappeared in the foliage of the heavy vines. In a moment she reappeared and setting up a small easel knelt before her canvass. For a time the girl worked with feverish animation.

At length she arose and looked into the woods. The scene there had vanished, but before her, on the canvass was a long aisle of dusky-green trees, which narrowed until the arch of treetops framed a sunset of most glorious color. And from every dark recess among the trees there issued a rosy glow.

The girl was aroused by the voice of someone calling to her. And with the voice came the memory of the words which had so wounded her. But from the regions of her heart the pain was gone.

The Father had helped her to forgive in His own way.

—*Winona Eastly, Acad. '25.*

## The Aurora Borealis

IT was young January in Alaska. The warm sun had long since rode south and left the Northern World fast in the grip of winter. The night was still as death save the low muffled roar of the incoming tide or the occasional cry of a timber wolf whose sharp yelp pierced the thin, cold air.

The mantle of darkness had fallen heavily over the valley in the early afternoon. All trace of human habitation was obliterated except a few scattered buildings whose roofs were piled high with snow, a half dozen blinking street lamps and the lone guard who with silent tread paced to and fro before the little garrison.

Beyond the mountain range to the north issued a thin stream of light which punctured the darkness again and again. Then a thousand large shafts of fire leaped far out across the valley to the south, spreading out like the spokes of a huge wheel and containing every color combination known to science. Each of these spokes began slashing the air. Slowly—then rapidly, and as the massive wheel turned on its axis these chased each other over the eastern rim of the mountains and disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. A flaming geyser then shot high in the air followed by forked tongues of fire and a silent but blinding eruption of the heavens. Then the heavy curtain of darkness—.

For a moment the night was turned into day, revealing the scattered clouds like fiery dreadnaughts and a large glacier like a crystal palace garnished with jewels rich and rare.

The proud young soldier no longer walked his post with measured stride, but stood motionless with head bared and eyes downcast as he whispered half aloud: "Surely it was God passing by and I beheld the hem of His glorious vesture."

—Walter D. Smith, *Acad.* '24.

## FAILURES

(Continued from page 69)

of life, that fighting part of living would cease. That "something" within man that helps him to do that which he fears to do—that helps him to get up and in when he's down and out, would die within him.

There is a string in the human body I shall call temper, on which if not too low strung are played stimulating encouragements when fate seems to be against you. It nerves you to do seemingly better than your best. On it are also played sweet strains of conquest. This string must be played upon, or it will, like the unused string of an instrument lose its ting—lose its life. In order to play upon it you must have conquests, and conquests mean overcoming failures, mistakes, and difficulties.

(Continued on page 109)





*Newey Palace.*



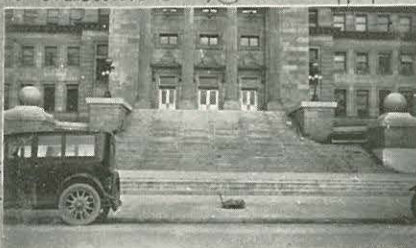
*Missionaries.*



*Our President's Home.*



*Arrow-Rock Dam.*

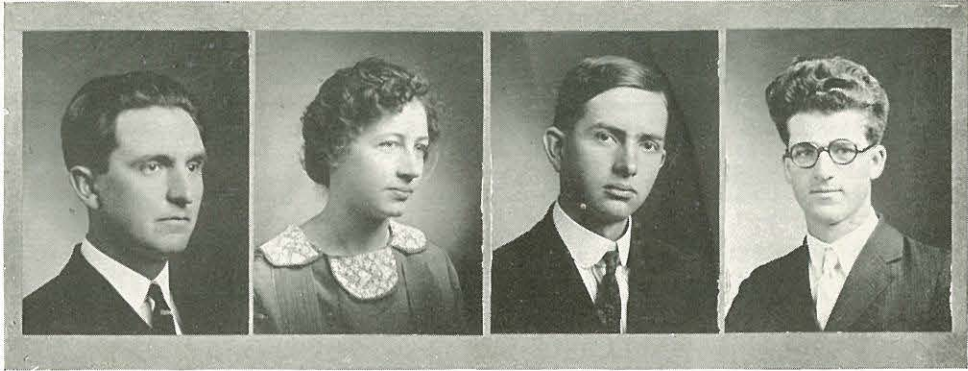


*Our Capitol Building.*



## ORGANIZATIONS





### Executive Committee—A. S. N. N. C.

H. J. HART, *President*

LIDA CHISM, *Secretary*

IRA TAYLOR, *President of College of Liberal Arts.*

ROY E. SWIM, *Oasis Editor*

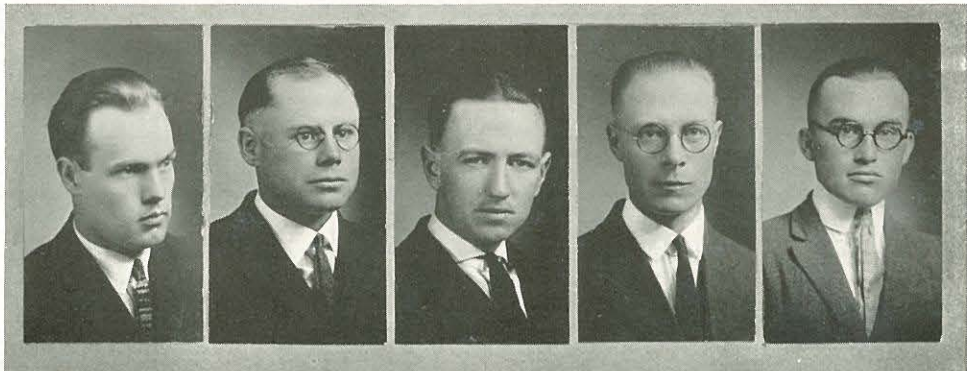
CLENARD PRICE, *President of Acad.*

GLENN WALLACE, *Vice-President.*

W. A. PENNER, *Treasurer*

AXEL JOHANSON, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

ED AX, *President of Bible College*





## The Associated Students

### NORTHWEST NAZARENE COLLEGE

**H**AVE you ever, dear reader, stood on the dock and seen a ship launched on its maiden voyage? Do you remember how thrilling, how perfectly beautiful, when the lines were thrown off with thousands of handkerchiefs waving, with flags high and hopes higher, the ship sailed out to sea. This is a beautiful sight, but it is only one chapter. For the vessel to encounter the raging and boistrous waves; to point her prow into the powerful breakers and plow bravely through to the landing without the assistance of even a tug is of superlatively greater significance. Is it not also true of the student that leaves his Alma Mater behind and turns to face a cold and critical world which he has never charted? Is he not much like the ship setting out on her maiden voyage? If this is true how absolutely necessary it is for the student to be supplied with a reliable compass and a faultless equipment. Many students hopefully embark upon the stormy sea of life with the best of equipments were if not for an untrue compass. When once on the mighty deep their compass becomes deflected by the metal around them. These students because of the faulty compass either make a wreck or have to be towed in to port. How important it is to have the proper educational training, to have the opportunity of studying amid the influences that are conducive to the building up of noble Christian character.

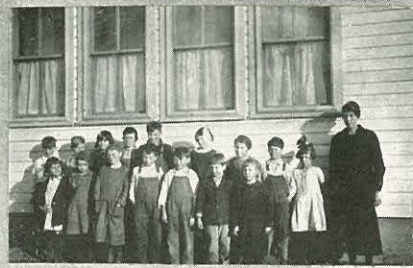
Who is not thankful for the opportunity of belonging to a body of Christian students? What else can bring out the better qualities of an individual than the rubbing of elbows with those who know the Lord? What a privilege it is to glean from the fields of knowledge under a pleasant Christian environment, and to face the problems of the intellectual world under Christian teachers who lay the foundations for life's work upon the sure principles of Christianity.

Our beloved faculty has been faithful through another year, they have not spared themselves, they have given us their best. We students appreciate their untiring service and sacrifice, their devotion to the cause of our Master. God has given us a good year together, both in spiritual and temporal things; we give God all the glory, for every line of progress that we have made.

The Executive committee wishes to show to the students its thankfulness for their prayers and hearty cooperation. The hearty good will of the students has made it possible for those in charge to carry on the various functions without friction, a pleasant spirit of brotherly kindness has prevailed throughout.

—H. J. Hart, Col. '25.





Mrs. E. Anderson '19  
"Successful school marm!"



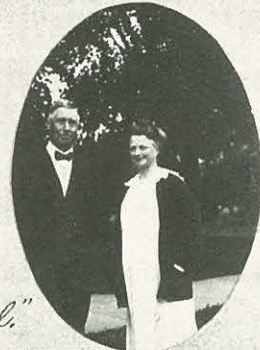
Dr. Mangum '19. Mrs. Mangum '22  
"Les enfants"



E. Look. '22.  
"Back to the farm."



R. Doane. '21.  
F. Hall. '21.  
"At the U. of Cal."



Mrs. Marshall. '22.  
"Always Smiling"



A. Gorge. '21.  
H. Sherr. '18.  
"On Board S.S. Henderson"



M. Hagopian. '21.  
"At Headquarters."



M. Look. '18.  
"Enjoying Life."





## The Alumni

### OFFICERS

ALLAN GOOZE, *President*

MRS. C. V. MARSHALL, *Vice-President*

MRS THOMAS MANGUM, *Secretary-Treasurer*

*Greetings to the Readers of the Oasis:*

WE recall gratefully, those days spent in the halls of N.N.C. We are reminded of the Godly influence and holy standards set before us in that institution. Under the direction and counsel of holy men and women dormant potentialities were awakened to a fuller realization of God, to a life more abundant. During the past ten years forty-four have entered the halls of N. N. C. and gone out into a larger world for service in various fields of Christian labor.

Our missionaries are represented in five different countries. Myrtle Belle Walter '17 is now returned to her home in Pasadena from Eastern India. Prescott '19 and Bessie (Littlejohn) Beals '20 are now in Buldana Berar India in charge of our Boys' School. From Sabi, Transvaal, South Africa, we hear from Louise Robinson '20. From Jebba, N. Nigeria, West Africa, we learn of Barbara Anderson Embree '22. Ira True '21 is in charge of our Boys' School, Guatamala, Central America. Moses Hagopian '21 plans to sail for Jerusalem in June.

Our preachers also are widely scattered. Dan Hallstrom '17 is somewhere in Sweden. Oliver Gault '19 was preaching in Northern Idaho the last we heard. Ralph Hartenstein '19 and Rev. James Short '19 are both preaching in Indiana. Stewart Maddox '19 is in Ohio. Ward Millen '20 is in Iowa and Hollis Grub '22 is pastor at Cheney, Washington. Lota Channel '23 is at Coverdale, B. C., Canada, and Edward Klindworth '23 has been in pastoral work at Arlington, Oregon. Guy Sharp '23 is at Richland, Oregon, Fairy Chism '23 is pastor at Halfway, Oregon, and Myron Blanchard '23 preaches and teaches in Jordan Valley, Oregon. Rev. G. F. Owen '23 is touring the southern states holding evangelist services. Masamoto Nishimura '23 is pastoring a Japanese church in Los Angeles.

Those who are in the educational realm occupy a large territory reaching from ocean to ocean. Harriet Gooze '17 teaches in the Eastern Nazarene College. Ira L. Shanks '18 is in our Holiness school at Ada, Missouri, Marcus Cook '18 has a position in the Kuna, Idaho, High School. Hilma Shern '18 is a teacher, but is now at Everett, Washington in evangelistic work. Willard Shattuck '19 has been teaching at Newberg, Oregon, but at present we do not know his field. Marion (Morden) Michel '21 is teaching science in Pasadena University. Ruth Doane '21 is teaching in the Junior High School at Boise, Idaho. Mr. French '22 of Boise is a teacher although he is not in active service at present. Esther Cook '22 teaches in the High School at Kuna, Idaho. Evelyn Hutton '23 is supervising in the Pasadena College. Elizabeth Paylor '23 is at Marsing, Idaho and Dorothy Sheldon '23 is in the High School at Parma, Idaho.

Five of our number are still seeking knowledge in higher institutions of learning at Berkeley, California. They are Allan Goozee '21, Forest Hall '21, Leoda Grebe '22, Lula Williams '22 and Ellis Carver '23.

There are three who are in medical work. Dr. '19 and Mrs. Mangum '21, in charge of the Nazarene Sanitarium at Nampa, Idaho, and Merle Thompson '17, a graduate nurse, is at San Jose, California.

Three others are in the field of domestic affairs—namely, Emma (Cook) Anderson '19, pastor's wife at Boise, Idaho, Marion (Benton) Howard, who lives at Nampa, and Mrs. C. V. Marshall '22 living at Newberg, Oregon.

Surely our Alma Mater, our spiritual mother, has opened before each one an endless perspective of possible achievements. She is making life products for work in His vineyard. We thank God for dear old N. N. C.

—R.A.D. '21.





## Christian Workers

### THE SPIRITUAL VISION OF N. N. C.

**C**HRISTIANITY has a challenge for every live young man or woman of today. False teachers in vain have endeavored to divert the hungry multitudes in their quest for peace and satisfaction. Nevertheless, Christianity has stood throughout the ages as the only means of supplying the deepest wells of the human heart.

To-day, the Gospel of Jesus stands firm as the only hope for a world tossed by divers theories and speculations. Humanity has found no substitute for Calvary. The scathing invectives of the critic only add new lustre to the cross and the Christian can still sing triumphantly:

“In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o’er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.”

Christianity’s only demand is that it be put to the test. It has met with widely different treatment. Some with no honest consideration of its claims have laughed it to scorn. Others have examined its records, consulted its evidences and sworn its allegiance. They, like Livingston, cry from hearts burdened for a needy Christless world.

“I will place no value on any thing I may have or possess save in its relation to the Kingdom of Christ.”

Those who have as their main objective the advancement of God’s Kingdom and those who feel the need of spiritual and intellectual equipment will find a refuge at N.N.C. The motto of N.N.C. is “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” Here are those who have been caught in the meshes of God’s great love, and the divine fire is manifesting itself in a holy zeal and passion for lost humanity. One who has heard the prayers ascending from burdened hearts during Chapel hour and the evening worship, yes, and at various times from the dormitories, understands the spirit that pervades N. N. C. The burden of this college is that God will keep the glory down and that the call which comes from the Master may never grow dim or fall on unresponsive hearts. The spiritual vision of N. N. C. is expressed in the passionate cry:

“Father, why is it that these millions roam  
And guess that this is home and urge their way?  
Is it enough to keep the door ajar  
In hope that some may see the gleam afar,  
And guess that this is home and urge their way  
To reach it haply somehow some day?  
May not I go and lend them of my light,  
May not my eyes be unto them for sight,  
May not the brother, love thy love portray  
And news of home make home less far away?”

## The Golden Now

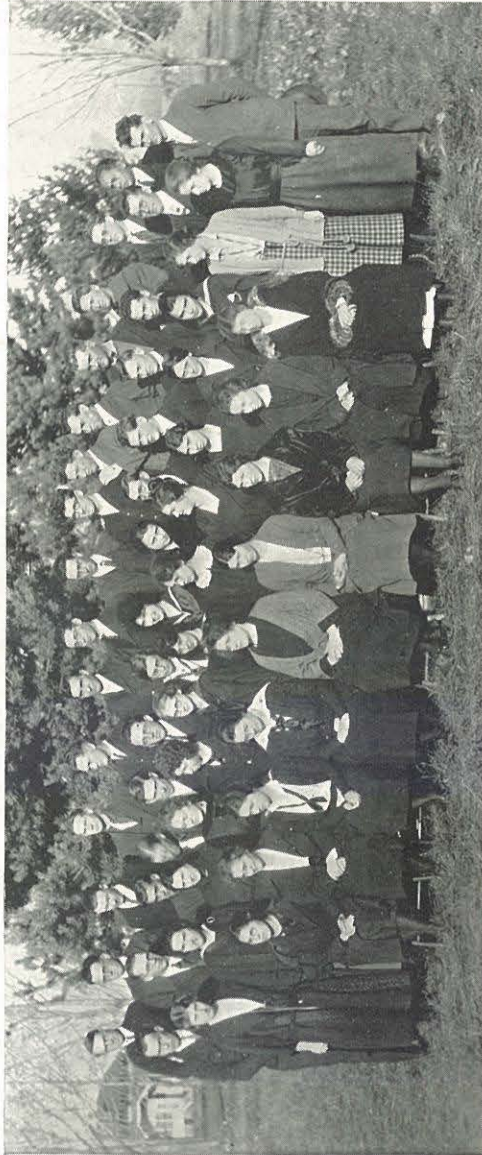
### A MESSAGE FROM OUR PASTOR

“**N**OW” is a big little word. Its bigness is almost eclipsed by its commonness. This tremendous word has to do with time, and time is man’s most wonderful possession. Time’s span of space offers mortals opportunity to train themselves for life and to prepare for eternity. This life is to-day, to-morrow is eternity. What I am to-day, I shall be to-morrow. The proper use of to-days will save us in the future from the bitter lamentation, “Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,” and the despairing cry of the dying Queen: “My kingdom, for a moment of time!” No man made a better use of time than the great Wesley who said, “Never be unemployed, and never be triflingly employed.” In the practice of this principle Wesley rode five thousand miles a year on horseback for more than a generation; he preached fifteen times a week for fifty years, and in addition was the author of two hundred books and enlisted seventy thousand followers in his movement.

A less illustrious example of the use of the “Golden Now” came under my own observation. Sam and Jack were brothers equal in physical constitution, material wealth and intellectual equipment. Sam relished as an epicure the passing days; Jack’s motto was: “Do nothing *now* that can be put off until to-morrow.” As the years passed the paths of the brothers diverged with an ever widening span until Sam wielded a rail road president’s gavel, Jack wielded a shovel on a rail road section.

In religion the “Now” is of highest importance. The importance of Salvation has appealed to the many and has become a settled conviction. The reasonableness of it has long since been accepted by great numbers. But the *Time* for it has escaped proper consideration. It was the “Now” in the prodigal son’s experience that got him started back to his Father’s house. We must reach the “Now” of decision for God and the right and we must reach the “Now” of faith for any work of grace, and then we must reach the “Now” in the performance of duty else lose untold blessings and eternity. Why not then reverse the old saying, “Not now, but soon” and make it say, “Not soon, but *Now*”?





HOME MISSION BAND

## The Home Mission Work of N. N. C.

THE Home Mission work is a vital factor in the student activities of N. N. C. It is carried on by the Home Mission Band, which is a distinct organization within the student body, composed of all christian students who wish to engage in christian work while attending school, whether preparing for home or foreign fields.

There is a large field for spiritual work around Nampa. This field lies within one of the several irrigated districts which make portions of the arid but rich soil of these parts very productive. Within these districts the population is dense, hence towns have sprung up, and a large number of people live within easy reach of the rural school-houses.

Many of the towns have no live spiritual work, and there are scores of school-houses in the country where no religious services are conducted. Many of the people of these communities do not attend religious services anywhere, and most of them know little or nothing of real heart-felt salvation. These fields are our parish.

Until the last two years the labors of the Band were confined largely to work already established. During the present year and the one previous, the efforts of the Band have been specially directed to opening new places for preaching services and Sunday Schools.

At the present time there are ten school-houses and towns, ranging from 4 to 45 miles from the college, where regular services are conducted, all of which were opened up by Home Mission Band workers. Some of the girls have started a Sunday School in a neglected part of Nampa, and have a good attendance. Others go out to visit and pray with people who do not attend services anywhere.

As a result of the Home Mission work, three of the town appointments have been organized into Nazarene churches. During the present year revivals were held in four of the points, resulting in more than one hundred souls being added to the Kingdom.

The combined attendance at Sunday School and preaching of these various places is approximately 300.

Numerically our accomplishments may seem small, but we trust that this branch of our work, as yet only in infancy, shall in the near future become a mighty factor in helping evangelize these needy fields.

There is another important consideration in this work aside from the direct benefit which comes to the people who are ministered to. It is the training and experience which the workers receive, which is of incalculable value to their future usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. Also it keeps the vision before them and the burden of lost souls upon their hearts.

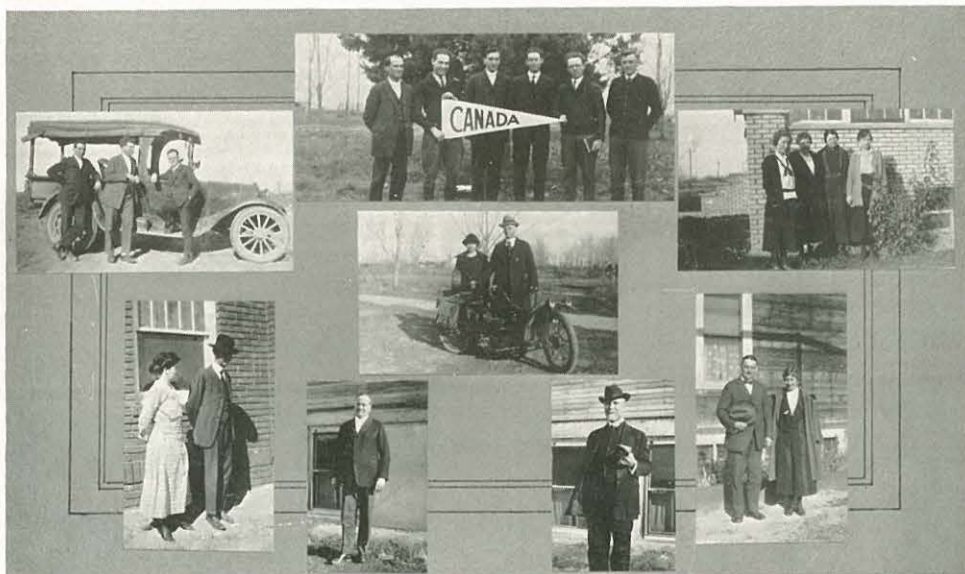
Eternity alone will reveal what the efforts of this Band has meant in the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

—George H. Bauerle.



## Greenhurst

**T**HROUGH an appeal made by Mr. Leonard Jamison, a resident of the community at Greenhurst, Mr. Sheridan D. Hughes was led to preach in that district. Despite the fact that he was given a hearty welcome and that the people seemed hungry for the Gospel, three months of preaching resulted in only three conversions. The following two months were spent in sowing. At the end of that time a harvest of fifty souls was gathered in a sixteen day revival meeting conducted by evangelist G. F. Owen and Harold J. Hart as song leader. Some of the converts have fallen by the wayside; however, the majority have proven true to the faith. Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hart continued the work for about three months and then turned it over to Mr. George Bauerle, who now has charge of the services every Sunday night. A revival is anticipated soon.



## Arock, Oregon

Brother Sanner and a few boys of the Home Mission Band made an arduous missionary journey to Jordan Valley in February, 1923. Some of the people of Danner who had attended Nazarene meetings at Caldwell desired a church in this pioneer country. The spies returned with a good report. Miss Mangum and the other members of the Olivian Quartet crossed the mountains to possess the land along the banks of the Jordan. God gave them a gracious revival at



the new town of Arock. Brother Sanner organized a church of thirteen members, later increased to eighteen. The writer has been pastoring the church and teaching the school here this winter. We are now worshipping in the school house but we expect to build soon. This is the only active Protestant Church within a radius of seventy miles. We are looking upward, the prospects are as bright as the promises of God.

### "Wilson"

Sheridan D. Hughes, our Home Mission Band president, frequently takes little excursion trips over the near by hills. On one of these trips he discovered Wilson valley, a needy field about twenty miles from Nampa, where no religious services were being conducted. Accordingly, one Sunday a group of Home Mission workers with a burden on their hearts for Wilson started out in the Home Mission truck. They stopped by a rock pile down by the Snake river and held an outdoor prayer meeting. God wonderfully blessed and witnessed that He would go before and prepare the way. From the very first service hearts were hungry for the Gospel and the people were anxious for regular services. Meetings were arranged for every Sunday night. During the Christmas vacation L. D. Meggers, a zealous Home Missionary, conducted a revival meeting. A number of people were saved and a Sunday School was organized.

### Why a Canadian Prayer Band

Canada is a needy field. In the four western provinces we have only a sprinkling of Nazarene churches, but these are manned by heroic men who are doing an effective work. They need our prayers.

British Columbia has only two Nazarene churches. Manitoba has about the same. A few of the organized churches in Alberta and Saskatchewan are without pastors. Still other fields are calling for men. Prospects are good—if we can get men. The Canadian Band prays to this end.

"Where there is no vision the people perish." Some of our band have a direct call to the Canadian field. Our correspondence with the pastors, a realization of the great need, and the melting times we enjoy in Band meeting, all help to keep the vision on our hearts.

"We shall reap if we faint not." We expect to fulfill the condition and "faint not."





FOREIGN MISSION BANDS

## Missionary Specialists

THERE was a time in the history of our country when one man sometimes combined the offices of physician, horse doctor, druggist, magistrate, county clerk, postmaster and preacher, and often conducted a general store in addition. He could officiate at the birth of babies, attend to their needs during their lives and bury them when they died. But those days have gone forever. Each of these offices now requires a trained man. The times now demand specialists; throat specialists, tooth specialists, even down to foot specialists. Men give their entire time after many years of intensive preparation to highly specialized forms of activity.

What can be said of professional and mercantile life can also be affirmed of the missionary career. There was a time in the history of our own church when remarks about candidates for the foreign fields might be something to the effect that, "It is true, he has no preparation but he is a good man and I think that we can send him out. He can find something to do among the heathen." But that day is now ancient history. The day is rapidly passing when we can pick up teachers, business men, pastors or even evangelists of middle age and make successful missionaries of them. "Why?" The conditions of the foreign fields demand the best preparation and the best cannot be produced in so short a period.

Heretofore there has been too much of the experiment ideas among our people. Missionary work has been too much like entering into matrimony with the reservation that if it does not suit one's fancy recourse may be had in the divorce court. Young people under the call of God espousing the work of the foreign fields should give a pledge of acceptance for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness in health, to love and to cherish till death do them part; what God joined together let no man put asunder; thus viewing it as a life work.

The first term does not amount to very much; it must be given to the study of the language and to the correcting of the blunders of inexperience. When the missionary has acquired the language his health begins to break and he is continually weakened until his first furlough brings him home. The second term offers greater opportunity for real work from the first. The third is better than the second, and each succeeding term should grow better and better until the missionary shall grow aged in the service and begin to lose vitality because of the near approach of his translation.

Missionaries in training, consider your call to be permanent. Secure the best possible training, settle everything possible before you go—your call, your spiritual experience, your family relationships, your business, your affairs of the heart, and when you reach that desired shore, take it for granted that you have chosen the foreign field for life—a holy career of sacrifice.

—L. S. Tracy, Col. '24.



## Latin America and the Philippines

**L**ATIN America is unique as a mission field, with a highly developed civilization and commercial activity. Were culture and civilization sufficient it would be one of the shining lights of the world. It is an example of the impossibility of real progress without the Gospel.

The educated classes have largely revolted against the Romanish Church and are turning largely to Materialism. The Living Christ for Latin America is her only hope.

The following letter from a little native girl to one here preparing to preach the Gospel in the country gives us a little insight into the needs of the Islands.

"The tracts you sent me are very helpful. The girls are really interested to learn about Jesus. Please help me pray for the salvation of souls. There are souls hungering for the truth. I hope some day you will come over and help us bring the glad tidings. There is a Macedonian Call for you to-day. Please come over and help us."

—*Marcaria Doguna.*



## A Wedding Feast in India

Doubtless your curiosity would be aroused if you were to find lying on your table a lovely pink envelope, highly scented, containing an invitation to a Mohammedan wedding feast. Place yourself in the jungles where another white face is seldom seen and you will have a faint idea how welcome the diversion would be. Now exercise your imagination and share this feast with us.

Upon arrival of the white faces there is a great bustle and stir. The way clears and we are ushered under a tent. The groom and several musicians entertain us. Look! Every hole, every crack is filled with eyes.

The feast is begun. Such delicious rice and currie, native sweet meats served on banana leaves. Don't be shocked as the head man serves the chicken with nature's carving set—fingers. The bride is absent and the groom will not eat with you. Vain religion, curious customs, queer people. How India's millions need to be freed from all fetters but bonds of love to our Saviour!

## China

The China Band though few in number is still in existence at N. N. C. We have felt the presence of the Lord in our meetings, and He has helped us to see and feel the need of intercessory prayer in behalf of our missionaries on the field and the people who sit in heathen darkness. Our band is now represented on the field by three missionaries and we are looking forward to the time when we too may go to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to a people bowed down under the yoke of superstition, idolatry and deceit. As we think of those teeming millions we remember the words of the master, when He saw the multitude scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth labourers into His harvest."

## Africa

There are 50,000,000 people in Africa to-day unreached by the Gospel, that are not within the plans of present missionary activity. Again there are tribes to-day still in the darkness of savagery, who have heard the Gospel only once and that from the lips of Livingstone fifty or sixty years ago. The African Band in N. N. C is composed of some twenty young men and women now preparing to carry the Gospel of love and peace to those who need it so much. It has been said that Christianity alone reaches the centre of African wants. We are praying that God will help us to prepare and go in the Spirit manifested by Livingstone when he said, "I will open a path to the interior or perish. If I should never return perhaps my life may be as profitably spent as a fore-runner as in any other way."





## Chapel Reminiscences

**T**O most of us, the best part of the day is from 10:15 to 11:00 A. M.—our Chapel hour. This is the time when we “pause in the day’s occupations” and wait for the approval and blessing of God that makes the remainder of the day more of a success. The hours spent in “taking time to be holy” are well invested and bring us a rich reward.

The inspiration of the singing cannot be over-estimated. Those who participate get blessed, those who listen get blessed, and those who do not listen, could get blessed if they would. The specials given by our students and visitors, Rev.’s Ingler, Jay, Ellis and others, have been of unusual blessing to us and we bid them hearty welcome to come again.

We have been favoured with a goodly number of our pastors as visitors, and are glad to have those on our district call upon us at the chapel hour. We are always delighted to have Brother Plumb, our pastor, with us.

Sister Whitesides brought us a burning message and inspired us to fresh faith and courage, as she told of her battles and victories in a campaign in Montana, and of the great need in that state.

Our hearts are always blessed when Sister Hoy visits chapel and gets happy: she laughs, cries, and praises God, and prays the burdened through to victory.

We had a rare treat in having two services with Rev. Joseph H. Smith. His “lectures”, as he called them, were wonderful, and made a lasting impression on our hearts. He is a great scholar, a deep thinker, and an interesting speaker.

We have had so many rare opportunities this year, that we should be stronger, better Christians after hearing these men of God.

Miss Mary Cove of New England, Rev. E. G. Anderson, General Treasurer of our church, Rev. Mills, evangelist of the Baptist church, Rev. George Franklin of India, Miss Eugenia Phillips of Central America, Rev. Lum Jones, Rev. C. P. Ellis, Dr. J. W. Goodwin, and Dr. J. B. Chapman have spent at least one chapel hour with us.

Our testimony services are full of life, singing and shouting. How difficult it is to close on time! The joy overflows and can scarcely be suppressed and it is often carried over into the class rooms.

Even our announcements can hardly be given in an orthodox manner, but frequently have a preface or conclusion of praise to God. They vary from Mission Band, Literary Society, and class meetings down to “lost, strayed or stolen (?)” bulletins of individual of library books, and even birthday announcements—including age.

We must not forget the specially valuable nuggets of truth that our President, Dr. Wiley, has frequently brought to us. They come as a surprise, for we do not know just when he will give them. Those on The Holy of Holies with its Shekinah glory, the High Priesthood, and Consecration were especially beneficial, and will not soon be forgotten.



## The Call to the Ministry

(From a Chapel Lecture by JOSEPH H. SMITH)

SCRIPTURE gives two definite types of calls, the Pauline and the Timothian. The first is a voice from heaven, while the second is an inward impression corroborated by an outward providence over which we have no control.

In respect to being called of God we must always distinguish between Holy Ghost impulses and Holy Ghost leadings, between holy desires and holy sanctions. Our mind is purified but it is not infallable. We must distinguish whether the impulse is the spirit of God, our own, or the spirit of Satan. God's spirit is holy and infallable, our own spirit is holy but fallable, the devil's spirit is unholy and diabolic.

Not only must we distinguish between the spirits, whether the impulse is from the spirit of God, our own spirit, or the spirit of the devil, but we must distinguish between secondary works and the works of evangelization. It is not meet for us to leave the Word of God to serve tables. If we are called, we must not descend to deflections from the main line. Ministering is not tinkering about a lot of things that may be done in the name of Christ.

There is also another distinction to be made, that is between preaching and ministering. Preaching the word is publishing it while ministering is bringing things to the hearts of the people. A minister of the Gospel should never be satisfied with just sermons; nothing less than souls should ever satisfy him. A minister should develop the function of intercession. When a minister is interceding, he is not pleading for himself, but he is bringing things to pass for others. Ministering is importuning God in behalf of human souls. There is the ministry of preaching and the ministry of prayer. Far too little emphasis is placed upon the latter these days.

No man is qualified to be a minister unless he has learned to have sufficient faith in God for his support along temporal lines. The first year I preached I walked three thousand miles, preached two hundred times, and received fifty-five dollars, and at conference time had five dollars left to give to a *poor preacher*. Real living faith in God is not presumption. Faith even comes before prudence. He who would be a disciple of the Lord must learn the two lessons that Jesus taught His disciples, first not to take a supply along and secondly to depend upon God for all of his needs.

The Modernists are claiming that God does not call. However, the trouble with them is that they haven't their phones up. Phones come high these days but they are worth the money.





## The Athletic Association

### BOYS

GLENN WALLACE, *President*  
CLIFTON JOHNSON, *Vice-President*  
JAMES NIEL, *Secretary*  
ROY SWIM, *Treasurer*  
JOHN MANDTLER, *Custodian*

### GIRLS

MYRNA WALLER, *President*  
DORIS EASTLY, *Vice-President*  
MARTHA TRACY, *Secretary*  
PAULINE WHITE, *Treasurer*  
GENEVIEVE DIXON, *Custodian*

*Dear Reader:*

WHEN it comes to talking about our athletics, we haven't much to say. We might re-utter the usual platitudes about our duty in developing the "physical man" but that would be apologizing and that is not good sportsmanship. No, we haven't much to report, but we are doing something. We are providing recreation for every student.

There are two purposes in athletics, you know; one is to systematically train and develop the human body, and the other is to provide recreation. So, as for various reasons we are not able to accomplish the former, we provide the latter—recreation. If you could stand on the back step of our "Ad" building some evening after school and watch the "College" play the "Academy" a game of ball, you would appreciate what is meant by that word "recreation." Furthermore, if you could listen to the incessant and frantic cheering and yelling from the "spectators"; if you could watch some little, wiry "Academician" step up to the plate and smite that small, white sphere to the uttermost part of the campus, or behold some tall, heavy "Collegian" step up and inanely fan the air for three successive times; and then if you could listen to the various and sundry "Comments" that are called forth—you would understand that it doesn't take interscholastic competition to have genuine sport. We have good times and clean, wholesome competition.

Someday we are going to have a big gymnasium and an athletic field, (who doubts it) but until then we are getting along. We have all the necessary equipment and space to play Basket Ball, Volley Ball, Playground and Base Ball, Tennis, etc. So we have a few things to do—you see?

—G. W.





## SCHOOL CALENDAR

### OCTOBER

Mon. 1.—The gang arrives. Ax's "flivver" does tremendous business.

Tue. 2.—Taylor's moustache creates sensation among females.  
Homesickness prevails.

Wed. 3.—First Chapel service. Congregation seems to be divided into two parts husbands and wives.  
Bill Penner loses more hair.

Thurs. 4.—Rain in copious and drenching quantities.

Fri. 5.—Oasis staff elected.  
First serenade.

Opening "coffee guzzling" of the season.

Sat. 6.—Miss Winchester "advises" the college students. Brother, you must unload.

Sun. 7.—Welcome service at church for new students and reports from the General Assembly. The rains beat and the floods descended.

Mon. 8.—"Conflicts" seem to prevail but are quelled by Miss Winchester.

Tue. 9.—Primary election for Ortonian Literary society.

Wed. 10.—George Franklin speaks at chapel. The Barber arrives—open season for haircuts.

Thurs. 11.—Election for Ortonian Lit. Calvin Emerson at the helm for the coming year. "Politics" the order of the day.

Fri. 12.—Philosophy class decide they are materialists.

Sat. 13.—Work! ?

Sun. 14.—New song books at church. "When we all get to Heaven" is featured.  
Lela Taylor comes "home."

Mon. 15.—Earl Stiff falls out of bed!

Tues. 16.—Annual meeting of Young Peoples Society. Miss Lois Young elected President.

Wed. 17.—"Lion Tamers" serenade.

Thurs. 18.—Miss Winchester reports work of Educational Committee at General Assembly.

New song books come.

Fri. 19.—First evening Literary program. President Emerson makes his inaugural address.

Sat. 20.—Nazarene Day at Everybody's Store.

Sun. 21.—Bro. Pounds preaches in evening. C. Virgil Lewis comes to our school.

Mon. 22.—The Cake-Eaters and Dumbells are recognized as a social group.

Mr. Tracey leads the Economics class in their devotions.

Tues. 23.—Yes, we have no classes today.

Wed. 24.—Bottemiller loses his cap again.

Thurs. 25.—Dean and Wallace decide they are Sadducees.

Fri. 26.—The Reception at the club.

The Boy's String Orchestra plays—N.S.G.

Sat. 27.—Charley Lewis sells Nectar—the drink of the gods—only 15c.

Sun. 28.—As usual.

Mon. 29.—The philosophy class decide after heated discussion that truth is a lie.  
Price becomes head of Academy. All hail!

Tues. 30.—Boise is cursorily examined by Penner, Swim, and Wallace. Greek restaurants are made taboo!

Wed. 31.—Halloween. Tumult and disorder stalk thru the "dorms."  
Phantoms haunt the halls. Bottemiller wins the cut glass shirt by riding a phantom down the hall.

### NOVEMBER

Thurs. 1.—Wiener Roast on Campus. Hot Dawg. Midnight convention in cell 34.

Fri. 2.—In Literary Society: "Bananas, do we have them, or, do we not?"

Sat. 3.—We hunt the pherocious pheasant. Mischke goes to work.





# DON'T

Fail to look through these pages before you buy. Then go to those who helped put our annual across, and tell them you have seen their ad in the OASIS. Let's put our appreciation into practice.



## CALENDAR—Continued

- Sun. 4.—Brother Little preaches in evening.  
 Mon. 5.—Jim Neil buys a pinch-back night-gown, with pockets.  
 Tues. 6.—Room 34 adds a night-latch to its equipment.  
 Wed. 7.—The Dumbbells formulate an official catechism:  
     Q. Shall we or shall we not?  
     A. We shall!  
     Q. We shall what?  
     A. We shall not!  
 Thurs. 8.—We serenade Doctor Wiley and wife on their wedding anniversary.  
 Fri. 9.—Night program of Ortonian Lit. Apple pie flourishes in dormitories.  
 Sat. 10.—Guy Sharp, erstwhile Big Cheese of the Lion Tamers appears on the scene. Penner and the Stiffs go deer hunting.  
 Sun. 11.—Bands go to Boise, Bennett, Vale and Weiser.  
     Telephone pole gets in way of band returning from Vale.  
 Mon. 12.—Armistice day—Holiday.  
     Wiener roast at Lake Lowell—hay rack breaks.  
 Wed. 14.—Mrs. Dewitt dies.  
 Thurs. 15.—Mr. Finkbeiner discovers an error on the Devil.  
 Fri. 16.—Mr. Converse of the Gov't. Narcotic Squad tells us detective stories.  
     The Sophomores give their little play-mates (Frosh) a party.  
 Sat. 17.—Bill Penner brings home a deer.  
     Hurray for Bill!  
 Sun. 18.—Mrs. Dewitt's funeral.  
 Mon. 19.—Philosophy class discusses: Being, is it or is it not?  
     They decide they are Idealists.  
 Tues. 20.—Miss Mangum declares publicly that she cannot conceive of a "perfect man." Meaning which?  
 Wed. 21.—First number of the local Lyceum.  
     As one has so fittingly put it "Raw!"  
 Thurs. 22.—Bro. Little speaks in chapel.  
     Boys organize Athletic Association.  
 Fri. 23.—Senior-Junior (College) party.  
     First night program of the Appolonians.  
 Sun. 25.—Brother Ingler sings at Church.  
     Missionary party goes to Parma.  
 Mon. 26.—"Tom" and "Mischief" have a bad night. Mr. Fritzlan called for consultation.  
 Tues. 27.—Is it dichotomy or trichotomy, a difference of opinion is observed in the Psy. of Rel. class.  
 Wed. 28.—Roy Cox operated on.  
 Thurs. 29.—Thanksgiving. Big dinner at the Club.  
     Matron's office in Girl's dorm. sees a big day. (You know what we mean.)  
 Fri. 30.—Missionary party leaves for Emmet. Stiff wonders why roosters crow all night.

### DECEMBER

- Sat. 1.—The best thing in the day: "A Zebra is a sport model mule."  
 Sun. 2.—Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
 Mon. 3.—The deferred Thanksgiving program of the Ortonian Lit.  
     The new pennant is featured.  
 Tues. 4.—A stag party to hear Joseph Smith at Emmett.  
     Miss Howard sings at chapel.  
 Wed. 5.—The mystery of the "Absolute Idea" deepens in the philosophy class. Plato wins the marbles for abstractness.  
 Thurs. 6.—The library door was opened and shut 1,763 times successively in one period—we believe.  
 Fri. 7.—Academy Junior-Freshman party. Shakespeare prprogram on Lit. Society (Ortonian).  
 Sat. 8.—What to do?  
 Sun. 9.—Bands go to Weiser, Boise, School houses, and penitentiary.  
     Missionary program at Nampa in eve.  
     Miss Varnadoe talks.  
 Mon. 10.—Joseph Smith speaks twice at chapel on "The Vocation of the Ministry," and "The Gifts of the Spirit."  
 Tues. 11.—Bro. Ellis starts revival services in chapel.  
 Thurs. 13.—Ellis says, "passives should never be aggressive and the aggressives should be passive toward passives"—or something like that.  
 Fri. 14.—Ellis on education in A. M.; and on various species of church members in the evening.

(Continued on page 96)

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Nampa, Idaho

### CALENDAR—Continued.

Sat. 15.—Xmas shopping the order of the day.

Sat. 22.—Two more shopping days until Xmas!

Sun. 23.—Lu's "Pa" comes in from the "North Country."

Mon. 24.—Watchful waiting for the mailman.

Tues. 25.—Christmas! Party and Tree at Girls Dorm. in the A. M.  
Everybody "out" for dinner.

Wed. 26.—Everyone does everything but study.

Thurs. 27.—Skating on Lake Lowell. Several "embrace" the ice.

Sat. 29.—Room 34 turbulent. Matron appeals to reason.

Sun. 30.—Educational day at church.  
Twenty thousand (\$20,000.00) dollars raised for school!

(Continued on page 102)



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Ever Wondered What would Happen If—  
Professor White didn't open a window in  
chapel?

Mrs. Wallace ever locked up her office?  
Professor Myers didn't call "Rising  
Hour?"

Miss Dooley didn't assign a Latin lesson?  
Professor Tracy would shave off his  
moustache?

Mr. Janosky sang bass?

Mr. Fritzlan didn't announce a book miss-  
ing out of the Library?

Miss Norris wouldn't say Amen?

Miss Gustafson wouldn't take "Tom" his  
meals?

Professor Bouchard would play, "Yes, We  
Have No Bananas."

Professor Paylor would sing "It Aint  
Gona Rain No.' Mo'!"

Mrs. Tracy didn't play the piano at  
chapel.

Mrs. Perigo didn't have some pictures to  
hang up in chapel.

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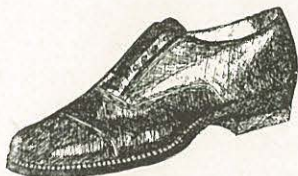
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## MOVING

(Continued from page 66)

state of affairs clearly demonstrates it can not remain as it has in the past. Either the advocates of Christianity will move out and make good its rightful claim as the cornerstone of civilization and true culture, or chaos and oblivion will follow. The latter is unthinkable and impossible. The lines of distinction are being so clearly drawn that few can fail to see the issues, and our faith in humanity, and especially Christian humanity, prompts us to believe that to see duty is to do it.

So to be true to my figure, the way out of difficulty—indeed, the way out of most difficulties—is to move out; not for the sake of novelty, but always for the sake of progress.

—John Dean, Col. '25.

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## CALENDAR—Continued.

Mon. 31.—School again.

Brother Little entertains (?) at chapel with a solo.

### JANUARY

Tues. 1.—Another year—tch! tch!

We “romped” in the dining hall. Snow-balling becomes an epidemic. Mishke and Neil after a seige are captured and “rolled.”

Wed. 2.—The Economics class have their regular nap.

Taylor sticks his finger in his eye in “Arg.” class.

Thurs. 3.—We hear Dr. Ira Landridth of Christian Endeavor Ass’n. at United Presbyterian church.

Fri. 4.—To eat, or not to eat—that is the question.

Boarding students have stormy session until 6:30 P. M.

Sat. 5.—Edith Carter looks behind her trunk and finds she is entertaining strangers unawares. You understand?

Sun. 6.—Girls Dorm. Parlor and Office have busy day.

Mon. 7.—Miss Winchester interprets a section of the catalogue for us; regarding, social functions.

Tues. 8.—The Art Department grows by leaps and bounds. Sixty-one enrolled at last count.

(Continued on page 106)

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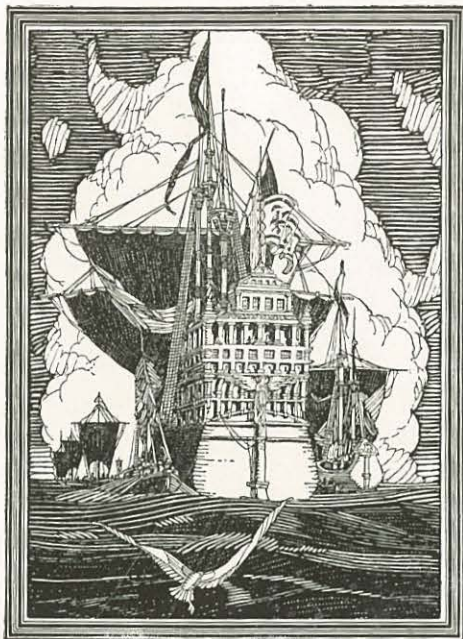
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*Bill's dear.*



*Hold your breath.*



*Up in the air.*



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### CALENDAR—Continued.

Wed. 9.—Ortonian Lit. Society spends hour and a half getting nowhere. Members limited to speaking not more than 30 times.

Fri. 11.—Backwards Party of "Frosh" and "Sophs" in the Club Bldg. Ortonian struggle continues.

Sat. 12.—C. Virgil Lewis leaves amid wailings.

Roy Swim takes a "header" over the end of his bed.

Sun. 13.—John Dean takes his regular nap in church this A. M.

You're not alone, John—you're not alone.

Mon. 14.—Ortonian "come-outers" have clandestine meeting in Room 6.

Tues. 15.—High Day in Miss Winchester's classes. All note-books, papers, reports, etc., etc., etc., in.

A French Class is announced.

(Continued on page 107)

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### CALENDAR—Continued.

(Continued from page 106)

Wed. 16.—We seem to gather the idea from Wooton's announcements in chapel that the Appolonians have a system of fines. We don't wish you any hard luck but we hope you succeed.

Thurs. 17.—Ira proposes a compromise plan to Ortonians.

Fri. 18.—Miss Waller stirs the Economics class by her paper.

We might say that its about time they were "stirred."

Sun. 20.—E. G. Anderson, General Treasurer of Church, preaches in the evening.

Mon. 21.—E. G. Anderson at chapel.

El Day quartet in evening at High School.

Tue. 22.—The Ortonians take action and the society becomes optional.

We serenade Miss Winchester and eat her walnuts.

She leaves in the morning.

Wed. 23.—The Staff table in the dining room finishes by the time the bell rings. My! My!

Thurs. 24.—Janosky invites himself to a banquet.

Chamber of Commerce donates us 30 tons of coal.

Fri. 25.—"Rough-house" at the boy's dorm. Raw!

Mon. 28.—M. Pimienta the new French professor speaks at chapel.

Tue. 29.—Exams! Brain-rackling, mind-destroying, soul-tormenting exams.

Wed. 30.—Thaw continues on campus. It becomes an extended mud-hole.

Thurs. 31.—District convention of N. Y. P. S. in church.

### FEBRUARY

Fri. 1.—Music-Expression recital in the evening.

Sat. 2.—We recuperate from the strenuous week.

The rains descended and the mud flowed.

Mon. 4.—Farewell surprise party for Miss Leah Fry at Mrs. Bolers.

Guy Sharp was there.

Wed. 6.—The first class in French. Oui, Oui, we like him, le professeur.

Fri. 8.—Ampico recital in dining room.

(Continued on page 108)

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### CALENDAR—Continued.

(Continued from page 107)

Sun. 10.—A Spring day slipped in ahead of time.

Mon. 11.—The first Tennis of the season. Hurrah for Idaho.

Tue. 12.—Mr. Ingler reports from Weiser, Ida. Church is established. One loud and exultant Hallelujah!

Wed. 14.—Evangelist Mills of Baptist church speaks in chapel.

Tue. 19.—Mrs. Whitesides reports the meeting in Billings Montana.

Wed. 20.—Half-holiday today—Mr. Janosky's birthday.

(We didn't get the Star.)

Thurs. 21.—Dr. Wiley speaks on "distinctions" and "traditions" in chapel. He "got on."

Fri. 21.—Half-holiday again. Baseball in the afternoon.

College vs. Academy. Score 21-21. N. S. G.

Sat. 23.—Onions again—will they never cease.

(Continued on page 110)

## First National Bank of Idaho

BOISE, IDAHO

## FAILURES

(Continued from page 71)

What passive, negative creatures we would become then without failures, stagnating in a miserable monotonous existence. Life would be a joyless chant full of counterfeit cheer, and, you will agree, would have a dreary outlook. Success would be a habit. It would be limited to a success without failures, which is not success after all, for—he who makes no failures makes nothing.

I'm not trying to argue that we should make failures a goal, or that we should seek to fail. That is quite unnecessary. Just start something and see how quickly failures, though petty they may be, will buffet you about. As long as we are human and have ideals, failures are inevitable. As an example of high ideals and failures Bryan is unsurpassed. His failures have been due to his positive aggressiveness, and were to the great commoner only stepping stones to greatness and fame. Inventors could tell you of long lists of failures for every real success. Music composers reckon on one success out of every seven songs they compose. They expect to make failures—for he who makes no failures makes nothing.

Within the last four weeks I tried four times using much time and patience to write an oration. Four times I failed. Perhaps I was near the "slough of despair", but I was a better man for I had learned, among other things, that

(Concluded on page 110)

## *They don't teach this in school*

We spend eight, twelve or even sixteen years fitting ourselves to make money, but not so much as an hour in learning how to make that money work and produce MORE money for us.

We work hard—and manage to save some money—but most of us STOP THERE when if we went just a step further and put our savings TO WORK we could materially increase our earnings.

For instance: do you know that only \$1000 if put to work can be made to earn \$70 more a year for you?

It's not hard to put money to work to produce MORE money. Like everything else; it's easy IF you know how.

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## FAILURES

(Continued from page 109)

one should write about something with which he is familiar. I thereupon decided to write on failures.

I say again that I do not seek to extoll failures, but I do insist that the climb upwards to success is strewn with boulders of failures. Perhaps you start up the cairn trail when your heart is light and the sun is young, but ere the flaming day has softened into shadows you will have become footsore and weary as boulders of failure seem to block your way. But no need to shed sorry tears. Sit down and rest a little. Gather up what's left; add to that, what you've learned; back up and start up and on again just a little harder. Remember! There is no success without failures.

"What is a failure? It's only a spur  
To the man that receives it right.  
It stirs the spirit within his breast  
To go in once more and fight.  
If you never have failed it's an even guess,  
You never have won a high success."

—Elmer Otterbein, Col. '26.

## CALENDAR—Continued.

(Continued from page 108)

Tue. 26.—What with Brother Jay and Lum Jones, we have a regular "meetin" in the chapel.  
Thurs. 28.—We judge it is about time to say—"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.  
N' est ce pas?  
Fri. 29.—Baseball. The Score—Alas! Academy 13—College 8.  
First program of the newly organized Ortonians.

### MARCH

Sun. 2.—Mrs. Whitesides preaches in the morning.  
Mon. 3.—Miss Waller leaves.  
Fri. 7.—Grammar school program at chapel in the evening.  
Sun. 9.—Is Wallace among the preachers?  
Mon. 10.—The "impossible" ten minute speeches in French are at last given. The three day exam. is over.

Tue. 11.—Major White and Captain Flack of the Salvation Army visited in the chapel. The Major's address gripped.

Wed. 12.—Lum Jones at chapel in the morning.

Dr. Goodwin arrives and speaks at three P. M. and in evening at the church.

(Bottemiller wants to know the difference between gap and yawn.)

Fri. 14.—Preliminary Campus Day. We plant Lilacs, roses, ivy, and all that sort of thing.

A few worked.

Baseball game called on account of the wind.

Mon. 17.—Philosophy class hear Miss Gustafson's "Nomad" theory.

Tue. 18.—Recital—Music and Expression departments.

Ira debates in favor of co-education. He didn't produce any "real" evidence, but you know he had it.

(Continued on page 111)

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Nampa

**CALENDAR—Continued.**

(Continued from page 110)

Wed. 19.—Paul and Pauline—quite a combination. No, we were not thinking of the Apostle or his Epistles.

Thurs. 20.—Evangelist Miller and wife at chapel.

Radio program under auspices of the Boys Club in the evening.

We were glad to hear that the "r-r-r-r-a-a-a-W" Orchestra played the "eeooa-heeoaw" etc., etc., etc., etc. You know.

Fri. 21.—Debates and program in the P. M. What Professor White would call a "genuine college literary society program" in the evening. (Ortonians.)

Mon. 24.—John Dean spends a bad night—dreams Miss Winchester is back.

Tue. 25.—Audrey Phillips gets up for breakfast.

Wed. 26.—Philosophy class decides they are empiricists—No! not all of them—that is right.

M. Pimienta tells the French class some more about the "war."

Thurs. 27.—Captain Flack speaks in chapel in behalf of S. A. Self Denial Week.

Bessie Flowers drops in for a day.

Fri. 28.—Evangelist Lindsicum of Free Methodist church speaks in chapel. His address made us get out on the end of our seat and listen. More like him, we cry, more preachers like him.

Velma Meggers leaves for home.

Sat. 29.—What's the matter Mischke, somebody died?

Taylor and Penner give stringed instrument recital in dorm.

Sun. 30.—Quiet hour, breakfast, Sunday School, Church, Dinner, Quiet hour, Young Peoples Meeting, Church, Bed.

Mon. 31.—The end of another month. My! My! What a life.

Well, we'll have to quit. The copy must go to the printers. We have had a lot of fun making the Calendar and we don't like to stop. As you have read over the days that have passed we hope you will have remembered more distinctly the year 1923-24. We haven't been able to put down everything but we couldn't be everywhere at once so you will excuse us, won't you?

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