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In Memoriam 1942-1943

Western Michigan University

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All of us who knew her will cherish the memory of the friend so fine and inspirational—Pearl Zanes. Her release from suffering came January 13, 1943, but the influence of her warm, genial personality and intellectual alertness will remain with us.

Idealist, teacher, counselor, and friend—she was all these and much more. As an idealist the future for her was envisaged with social science developed into an exact science so that government would be carried on by trained individuals for the good of all. In her daily life she provided opportunities for students to experience the principles of better living and feel a greater tolerance for human frailty.

As a teacher she had an insatiable desire for knowledge of historical background and for an understanding of current trends; her ever-growing and changing educational philosophy kept her always on the alert and made her a pioneer in the classroom. Students looked to her as one who was aware of their individual needs and abilities and who would do all within her power to help improve their status in a group.
Many students will remember Pearl Zanes for the wise counsel-
ling which she gave. She willingly gave of her time and her talents
and was never too busy to listen and to share in the solution of
their problems. In State High School she was popular as an adviser
to clubs, to the seniors, as well as to individuals in their studies.

In the two years in which she lived as a counselor in Lavina
Spindler Hall, the women students found enjoyment in her com-
panionship, in her many books, and in the delightful atmosphere
which she had created within the walls of one room. The poles of
her interest ran from sports and the out-of-doors to music, art, and
literature so that conversation around her flowed easily.

To her many friends many small things seemed significant —
auburn hair as radiant as her youthful spirit, a smile as winning as
her delightful manners, and a zest for living an intensely full life.

An inner strength that made her quite self-sufficient did not in
any way hamper her appreciation of her friends. She had a happy
faculty for giving her undivided attention to her friends and sensed
readily and sympathetically their moods. No effort was too great
if it could gratify the expressed or unexpressed desire of others.

To have known her, to have watched her fighting for a cause,
to have felt the glow that her intensity gave to others, is a challenge
to a better way of life that we can never forget—for to all of us she
was idealist, teacher, counselor, and friend.

Gladys Hansen
Grace Spaeth
The death of Anne Reidy early in June was the sort of personal loss to the College and to her friends of which no just expression can be made.

The positions held by great persons who were members of our faculty can be filled by other great persons or even, adequately, by persons not so great. We mourn the passing of Anne Reidy because, as companion and associate, she was irreplaceable. It is true that she left us in the discipline of her profound religious faith and in the integrity of her character and thus made a gift to us of those grounds for confidence and joy in her. But in that sunny weather of Commencement-time we knew that the uniqueness which had influenced us was gone forever. That fact was as difficult to accept as to comprehend.

Anne Reidy’s pupils in the fourth grade of the campus training school, of which for fifteen years she was the critic, remember her for her teaching them self-reliance and humor. And to them (as to others) it was probably not a matter of unimportance that she was always fresh and stylish and laughing to look upon. The college
students whom she counselled and directed found that she received them expectantly, as though she were an invitation to their good sense and their idealism.

As for her colleagues, we placed trust in her. Professionally, Anne Reidy was level-headed and well-informed. She had no talent for annoying people or doing things in difficult ways. When, in making her especially great contribution to the development of our professional program of teacher-education, she spoke, it was to illuminate an issue and to prove a course of action reasonable: her voice and her knowledge carried a welcome authority. Conscious of the need for unity of spirit and influence among the women of the Faculty, she inspired their organization and relinquished the leadership to those before whom she felt a real humility. Everyone who knew Anne Reidy recognized her vigilance in giving people their due.

The faculty at Western has become so large that our acquaintance with many of our colleagues is scarcely more than passing. But the testimony of passing glimpses can be interesting. Anne Reidy had a way of establishing herself with whomever of us she casually met. For a moment we felt her distinction and the accompanying surprise and gratitude that she should also be so informal and so personal. We felt that she was a busy person, occupied with matters which she had singled out because they were in her view important. She wasted no attention upon what seemed to her non-essential. Yet she lent her humor and her dry unsentimentality to a five-minute conversation, and made us feel she had established a relationship. When relationships between herself and others were of necessity longer lived and more important, she brought to them that same combination of deference and private individuality. Both our administrators and her students would testify that Anne Reidy's sense of right and her loyalty to others never embarrassed each other: she was so clear in her own following of a right direction and it was so genuinely a right direction that the wills of others could operate at peace with her. As a result, she never needed to play safe with anyone. Indeed, she would have scorned to do so had she even thought of so foolish a possibility.

To those of us who have watched the tradition of frankness and energy and kindness grow and expand within this college, the presence of Anne Reidy among us has been one of the evidences. She will have shown others the way.

Herbert Slusser.
On June 28, 1943, Emma Watson finished her day’s work here and entered that great University over the line in which her splendid gifts, aptitudes, and aspirations will find complete fruition.

In Miss Watson’s death, Western Michigan College has lost a capable executive, an indefatigable worker, and a fine teacher; the faculty and students have been bereft of a loyal and inspiring friend.

No tribute would be complete that did not recognize her great friendliness. Emma loved people and had a genuine interest in them. She counted her friends by the hundreds and came to know all sorts and conditions of people. The interesting personalities whom she met were the outstanding feature of any vacation trip. Although she added new friends each year, she never forgot the old ones. In the college circle, she cultivated the friendship of the entire group. She was vitally concerned in all the problems of the Faculty and of the Institution. The Business and Professional Women’s Club of the city and her church felt the warmth of her vigorous personality. The welfare of her students was of primary
importance to her. In fact, in my judgment, no teacher whom I have known has maintained a more lasting interest in her students than she. Her extensive correspondence with former students, her frequent visitations in schools in which they were employed, and her keen anticipation in meeting them at professional conferences gave evidence of this fact. She was interested in all their problems and rejoiced in their success. Emma’s nature was so generous and fine that she saw only the best in people or else she overlooked any idiosyncracy or foible that might have annoyed someone less sympathetic. Her vitality, vivaciousness, and versatility captivated all who came within the circle of her influence.

One cannot extoll too highly her staunch loyalty to her friends. No one spoke disparagingly of one of them without her rebuke. She loved them in spite of their faults. Those who knew her best admired her for her genuineness and sincerity. At times, she was brutally frank. Sham and pretense had no place in her life. She never resorted to feminine wiles to gain an end. Clothes and finery meant little to her personally. Emma loved life. She liked to play hard. She found delight in fine music and played the piano with considerable feeling. She read widely. Biography, history, and current literature were her favorites.

She loved the good in life. She was not without strong convictions. To these she gave unflinching allegiance.

Then too, she loved to work. She realized that the world’s business is not constructed on the self-running principle and that those who bring things to pass have to work hard to do it. To her profession, she gave of her time and ability unstintingly. Whatever she did was well done. She had little patience with any service that was scamped and slovenly. She held high standards not only for herself but also for her students. Consequently, both the students and the faculty respected her teaching ability.

We are thankful that life is not measured by length of days but rather by what we put into it. Emma Watson lived the abundant life. She crowded it full of useful service. We shall cherish the memory of this fine friend whose disposition was radiant with good cheer, contentment, thoughtfulness for others, trust, and hope.

LOUISE J. WALKER.