IMMIGRATION comes from two directions in Boston. When Ruth and I came here in 1926 from Oklahoma we were at first bewildered at the extent of the European population in this as in other eastern cities. Downtown streets seemed filled with these new Americans—Italian, Jewish, Greek, Syrian, Portuguese, Polish or Hungarian in features and dialect—while many of the faces we took to be Anglo-Saxon doubled were Irish or Scandinavian. This was New England, the supposed stronghold of the Yankee.

And when we did find New Englanders of native—that is to say, English—stock, we learned we were not much better able to converse with them than with the Sicilian fruit sellers. These New Englanders spoke English, true enough, but we spoke Southwest American; and our barbarian tongue included no such refinements as "half push foah" for half past four, "potty" for party and "xtraw-awd'n'ry" for extraordinary, not to mention "vanillerice-cream" for vanilla ice cream. Nor did we at once catch on to the trick of pronouncing such names as Dorchester as though they were one syllable and that the first syllable.

In other ways than language, too, we were immigrants ourselves, part of a very large return migration of midwestern people, descendants of New England pioneers who went out to settle Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Kansas, now coming back to trade places with the New England boy who still hears of the west with an eager ear. New England, in fact, is full of transplanted westerners.

In my work on The Christian Science Monitor, where our staff is drawn from many parts of the English-speaking world, I was at once introduced to neighbors. My immediate chief is from New Mexico, and among others in the editorial department the states of Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Oregon, California and Tennessee are represented. Outside the office, besides our New England friends, we have met the families of a lumberman from Kansas City, a young lawyer from Iowa and so on. And now Mr and Mrs Willard Campbell, '20 journ, also represent Soonerland in Boston while Bill holds down the job of advertising manager for Jordan Marsh Company, one of the city's largest and oldest department stores, now a member of the Hahn chain.

Many of these people come east, of course, through transfers in the employ of large organizations. But another factor in the migration is the reputation of New England schools. Harvard, Technology and other institutions of higher learning constantly attract their quota of Oklahoma students, while Emerson college, the New England Conservatory of Music and other schools of fine arts also draw from the west. Boston is very much a city of schools; they take up practically six pages in the classified telephone directory. All kinds of schools. Whatever you want to learn, archaeology, foreign language, business administration, dentistry, costume design, acrobatic dancing, hairdressing, cooking, interior decorating, automobile driving or jujutsu, you will find a school for it in Boston. Consequently, many come to New England to study and in so doing find business or professional opportunities, or liking New England they make opportunities.

Another factor in the west-to-east movement is the desire of a considerable section of New England industry to adopt the progressive type of leadership which is typical of the west. Naturally New England is finding a good share of such talent among her own sons, but the renaissance of the last few years also is making openings for returning westerners. It likewise means opportunity to numerous hard-working sons of Europe who every now and then rise from immigrant poverty to positions of wealth and—well, hardly influence either, though that is the usual phrase, for influence, financial, social and to some extent political, is still pretty tightly held by the "old families."

Though the Irish long since may have captured Boston politically, and other races may have become the sinew of its commercial and industrial life, yet the Puritan or at least the Yankee strain still stamps its impress on the whole course of affairs. And it does so because there is downright worth in that strain. We have come to feel a genuine respect for the real native New Englander. Not only is he much less cold than is frequently supposed, but he has qualities of simplicity, reserve, integrity, industry,

When a westerner goes east he finds that he is really an American immigrant. In Boston you find the American immigrant from the west and the European immigrant from the east. They mix with the native easterner who mayhap longs to immigrate west. You will like Mr Nettleton's delightful description of our new Changing America. Mr Nettleton is assistant to the editor of The Christian Science Monitor and an editorial writer for that newspaper.

East is west

BY TULLY A. NETTLETON, '23

(TURN TO PAGE 47, PLEASE)
Walter H. Meier, ex '10, has achieved a notable record in engineering, being chief engineer for the Atlantic Oil Producing company. He is chairman of the educational advisory committee of the school of engineering of Southern Methodist university and has held many other responsible posts.

An oil engineering leader

From graduation into the spotlight in quick order has been the frequently used caption describing famous grads. No less famous are some of the "ex" men who made their contact with the university just long enough to allow us to share in their present light.

One of the most outstanding of the "exes" is Walter H. Meier, ex '10. He is chief engineer for the Atlantic Oil Producing Company, with headquarters in the Magnolia building, Dallas, Texas.

Despite the outstanding success Mr Meier has made in his chosen field, that of an engineer, he is very modest in speaking of his achievements, even shunning an interview with The Sooner Magazine for some time on the grounds that he was only an "ex."

Substituting for a college collection of activities, that of the professional man, Mr Meier is affiliated with a number of honorary organizations. Recently, he was appointed national vice-chairman of district activities of the American Petroleum Institute. In addition, he is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers; Society of American Military Engineers; Technical club of Dallas. He is past-president of the Dallas club of the American Society of Civil Engineers; and chairman of the educational advisory committee, school of engineering, Southern Methodist university.

Mr Meier enrolled in the freshman engineering class of '08, and completed two years of scholastic work before he was forced to withdraw, following an attack of typhoid fever. Following the course of most "exes," he never returned to complete work for a degree. The exception occurred however when he forged ahead, establishing for himself a firm foundation in engineering knowledge.

For the first few years after leaving school Mr Meier was employed in various capacities on railroad and topographic surveys in Texas and Oklahoma. Next he was made chief draftsman and field engineer for the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, and worked in Oklahoma City for several years. While an engineer in the geological department of the Empire Gas and Fuel Company in 1915, the young man in collaboration with Calvin T. Moore prepared a plane table manual for field geologists which has been rather extensively used by geologists and geological schools. In 1917, a transfer to Kentucky to gather data and report on oil and gas production in that state and Tennessee was cut short in May by the war department issuing the call to active duty.

First Lieutenant Meier of the seventh United States engineers went to France in March, 1918. Within six months he was promoted to a captaincy. Captain Meier returned to the states with the twenty-first engineers and was assigned by his chief to investigate and make reports on special engineering projects. After his release from the army in October, 1919 Mr Meier accepted a position with his present company, and since 1923 has been chief engineer.

Mr Meier has been, and is, a busy man professionally. Nevertheless he admits that he has taken time for a few social activities. He married Miss Dorotha Hazeltine, ex '12. They have six children: Mary Louise, 13; Alma Carolyn, 10; Walter Henry, jr., 8; Dorotha Esther and Ruth Enola, 5; and Warren Elliott, eighteen months old.

EAST IS WEST

(Continued from Page 45)

thrift, tenacity, reverence, intellectual appreciation, love of home and devotion to duty that are beyond price.

Let it not be thought that every New Englander lives on an ancestral fortune, spends his time studying the family genealogy and limits his acquaintance to Mayflower descendants. By far the greater part of his kind are just ordinary folks like you are accustomed to having for neighbors in Oklahoma—perhaps a little less quick to say "Hello" to a stranger but no less genuine in their hospitality when they know him.

After all, there is some reason for the reticence of the east in comparison with the easy familiarity of the west. In the west we have grown up in communities where everyone was a more or less new inhabitant. If we were to have acquaintances we had to make them. Your easterner, however, has more of them than he can keep up with almost from the time he is old enough to talk. There is less occasion for him to open up his heart to whomever sits beside him on the street car. If he is prominent, he is even placed on the defensive by the efforts of social climbers to ingratiate themselves.

But if it is your good fortune to meet some distinguished New Englander, you probably will find him not only courteous but possessed of a remarkable simplicity, an intellectual humility which avoids the slightest ostentation and sets for itself the most rigorous tasks. Whatever else may be said about the fetish of family, there is certainly a tradition of service in many New England families which makes college professors, in...
Harry Moreland, ex '20, held no offices, belonged to no clubs, and had no extracurricular activities while he attended the university. He spent his spare time making money to keep him in school. Ever since he left he has been engaged in some phase of pipeline work. He has been timekeeper, material checker, connection gang worker, chief clerk and now he is vice president and general manager of his company, the Great Lakes Pipe Line company.

**Pipeline executive**

**Bright** lights of publicity, playing fitfully, excitedly across the horizon, seeking ever to center on some personality to make him famous (or, sometimes, notorious) most frequently find those whose activity carries them into the set paths of the brilliant beams; more rarely are magazines and front pages of newspapers bedecked with a display of the doings of an interesting man or woman whose story had to be ferreted out of an obscure corner where its principal carefully hid because of an aversion to being ballyhooed.

Harry Moreland, ex-student, is an interesting man, but he won't tell you very much about himself. He's too busy doing his work. And by dint of tireless effort he has risen to a high position in his business. Now he is vice president and general manager of the Great Lakes Pipe Line company, a corporation which is owned by several more widely known concerns. Before he was transferred to the Great Lakes company he was employed by the Marland Oil Company. Ever since he left school he has been engaged in some phase of the pipeline business. He has been timekeeper, material checker, connection gang worker, dispatcher, chief clerk and now he is general manager of his company.

In the university he was wholly self-supporting by working as secretary for the school of journalism. He had no "activities." He held no student offices, he participated in no extracurricular events, and he received no honors. But he was getting along and his real "development," that which people hear about, began when he entered business.

One school director remembers him as "just a hard-working student." Besides his secretarial work he collected information at the capitol building in Oklahoma City for the Marland company. He attended the university in the years '16-'17 and '19-'20.

His wife is Eva Francisco Moreland, who attended the university in 1920.

**East is West**

(Continued from page 47)

Industrial organizers, financiers, writers, book and art collectors, marine adventurers, inventors, research students, practical philanthropists, diplomats and political leaders of men whose inheritances would have permitted them to spend their lives lolling on the sands of the Riviera if they had wished.

Whether your particular New Englander be noted or not—whether he be of a first family or just mine-run lineage—you will find him singularly unwilling to advertise his accomplishments. You may know him for months without learning that he has a degree from Dartmouth, perhaps even an M.A. from Harvard. His mention of a penchant for concert-going will give you no hint that he indulges in Bach and Mozart on his own piano. And he will listen with rapt attention to your first impression of Dallas without a word about his own extensive travels in Europe.

Of course, we could not understand at first why so many Boston folk who had been across the Atlantic two or three times had never ventured any farther west than Albany. But when we inquired about railroad rates for a trip home and compared them with steamship rates to Liverpool and Havre the question was partly answered. It still seems to us that the tourist companies have rather oversold these people on the art galleries of "the continent" and undersold them on the glories of the western half of their own country. Much as we have learned to appreciate New England, the plains and hills and clean, new towns of Oklahoma look mighty good to us. But there is an increasing interest in travel to California and the Rockies, and many New Englanders are really interested to hear all they can about the southwest.

"Oklahoma"—hitherto associated in their minds with Indian and oil—has come to be even more of a magic word here since the showing of the motion picture Cimarron; and through various media the recognition is growing that Oklahoma has some real cities and some real institutions of learning. And if there is just a little bit of the rustic in the Oklahoman who comes east it will only gain him that much more of a welcome in New England, for the more genuine the New Englander the more he appreciates genuineness in anyone else.

In fact, while at first one is continually thinking how different New England is from what he calls the United States, the significant thing is that after he has been here a few years and got beneath the surface he is continually impressed with how much New England and the west have in common.