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December-January, 1923
I have often wondered what were the feelings of stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes he gazed on the Pacific. To associate small men with great, I thought of him when I first set eyes on Bagdad. It was on March 11, 1917. On the morning of that day the British Army—quorum pars parva fui—entered the city. No description can adequately describe that memorable day, much less picture the confusion and consternation, the joy and relief that reigned in the Capitol, which but a few hours before was in the possession of the Turks.

One of my first duties was to supply a guard for the American Consulate. On our way to the Consulate the hum of confusion mingled with the mystery of the city and the events of which we were a part, left an indelible impression on my mind. A few straggling Turks, the remnant of the retiring enemy, were fleeing for their lives; Circassian women, the abandoned followers of Turkish generals, with their beautiful dark eyes peering over black veils, were everywhere in evidence; Kurds and Bedouin Arabs were looting in the bazaars and carrying their plunder to a place of safety; Armenian women and children threw flowers before our path and stopped to kiss our hands in thankfulness for their deliverance; Arab men and women could be heard calling upon the name of Allah; British soldiers were parading the streets, endeavoring to preserve order; sentries and pickets were being posted in various quarters of the city; lumber wagons, side by side with camels swaying to and fro, were moving at a slow speed through the leading street; and in the midst of all this chaos an enterprising Armenian, the proprietor of the old "Tigris Hotel," could be seen pulling down his sign and putting up another in honor of General Maude, the victorious commander of the British Army.

With these events still fresh in my mind after a lapse of over five years, I re-visited Bagdad last summer. Freed from the duties which army life imposes on one, I had an opportunity of looking...
about and taking stock of things. This, my second view of Bagdad, was from the air, as I went by aeroplane from Cairo to Bagdad, a feat which in Eastern eyes is an accomplishment to be deplored rather than an example to be followed. So I make my due apologies to the camel, the desert and all other parties concerned.

From an elevation of 3,000 feet Bagdad presents one of the finest spectacles in the world. Seen at a nearer range, a good deal of the enchantment fades away. Like most cities of the East, its charm is of a somewhat meretricious character, but I hasten to add that its interest is never-ending. Like Lesbia it attracts and it repels. Its graceful minarets and its stately palms delight the eye; its dirty streets and vile odors offend the senses; its never-ending air of mystery entices you to solve its secrets; the appearance of many of the inhabitants is at first repulsive.

Tourists to Dublin say that one of the sights of the city is the smell of the river Liffey. So, too, in Bagdad things that at first repel are afterwards taken for granted, and become one of the sights of the place. After a few weeks in the city the appearance of a clean Kurd would offend the sight; a Bagdad Jew, with none of the soil of 'Iraq in his whiskers, would be an anomaly, and a bazaar with no smells in it would hardly be worth visiting. In your very person you soon acquire the characteristic habits of the Arabs. In a temperature of 125 degrees in the shade you become as languid and indolent as themselves, and you soon acquiesce in the teaching of the Koran, that all haste is of the Devil. To indulge in any American hustle in the East is as grave an offense as to go to sleep in the pit of the Stock Exchange in Chicago. Despite an outward appearance of death, there is in Bagdad no small intellectual life. Men live there whose names are renowned as writers and poets throughout the Arab world. As you go about the coffee shops and sip coffee and "drink" cigarettes with even the humblest Arab, you will find that he is proud of his glorious past and of the intellectual life of Bagdad in more prosperous days. He remembers that there was a time when astronomy and physical science were much cultivated and developed, as well as literature, geography and history. The more intelligent of them will remind you that it was the schools of Bagdad in the Middle Ages that kept alive the researches and conclusions of the ancient Greeks, and passed on the philosophy of Aristotle to the European world; that the Arabs were great students of medicine and also of surgery, that to them we owe the beginning of chemical pharmacy, and that to al-Mamun, more than to any other man, Europe owes the development of that Arab intellectual life which bridged the gulf between the decay of Constantinople and the beginning of the Renaissance.

In modern Bagdad evidences are not wanting of a revival of the intellectual activity of the reign of Harun-er-Rashid. In this movement the leading spirit is King Feisal, a man of education and of considerable pride in the traditions of his race. Shortly before my arrival in the city there were elaborate ceremonies connected with the laying of the corner-stone of the new University of Bagdad. And while I was in the city I had the honor of being invited to meet King Feisal at a conference to discuss the future policy of the University. I told him, of course, that the greatest university in the world was my own Alma Mater, and that I was one of its most unworthy products. We talked about a lot of things, at least Feisal did, as he sat upon a high-backed throne, and looked at maps and plans on the table before him, more elaborate even than the wildest fancies of a real-estate booster in some Western Canadian town. Under the spell of this magician's wand a university on the banks of the Tigris grew before my eyes, more glorious than all the confederation of colleges in the golden days of good Harun-er-Rashid. Much as I admired his optimism and his enthusiasm, I could not help feeling that the University of Bagdad, despite the fact that it has a corner stone, is still more or less like Plato's ideal State—a pattern laid up in Heaven. That pattern may be reproduced on earth. I hope it may. I learned recently that Feisal had sent for a calendar of McGill University. Commenting on this fact in "The McGill Daily," a contributor says:

"If King Feisal is able to understand anything within the covers of this bulky volume, we congratulate him on an
achievement which for the last four years has baffled all our efforts."

Besides Feisal another interesting member of this conference was the Minister of Education, who gloried in the name of Hibat Uddin al-Husaini. His beard was as long as his name, and he looked as though he had just stepped out of some mediaeval monastery. His whiskers and his gown were somewhat of the same hue, a dark green, and in keeping with his high office he wore an air of great dignity and a very melancholy countenance. I fancy that he knew a lot, but my opinion must remain in the realm of fancy, as he never opened his mouth during the whole conference. This action on his part, or rather inaction, seemed to me highly commendable, and when I returned home I praised his silent sentiments to some of my less silent friends. If ever anyone wishes to make a statue of Mild Learning sitting in wrapt self-contemplation, let me recommend as a subject the Minister of Education at Bagdad—Hibat Uddin al-Husaini.

On our return trip by aeroplane from Bagdad, owing to a break-down in our machine, we were forced to spend two night in the Arabian Desert. I once read that you are not likely to meet more than one plesiosaurus when you are in your night dress, and even he took a million years to evolve. That was to us a comfort. The hours between 10 P. M. and 4 A. M. seem to crawl by; the cool air towards morning pricks the nostrils; the moonlight irritates; monstrous shapes rise before the imagination; some distant orchestra of jackals, gloating over a carcass, sing a brief grace over their festering meat, and again the waste becomes silent.

Medical College Developments

In the first issue of the REVIEW we stated that the new Medical College of the University was showing progress; we are now able to offer more tangible evidence. The accompanying illustration is, so far as we know, the first photograph taken of the Research Laboratory, first of the medical group of buildings to be erected. It quite apparently emphasizes the utilitarian motive more than the architectural, but has been planned and erected with a view to greatest convenience and efficiency.

It was found impossible to get the building ready for use as early as had been expected, but it has now been occupied, since about December 20, by Dr. George H. Whipple, dean and professor of pathology; Mrs. F. S. Robbins, Dr. Whipple's assistant; Dr. Walter R. Bloor, professor of bio-chemistry, and Dr. Nathaniel W. Faxon, director of the hospital.

Dr. Whipple is working on the metabolism of the blood and bile pigments, while Dr. Bloor is studying the chemistry of blood and fat. In both cases the work is a continuance of the important research the men were conducting at the University of California, where they held similar positions. Dr. Faxon, who was formerly assistant-director of the Massachusetts General Hospital, is occupied in perfecting plans for the new University Hospital.

In addition to these three men, the fol-
Following department heads have already been appointed to the medical faculty: Anatomy, Dr. George W. Cornes, associate professor of anatomy at Johns Hopkins; bacteriology, Dr. Stanhope Bayne-Jones, associate professor of bacteriology at Johns Hopkins; obstetrics and gynecology, Dr. Karl M. Wilson, graduate of McGill University and a practicing physician in Baltimore; medicine, Dr. William S. McCann, graduate of Cornell Medical School, who has been interne in surgery at Peter Brigham Hospital, research fellow in surgery, Harvard Medical School, assistant in department of medicine, Cornell Medical School, and associate professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins.

Dr. Corner, Dr. Bayne-Jones, Dr. Wilson and Dr. McCann will come to Rochester as soon as the medical school and hospital facilities are ready for them. Already three medical college faculty meetings have been held, one in November, one in December and one the first week in January, some of these outside men having been called to Rochester to participate in each of them.

According to present plans the main medical college and the University Hospital will be housed in a single, large building, 400 feet in length and divided into the necessary wings or sections. This is considered by leading authorities to be the most efficient plan and will be an innovation to the medical colleges of this country, except in the case of the University of Tennessee, where a similar plan is in process of development. Engineers have already been at work making borings for this building, and it is expected that ground will be broken in the spring.

Homer De Wilton Brookins, A.M., Litt. D., '80

One of the most widely known and best beloved men among our alumni, especially among its older members, is Homer De Wilton Brookins of New York, the subject of this sketch. Socially he has ever been a hail-fellow-well-met, disregardful of the conventions, contemptuous of cant, and a little rebellious and outspoken against any rules and regulations that to him seemed to warp and repress the expression of individual character. For those reasons, he has sometimes been misunderstood by those who have met him only casually. To those who have the good fortune to know him intimately he is a loyal friend, dependable, wide-visioned, and possessed of an uncommon fund of common sense. It is a combination of all these qualities that makes him a success in his work, and one of the most outstanding editors that the religious world knows today.

For thirty-four years, Doctor Brookins has been on the editorial staff of The Watchman-Examiner, one of the few religious papers that have weathered the vicissitudes of modern religious journalism. To those closely associated with him on his paper he is held in high esteem, and his journalistic judgment is counted as well-nigh infallible.

Dr. Brookins is descended on his father's side from the earliest colonizers of New England, his father's family having migrated to Boston from Devonshire, England, in 1631. His mother was Scotch, the family coming to America in 1773. He was graduated from the University of Rochester in the class of 1880.

The work of Doctor Brookins on his paper is largely editorial. In all the changes that have come in thirty-four years he has been the one continuing factor in the editorial management of the paper. As a writer he is clear, concise and gifted with the sense of knowing what is important and what of passing interest. As a reporter of great gatherings, he has no peer among religious writers.

Doctor Brookins has ever been a student, and the extent of his knowledge of literary and other subjects, to those who do not know the breadth and assiduity of his studies, gives constant surprises. Modest, sterling, even timid in a crowd, yet quietly assertive, in a gathering of the clan he does not pass for his true worth. It takes time and intimate fellowship to get to the bottom of his true character.

Doctor Brookins has been highly honored by men of scholarly attainment. In 1913 the University of Rochester conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, one of the highest degrees that the University confers. At its last commencement, Bucknell University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, as a recognition of his ability as a writer and of his long and significant work as an editor.
Quaint Quinby Quips from Bygone Days

By H. Dean Quinby, '18

Grandson of Gen. Issac F. Quinby, Early Professor of Mathematics
at University of Rochester

From a period before iron fences, art galleries, steam heat, football teams and co-eds, come several interesting anecdotes of one of the first professors of the University, Issac Ferdinand Quinby who was born on a farm near Morristown, N. J., January 29, 1821.

After his graduation from West Point with Ulysses S. Grant in the class of 1843, he saw service in the Mexican War and came to the newly established University of Rochester in 1851 as Professor of Mathematics, having resigned his commission in the army. The Civil War found him recalled to service, and after active participation in an arduous and successful campaign, he resigned his commission as Brigadier-General on December 31, 1863. He then held his professorship at Rochester until 1884 and died in September, 1891.

This fragmentary sketch of General Quinby's life serves to explain, in a measure, the peculiar elements which made his mind a fertile source of schemes that both tortured and amused his pupils and fellow professors. We see the happy prankish mind of the farmer boy, the dominating forceful mind of the military man and the keen analytical mind of the mathematician—an unusual combination. Short shrift was given those who "came not to learn," as his opening remark to every new class would indicate:

"If you came to learn, I will teach you; if not, I cannot."

It was seldom, if ever, that a man in his classes was successful at cribbing or obtaining information from another, for even with his back to the class General Quinby was prompt to detect it—and a caustic, "That will do," closed the performance. On a cold morning, when the wood-stove in the classroom was unable, even though red-hot, to get any heat to the feet of the pupils, their stamping of protest was quickly stopped by his surprise that so many of them were troubled with corns.

An old alumnum remembers the day when the fresh, balmy campus of early spring called more strongly than a class in Calculus. With several others he agreed that if the keyhole to the classroom was plugged, General Quinby could not use his key—therefore no class—a nice piece of undergraduate reasoning even for those crude days. It just happened that the General arrived early, called the janitor, (probably Mr. Craigie) and by class time was quietly seated just inside the open door with a clear view down the corridor. About two of every five students coming in would look at the keyhole, then at the General, who caught their eyes with a smile that lasted all day.

Throughout his life General Quinby was a close friend of General Grant, several of whose letters are now treasured by the Quinby family. In one he sends his regards to the "baker's dozen of little Quinbys" (of whom there were just thirteen). When asked for his criticism of a treatise on Calculus, written by General Quinby, Grant wrote that in his
It has been difficult to connect these reminiscences because of the diversity of sources from which they have been obtained. In closing, the following letter should prove of interest. So far as is known, it has never before been published.

In 1866 the ladies of Rochester held a bazaar for the benefit of disabled soldiers. General Quinby, at the request of Mrs. Quinby, wrote to General Grant for a lock of his hair to be used in a raffle as one of the attractions of the sale. His reply follows:

"Chattanooga, Tenn.,
December 13, 1866.
"My Dear Madam:-
"The letter of my old friend and classmate, your husband, requesting a lock of my hair, if the article is not growing scarce from age, is just received. I presume he means it to be put in an ornament (by the most delicate of hands no doubt) and sold at the bazaar for the benefit of disabled soldiers and their families.

"I am glad to say the stock is yet abundant as ever, though time, or some other cause, is beginning to intersperse here and there a reminder that winters have passed. The object for which this little request is made is so praiseworthy that I cannot refuse it, even though I do, by granting it, expose the fact to the ladies of Rochester that I am no longer a boy.

"Hoping that the citizens of your city may spend a happy week, beginning to-morrow, and that the fair may remunerate most abundantly, I remain

"Very truly yours
(Signed) "U. S. Grant,
"Major-General, U. S. A."

Some Kindly Observations from Rossiter Johnston

Editor of Rochester Alumni Review:-

I have read thoroughly your first number, and, while I find much in it that pleases me, one thing pleases most especially. That is condensed in a dozen words: "We crave contributions, and don't be afraid to sign your name to them."

You may have observed that every family—though living in a home that is pitifully devoid of literature—feels at ease if it has a large Bible and an unabridged dictionary. With these, though they may never open them, they feel that they have the law and the gospel in the house, and are hence content. So I, though I may seldom or never wish to occupy a bit of space in your columns, feel very comfortable to have your generous invitation forever in the house. Thank you!

By the way, why do our journalists speak of contributors as "space writers?" Space requires not only length and breadth but thickness—depth. It might not be complimentary to speak of one as a surface writer, hence the substitution of "space" as a euphonism.

I don't think much of generalities, either as criticism or as commendation; therefore let me specify a little. The first thing that struck me on opening your periodical was the excellence of its typography. You have a good, clean page, in well chosen text type, the columns separated properly, and clear headlines carefully graded according to the greater or less importance of the articles. I especially like the type chosen for the headings. I must also speak approvingly of the make-up. Of your twenty-four pages, the first sixteen intimate to the reader, in every column, that the University of Rochester is an institution of learning, literature, science, scholarship. After that, the athletics—a judicious interpretation of the old saying, "Business before pleasure."

I wish that, instead of urging your contributors to sign their articles, you had made it a rule that they must do so. Letters from graduates should form an interesting feature of the Review, and any such letter will have an added interest for many readers if they know that it was penned by a classmate or other college friend.

Your magazine reminds me that when I was in the University our only publication, besides the catalogue, was the Interpres Universitatis, a four-page annual issued by the junior class. I once saw a grandsire contemplating his six-foot grandson, whom he had not seen since his cradle days. He only said, "My gracious! How that boy has grew!"

—ROSSITER JOHNSON, '63.
Although political disturbance is not uncommon in China, and, in my eight-and-a-half years in this country, I have just missed three "wars," it is said that Foochow, which is somewhat off the beaten track, has not had a military invasion from outside the Province for over a thousand years. Hence my recent experience is one new to Foochow as well.

While various factions have been involved in this struggle, thus creating a most confusing situation and one difficult to explain to anyone unacquainted with Chinese politics. I shall refer to the invading army merely as the "Revolutionists" or "Southerners" and the defenders as the "Government" forces or the "Northerners," Foochow having been governed until recently by an administration owning allegiance to the Central Government in Peking. It would not be proper for me, nor would there be space, to attempt to explain what they were fighting for.

It is sufficient to say that the invading army was a portion of an expedition which had been sent by Sun Yat-sen from Canton early in the present year as a "Punitive Expedition" against Peking; that, having gotten well into the neighboring Province of Kiangsi, it was suddenly cut off from its base by a coup d'etat in Canton, by which Sun Yat-sen was driven from that place. This army, approximately 20,000 strong, consisting mostly of Cantonese, found itself under the necessity of choosing between the alternatives of fighting its way back to Canton at once or making for an intermediate base from which to operate. For reasons, which it is unnecessary to give here, this army decided on the latter course, and Foochow became their objective.

The middle of August found this army in the southern part of this Province of Fukien, engaging a small force of Government troops which had been sent to repel them. The Revolutionists gradually withdrew before their enemies, retiring, however, into North Fukien and drawing their enemies with them into difficult mountainous country. Then, by a military feat which must excite the admiration of anyone as a purely military enterprise, the Revolutionists made a wide circling movement, in the course of which, traveling a distance of some 450 miles overland and carrying all their arms, artillery, ammunition and other equipment with them over mountain trails impassable even for pack animals, they captured all the hinterland of North Fukien, cut in behind their main enemy forces being sent out from Foochow, and arrived at the gates of Foochow, having covered this distance in less than thirty days.

On the evening of October 11th, hearing that the Revolutionary army were engaging the Foochow garrison about ten miles from Foochow, I asked for a force of sailors from the U. S. A. Rizal, our destroyer which was in port at Pagoda Anchorage, the place nine miles below Foochow where ocean ships must anchor. These sailors arrived during the night and were stationed at the Consulate, to be on hand to protect American lives in the event of danger.

On the morning of October 12th, at daybreak, we distinctly heard the firing near the west gate of the city. Then events began to move rapidly. While I was shaving, the guard on our upper porch, from which a fine view of the bridge across the river connecting our island of Nantai with the city proper can be obtained, called out that a force of troops was crossing the bridge. We heard a volley of shots and saw a stream of Northern soldiers crossing the bridge on the double-quick from the city side towards ours. The force, which turned out to be the Governor's bodyguard, consisted of about 500 men. This was followed later by about 300 more. The Government troops were fleeing from the city.

In another fifteen minutes this mob of soldiers was filling the streets around the Consulate and pounding on our gate. I went to the gate and found the Governor's brother, the Commissioner of Industry, who requested asylum for his brother and himself. I told him I had not seen
his brother, the Governor, at which he was plainly dismayed. He told me his brother had come first, and that it had been his intention to ask refuge in my Consulate. I replied that I could not consider any question of refuge until the soldiers were withdrawn from around the foreign settlement, and pointed out the danger to foreign lives and property which their presence constituted. They promised to have the soldiers withdrawn, and they actually attempted to return across the bridge but were driven back again by machine gun fire from Middle Island, half way over the Bridge. On this Island a Chinese naval officer had landed 300 "Northern" marines, and had assumed the duty of protecting as much of Foochow as he could from looting. This naval officer was a native of Foochow, and in this "scrap" virtually neutral, although nominally a "Northerner."

By this time the officers of the fugitive northern troops had all disappeared. The poor soldiers, fatigued from 24 hours' fighting and hunger, had no stomach for further battle. They swarmed back around the Consulates, and a group of about 50 of them came to me and besought me to take their arms and accept their surrender. I immediately got in communication by telephone with the naval officer on Middle Island, who, in the interests of peace, readily agreed to take care of these Northern soldiers. In batches of from 50 to 100 at a time they surrendered to him, on the promise of food and transportation back to their homes in orth China. By the end of the day he had rounded up some 800 of them. About 200 others, mistrusting his intentions, dispersed across to the other side of the Island and made their way into the back country, where they may become bandits unless rounded up. The Governor and his brother also turned themselves over to the naval officer later.

Meanwhile the Southerners had fully occupied the city. They made no attempt to pursue the fugitive Northerners, evidently being fully occupied consolidating their position in the city proper. The next day—my birthday, by the way—the main body of the Government troops, who had been cut off up river, made a serious attempt to retake the city, but failed. Some 2,000 of them, with civilian Americans acting as go-betweens, surrendered during the course of that day to the naval officer on Middle Island.

One rather amusing incident that day was the surrender to the naval officer of a group of about 300 Southerners. These had become detached from their main force and supposed their army had been defeated. On attempting to cross the bridge, they, in turn, were stopped by a fusillade from the Chinese marines on Middle Island and invited to surrender and give up their arms, which they did. These Southerners were ragged and unkempt beyond words, showing the effects of their strenuous campaign. They were very tired but were physically hard as nails, and their rifles were in excellent condition. One observer remarked of the Southern army that it seemed composed mostly of "guns and guts."

The Southern Revolutionists are now in complete control. So far they have behaved in a most exemplary fashion. There has been no looting, the soldiers buying their own food. The aim of the Southerners is to return to Canton, as soon as they have had a chance to rest and recoup. At present they are making an attempt to set up a local Government composed of natives of Fukien loyal to the Southern cause.

How long this situation will last we cannot say. The Peking Government naturally cannot permit this seizure of Fukien to remain unchallenged, but to oust the invaders will mean a large and expensive expedition, which will be some time getting under way. Meanwhile the Southerners will undoubtedly move first, if their past actions are any criterion.

Though these Southerners are revolutionists, in defiance of the recognized Government of China, one cannot help but admire their pluck, endurance and hitherto exemplary conduct. One can but hope that a way may be found for utilizing these men in a unified Chinese Government which may unite all parties and sections.

Meanwhile, of course, the situation is far from stable. There are the germs of possible discord within the Southern forces themselves, in addition to the very great probability that the Peking Government will make a very strenuous effort to quell the Revolutionists. For the time being, therefore, and until the situation...
clears, we are keeping a consulate guard of thirty American marines at the Consulate. I would say in closing, something which we all know, that there is no finer type of representative American than is to be found in these American marines.

There has been absolutely no anti-foreign feeling in any of this. As a matter of fact, partly as a matter of tradition and partly because of the fine work which our volunteer Red Cross and American mission hospitals have done in caring for the wounded—some 500 in one hospital, alone,—the Chinese on both sides are very friendly to us.

**Fisher Now Acting President of Roberts College**

While in attendance as a visitor at the annual convention of collegiate physical directors last month we overheard a man by the name of Pritchard state that he had been serving, until recently, as athletic director at Roberts College, Constantinople. Upon hearing that, we forced our presence on Mr. Pritchard, and asked him if he was acquainted with Eddie Fisher, now known officially as Dr. Edgar J. Fisher, who entered Rochester with us in the class of 1907 but beat us out by one year, graduating in 1906.

"I should say I am," replied Mr. Pritchard, "and you will be interested to learn that Fisher is now acting-president of Roberts College while the president is in attendance at the Lausanne conference."

Our informant went on to speak most enthusiastically of Fisher's work at Constantinople and of the impress which his intellectuality has made on the institution. He also said that Eddie, who played on the Varsity nine while in college, still retains his interest in athletics. Asked what athletics there are to be interested in over there, he said that basketball, track and soccer are quite popular. Basketball, according to Mr. Pritchard, has taken hold rapidly in the East and throughout Europe, although practically all their efforts to introduce baseball have failed signally.

If Eddie, alias Dr. Fisher, sees this, we hope he will sit down and write us about fifteen hundred words or so on athletics and other college traditions in his part of the world.

**Dr. Packard To Address International Congress**

Dr. Laurence B. Packard, professor of history at the University, is planning to sail for Trieste on January 27. He will tour through southern Europe, visiting points on the Mediterranean, and then proceed to Brussels, where he will read a paper on the "Diplomacy of Disraeli from 1876 to 1878" at the Fifth International Congress of Historical Studies. He will later proceed to Berkeley, Cal., where he will conduct two courses in the University of California summer school, returning to Rochester in time to resume his duties next fall.

The invitation to read a paper at the International Congress is quite a distinction. This will be the first congress to be held since the war and is attracting particular attention because of the contention as to whether or not German professors shall be allowed to attend. So far this privilege has not been granted them. During Dr. Packard’s absence his classes will be taken by Dr. Jonathan F. Scott, Dwight E. Lee and Hugh McKenzie, in addition to their regular work.

**Group Standings**

Acting upon a recent decision of the Hellenic Council, the committee on the competition for the scholarship cup, of which Professor Charles W. Watkeys is chairman, has published the following table of average standings attained by the different groups and classes in college during the year 1921-22:

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Class</th>
<th>Per cent</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>73.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delta Kappa Epsilon</td>
<td>72.97</td>
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<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>72.58</td>
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<tr>
<td>Neutrals</td>
<td>71.95</td>
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<tr>
<td>Theta Chi</td>
<td>71.93</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alpha Delta Phi</td>
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<tr>
<td>Delta Upsilon</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Theta Delta Chi</td>
<td>68.35</td>
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An Interesting Life of Service

Frank D. Phinney, '78, whose recent death in Burma is recorded on another page, led a life of unusual interest and usefulness. The Watchman-Examiner of January 4th refers to him as one of the outstanding missionary statesmen of the Baptist Church, "ranking deservedly among the highest in the roster of Protestant leaders abroad."

For three years after graduation Mr. Phinney conducted a printing business in Rochester. In 1882 he was sent to Rangoon, Burma, by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society to serve as superintendent of the Mission Press there, with only 75 natives employed and working with a few presses of early type. This printing house dated back to 1816, when there were less than 125 newspapers in the United States.

Mr. Phinney took over the old presses but very soon introduced modern equipment. He not only designed type combinations, resulting in a marked saving in costs, but with the aid of his assistants perfected a system whereby the Mergenthaler Linotype machine could be used. The difficulties he surmounted may be imagined, when it is realized that the linotype machine is designed for a language of 26 letters, whereas he was obliged to place at the operator's command the 500 or more characters of the Burmese language. He succeeded in devising a special form of keyboard, however, which would do the work and then proceeded to make a corresponding adaptation for a standard make, American typewriter.

At present this American Baptist Mission Press is the most up-to-date press in India, being operated by electricity and employing more than 250 natives. It prints in the fifteen different languages of Burma and that of contiguous China, as well as in two languages of India proper. Besides being superintendent of the Press, Mr. Phinney held many other positions of importance at different times, including those of treasurer and attorney for the American Baptist Foreign Mission Union of Rangoon, president of the Rangoon Trades Association, member of the Board of Commissioners for the port of Rangoon, founder member of both the Rangoon Charitable Society and the Vigilance Society, member of the Y. M. C. A. Board of Managers for 25 years, a trustee of the Judson Baptist College of Rangoon University and president of the Americana Association of Rangoon.

He was the author of a pocket dictionary of English and Burmese and several other works, including "Divine Healing," "The History of the American Baptist Mission Press of Rangoon" and "Gautana Buddha and the Changing of the Truth," the last of his writings, which was published in 1913. He also revised Chase's Anglo-Burmese handbook in 1890.

That his personality was as significant as his achievements is indicated by a fellow missionary, who in the course of an extended tribute in the Watchman-Examiner says: "His keen mind, courteous manner and wide sympathies won him friends among all races, but especially we missionaries have been deeply in debt to him for all kinds of personal help and guidance, from our earliest moment in the province 'till the hour of departure."

Mr. Phinney was a brother of Herman K. Phinney, assistant-librarian at the University. His death must have been rather sudden, as, several days following its announcement, his brother received a letter, written by him a short time before his death, in which he made no mention of ill health.

Phi Beta Kappa in N. Y. State

A movement is on foot to establish a New York State Phi Beta Kappa Association, composed of the twenty chapters or associations now existent within the state. This grew out of an action taken by the New York State delegates to the triennial convention of Phi Beta Kappa held in Cleveland, of which delegation Dr. John R. Slater, of the University faculty, was chairman.

Seventeen representatives of the New York chapters subsequently met and drew up a tentative constitution, which gives as the object of the association "the promotion of scholarship and friendship in the colleges and secondary schools of New York State by inspirational addresses, reports, awards of merit and such other means as may be devised.

The best future for Hog Island would be to make it a prison for profiteers.—Exchange.
Some Interesting Facts on Old University of Chicago

I have read with interest the Rochester Alumni Review, but, before filing it away, wish to call attention to an error, due obviously to having confused the University of Chicago of the time of Dr. Burroughs with the present institution of the same name and of the same denomination, founded by John D. Rockefeller in 1891, which was a year after the decease of our revered Martin B. Anderson.

The two letters found among the private papers of Senator James R. Rolfs, and printed under the heading, “Echoes from the Past—Two Letters Written by Martin B. Anderson—” have a peculiar appeal to all of us who knew the author, but, certainly, no one of us will take a worthy pride in knowing that the great first president of the institution was seriously considered for a real promotion to the head of the (old) University of Chicago.

At the date of the letter written to Smith & Harris—1875—the old university was merely existing, and, in spite of the strenuous efforts of its last president, who went about trying to beg enough money to pay his “proffs” as he called them, the insurance company foreclosed its mortgage, and the institution died and was buried some ten or twelve years later.

For over three years I was time observer at the Dearborn Observatory, and with Francis R. Welles, ’75, occupied offices assigned to the observatory by the university, and we were in close touch with the students and faculty of that period, 1875-1879. Students were leaving Chicago to enter at Rochester, because they did not wish to be left as men without a country.

My home was within half a mile of the University of Chicago from 1894 till 1912, and one of my children is among her graduates, but the only thread that connects the new with the old is the privilege extended to the graduates of the old university, or Douglas College as it was sometimes called, to appear and be placed on the rolls of the present institution.

Lemuel Moss, U. of R., ’58, was president just before I went to Chicago but resigned about the spring of 1875. Dr. Burroughs as Chancellor then acted, but was succeeded by Colonel Abernethy, from Iowa, who served about a year; then came Dr. Galusha Anderson, U. of R., ’54.

Tribute to Alma Mater

It hardly seems possible that I am one of the ancients now—but so it is. I have never been able to do much for my alma mater, not for lack of love for her however. I owe very much to her and above all to that giant among men and college presidents, Dr. Anderson. I have not been to a Commencement since 1913, when the University honored me with a degree, and will not be able to be there next June, but if I live until 1924—my semi-centennial—I hope to be on hand.

I resigned as Librarian at Auburn Seminary, to take effect August last, and now technically am out of a job; yet I am lecturing twice a week, preaching almost every Sunday, giving numerous other addresses and writing a good deal—trying in this way not to rust out.

University of Toronto’s Theatre

I am not offering any criticism, but merely to correct a statement which appeared in this issue, would like to mention that Rochester is not the only University to possess its own theatre. The University of Toronto has a model theatre with every equipment for stage setting and stage effects that money can buy.

It also has in addition to expert theatrical management, an amateur company which produces regular series of plays every season to which the general public are privileged to subscribe.

This theatre is unique inasmuch as it is entirely underground, the roof being the courtyard lawn, kept green and close shaven by the attentive gardener of Hart House.

E. Sterling Dean, ’90.

Henry Ford makes $264,026.41 a day. We are glad we are not Henry; we could never have nerve enough to take a day off.—Exchange.
Post-Season Sentiments

By the time this number of the Review reaches you another Christmas will have passed into the misty regions of memory. The usual proportion of holiday gifts will have been exchanged for objects of real desirability. Christmas trees, if in evidence at all, will be rearing their browning tops from snow banks near back lot lines; the fallen green needles swept from living room floors; the holly wreaths adorning rubbish barrels. New Year’s resolutions will all have been made and in many cases already badly cracked, if not actually broken.

Nevertheless we cannot let the season go by without some editorial recognition. The saddest thing about Christmas, it seems to us, is the fact that it is too soon forgotten. The spirit of the season is so intense, but in all too many cases of such short duration! We sometimes wonder if it would not be a greater blessing if it could be thinned out enough to spread over the year, so that on every day of every month the world could enjoy some of the love, charity and good will that are lavished so prodigally during late December.

At any rate we shall act on our own suggestion to the extent of wishing you all, at this late date, a continuous Merry Christmas.

What’s In a Date?

Those two words, “late date,” cause a blush to mantle our cheek—an unusual manifestation on the part of any editor. The cover on this number bears a December-January label, in accordance with our bi-monthly program of publication. We intended to have it in the mails, therefore, during the first week of January, but by the time it reaches some of you we fear that February will not be far around the corner. A complexity of graduate managerial and alumni secretarial duties, calling for trips to New York and Syracuse, during the holidays, prevented us from functioning editorially at the crucial moment; hence our thwarted intentions.

Realizing that this situation may arise in almost any month of publication, we must beseech our readers to bear with us in our relations to the calendar. Rest assured that the five promised issues will appear during the college year, as near to the appointed times as proves possible, and that in each instance the magazine will be brought up to the date of actually going to press. For such anticipated consideration we thank you,

Hugh A. Smith, - - - - Editor

Carbonaceous Comments

In our first issue we made a boast—ever a precarious practice. We proudly classified ourself as a member of that aristocratic circle characterized by the presence of coal in its cellars. But, alas; likewise alack! Pride still goeth before a fall—apparently also before a chill.

There came a day when, within the span of a few hours, we found ourself reduced to sheerest pauperism, anthracitically speaking. Our last vestige of aristocratic pride vanished into coal dust, as with the cellar broom we swept up the precious black dirt from the floor of our yawning bin and banked a discouraged fire against a visitation of Providence in the guise of a coal man. Truly, ’tis but a step these days from proud aristocrat to humble supplicant.

If any blue blood coursed through our veins that morning, it was blue only because of its chilled condition.

All of which leads us to some observations carbonaceous. We learned in geology that the formation of coal within the bowels of the earth is a process of the ages. And now we have found that to be but a brief beginning. There must follow the process of removing said coal from said earthly bowels to the common carriers of the railroad, from the railroad to the trestles of the wholesale distributor, from the wholesaler to the yard or trucks of the retailer, and from the retailer, through
the guidance of an autocratic fuel administrator, to the bin of the shivering consumer. Compared with this complicated process, in passage of time, the preliminary work of Nature now appears but momentary.

Throughout a considerable portion of last summer, you will recall, the coal mines lay idle, while the miners and the powers that be churned the atmosphere over their differences. We were told in the papers, and we told each other, that the country was facing an inevitable coal shortage this winter. The health and comfort of one hundred million people were being jeopardized by the disagreements of a few hundred, or possibly thousand, individuals.

Did we do anything about it—we hundred million? Yes, we talked about it, as glibly and complacently as we discussed the weather. We sat around like one hundred million proverbial bumps on one hundred million proverbial logs and watched it come on. We would like now to be righteously indignant over the situation, but we realize that, after all, we were ourselves but one of the bumps on one of the logs.

If we were a chemical engineer, however, we have an idea that we would get off our particular log and really do something. Coal at best is a primitive source of fuel. The mining of it is a dirty, unsanitary and hazardous undertaking, costing the lives of many who engage in it and shortening the lives of all. We would not engage in it ourselves; we would discourage our brother from doing so. Why, then, should we expect others to do it for us? Furthermore, Nature cannot be hurried. Man is taking it away from her faster than she is disposed to produce it, which spells an ultimate exhaustion of the supply.

It seems high time, therefore, that some ambitious chemical engineer analyze a hunk of coal and reproduce, by manufacturing process, a substitute that will really substitute; then bid the miners come up out of the dark and the dank and earn a wholesome living in God's free air and sunshine.

But we are getting serious, even a bit high falutin'. In case our coal dealer see this, we hope he will not take it too much to heart. For it is rather chilly out our way this winter, and we would like to hear a ton of the dirty stuff rattling into our cellar this very minute.

Football's By-Product

Not a few critics have decried the fact that football is maintained at considerable cost and effort for the actual benefit of a very small proportion of the student body. Their mistake. Anyone who observed the spirit of co-operation, the united effort to accomplish something, the unselfish devotion to a common cause that inspired all Rochester men before and during the game of last Thanksgiving Day must realize that there is a benefit to be derived from football which is more than physical, a gain which is not to be measured in yards or first downs. It was a spiritual thrill not to be forgotten or discounted.

Observations on Election

There has been an election since we last went to press. It had many different results. The world still wags along in its usual orbit, and the sun, moon and stars appear to retain their customary positions.

Rochester alumni maintained a high batting average at the polls. Every alumnus candidate mentioned in our first issue won out decisively, regardless of the ticket he graced, except Clem Lanni, and Clem made a much closer fight in his district than any predecessor on the same ticket had been able to do.

We would infer from the result in New York State that most of the Smiths went to the polls on election day. What might have happened, had they all gone? Blood is certainly thicker than water, not to mention light wine and beer.

Massachusetts came very near being dis-Lodged from its position on the Foreign Relations Committee. (Laughter.)

H. A. S.

+ + +

Practical Diet

"I allus say there's nothin' like a good greasy doughnut," a gnarled and knotty old Yankee salt once advised us. "It'll stay by you long after everythin' else you eat has gone and digested on you."—Exchange.
Eastman School of Music

This new development of the University has attracted much attention because of its generous endowment, its matchless physical equipment, its eminent corps of teachers and its large enrollment of students.

What interests alumni of the University most deeply, I am sure, is the group of students in Music who are properly to be classed with college students.

The Eastman School of Music seeks to serve four classes of students: (1) Candidates for the degree Bachelor of Music, (2) candidates for the Diploma or Certificate of the School on the completion of a comprehensive course of four years, (3) special students of mature years who wish to take training in some one branch, as Piano, Voice, Organ or Violin, and, (4) preparatory students—children who need to begin musical training early if their training in that art is to lead to the best results. The School has students enrolled in all four of these groups.

The first two groups, however, contain those that are properly to be classed with college students. They are of the same age as college students. They are required to present entrance credentials equivalent to those required of college students, and they are assigned work in the School of Music which combines concentration with breadth of training, in a manner comparable to, though different from, that assigned to students in the College of Arts and Science.

We have enrolled this year 84 candidates for the Bachelor of Music degree, and 111 candidates for the Eastman School Diploma. As the years pass, the numbers in these groups will doubtless increase. But such increase does not interest us so deeply as the progress in quality, which is the School's chief concern. That progress is marked from term to term and will be fostered by every effort that the faculty of the School can put forth.

From time to time I shall ask the Review to give to the Alumni information concerning this and other developments of the University. For in fuller knowledge lies the possibility of abiding interest of Alma Mater's sons in her welfare.

—Rush Rhees.

Dean Hoeing to Travel

Dear Editor:

For some inexplicable reason you insist that the alumni will be interested to know a little about my plans for a trip to Europe. I am convinced that you are mistaken, but it is not for me to rebel against editorial autocracy. If indignant protests against the waste of paper come in, you will have to receive them. I shall be far away.

We expect to sail on January 27, on the President Wilson of the Cosulich Line, disembarking at Messina on February 10. The first few weeks we shall spend in Sicily and Southern Italy, where I hope to see many of the sites noted for their relics of the classical civilization. My main objective is of course Rome, where I intend to stay at least six or eight weeks renewing my acquaintance with the fascinating sights of the Eternal City, and seeing with my own eyes the excavations and finds made since I was a student in the American School of Classical Studies more than twenty-five years ago.

After the Roman sojourn our plans are of the vaguest—a part of the late spring and early summer in Northern Italy, perhaps a short stay in Switzerland, a trip down the Rhine, and finally a visit to Paris.

About the first of September I hope to be back in Rochester, refreshed by the experiences of seven month's absence from routine, and eager to impress a new generation of somewhat reluctant students with the importance of classical culture and its influence on modern life.

CHARLES HOEING.

Alumni Secretary Fund

The Rochester Review alone indicates that Hugh Smith is very much on the job. The alumni who responded to the appeal sent out last Spring by the Board of Managers of the Associated Alumni have made possible the engaging of Hugh Smith, the financing of the Rochester Review, the carrying on of sub-freshman work
and many other alumni activities which are now getting under way. More alumni, however, should pledge to this fund if the magazine and other work are to have the support that is absolutely essential for real success.

In brief, the Committee appointed by the Associated Alumni requested each alumnus, who had been out of college five years, to contribute $10.00 per year to the Alumni Secretary Fund, and those who had been out less than five years, $5.00 per year. On the basis of early returns the committee decided to engage an alumnus to undertake alumni work at the beginning of this college year. As you now know, Hugh Smith was chosen. Very shortly the first number of the Rochester Review was issued. How well it has been received is indicated by the surprising number of letters which I understand have been received.

Never before in the history of the University has alumni interest been greater, and never before have more alumni been interested. Under the guiding hand of our new secretary a real alumni organization will eventually be built up which will function. If you have not indicated your interest in the Alumni Secretary Fund, please send your check for $5.00 or $10.00 (or more if you wish) to Lester O. Wilder, Atlantic Stamping Company, Rochester, New York, who as Treasurer of the Associated Alumni will receive it and receipt for same.

RAYMOND N. BALL, '14, Comptroller.

Dr. Murlin in Toronto

Professors John R. Murlin, Henry A. Mattill and Harry D. Clough, of the Department of Vital Economics, attended the meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, held in Toronto in late December. Dr. Murlin aroused a great deal of interest with his paper on the diabetic research work he has been conducting, giving due credit for the work done in the same field by Dr. F. H. Banting, of Toronto University.

Little Boy—"Mother, are there any men angels in heaven?"
Mother—"Why, certainly, dear."
Little Boy—"But, mother, I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers."
Mother—"No, dear, men get in with a close shave."—Exchange.

Noteworthy Career of Benjamin Folsom, '71

The University of Rochester was honored to have among its graduates Benjamin Folsom of the class of '71, whose death occurred recently. His life was full of varied activities. He was distinguished as a writer, journalist, lawyer and member of the consular service.

He was the poet of the class of '71, and his class day poem, "Nathan Hale," attracted nation-wide attention. This poem was framed by his classmate, the Hon. Willis S. Paine, and hung in Chi Charge of Theta Delta Chi.

After achieving success in journalism in his youth, Mr. Folsom was admitted to the bar in 1875 and won decided eminence in that profession, first in Rochester, N.Y., and then in Buffalo, N. Y., where he was in active practice from 1893 until 1903, when he removed to Pasadena.

President Grover Cleveland married Miss Frances Folsom, a cousin of Mr. Folsom, and he and President Cleveland were exceedingly warm friends.

Mr. Folsom was United States Consul in the famous English manufacturing city of Sheffield from 1886 to 1892, when he returned to Buffalo and resumed the practice of law.

Although he relinquished the practice of journalism for that of law in his early years, Mr. Folsom's career to the end had a distinct literary flavor. He was a writer of beautiful prose and graceful verse. His chief characteristic, however, was an exceptionally delicate wit. This wit, tempered by gentle humor, was the great delight of his intimate friends. One of his journalistic successes was the conducting of a humorous column in the Buffalo Commercial under the nom de plume of "Bence de Quizby." His journalistic career also included work on the Rochester Union and Advertiser and the New York World. Mrs. Folsom was Miss Ella Blanchard of Rochester.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Murray Bartlett, president of Hobart College.

THOMAS T. SWINBURNE, ex-'92.

One of the great disappointments at a football game is that the cheer leaders never seem to get injured.—Exchange.
Football’s Dramatic Wind-up

Season's Gridiron Record

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>7</td>
<td>St. Lawrence</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Union</td>
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</tr>
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<td>19</td>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>0</td>
<td>Colgate</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Varsity</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>Niagara</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Varsity</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Hobart</td>
<td>14</td>
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What a rip-roaring battle!
That was the exclamation of one alumnus after the Rochester-Hobart game on Thanksgiving Day at University Field, and it seemed to us that it described the engagement most aptly.

Nor were Alumni and undergraduates alone in their enthusiastic comment on the game, which, we should add as a matter of record, resulted in a 15-to-14 victory for Rochester. One Yale alumnus told us that he had seen many games with Harvard and Princeton and was free to say that few, if any, of them exceeded our Thanksgiving Day game in gripping interest or spectacular playing.

It is certain that no other game has been played in Rochester, at least in the last twenty years, that equalled it in almost boundless enthusiasm and intense excitement. From the moment that Al Makin kicked off until Head Linesman Metzdorf blew his whistle to end the fray both players and spectators were worked up to the highest pitch of tension and excitement.

The game has now passed into history, and space does not warrant a detailed description. Some idea of the character of the battle is gained from the fact that both teams came from behind twice to take the lead. While Varsity won by a one-point margin, it was not the usual "fluky," one-point win, in which one team simply misses a goal after a touchdown. As a matter of fact, Rochester missed both goals after its touchdowns, and only won out by virtue of Al Makin’s well-earned field goal from the twenty-nine yard line in the last quarter. After that successful place kick, both teams missed other attempts by inches only, and when the final whistle blew Dave Hummel had just plunged to a first down on Hobart’s eight-yard line. Rochester also made one more first down than Hobart.

Both teams showed an interesting offense, Hobart employing wide-split formations and a variation of the famous Centre College lockstep. There were many pretty forward passes thrown, Varsity completing six out of ten attempts, and Hobart seven out of nineteen.

Another feature of the day was the favorable weather and the crowd. It was estimated that close to 7,000 people witnessed the struggle—unquestionably a record football attendance for Rochester.

The game marked the last appearance in Varsity football togs of five men who have made remarkable records in at least one sport, the players being Captain Gordie Wallace, Johnny Sullivan, Dave Hummel, "Punch" Oppenheimer and Oscar Loeser. "Cap" Wallace has played many brilliant games for Rochester, but he rose to new heights in his last game. Hobart apparently feared Dave Hummel more than any Rochester player, thanks to his wonderful exhibition as a line smasher in other games, together with his superb work last Thanksgiving Day when he gained more ground than anyone else on the field. Coach Welch laid special stress on a defense against Dave’s terrific line drives and really succeeded in stopping him most of the time. The situation might have been serious had not Wallace flashed splendid ground-gaining ability on plays outside of tackle, his two long runs of about 30 yards each being the high lights of the Rochester offense.

Gordie also threw passes unerringly, and it is unlikely that we shall see anyone in a Rochester uniform for several years who can shoot ’em the way he has.

Johnny Sullivan was scarcely in shape to play, but it was his last chance and he proposed to get into the fray regardless of probable further injuries. His bad
knee made it quite impossible for him to
make much progress in carrying the ball,
but, as hoped, his fighting spirit kept the
rest of the Rochester players keyed up to
a high pitch of aggressiveness.

When it comes to handing out the fig­
urative laurel wreaths, a goodly share
certainly should go to “Punch” Open­
heimer, for it is no exaggeration to claim
that, had he not been in the game, fifteen
points scarcely would have been sufficient
to have won for Rochester. Besides
opening up holes for Wallace, he displayed
uncanny ability to size up the Hobart
trick formations and to be in the path of
the runner. We have rarely seen such
superb defensive work.

Oscar Loeser, as befalls to the lot of
most guards, had little chance to com­
mmand the attention of those who follow
the ball solely, but to those watching the
work of the linemen his playing was note­
worthy. His experience of four years
stood him in good stead, and the fact that
Hobart gained little through the line was
due in no small way to his effort.

The other seven men who played, held
up their end of the playing superbly. The fact that six of the seven are sopho­
mores augurs well for future teams.
Brugler and Makin belied the fear that
Rochester was weak at the wings with
splendid aggressive playing that made it
impossible for Gasper, the Hobart cap­
tain, to get loose for any of his famed end
runs. Scott and Tait at the tackles broke
through repeatedly and spilled the inter­
fERENCE before the Hobart ball carriers
had a chance to get under way. Hedges
was also through on many plays. Callag­
han, as usual, starred in receiving for­ward passes, and McConnell continued
to show splendid possibilities during the
time he was in the game.

Aside from Captain Gasper, Gorman,
Loghry and Hogan were the individual
stars for Hobart. It was also their last
game of college football, and they en­
hanced their previous splendid reputa­
tions as all-around players. Krause, the
giant tackle, whose kicking was one of the
outstanding features of the game, was
elected captain of the 1923 Hobart team.

As a matter of further record we should
add that the Varsity played two other
games, besides the joust with Hobart,
since our last article for the REVIEW. On
the Saturday after the Buffalo victory
here, the team journeyed to Hamilton for
the annual battle with Colgate and when
the game had ended the big Maroon
team had turned in a 40-to-0 victory.
Those who saw the game say that it is
almost unbelievable that Colgate could
run up such a score when they were
played to a standstill, with no scoring,
for practically half the game, but scores,
when they start to come, mount up mighty
fast, as Cornell’s opponents the last few
years will testify.

The Niagara game here the following
week was hard fought, but it was apparent
soon after the opening kick-off that it was
only a question of how large a score Roch­
ester would run up. The final count was
27 to 7.
Viewed as a whole the season must be recorded as a success if for no other reason than the victory over Hobart, this game being an objective point of the season's work this year. Five games were won, two tied and two lost.

The system of having George Sullivan, '07, as head coach and line coach and John Sabo, recent University of Illinois star, as assistant and backfield coach, with "Doc" Fauver, director of physical education, lending his aid where most needed, proved to be an excellent one. It is probable that it will be continued for at least another year. All three worked together splendidly, and each was warm in his praise of the other's ability and individual contribution to the season's success.

Matthew D. Lawless, '09.

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New Football Schedule

Next Fall's Program

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 29</td>
<td>Niagara at Rochester.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 13</td>
<td>Hamilton at Rochester.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 20</td>
<td>Union at Schenectady.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 27</td>
<td>Allegheny at Rochester.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 3</td>
<td>Rensselaer at Rochester.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 10</td>
<td>Colgate at Rochester.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 17</td>
<td>Buffalo at Buffalo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 29</td>
<td>Hobart at Rochester.</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Assembling a suitable football schedule is very much like putting together one of the complicated picture puzzles we played with as a child. It is with a sigh of relief, therefore, following no little mental and nervous travail, that we announce the above program for 1923.

This schedule is featured by the unusually attractive offerings at home and the trip to New York. Colgate, Rensselaer and Hamilton are all due to play at University Field next fall, in addition to Hobart, and to this list Allegheny has been added. This Pennsylvania college always turns out a strong team, which has defeated us on more than one occasion in the past and which held Colgate to a 19-to-0 score last fall.

Rochester last played New York University in Rochester in 1904 and defeated them, 6 to 5. This trip appeals particularly to the men themselves and to our New York and New Jersey alumni, who will be afforded a rare opportunity to see a Varsity eleven in action. We might add here that we were only able to obtain the required guarantee from N. Y. U. upon assurance that our alumni in their vicinity would undoubtedly turn out en masse for the game, with their families or sweethearts. New York alumni please note and begin reserving the date.

St. Lawrence will not be seen here next fall, as a date could not be agreed upon, and Niagara will be the opening attraction. The schedule will be somewhat harder than last year's, due to the addition of New York University and Allegheny and the probable increased strength of Colgate. A strong squad is expected to report to Coaches Sullivan and Sabo in the fall, however, and if the fighting spirit, developed for the Hobart game, can be carried over, another successful season seems to be a reasonable expectation.

Rochester's growing fame is indicated by the number of invitations for games, some of them urgent, which were received by the management. These included Cornell, Williams, Brown, Tufts, Rutgers, Bucknell, Michigan "Aggies," Ohio Wesleyan, Trinity, Rhode Island State, Geneva, Muskingum, Canisius, Clarkson, St. Bonaventure and others. Because of conflicting dates or inadvisability, none of these could be accommodated this year.

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Our Basketball Season

Our basketball team gives promise of better results than have been achieved in this popular sport of recent years, despite the fact that it has actually won but one of the four games played up to the time of going to press. Coach Sabo has shown himself to be a master of the game, an unbiased disciplinarian and a real teacher. Every man on the squad swears by him, instead of at him, and a better spirit exists among the players than has been apparent for some time.

We were obliged to play our opening game with the University of Maine with less than two weeks of practice under Sabo's new system, while Maine had already played four games. That difference in preparation just about explains the 20-to-18 defeat, for the Varsity outplayed its opponents in the second half but was
Basketball Schedule
Dec. 19—U. of Maine at Rochester.
Dec. 26—Middlebury at Rochester.
Jan. 2—Cornell at Rochester.
Jan. 6—Yale at Rochester.
Jan. 12—C. C. N. Y. at Rochester.
Jan. 18—Colgate at Hamilton
Jan. 19—Hamilton at Clinton.
Jan. 20—Syracuse at Syracuse.
Jan. 27—Buffalo at Rochester.
Feb. 1—Georgetown at Rochester.
Feb. 9—Buffalo at Buffalo.
Feb. 10—Hamilton at Rochester.
Feb. 15—Hobart at Rochester.
Feb. 22—Williams at Williamstown.
Feb. 23—Albany Law at Albany.
Feb. 24—Rensselaer at Troy.
Mar. 1—Syracuse at Rochester.
Mar. 3—Hobart at Geneva.
Mar. 9—Colgate at Rochester.

not quite able to overcome the lead which Maine had piled up by its more finished work in the opening period.

In the second game Middlebury was defeated, 38 to 25. Captain Kirchmaier and Callaghan divided the scoring honors with five field goals apiece, and the team as a whole showed more offensive ability than it has evinced in many moons.

Cornell brought a big squad of big men and won out, 37 to 23, largely by virtue of its superior physical ability; not, however, without occasioning Coach Ortner much unexpected anxiety. He had looked for an easy game, but Rochester played his championship aspirants on even terms until the last five minutes of the game, leading them by six points at one time in the first half. With the score practically tied and only a few minutes remaining, a fresh Cornell line-up suddenly struck one of those occasional shooting epidemics and made nearly every shot count in running up the final score.

The Yale game brought out Varsity’s remarkable fighting spirit. Rochester was obliged to enter this game with an improvised line-up, due to the crippling of Taylor, W. Green and Doyle, three of the most promising guards. As a result Yale ran up a score of 19 to 9 in the opening period, and it looked as though the Yellow would be swamped. They came back fighting mad in the second half, however, and soon had their husky opponents facing a 20-to-17 score. Yale spurted and ran the figures up to 26 to 17. Then Rochester made a remarkable last-ditch stand. For the closing five minutes they played rings around the Blue, scoring eight points to their opponents’ one. When the time-keeper’s gun closed the fray, the score stood 27 to 25, with the Varsity apparently needing but one more minute in which to tie-up the count or possibly win out. The large crowd was delirious at the finish and felt that Rochester had at least won a so-called moral victory. Although Yale had a strong squad, it is reasonable to feel that, had Sabo been able to start a regular line-up, this game might have been recorded on the right side of the ledger.

Captain Kirchmaier is having his best year to date, averaging four field goals to a game and making good a decided majority of his shots from the foul line. Callaghan and Brugler follow him in scoring and are displaying a brand of basketball which augurs well for the future, since both are sophomores. “Bill” Green is the same old aggressive guard, covering the floor and fighting every minute. He is an incentive to the entire team. Wallace found himself in the last half of the Yale game, when he jumped center and then went back to play a strong back guard after the tip-off.

Criticism of Sabo’s so-called Western system should be withheld until it has had a better opportunity to prove itself. The fact remains that he is a real coach. For the first ten days of practice he taught his men fundamentals only, without any scrimmaging, and seniors on the squad declared that they learned more basketball in that time than they had previously learned since they had been in college. He has the team fighting as a unit and certainly deserves united support for the balance of one of the hardest schedules the Varsity has faced in recent years.

Genesee Hall has already made good as a home court. Large crowds witnessed the Cornell and Yale games, and the cheering and singing have been much better than in the Armory because of the smaller and more home-like surroundings. Financially the season shows a satisfactory profit to date.

Some day we shall beat our swords into ploughshares and our jazz bands into unconsciousness.—Exchange.
For the last ten days before the Thanksgiving Day football game Anderson Hall, the campus and the fraternity houses organized under the guidance of Dr. Fauver to regulate all intramural and inter-class contests during the year. These activities are becoming constantly more interesting and valuable, and a fuller report will be made on them in a later issue.

During one week in November the campus resembled the city during Community Chest week. It was the occasion of the annual College Y. M. C. A. drive for $1,000. Secretary Douds and officers of the “Y” organized the campaign like professionals, and it went over the top in fine style.

The employment bureau of the College “Y” placed more than 35 needy students in outside jobs during the fall months.

The Campus under Editor Charles A. Morrison and Business Manager Roger S. Williams has enjoyed a good fall. It has been newswy and well-edited and has shown a satisfactory balance on the right side of the ledger to date.

An Intramural Athletic Association, with James Hunt as president, has been

were literally plastered, as never before, with placards, banners and slogans, all of them urging the extreme desirability, even the dire necessity, of beating Hobart. They were unquestionably effective.

President Rhees represented the University at the installation of Dr. Charles W. Flint as chancellor of Syracuse University, on November 16 and 17.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Charles Hedley, '21, has been practicing faithfully and, with the other entertainers, gave its first concert on January 11 at Caledonia. An attractive schedule is being formed. The clubs are looking forward particularly to a trip to Buffalo on March 2, when they will be entertained by the Buffalo Alumni Association, besides giving a concert in the evening and singing at some of the high schools during the day.

The usual social functions of the holidays were ushered in most pleasantly by the annual Junior Prom on Friday evening, December 22, in the Alumni Gymnasium, under the chairmanship of Wheeler W. Allen. With the “gym” beautifully
decorated and more than 300 in attendance, the affair was a decided success. An old custom was overthrown by the abolition of fraternity booths. This was done, under direction of the University Council, to provide more room for dancing and to make the dance a more distinctly democratic function for the entire college. It worked out very satisfactorily.

The Rochester chapter of Alpha Delta Phi is preparing to act as host to the 91st annual convention of the national fraternity, to be held here on February 22, 23 and 24. Extensive plans are being made to make the visiting delegates retain a warm spot in their hearts for the University and the city, as well as their fraternity brothers.

The University, at least, is not worrying about the coal shortage this winter, since its boilers use only the more available soft coal. Superintendent George R. Rohr, because of foresight, is now able to report nearly 800 tons on hand, sufficient to last for most of the winter, with prospects bright for additional supplies. If any of the students develop cold feet, therefore, they will be occasioned by the faculty, rather than the stoker.

Schoolmasters’ Club

The annual dinner and meeting of the Rochester Schoolmasters’ Club was held on Friday evening, December 29, at the Hotel Yates, Syracuse, N. Y. This club is made up of Rochester alumni who attend the annual meeting of the Associated Academic Principals of New York State, held each year in Syracuse during the Christmas holidays. Twenty-four men sat down to dinner, which number constituted a record attendance, for recent years at least.

President H. B. Arthur, ’05, of Delhi Academy, acted as master of ceremonies. The University was represented by Freshman Dean Arthur S. Gale and the alumni secretary, both of whom talked at some length on conditions and happenings at Rochester this year. Arthur G. Clement, ’82, of the State Department of Education at Albany, one of the most faithful members of the club, was elected president for the coming year, with Hugh A. Smith, ’07, as secretary and treasurer.

Alumni Respond to New Magazine

We were in receipt of about fifty letters and many verbal expressions, following the issuance of the first number of the Review, which would indicate that the alumni are heartily in favor of the new enterprise. We wish here to thank publicly everyone, who has thus helped by sending up a cheer from the side-lines, and particularly those who have jumped into the game themselves by sending along some class notes or other contributions. We regret exceedingly that we have not yet been able to acknowledge them all personally, due to the fact that we have only recently obtained room in which to accommodate a stenographer and still more recently a stenographer to occupy the room.

Some of our local advisers, whose judgment we value, think it desirable for us to pass along in these columns some of the sentiments thus received in order to acquaint the alumni body in general with the effect which the new magazine seems to be producing. We have hesitated to do so for obvious reasons but trust it is unnecessary for us to assure our readers that the following excerpts of letters are published, not for the purpose of throwing bouquets at ourself, but in the hope of interesting and possibly inspiring them to further cooperation. For the Review, after all, is in no sense a personal proposition, as far as the editor is concerned; responsibility for it is shared by every alumnus who contributes to it, pays for it or even reads it with interest. Space does not permit us to run all of the letters. Here are extracts from a part of them:

“I received the ROCHESTER REVIEW and took the first opportunity I had to read it from cover to cover. It is a very creditable production and throughout its pages shows an enthusiastic interest in everything it represents, which is very refreshing.”

—Edward Bausch, ex’73.

“Allow me to congratulate you on the first issue of the ROCHESTER REVIEW. I enclose my dollar for the same.”—Adelbert Cronise ’77.

“I have read with great interest the copy of the ROCHESTER ALUMNI REVIEW. This is the most pleasing form of publicity that the University has ever produced. It is particularly interesting to read notes about the alumni.”—E. Sterling Dean, ’90.

“The first number of the Review came yesterday, and I have read about everything in it with great
interest. Let me congratulate you on an excellent first number. You have a great opportunity with it."—J. Q. Adams, '74.

"I spent an hour the other evening looking over the new publication. I must congratulate you on its typographical appearance and its contents. The magazine is not too heavy. I am sure that it will be of great assistance in bringing the alumni to a realization of what little they have done for the college in the past and inspire them to do more in the future."—ERNEST A. PAVOUR, '10.

"I was delighted to receive the copy of the Rochester Alumni Review. It fills a much-needed want to alumni of Rochester, particularly to fellows like me, situated some distance from Rochester and only occasionally meeting Rochester men. You have done a good job. If I can be of any help down here, just say the word, and I'll lay off clipping coupons to do your bidding."—M. F. TIERNAN, '06.

"Your baby is sure 'some baby.' If the first number of the Review is any indication of what its future will be, the future's already certain. I liked Garret Smith's article, also that review of Ray Haven's new book."—R. A. H. HART, '02.

"That first issue is a blighter. I don't see how you can keep it up at the price. I am hastening my own subscription along before encomiums have had a chance to affect economics and you boost the price to three dollars a year. I hope and pray that the Review will not 'die aborning,' or a-weening or a-weening, but will preserve its youthful vigor into at least the new century without recourse to monkey glands or anything of the sort which cannot be supplied by its editor."—JAMES M. SPINNING, '13.

"Just received copy of the Rochester Review, and it's great. Makes me more proud than ever of my alma mater."—WALTER S. BIGelow, '89.

"The initial issue of the Rochester Review just arrived, and I was impelled to read it from cover to cover before laying it down. It sets a standard of style and interest, in keeping up to which Rochester will have a magazine second to none."—CAPTAIN ALBERT BOWEN, M. D., '06.

"Your first issue is splendid. It was so good I read it all through, not because I thought I should out of respect to a fellow classmate, but because it was really interesting reading. Keep up the good work."—GEORGE I. PALMER, '07.

"Let me congratulate you on the first issue of the Rochester Review. It came to me here in Washington, where I will be located for a year at least, and struck me as being a worthwhile publication, calculated to interest all of those who received any part of their education at Rochester."—ARTHUR R. TUCKER, ex-'03.

"I have just been through Vol. I, No. I of the Rochester Review. It's a good job."—G. B. WILLIAMS, '97.

"The wrinklings of your editorial brow in the picture no doubt were justified by your state of mind, for the launching of so ambitious an enterprise as the Review is no joke. But the wrinklings should be smoothed out. You have done it. The magazine is one of which all Rochester alumni should be proud, and, having set such a high standard in the first number, you surely cannot disappoint us in those that are to come."—HAROLD W. SANFORD, '12.

"Permit me to congratulate you on the Rochester Review, which came to my desk today. It is a real article, filling a most desirable need. You are now in line with all the larger colleges, in that they have for some years published such a periodical for the benefit of their alumni."—GEORGE W. ELISON, M. D., ex-'87.

"I want to congratulate you on the first issue of the Rochester Review. It is filled with interesting text, and I predict that it will be the means of binding closer the bonds of loyalty of every alumnus to his alma mater."—A. F. DeBois, ex-'07.

"Permit me to congratulate you upon the first number. It meets a long-felt want, and I am sure will accomplish great good for the University."—JOHN G. MACVICAR, '87.

"I have been looking through the first issue of the Review and wish to congratulate you on the result. I am looking forward to subsequent issues, and am sure they will be worthy of all that the University of Rochester represents."—R. H. Mc Kinney, ex-'10.

"My most hearty congratulations on the first issue of the Review. Great! I devoured every article and will be looking forward to each succeeding issue, as all the news will be a real treat to one so far away from the front."—ABBIE J. PARKIN, '11.

"Along with this check for a subscription, accept a word of appreciation for the snappy first issue of the Rochester Review. At the very outset you have given it an individuality which I hope it can maintain."—WILLIAM A. SEARLE, '06.

"Congratulations on the first issue of the alumni publication. You are apparently going to make it not only a means of disseminating news about Rochester, but also prepare for it a place among contemporary American periodical literature."—E. DANA CAULKINS, '13.

"Heartiest congratulations on the character of the Rochester Review. It is such that I am sure it will get a cover-to-cover reading from every alumnus into whose hands it comes."—HOWARD S. LEROY, '14.

"I am in receipt of the first copy of the Rochester Review and have read it over with considerable interest. I wish to extend my heartiest congratulations, both on the publication itself and on the idea of having one."—J. JENNER HENNESSY, '13.

"Permit me to acknowledge receipt of the Rochester Review and to tell you how pleased I am at the realization of that important step toward a 'Greater Rochester.' While I have only been out of college a little more than four years, I have been out long enough to feel an estrangement, as it were, between the University and those of its graduates who leave Rochester after graduation. The Alumni News was the first step toward bridging the chasm created by distance. The Rochester Review is the perfection of that bridge, or perhaps a better, or abolition."—MORRIS J. MOSKOWITZ, M. D., '18.
NUMERICAL NOTATIONS

(This department should prove one of the most interesting in the magazine. It is yours for the making. Send in your notes.—Editor.)

'69. Arthur E. Main, D.D., L.H.D., is dean and professor of doctrinal and pastoral theology at the Alfred Theological Seminary, Alfred, N. Y. He was one of the first paid subscribers of the Review.

'70. The leading article in the November number of the Amherst Graduates' Quarterly is a biographical sketch of Dr. Merrill Edwards Gates, sixth president of Amherst, while the frontispiece is a halftone reproduction of an oil painting of Dr. Gates. The article states that Dr. Gates graduated with the highest scholarship ever attained at the University of Rochester. The author pays an enthusiastic tribute to his intellectual and spiritual attainments, as evidenced throughout his long and notable career. Not only was he president of Rutgers University for eight years, but he was also given a call to the presidency of Oberlin College almost simultaneously with his call to Amherst.

'85. W. E. Stearns is still successfully holding down the job of principal of Barringer High School, Newark, N. J. This is the school that sent Dave Hummel, star varsity fullback, to Rochester.

'81. Benjamin O. Miles, of Cleveland, was one of the delegates representing the Iota Chapter of New York State at the triennial convention of Phi Beta Kappa chapters held in Cleveland last September.

'82. Arthur G. Clement is the specialist in biologic science in the State Department of Education at Albany, N. Y. He also was one of the delegates of the Iota Chapter at the triennial convention of Phi Beta Kappa in Cleveland last September.

'87. John G. MacVicar is headmaster of Montclair Academy, at Montclair, N. J.

Ex. '87. George W. Ellison, M. D., a practicing physician and surgeon in Spencer, Mass., is one of the sponsors and the originator of the "Worcester Extension Course," Harvard Graduate School of Medicine. This comprises a series of lectures given every winter in the Worcester City Hospital by members of the Harvard Medical School faculty and men of national repute from other centers.

'89. Walter S. Bigelow is secretary of the Cleveland Real Estate Board. An article of his, proposing alterations in the state tax system of Ohio, appeared in the November 4th issue of "Finance and Industry," published in Cleveland.

'90. E. Sterling Dean is head of a general advertising agency operating in Toronto, Canada.

'98. Harry Webb and Walter Arnold are both members of the faculty of the Central High School, Newark, N. J.

'98. Edward C. Atwater, is secretary of the Massey-Harvester Co., Inc., Batavia, N. Y.

'02. Ray H. Hart has been a member of the faculty of the Barringer High School, Newark, N. J., for the past seventeen years. He was principal of the summer high school, held there during July and August of last year, with 1,500 pupils in attendance.

'02. Bailey B. Burritt is general superintendent of the New York City Association for the Improvement of the Conditions of the Poor. This association handles nearly $1,000,000 annually.

Ex. '03. Arthur R. Tucker, formerly one of the secretaries of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, has been promoted to a position with the World's Dairy Congress Association, at Washington, D. C.

'05. Avery M. Meech holds an executive position with the Lisk Manufacturing Company, Ltd., producers of copper, enameled and galvanized ware at Canandaigua, N. Y.

Raymond C. Keople is Director of Manual Training and Employment Certificating Officer for the Department of Public Instruction, Rochester, N. Y.

'06. Captain Albert Bowen is still in the army, serving as Attending Surgeon for the Third Corps Headquarters and for Baltimore. He is also doing some postgraduate work at Johns Hopkins. He expresses gratification at the fine work the University is receiving credit for in Dr. Murlin's diabetic research.

William A. Searle is secretary and manager of the Chamber of Commerce at Camden, N. J.

George L. Barrus is an active and successful member of the Steel Realty Development Corporation, with offices at 100 Cornwall Building, Rochester, N. Y.

'07. George T. Palmer, D. P. H., is epidemiologist of the Department of Health of Detroit. He is also editor of the Weekly Health Review, a bulletin issued by that department.

'10. William Roy Vallance, of the State Department at Washington, D. C., is president of the Federal Bar Association. In that capacity he is frequently interviewed in the Washington papers on legislation for which his organization stands, and he recently presided at the banquet of the association, at which several Washington notables were speakers.

'11. Abram J. Parkin is manager of the Whiting Community Service at Whiting, Ind., in which town is located the immense plant of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. He is doing an unusual work there and has been largely responsible for the erection of a unique community building, said to be the finest of its kind in the country.

'13. Vincent S. Moore has been for some time assistant advertising manager of the Hickey-Freeeman Company, one of Rochester's leading clothing manufacturers. He is particularly occupied with
the preparation of booklets and the other effective, direct-by-mail advertising which that company puts out.

E. Dana Caulkins is continuing his successful career as manager of the National Physical Education Service, located at 309 Homer Building, Washington, D. C. He was scheduled to deliver a paper on the progress of their legislative work at the recent annual meeting of physical directors in New York, but was unable to attend.

14. Walter Helmkamp is practicing law in Akron, Ohio.

15. Dr. Harold L. Alling, instructor in geology and son of Joseph T. Alling, was married during the late summer to Miss Merle Kolb, '21, of this city, also an instructor in that department.

Ex-'15. William G. Mulroney has been admitted to law practice in New York State, announcement of his success with the bar examinations having been made by the State Board on October 26. After leaving Rochester, Mulroney attended Fordham Law School, graduating in 1921. His course was interrupted by artillery service in the World War. He is at present connected with the Lawyer's Title and Trust Company, Jamaica, N. Y., but hopes to hang out his own shingle in the near future.

16. Daniel L. Hint is superintendent of education at Arcade, N. Y.

Roosee L. Taylor has recently been appointed editor-in-chief of The Petroleum World, the largest oil publication on the Pacific coast. Prior to his appointment he was a member of the editorial staff of the Los Angeles Times and a contributor to several national publications.

Ex '18. George Everett Lash is now with the W. H. H. Hull Company, Inc., Tribune Building, New York City, as an advertising copy writer.

Ex '18. Frank K. Hummel has recently returned to the United States on a leave of absence. His position is that of accountant with the Standard Oil Company of New York, Singapore, Straits Settlements.

21. Basil R. Weston has been appointed to the staff of the Chamber of Commerce by Secretary Roland B. Woodward, to take charge of the group of committees dealing with civic questions. Mr. Weston had been teaching English in East High School since he was graduated from the University. He began his activities at the Chamber of Commerce on October 30.

John Williamson is attending the General Theological Seminary in New York City.

Lawrence E. Rombaut was married on September 17th in New York City. He is now an assistant professor of Organic Chemistry at Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y.

Frederick Orr is one of the sales representatives of the Library Bureau. He has been selling in Chicago, Boston and at present in New York.

22. Warren H. Ganiard is selling radio equipment and phonographs at LeRoy, N. Y.

Charles L. Rumrill and Charles W. Potter have entered the canning industry at Palmyra and Brockport, respectively.

Oscar Marth is working in the City Chemical Laboratory of this city.

Raymond Rosche is attending the General Theological Seminary in New York City.

Theodore Fitch is attending the Divinity School at Princeton University.

Herbert Baird is attending the Divinity School at Princeton University.

Ralph T. Doughty is connected with the Leary Dye and Dry Cleaning Company, Rochester, in the research department.

William McKee and Vivian Evans are attending the Rochester Theological Seminary.

Cecil J. Kuhn is now in the advertising department of the Duffy-Powers Company, Rochester.

In Memoriam

George C. Whitney, A. B., '04, M. D. elsewhere, '08, died suddenly at Rochester, N. Y., October 7, 1922, following an operation; had resided in Rochester for some time, successfully practicing his profession.

Benjamin Folsom, A. B., '71, died last year, date unknown; was distinguished as a writer, journalist, lawyer and member of the consular service; was a cousin of Mrs. Grover Cleveland and an intimate friend of the former president; served as U. S. Consul in Sheffield, England, 1886-92.

Sardius Bentley, A. B., '70, died suddenly at Rochester, N. Y., November 30, 1922; was admitted to the bar in 1873 and was one of Rochester's well-known lawyers for the past fifty years, working at his office until the day before his death; he also was very active in church work, first as active elder and in later years as elder emeritus of the Third Presbyterian Church.

Frank D. Phinney, A. B., '78, A. M., '81, died at Rangoon, Burma, December 15, 1922; rendered notable service in the Baptist mission field in Burma; was also a practical printer and led in the introduction of modern printing methods in that country; was a leader in many Burmese activities and the author of several books; was brother of Herman K. Phinney, assistant librarian at the University.

Elizabeth H. Denio, Mount Holyoke, '66, Ph.D. University of Heidelberg, '98, professor emeritus of the history of art at the University, died suddenly, December 23, 1922; served successively as professor of German and history of art at Wellesley College, Leipzig University and the Universities of Berlin and Heidelberg; came to the University of Rochester in 1902; served as art guide at all the big American expositions, beginning with the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.