

Arthur Consaul Wickenden
from
Memoirs of the Thomas Rogers Wickenden Family

It was on April 24, 1893 that I was ushered into this world.

My first recollection goes back to the fall of 1896 when I was three and one-half years old and one evening witnessed a torchlight political parade on Euclid Avenue. I fell on the curb and cut a gash in my forehead which left a scar noticeable for many years.

The old Second Baptist Church at Fourth and Victor is associated with another early memory, Aunt Jennie's wedding. It was evident to Mother that a couple of us children were about to break out with chickenpox. We were allowed to sit in the family pew and witness the wedding, but at Grandmother Consaul's on Main Street we had to remain upstairs isolated from the guests at the wedding dinner, a first-rate tragedy.

I was baptized at an early age, about 8 I presume, by Reverend William Barker subsequent to an evangelistic campaign by Daniel Shepardson conducted from his wheelchair. According to my brothers and sisters I began when quite young to play at preaching, but I have little recollection of those occasions. I am aware of the fact, however, that the church came to have a large place in my affections.

One of the most vivid memories of my boyhood is associated with a Fourth of July and the launching of the sailboat which Tom built while in high school. No doubt he will relate the details. What thrilling times we had with that top-heavy boat!

Lakeside was the real delight of my youth. The ownership of a paper route cut the time I could spend there to about two weeks, but they were glorious days. While still a small child I once made the trip by boat under the care of Grandmother Consaul, and I believe Ruth was with us also. There was an excursion that day on the T. and C. Line to Putinbay and the boat was delayed, awaiting the arrival of a train from points south. We arrived in Putinbay just in time to see the boat for Lakeside pull away at another pier. That night was my first experience in a hotel and it was entered with some trepidation because Putinbay was a rather wild and hilarious place. We took the early morning boat at about 6:00 a.m., but on that particular day the S. S. Lakeside was carrying an excursion to Detroit and the run from the island was made by a very small craft, the Gerald C. As a real northeaster blew up, we had a rough passage and had difficulty making a landing at the Lakeside pier. It was a thrilling and memorable journey.

One happy day of the Lakeside experience was when I was given a jointed rod, reel and silk line by a gentleman from Toledo for whom I had done a good turn by digging bait. That was a proud possession and I took great joy in fishing with it, particularly at the harbor at Sandy Beach.

High School Days

Having completed the primary grades in seven years, entered high school at thirteen. There was only one other boy in the freshman class as small as I. We both were in short pants, and in order to see us in the study hall the teacher placed us immediately in front of her desk. Three years were spent at the East Side Central School, and the fourth at the old Central High School from which I graduated in 1910.

One of the memorable events of these years was the wedding of Will and Marion at the Second Baptist Church. This was the occasion when I first appeared in long trousers and was privileged to serve as an usher. At the Lamb's house after the ceremony, when Will and Marion sought to depart in their carriage (more familiarly known as a hack), Will had to throw Milo Lamb and myself out before they could take possession.

During the high school years, I continued my paper route, but also acquired a business connection with the East Side Clothing Company of which Mr. Mittenthal was the proprietor. I worked here on Saturday afternoon and evening first as an errand boy, but gradually I was entrusted with a sales clerk's responsibilities. Another method of earning money was the care of lawns, and for cutting the grass of the Taylor estate at Euclid and Starr Avenue I received eighty-five cents a mowing, which I regarded as a bonanza.

During these same years I entered into a rather unusual friendship with James W. Roberts who came as minister of the Second Baptist Church. He had recently lost his wife, and being without, children, he was a lonely man. On his first round of calls I accompanied him in the afternoons pointing out where the church members lived. I developed the habit of going with him to his home on Sunday evenings after service. He would brew a pot of tea, make toast, and set out some jam of which we would partake, and then visit for an hour or two together. This must have continued until well into my senior year at high school when I became interested in girls and used to walk one home on Sunday evenings.

Graduating at seventeen I was rather young and immature to go away to college. The family fortunes were none too good, and Homer had just completed his first year at Denison. I chose to remain out and work for a year, to which Father consented reluctantly out of fear that I should lose incentive to go on. To satisfy him I agreed to sign up for an evening course at Toledo University, then occupying an office building on Jefferson Avenue. I enrolled for a course in mathematics for which I was not adequately prepared and after a few weeks I gave it up as a bad job.

After graduation I went to work for the Ford Plate Glass Company in Rossford as a booker in the warehouse. Wages were fifteen cents an hour, and the workday was ten and one-half hours, and four and one half on Saturdays. When the newly made sheets came off the polishing tables they were cut up in such a way as to eliminate all the defects, and it was my job to keep track of the sizes of all pieces secured from the cutting, label these, and figure the loss. During the fall we got a new boss who was determined to step up production, and there was plenty of room for increase. He

decided that I was not earning my fifteen cents an hour and ordered me to help carry the glass. To bring the large sheets to the cutting table was dangerous as they were about 8 x 12 feet in size and sometimes due to defects they cracked up in transit and came slashing down over the heads and faces of the carriers. When the plant shut down for repairs in December, I sought a new job and secured one with the Brown Stamping Company, where I soon learned to make tincups and copper washboilers. The hours here were shorter and the hourly rate of pay a little better. This job was not to last long, however, for I accepted an invitation to move to the white-collar class.

The Toledo YMCA on Tenth Street opposite the courthouse was in bad straits financially and Percy B. Williams was struggling to bring it through the crisis. Carl Duerr, who had graduated from Denison the previous June, was serving as membership secretary. A trustworthy desk man was needed who could be employed at a minimum salary. Carl suggested me for the post and for about six months in the spring and summer of 1911 I served as desk clerk at a salary of forty dollars a month. By September I was glad to take off for Denison.

At Denison

My roommate the first year was Robert Weber who had been a member of my high school graduating class and whom I had come to know during our senior year at Central because of adjoining seats in the study hall. He had gone on to college immediately from high school and so was a sophomore when I entered. He was a very good counselor and a close friendship has been ours through the years. Other freshmen in the same hall were George Roudebush, Dave Reese and Russell Williams. All of these pledged to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and we were initiated on November 4, 1911. For a variety of reasons, the fraternity has meant more to me through the years than I ever supposed it would, and my association with a university has opened channels of service through the fraternity which have proved very rewarding. It has been my privilege to hold several offices in the general fraternity, attend numerous conventions, and to preside as president over one of them. For four years I contributed a meditation to each issue of the magazine.

Taking full advantage of my new freedom in college I played a good deal, became involved in activities, and on Saturdays for two years I worked in Roe Emerson's store in Newark. For two years I yielded to Livy's stirring appeal for candidates for football, but I was too light to become a promising prospect. I played end for about one minute in a game against Ohio Wesleyan when the score was 47 to 0 in Denison's favor, and on Thanksgiving Day of 1913 as a quarterback I ran the second team through signal practice before the game on the field at Morgantown, West Virginia. That was the extent of my football career. But in college politics I fared better. The fact that I was a political science major under Dr. C. E. Goodell had little to do with it, but I became president of the student body my senior year.

Another line of activity had far-reaching consequences. After spending a week of the Christmas vacation on a gospel team under the leadership of John Bjelke, I began to

take my college opportunity seriously and became very much interested in the campus YMCA, and in the spring of my junior year I became its president. This was a good experience in itself. Activity in the YMCA no doubt played a part in my attendance at the Student Volunteer Convention in Kansas City in 1914. I came away from that convention a Student Volunteer, dedicated to mission service in a foreign field. The best way to accomplish that end seemed to be to take theological training, so I applied to Rochester Seminary for admission. Several things intervened, however, and I never got to Rochester.

Romance was an outstanding part of the college experience. During the fall of my freshman year I engaged in only a minimum of dating, and after Thanksgiving Day the Betas had their social activities severely curtailed by a campus imposed on the chapter by Dean Loveridge. After a regularly scheduled dinner party on Thanksgiving Eve some Shepardson girls who were spending the night with friends in town returned to the house with their escorts and indulged in some dancing. When news of that got out, Betas were forbidden to have any parties or dates with Shepardson girls until spring vacation. In March the Granville BYPU had a party at the church. This society was composed mostly of college students and there was nothing to prevent. Betas attending. I took advantage of the situation to go with Robert Weber who was already deeply enamoured of Fay McKinney. There I met a friend of Fay's, Ethel Frances Russell of Chicago, a very attractive blond who impressed me as a lovely girl. Shortly after the lifting of the campus we joined Waldo Heinrichs and his college flame on a walking date, and following that, dates were fairly frequent during the remainder of the year, and again in the fall. Fearing that I might get too deeply involved for a sophomore, I started playing the field during the winter without much satisfaction. When I learned on a date with Ethel early in the spring that she was transferring from Denison to the University of Chicago at the end of the year, I sought her company frequently and had eyes for no other. The friendship ripened through letters and occasional visits.

Miami and World War I

A most friendly relationship between Miami and Denison existed during my student days. They were the same size, and rather similar in type. Rivalry was keen, but always friendly. At Miami the Student YMCA was not flourishing, and President R. M. Hughes contemplated giving it a decent burial but was talked out of it by John E. Johnson, State Student Secretary of the YMCA for Ohio. He persuaded President Hughes to employ a secretary to guide the life of the association. Because of my position as president of the association at Denison the opportunity came to me, and I decided to postpone entering Rochester Seminary for a year or two while I tried my hand at Student Association work. Preliminary to undertaking my new duties I attended a Student Secretaries Seminar at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, where I met a most interesting group of men and had a very inspiring experience.

The two years spent at Miami were particularly happy ones largely because of the kind and generous treatment received from President Hughes. He made me feel that there was no job on the campus in which he was more interested than mine. I was a frequent

guest in his home, especially when he was entertaining a college visitor, whom he thought I should know. My relations with the students were also very happy.

In March 1917 Ethel was my guest in Oxford for a Beta dance and we also visited our mutual friends the Webers in Cincinnati where we experienced a tornado. Only minor damage was done to the Weber house, but there was fearful destruction all about us. Two weeks later found me in Chicago where I planted my Beta pin and we became engaged.

Again it was my plan to enter Rochester in the fall, but this time World War I intervened. When we entered the war, the YMCA worked out elaborate plans for serving the armed forces overseas. YMCA men would be attached to the troops and would accompany them to the very front to render a variety of services. Being in Student YMCA work, I was invited to become a member of the first contingent of YMCA men to be sent to France and I jumped at the chance. On July Fourth I was sailing up the Gironde River past Bordeaux on the S. S. Rochambeau carrying a contingent of American troops. What a welcome we received!

I will not go into the details of that experience in France, which had its rewarding and disappointing aspects. I worked very hard, but also found myself thrust into responsibilities for which I was not well prepared, as few men were. After a few months it was evident that YMCA men would not move with the troops into the battle lines but would remain in places of relative safety. Although there were too few qualified workers and experience had taught me much, it was apparent that this was no post for an able-bodied young man of military age. As I had had no military training I decided to take advantage of the opportunity to return home for a brief visit with the family and with Ethel before enlisting. I arrived in New York on January 1, 1918, after a rough voyage on a badly listing ship.

Getting into the service proved to be much more difficult than I had anticipated. It was no longer possible to enlist in the army directly, and one had to be inducted by his draft board. When I consulted the Toledo draft board they assured me my number would soon be up. I spent some time at Camp Sherman at Chillicothe helping with the YMCA program there, but after some weeks returned to consult again with the draft board. No one there knew the process of voluntary induction, but they permitted me to read all the directives received from Washington, and after two days of study I was able to instruct them how to effect the induction. I arrived at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina about the middle of March.

In The Army

On the evening of my arrival at camp I looked about and saw a young man in front of a neighboring tent who attracted me. I suggested a walk, and as we strolled we told about ourselves. He was Carroll West, a graduate of Milton College, Wisconsin, a Seventh Day Baptist institution, and a Student Volunteer. After graduation he had spent a year in Student YMCA work at Nebraska Wesleyan and several months in the Army YMCA in

this country. With such similar backgrounds we became fast friends at once. His friendship meant much to me through experiences that tried my soul as it had never been tried before. Although members of the same company, our work threw us together but little, but when at leisure we frequently sought each other out. He met his death in the Argonne Forest a few days before I was wounded in action. After the war I visited his parents and other members of the family at Milton Junction, Wisconsin. They were the salt of the earth.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, and so it was with my war experiences. At Camp Greene I was assigned to Company B, Twelfth Machine Gun Battalion, Fourth Division Regular Army. The skeleton nucleus of this division was made up of discarded members of the Second Division and was filled out with draftees. Outside of two or three officers from Officer Training Schools not more than three men of the company had ever seen the inside of a college. It was a motley crew.

After being in the quarantine camp only a few days a lieutenant came around to interview some of us. He asked if I could use a typewriter, and I replied that I had had some experience with one. He said, "Report immediately to the company office, you are the Company Clerk." When I protested that I did not join the army to be a clerk, he replied "In the army you do as you are told." Under the tutelage of a hard-boiled army First Sergeant, I got out the March payroll and was made a Corporal. As a clerk I did no drilling with the company. In about a month we moved to the New York City area preparatory to embarkation overseas. After the April payroll was complete the First Sergeant and the Mess Sergeant went A.W.O.L. and we never saw them again. We sailed on the Aquitania without convoy and landed at Liverpool. Under the cover of night, we travelled by train to Dover where we spent a day and a night and then crossed to Calais. Early in May I was back in France.

The officers were puzzled what to do about a First Sergeant as there was no one in the company who had the qualifications. One of the lieutenants was a Yale graduate, Henry Keep, the son of a wealthy Chicago banker, and a very promising young man. As I now knew the paper work, one essential of the job, he talked Captain Holt into appointing me "Top Kick." The Captain had come up from the ranks, had been promoted in spite of himself, and was wholly unsuited for a post of command I was in a quandary. The Top Sergeant should be able to drill the company as well as any officer and I had never drilled once with the company, nor studied a drill manual. I was delivered temporarily by an order sending a large detachment of non-commissioned officers to a British Machine Gun school on the English Channel. I was happy to be on the list as this would afford me some experience in drill. When the designated non-coms assembled, I was the only First Sergeant and so was placed in charge of the detail of about 25 men. When I marched them off my orders were so peculiar that all the onlookers broke out in a big laugh and the non-coms were furious to have a dumb rookie over them. At school all worked out happily and I got experience in drill among other things. After about a week the payroll was sent over to be signed and I expected to find my name at the top of the list of the enlisted men, but it was not there. My career as "Top Kick" was shattered, and I was now only a sergeant.

Before the course at the school was over the Germans made their big push to the Marne, and our outfit had been transferred hurriedly to the French portion of the lines and equipped with French machine guns, the Hotchkiss. All my training with the Vickers gun went for nought'. When the course was ended, there was a company of about 200 men to be taken to Paris and sent from there to various destinations at the front. Having come to the school as a First Sergeant, again I was placed in charge, but by this time I knew how to give commands and had no trouble.

Of the men who had been sent to the school from Company Ball had been transferred to other companies but another sergeant and myself. He was sick in the hospital and I had to report alone.

The new First Sergeant, secured from another company, did not know what to do with me. The new equipment was mounted on carts and drawn by mules, and I had no knowledge of either. When the company went out to drill I tagged along like a tail behind a dog and felt almost as useless. Some officers and non-coms including myself were sent ahead to spend a night and day under fire before leading out forces into the lines. We returned just in time to march the company into the fighting lines. At this point the Captain placed the First Sergeant in charge of a platoon and designated me to perform his duties. Under fire the Captain got into the deepest hole he could find and stayed there until compelled to move. I was virtually in command of the company.

Shortly after our withdrawal from the front lines into a rest area, I was again sent away to school under strange circumstances.

It was evident by this time to the authorities that Captain Holt was not qualified for further advancement although he was the ranking officer in the battalion. As means of getting rid of him, he was ordered to attend a machine gun school to be trained in the use of the new Browning gun. At his request I was designated as the non-com to go with him. Later he explained that he had figured that after the course of training was completed we would be sent back to the States to serve as instructors. Evidently he pictured a situation in which he would retail tall stories of exploits under fire to the trainees, while I should carry on the instruction. He failed the course completely, was sent back to his command of Company B, and I with him. But I had enjoyed several weeks in Gondrecourt where I had spent a couple of months the year before on my first YMCA assignment.

We rejoined the company just prior to moving into the Meuse-Argonne sector, and I was made a platoon sergeant in charge of two guns and their crews. It was in action here that I was wounded on October 4th, 1918. We were engaged in an attack, and in such a situation a machine gun unit should have been preceded by a line of infantrymen who would scare up the machine gun nests and other pockets of opposition. We made the advance without infantry cover. All went well until we were dispersed in an open field, when snipers from a hedge in front began to pick us off one by one. The only thing we could do was to crawl back to a hedge in our rear. Just as I was about to disappear in it

a bullet struck my left hip and took a good-sized nick out of the sciatic nerve. As the advance went forward I did not have to wait long for first aid and transportation to a field hospital. My left leg was mostly paralyzed and for months I had a drop-foot. I arrived in New York on February 7, 1919 as a crutch patient. As an example of how the military does things, arrangements on the ship returning home were typical. We traveled from Brest on the old Saxonia, a ten days' journey. A company of soldiers who never got further than to Brest occupied the cabins. The crutch patients were housed in a ward located in the hold in the very prow of the ship three floors below the promenade deck, and to reach it we had to climb down two flights of narrow iron steps. Most of us got frightfully seasick, but after three days we were over that and had a glorious time for a week.

After a happy visit with Will and Marion at Montclair, I was sent to Cape May, New Jersey, for recuperation. I soon got rid of the crutches and the therapy then consisted of riding a bicycle on the hard-packed sand of the beach. It was the life of Riley, but I had other plans than loafing for a summer at the seashore. By talking hard I secured a discharge in time to enter the summer quarter of the University of Chicago. I still limped rather badly but could get around very well.

Seminary and Pastorates

I found congenial companions at Chicago, and, of course, Ethel was there. During the school year she would be supervising art in the schools at Ravinia and Highland Park but would be home on weekends. Under these circumstances Rochester lost its appeal, and I remained at Chicago, despite the misgivings of Father and Mother in my attending an institution famed for its liberalism. Work under such men as Shailer Mathews, Gerald Birney Smith, J. M. P. Smith, Edgar Goodspeed, and Ernest Dewitt Burton was very stimulating. For a year I served as a student assistant at the Hyde Park Baptist Church under Charles W. Gilkey, and during a second year I was the minister of a rural church at Wasco, Illinois. In eight quarters I completed the B.D. and was ready for marriage and a church. Ethel and I were married on June 30, 1921 at the Hyde Park Baptist Church. Our honeymoon included a trip through the Great Lakes to Buffalo on the South American, and an enjoyable stay in the old cottage at Lakeside.

The church which I accepted was the Baptist Church of Owatonna, Minnesota, which served the students of Pillsbury Academy as well as the community. Before I went there as a candidate I knew nothing of the internal condition of the church and did not become aware of a serious situation until I had spent a day with the people. The congregation was split by a fundamentalist controversy into two distinct parties in open hostility to one another. There were two large adult classes in the Sunday School, one taught from a liberal point of view by Dr. Milo B. Price, principal of the academy, and the other by Mrs. Stead, an ardent fundamentalist. Both met in the church auditorium with only an aisle between. The aisle was no-man's land. Before I departed on the occasion of my visit to the church as a candidate, Mrs. Stead, as spokesman of the fundamentalists, told me in no uncertain terms that her group wanted no part of me, coming as I did from the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. It was apparent that anyone who accepted

an invitation to the post would have to be satisfied to be a majority choice. On the basis of a three to one vote I took the job. The fundamentalists tried to give me a rough time and that is a long story; but I figured that if I gave them enough rope and refused to be drawn into a quarrel with them, eventually they would hang themselves. Some providential deaths and removals cleared the atmosphere, and when we departed after four years the church was able to extend a unanimous call to my successor. The important event in family history to occur in Owatonna was the birth of Herbert in the church parsonage on March 21, 1923. We made lasting friends there both within and without the church and Count those years as happy ones.

The second pastorate was at Mason City, Iowa, an industrial Community and agricultural center. The former minister had stayed in the post too long and the church was run down. There was much hard work to do there, but the people were responsive, and progress was made. After I had been there about eight months I received a letter from President Hughes asking if I would be interested to return to Miami to head up the religious program. I was greatly interested, but in fairness to the church I could not leave after only one year of work. Mr. Hughes kindly agreed to postpone negotiations for a year.

Back to Miami

In the spring of 1927 arrangements were completed to return to Miami in September. Because I was trying to get the church fully committed to a program of remodeling, I postponed offering my resignation as long as possible. On the Sunday previous to making the announcement, we stopped for dinner at the YWCA cafeteria where I picked up a Des Moines paper and saw on the front-page President Hughes' picture under the caption, "New Ames President." It seemed as if the floor had dropped from under me. The real challenge at Miami was to work with him on some experiments he wanted to try out. He urged me to come on to Miami anyhow, and appointed me to be Professor of Religion and Director of Religious Activities. The latter part of the job was the major responsibility during my first years, but gradually I turned those responsibilities over to others and devoted myself to developing the Department of Religion.

Five summers, 1927-1931, were spent at the University of Chicago completing requirements for a Ph.D. My thesis was based on an inquiry as to the effect of the college experience on students' concepts of God. It was during this period that Roger came to bless our household, being born in Chicago on July 11, 1928.

Starting in 1927 with the offering of a single course, the Department of Religion has grown steadily. I now have four associates in the department, all of whom are very engaging and able young men. Most of our classes are filled to capacity and we turn students away. I find real satisfaction in teaching. In my profession I have enjoyed the honor of serving a term as president of the National Association of Biblical Instructors.

For a period of ten years or more I served as a member of the National Student Committee of the YMCA and for four years was a member of the National Council of

that association. Denison University recognized my services to the religion of youth by awarding me an Alumni Citation at the commencement exercises of June 1949.

My responsibilities at Miami for twelve years included direction of the weekly assemblies. I arranged the programs, secured the speakers, and presided over the sessions except on occasion when the president was able to attend. Through the selection of speakers especially, I was able to influence the broader cultural life of the university in a significant way. The rapid growth of the university finally made these assemblies impractical and they were abandoned as a regular feature.

Speaking of the growth of the university, since my first contact with it in the fall of 1915 the enrollment has multiplied ten times, from approximately 750 to more than 7500, and the rapid increase promises to continue without letup. The educational plant has expanded proportionately, and Miami can take pride in an impressive layout of buildings in Georgian Colonial style which are well arranged on an extensive and beautiful campus.

For fourteen years Dr. Eliot Porter served as minister of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Oxford and we became fast friends. He encouraged me to do some writing for the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education and in 1936 I produced a series of studies for young people entitled, "Jesus and the Kingdom of God." This encouraged further endeavour on my part and in 1939 Harper and Brothers published my book "Youth Looks at Religion." It was adopted as a text for an introductory course in religion by a number of schools and colleges, and a revised and enlarged edition was brought out in 1947. The work was again revised in 1959 and given a more appropriate title, "The Concerns of Religion." In 1960, on Ethel's insistence, I collected a number of brief meditations which had been used as devotions at the university assemblies and many of which had been published in The Beta Theta Pi Magazine. We published these in a little book entitled "Time Out!" which has elicited many words of appreciation from friends.

In 1950 it was my privilege to join Sherwood Eddy's traveling seminar to capitals of Europe including Berlin. We conferred with outstanding personalities in each country and obtained valuable insight into the problems that faced postwar Europe. In 1956, four days after the wedding of Ruth Wickenden to Alan Abel in Bronxville, Ethel, her sister Agnes and I sailed on the Queen Mary for a tour through ten countries of Europe including England, three Scandinavian countries, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and France. Each country was found to be interesting in its own way and we especially enjoyed the great art centers. Another great joy was that of visiting with English and Swedish cousins. As these words are written in March 1962, the three of us have plans for another tour of Europe during the coming summer, and this time we expect to travel by car to a number of areas not visited earlier.

In the area of community service there have been two interests which have yielded considerable satisfaction. During the second world war I served as the first Chairman of the Oxford USO. Oxford was overrun with naval trainees as the university's facilities

were used to capacity. The USO provided attractive club rooms on the square in Oxford which were greatly used and appreciated. The second venture was that of initiating a new student religious foundation in Oxford named The United Christian Fellowship. It was started in the fall of 1953 with the cooperation of five denominations which do not have local churches in Oxford, American Baptist, Disciples, Congregational-Christian, Evangelical and Reformed, and Evangelical United Brethren.

During its first year I served as a volunteer director of the program. Starting from scratch, with no facilities except an unfurnished rented house, the organization has developed to the point where it now employs an able fulltime minister and owns a desirable property directly across from the campus which it uses as a student center. When this property came on the market in 1957 the Fellowship was without capital resources and I found it possible to acquire the title to it and to make it available to the Fellowship on a rental basis. In the years since, the supporting denominations have made appropriations which have enabled the trustees to purchase the property. The development of this enterprise has been very rewarding.

In 1931 we became interested in some property outside the Village of Oxford, a piece of woodland on the old Bonham Farm, and bought the site of our present home. Ethel supervised the building that summer while I finished the work for my degree at Chicago. We moved into the new home in October. This was the best investment we ever made. The boys had great fun romping over the hillside, and we all have loved our home. Ethel's paintings have contributed much to an attractive interior. It has been the scene of many happy gatherings of varied groups of people and among them there have been a number of notable personalities. We have found life good in Oxford.

Herbert Russell Wickenden married Merriam Anderson at Glen View, Illinois, on June 18, 1948. Their elder son, Eric Russell, who was adopted, was born in Chicago on August 8, 1953. Charles Brandt was born in Akron, Ohio on July 5, 1957.

Roger Consaul Wickenden married Mary Cory at Oxford, Ohio, July 17, 1949. Their two daughters are Lynn Cory, born September 13, 1952 at China Lake, California, and Jane Leslie, born on June 14, 1954, also at China Lake.