

To the members of the Class of '80, O.C. gathered at Oberlin on the 50th anniversary of their graduation;

Greetings:-

Our classmate, D.L. Edwards, has asked a message to the class narrating somewhat of the "high lights" of my life. At the distance of eighty years the events of my life seem to me quite prosaic and hardly worthy of mention. But our classmate urges; so if I weary you, charge it up to him.

It is a common idea that in advanced years the events of childhood and youth are most vivid. They are sometimes quite significant, so I venture to mention two or three.

According to tradition I was born in a log house in Pittsfield just south of Oberlin on Dec. 22nd, 1849, - a genuine "Fifty-niner" though not of those historic adventurers who rushed to California gold ~~digging~~ in 1849.

When I was about eight years old a missionary from Africa married a cousin of mine and on their farewell visit to our home he said to me "How would you like to be a missionary?" What I answered I do not know but the thought lodged in my mind to trouble me in my teens. Being somewhat bashful I could not think of ever becoming a missionary or a minister.

At the age of fifteen I united with the Congregational Church in Pittsfield, - a time ever memorable. Just at that time the wife and three daughters of a Colorado miner on their way home from a year in the Rocky Mountains visited our home. It was maple sugar season and a batch of syrup fresh from the sugar bush was at hand. This was put into the big, brass kettle in the fire-place and sugared off. The youngest of our visitors, a girl of about my age, and myself with others were helped to hot sugar and we two gravitated to the lounge in the corner and chatted as we ate our sugar. It was literally a sweet time and thus began a friendship which eventuated in marriage. After sixty-four years of acquaintance and most helpful and loving companionship, that beautiful girl of fourteen, grown to almost seventy-eight fruitful years, passed on before, leaving two sorrowing and lonely ones to carry on in the home.

After uniting with the church at the age of fifteen the question of the ministry pressed upon me. Nothing else would satisfy. It was largely a problem of education. After two or three years I decided that if the Lord would open the way for an education I would prepare for the ministry. My father suggested that I count the cost as he could not help me much.

By supplying my provisions largely from home seven miles distant. I studied at Oberlin for two or three terms. Then Father sold his farm and as my two elder brothers and oldest sister had gone to Colorado, the rest of the family followed on. Father needed my help so I stayed with him until I was twenty-one. After that I worked for him for wages until I had a little more than enough to take me back to Oberlin. For five years I remained in Oberlin earning my way by doing odd jobs at ten cents an hour and later teaching school in the winter season.

At the end of my sophomore year in the class of '78 I went

home to Colorado and took a six months' school. Early in this school term I discovered some fossil bones of a huge Dinosaur or Terrible Lizard. Among these there was a femur bone six feet long, a shoulder blade five and a half feet long and three feet wide, vertebrae three feet high and other bones of corresponding size. I found a single bone a vertebra of another animal. This vertebra was six feet in elevation, i.e. the width of the back bone up and down. What a monster this animal must have been. I engaged to take these and other fossils out for Prof. Cope of Philadelphia, at that time the foremost Paleontologist of this country.

With the proceeds I returned to Oberlin and entered the class of '80 and later the Theological Seminary. On Wednesday, June 27th, 1883 I was married to Harriet A. Hitchcock, the girl of the maple sugar episode and a member of the class of '82. On Saturday, June 30th, Mr. F. M. Price and myself were examined for ordination and on Sunday were ordained, he a missionary to China and myself a missionary to Oregon. On Monday we were graduated from the Theological Seminary and a few days later started west for our respective fields.

I was assigned to Pendleton in eastern Oregon, a pioneer town bordering on the Umatilla Indian reservation and the county seat of Umatilla County. It had its full quota of saloons and accompanying houses of ill repute. There were an Episcopal Church and a Methodist Church holding services and a Baptist Church which for a year or so had suspended services. We obtained the Baptist building and announced services and after a few months organized a Congregational Church of twenty members.

About that time Rev. Ezra Haskell, a Congregational minister lecturing on temperance in the larger towns came to Pendleton. We opened the Baptist Church to him and he stayed with us nearly four weeks, encouraging us greatly. The Baptists began to wake up and in about a year from our arrival secured a pastor. We went to the court house for services and began talking a house of worship, purchased two lots on one of which was a stable fourteen by twenty-two feet, moved it into place and transformed it into a chapel. We often had congregations of sixty and sixty-five in this small chapel. Mrs. Lucas started a Band of Hope among the children among the children. As this Band grew to a hundred members she often had to take them out of doors for room. The parsonage and an auditorium next followed.

The question of temperance became a live one when the leaders of the W.C.T.U., of whom Mrs. Lucas was one, sent out through the county on the eve of an election a circular saying that most could be hoped for temperance from a certain candidate. The opposition in frenzied haste placarded the county declaring "Another Lie Wailed." If I remember rightly, the women won out.

A sad case of intemperance was that of the most brilliant attorney in all that region who provided only a precarious living for his wife and three children who were in our church. When at home and sober he sometimes came to church. When the Fourth of July committee wanted an orator for that occasion they would keep this man from liquor until the celebration was over. He died after a prolonged illness, a repentant man.

Here in Pendleton our daughter Ethel was born, - a great joy to us in all the years since. After a five years' pastorate we were

called to Oregon City church near Portland. While that church was waiting for us our only boy, Arthur, was born, an attractive and promising child. He always liked to come up to my study and, knocking at the door, would say, "Papa, I won't bever you." Needless to say he was always welcome. To our great sorrow he left us at the age of two years three months and two days.

The Oregon City Church was organized in 1844 and was the pioneer Congregational church on the Pacific coast. Its house of worship was now old and inadequate. In a couple of years we stirred up the church to arise and build. The new building was said to be the finest church in Oregon outside the larger cities. Here we gathered a large group of young people so that for years after it was often said, "Lucas had a lot of young people in his church." We added ninety-nine members during our four years' pastorate.

We spent a year in Southern California with a small church recuperating and then came to the San Francisco district and settled with the Fourth Congregational Church in Oakland. There was a variety of people in this church, - English, Scotch, North of Ireland and German with Americans and later a Russian family and yet it was an harmonious people. The Sunday School grew apace, - the primary class to one hundred and the whole school to two hundred and twenty.

An elderly German lady became exceedingly anxious to read the Bible. She prayed and prayed about it and finally bought a hymn book which she brought to service and following the hymns as they were sung, picked out the words. To her great joy after a little she was reading verses from the Bible at prayer meeting.

Concluding a fruitful pastorate of three years with the Fourth Church, we were called to Mayflower Congregational at Pacific Grove. This town was largely a seaside resort and the meeting place of the Methodist State Conference. We found here a pleasant house of worship and an enjoyable people. Numerous vacationists came from the hot interior to cool off under the summer fog and many from the far east to enjoy the winter sunshine.

Rev. E. S. Williams (Everlasting Sunshine Williams they called him) and his wife, Frances Lee Williams, both early graduates of Oberlin, came to us often from their home in Saratoga, California always giving us helpful counsel and encouragement. On one occasion Mr. Williams gave us the rare privilege of a visit with President Barrows of Oberlin who he brought to the parsonage for dinner and the evening after enjoying the beauties of the scenic seventeen mile drive along the ocean shore.

While we were at the Grove, W. A. Bowen, so long bell ringer at College Chapel and of the class of '78, on his way east from his home in Honolulu made the trip of 128 miles south from San Francisco to visit us, - and a most delightful visit it was. He always most graciously counted us as still belonging to the class of '78 and was whole heartedly interested in the whereabouts and welfare of every member of the class. Some years ago he passed on to a noble and well earned reward.

During the early part of our seven years and nine months at the Grove the church was encouraged to pay off an old debt and two or three years later to build a parsonage. The pastor solicited nearly all the money for the parsonage and when he and his family moved in, all bills were paid.

A unique experience was the immersion of three lady members

of the church. My good deacon protested my baptising them in the turbulent waters of the bay in the winter season, - "It wasn't safe." I had asked one familiar with the ocean waves to be present. He said, "Go out on the ebb tide, immerse the person and return on the flow tide." All went well though it was cold, and no harm to anyone.

My early interest in things scientific made work with the Museum Association of Pacific Grove most enjoyable. Of special interest were the sea algae of which we gathered a fine collection. An interest along architectural lines has been most helpful as in the several cases of building during my pastorates the pastor has been both architect and overseer of building operations.

From Pacific Grove we came to Berkeley for further education of our daughter Ethel. From this place I have supplied a number of churches in the near-by towns forming numerous lasting friendships.

I must speak of my daughter Ethel Eudora. She graduated from the Pacific Grove High School and from the University of California with the degree of A.B., receiving her Master's degree in Latin after another year's study at the U.C., meantime pursuing her musical education in Piano, Organ and Harmony. Though she has had several years' service at church organs her time now is fully occupied with teaching. Our home is so planned that she has her studio here for what is known as "The Ethel Eudora Lucas School of Music." She has an assistant teacher and with pupils every day for class or private lessons our home is a busy one. She has been very successful both with children and older students and is doing a most worth while work with the aim of character building through music study.

Life in Berkeley has not been uneventful since we came here. In 1906 came the great earthquake doing much damage in Berkeley while in San Francisco the fire that followed burned block after block of buildings for miles because of the breaking of water mains. The fire burned for three days leaving thousands homeless. Likewise Berkeley in 1923 suffered from a great fire that swept in from burning timber near the city boundary destroying many blocks of homes. In both instances the burned districts have been almost entirely built up with better buildings. Our home escaped the fire by a few blocks.

I am sorry not to be with you at this anniversary season. Health conditions will not permit; but I wish for your gathering a happy time and for each one of you God's keeping care and best blessing.

Most cordially

Your classmate,

Orauel H. Lucas