Reminiscences of the Pundit Club

By William Carey Morey, '68

One of the most notable features connected with the history of the so-called "Pundit Club" has been, without doubt, its remarkable longevity. It has sometimes been claimed to be the oldest club, with a similar organization and purpose, now existing in the United States. However that may be, it is yet true that its existence has covered, without interruption, a period of nearly seventy years. Among its early founders there was some doubt, as well as diverse opinions expressed, as to its probable continuance. Indeed, one of its first elected members stated in reply to a note announcing his election, that he would gladly join, for it would probably be strong enough to survive until the following spring, and he looked forward to a pleasant winter in such a company. A more optimistic member expressed the hopeful anticipation that perhaps ten years might elapse before its demise. But it would probably have been utterly incredible had someone ventured the prophecy, based upon a vision of the future, that after all their original number had passed away, the Club would still be a living and flourishing organization.

On account of its prolonged and uninterrupted existence, it may not be entirely fanciful to look upon it as a kind of connecting link between the past and present history of the City of Rochester. It may not, at least, seem presumptuous to consider it as forming a part, however inconspicuous, of the intellectual life of the community. It has been an interested witness of the many changes that have marked the wonderful growth of the city and its institutions.

But the special history of the Club itself should properly begin, no doubt, with some account of its foundation. We have fortunately preserved to us the minutes of the preliminary meeting, from which we may gather some interesting facts. I give here an excerpt from this original record:

"Early in the summer of 1854 it was thought advisable by several gentlemen of Rochester to form a Literary Club. After consultation it was agreed that letters should be addressed to a number of gentlemen sufficient to organize the club, inviting them to meet at the house of Mr. Lewis H. Morgan on the evening of July 13th, 1854, for that purpose. At this meeting the following named gentlemen were present: President Martin B. Anderson, Calvin Huson, Jr., Rev. J. H. McIlvane, Lewis H. Morgan, John H. Raymond and E. Peshine Smith. The meeting was organized by the appointment of Dr. Anderson as Chairman and Mr. Morgan as Secretary."

This was the initial step in the organization of the future club, the fate of which no one was able to foretell. Let us con-

*The above article comprises extracts of particular interest to Rochester alumni, taken from the comprehensive paper on the "Pundit Club," read by the author before the Rochester Historical Society on Monday evening, January 15, 1923. This was Dr. Morey's first public appearance in two years. He is the oldest living member of this famous club.
sider for a moment what manner of men these were who had met together at the house of Mr. Morgan on this memorable July evening—not only their names, but the positions they held, and what were their antecedents and qualifications?*

Next after Mr. Morgan, the secretary, the most important member of this little company was probably the chairman, Dr. Martin B. Anderson. He had recently been elected president of the new University of Rochester. He was now a man thirty-nine years of age, of a tall, stalwart frame, with a vigorous and impressive personality. He had been called to Rochester from New York City, where he had been, since 1850, the editor of the New York Recorder, an influential religious journal to which he had contributed many editorials distinguished for their great force, wide erudition and sound practical sense. He had been graduated from Waterville College (now Colby University) in 1840—the same year, by the way, that Mr. Morgan had been graduated from Union College.

Dr. Anderson, after his graduation, had been honored by his Alma Mater with successive positions in the faculty of the same institution—for two years as tutor of Latin, Greek and English, and for seven years as professor of rhetoric and English Literature. In his younger days he had been obliged to struggle for his education, utilizing every possible opportunity for the improvement of his mind, the extension of his knowledge and the development of his capacity for public speaking. When he came to Rochester, he was in the maturity of his powers and willing to unite himself with any organization that had for its object the advancement of human culture.

It seems quite apparent that in the beginning the University of Rochester was frequently called upon to furnish new accessions to the Club membership. It is true that, at this time, the University had scarcely thrown off its swaddling clothes. The year 1850 marked the date of its birth. It might perhaps be regarded, in its origin, as a sort of second edition of the Madison University, located in the village of Hamilton, New York. It certainly obtained some members of its first faculty and a few students by importation from that older institution. Without attempting to relate the causes of this event, it seems sufficiently clear that, as Rome was founded by refugees from the famous city of Troy, Rochester was founded by those who had fled from the less famous village of Hamilton. But it did not need the picturesque line of Vergil to detail the migration of the Hamilton refugees. To the facetious pen of a distinguished American writer is ascribed a humorous account of this expedition. It is said that Ralph Waldo Emerson, in search of a striking example of American enterprise, lighted upon what he styled "that memorable journey by omnibus," which had taken from Hamilton a load of professors and students, with an accompanying library, and deposited its cargo within the walls of an old hotel in the City of Rochester, proceeding the same day with their accustomed curriculum.

Whatever fanciful details may be discovered in this story, it is yet perfectly true that the University of Rochester was first housed in the old United States Hotel, located in what was then "Buffalo Street" near the Erie Canal; and remained in that unpretentious domicile for ten years, or until it found a new home on the outskirts of the city. It was no doubt well for the Club that it formed this early affiliation with the University, for it could then be assured of a ready accession to its numbers as well as, perhaps, a certain modicum of sound scholarship.

With regard to its permanent organization it must be confessed that the Club has never adopted a written constitution, nor even a regular set of by-laws. Its fundamental law has evidently grown up, like the British Constitution, from precedents and occasional enactments.* * *

It may not be uninteresting at this point if I say a word with reference to the name by which this organization has become generally known. Since there was at the time of its birth no other society in the city of like character and purpose, it was thought unnecessary to adopt any particular title other than that by which it was designated by its own members, who were accustomed to refer to it simply as "The Club." There was no presumption involved in this simple title; and, so far as I know, only once has it been suggested by its members that any other name was necessary. It was not long, however, according to an accepted tradition, before certain ladies of Rochester, chiefly the wives of the members, assuming that this was a body
of learned gentlemen and comparing them with the famous wise men of the East, were wont to refer to them facetiously as the “pundits.” It would, of course, have seemed ungallant to attribute to these kindly disposed persons any sinister motive, and so this gratuitous appellation was construed as a sort of compliment and passed by unheeded and without protest. This is the only rational explanation, so far as I know, that has been suggested as to how this club has come to be known as the “Pundit Club.”

The Club itself, while not objecting to this complimentary title, has never adopted it as an official designation. It may be worth while, however, to notice this fact, that it is customary to attach to its original title, as indicating its general character and purpose, the words of the Latin apothem, Si quid veri inveneris, profer, which may be freely translated “If you discover any truth, let it be known.”

According to the Club records, published in 1911, there had been presented at its successive meetings no less than 700 papers. These papers might, perhaps, furnish a kind of basis for judging the intellectual character of the men who produced them. It may be a question whether there is any safer standard by which to estimate a man, as a literateur or a scientist, than that furnished by his written productions.

By consulting the Club minutes it appears that the most prolific contributor to its papers was President Martin B. Anderson. During the thirty-three years of his active membership he presented to his colleagues the remarkable number of thirty-seven different papers. Among these were articles upon such subjects as the Origin and Dispersion of the Celtic Race, Trial by Jury, Seridom, Arabic Metaphysics, Anglo-Saxon Institutions, The Catacombs, the English University System. No one could listen to these discussions without being convinced of the breadth of his erudition and the versatility of his mental resources. He seemed to take all knowledge for his province. Literature, art, philosophy, natural science, history, politics, ethnology, jurisprudence,—all seemed to him familiar fields. And many of these subjects he had pursued with zeal and with evident thoroughness.

Books were his constant companions; but he was not tied down to books. He was also an ardent student of human life. One of his chief delights was to keep abreast of the world. His eyes were open to contemporary events. The policies of statesmen, the schemes of politicians, the condition of the market, the prospects of trade—were the subjects of his careful attention. If one should attempt to characterize in a single word this broad knowledge, which extended over such a range of subjects, I think he would be inclined to call it “encyclopaedic,” rather than organic and closely systematized. His mind was synthetic, rather than analytic, but one of the results of his wide attainments was his liberal spirit. Although his convictions were definite, they were not narrow; although positive, they were not bigoted. In the wide world of human thought he recognized the right of every man to his own opinion. Each must stand on his own ground, but all must bear with one another. Every system has its elements of truth. Even a creed outworn should be respected for the good it has done. Such were some of the views which showed the liberality of his mind.

In speaking of Dr. Anderson I should like to say that, notwithstanding his great erudition, I have rarely known a man who seemed so profoundly impressed with the necessary limitations of human knowledge. He frequently referred to what he called “the insoluble problems” of the universe of mind and matter; and he had little patience with the one who professed to be able to solve all the mysteries of existence, or presumed, as he expressed it, to “look over the shoulders of the Almighty.” Such a man could hardly exercise other than elevating and healthful influence over the body of which he was a member.

It will be remembered that among the nine original members of the Club there were two college professors. The elder of these was Dr. Chester Dewey, a man of seventy years, who was greatly honored not only on account of his venerable age, but for his rare scientific attainments. Every one who knew Dr. Dewey was impressed with the fact that he was not merely an able scientific student, but a devout Christian gentleman. He was moved by deep religious convictions. He believed that scientific knowledge was ancillary to the improvement of mankind. In his study of the lower forms of life he never lost sight of the moral dignity of man. Nor did he permit his scientific investigations to inter-
ere with his theistic conception of the world. He saw the evidences of a Divine Power, both in the operations of nature and in the unfolding life of humanity. In the words of Dr. Anderson, who wrote an appreciative review of his character: "His intellectual life was a beautiful commentary on the remark of Gibbon that 'it is a greater glory to science to develop and perfect mankind than it is to enlarge the boundaries of the known universe.'" Like many of his contemporaries Dr. Dewey was inclined to be a conservative in his method of thinking. Of the sixteen papers that he contributed to the Club may be cited two or three that may suggest the tendency of his scientific thought, for example: The Permanence of Species in the Animal Kingdom, Agassiz' Theory of the Varieties of Man, and The Position of Man in the Present Zoological Classification. Although enfeebled by age, he retained his membership in the Club until his death in 1867, which occurred in his eighty-fourth year.

The other college man besides Dr. Dewey, who was also one of the original members of the Club, was that most genial of gentlemen, Dr. Asahel C. Kendrick, professor of the Greek language and literature. He was distinguished for his unusually kind and gentle nature. Few persons have ever been blessed with such a native capacity for being agreeable. His presence was like a benediction. His words carried with them a constant flow of good humor, and he himself was a real embodiment of wit and wisdom. With all his amiability he was, however, by way of eminence, a cultivated scholar in the best sense of that word. He was not only an expert in the interpretation of the Greek classics, but he was evidently quite familiar with the best literature of the world.

His ability as a scholar was fully recognized by his appointment as a member of the American Committee which was organized to make the New Revision of the Bible. He was also a master of the English language, as may be seen in his many published writings. In his Club articles he mingled his own delightful humor with the exposition of whatever recondite subject with which he might happen to deal. For the edification of his colleagues he expounded to them The Astronomical System of Pythagoras, The Oriental Nature of Greek Civilization, The Christian Element in the Writings of Plato and many other similar subjects. In all, he contributed thirty-one articles during his membership. Dr. Kendrick died in 1895, at the advanced age of eighty-six years, after having been an active member of the Club for twenty-six years. Taken all in all, we shall probably not look upon his like again.

The other members of the University faculty, who were elected to the Club and have since passed away, I can only mention in brief. There was Professor Albert H. Mixer, of the department of modern languages, a man of modest mien, who made frequent and instructive contributions to the Club papers. He was an active member for forty-six years. There was also Professor Henry A. Ward, the great American traveler and naturalist, who, on his occasional returns to Rochester from his various pilgrimages to foreign lands in search of fossil remains and meteoric stones, was wont to regale the Club with delectable repasts of anecdote and interesting information. There was, finally, Dr. Samuel A. Lattimore, a gentleman of unbounded courtesy and elegant manners, whose articles on sundry scientific subjects—among which was one on The Water Supply for Rochester and another on The Geology of Rochester and Vicinity—were always valuable and highly appreciated.

Council Changes Name

At the February meeting of the University Council it was voted to change the name of that body to the Board of Control of Student Activities. This change was deemed necessary in view of the fact that the growing University is now developing several different faculties, the central organization of which will probably be known as the University Council, in common with custom elsewhere. The new title is also thought to indicate the exact functions of the student-governing body more clearly than did the former.

A number of Rochester friends of the late George L. Herdle, former director of the Memorial Art Gallery at the University, have purchased his beautiful painting, "Autumn," and presented it to the Gallery as a valued addition to its permanent collection. This is the last canvas painted by Mr. Herdle and is said to represent, in many respects, the culmination of his career as an artist.
An Adventure in Libraries

By Donald B. Gilchrist, Librarian

A professor writing an article for some research journal is like a fish out of water when he tries to work in Sibley Hall. Vic Chambers, for example, gets all het up periodically about "Vitamins in their Relations to Spectral Changes in the Lining of Alcoholic Stomachs" or some such problem. The first the Library is likely to hear about it is five to seven days before the meeting of the Hemlock Lake Scientific Society before which the paper must be read, and after which it is to be published in the "American Journal of Alcoholic Hygiene." Chambers has had the meeting, not the paper, on his mind for months, but between appearing before the county court, keeping four hundred freshmen who preferred chemistry to biology as the less of two evils out of mischief, and overcoming the usual handicaps of a commuter, he simply hasn't had time to get down to tin tacks.

But upon the seventh day before exams, in he comes with six yards of references culled from "Chemical Abstracts," "Liebig's Annalen," "Catalog of the Surgeon General's Library," the "Index Medicus" and a few other aids to researches, with RUSH written in five inch letters across the top, and four out of every three items marked with two stars to indicate that they are essential for a careful study of "Vitamins in their Relations to Spectral Changes in the Lining of Alcoholic Stomachs." Of course only one member of the staff is available to help Vic get it all together.

Checking the list of books against our catalog, we find three out of nineteen recorded as being in the library, and to keep him quiet for a bit we go after them before tackling the references to journals or breaking the news about the sixteen we will have to borrow from out of town. The first is "At the Bindery," the second is out on loan to a student, but the third, thank Heaven, is where it ought to be. With this for a sop we break the news, promise to get back the two we own as soon as possible, and to borrow the balance from Albany or the Library of Congress.

The journals work out in approximately the same proportion. Only five out of 26 journals referred to are on our subscription list, and out of the 22 articles wanted in our five, eleven are in volumes published before the library subscription began, three are at the bindery, two are in numbers lost or stolen and not replaced because out of print, and the other eight we are able to produce in the course of a few days with the aid of the telephone, messengers, and a master key to offices whose owners are out of town delivering similar addresses on similarly scientific topics, or doing field work in the Kentucky Mountains.

Reduced to simple terms Chambers is in the position of the man who tries to repair an electric starter in a blacksmith shop. If he wants to write a real paper and cover the literature on his special field of investigation, he must take a train to New York, Washington, Boston, or Chicago where he can find libraries equipped for research. Otherwise the Hemlock Lake Scientific Society and the "American Journal of Alcoholic Hygiene" get a hay wire job. The Professor is something of a philosopher as well as very much of a chemist, otherwise he would have a lot of unpleasant things to say about the library. As it is, he doesn't write very many papers.

No one on the University Arts Faculty writes many scientific papers, and the University library has never pretended to be equipped with literature adequate for scientific research, unless it be in the field of Geology, in which Professor Fairchild personally built up and presented to the University the very fine collection which now bears his name.

But a new venture in the field of book collecting is under way. The School of Medicine and Dentistry is gathering a great staff of research workers, who will not only teach, but who will produce in the hospitals, laboratories and library of the school, something in the way of contributions to medical science and medical literature. Those who plan are not to be satisfied with hay wire products. New York, Boston and Washington are a night's run away, and they must have on the ground a collection of books and periodicals comprehensive enough for independent work and free of dependence on other libraries.

Medicine, during the past few years, has penetrated deeper and deeper into the allied
Our buying to date has been confined to foreign sets not likely to come to us as donations, and we hope that further gifts from alumni and other libraries will lighten the tremendously heavy financial burden which the collection as planned will entail.

Up to the present time we have gratefully taken what was given us and wondered after each donation where we should put the next box. The basement of Sibley Hall has been crammed with cases in every nook and corner, a vacant room in Carnegie Hall has housed a large number of cases, but up to date we have simply unpacked each case, listed the contents, wrapped the children in their swaddling newspapers and put them out of temptation's way back in their boxes.

But now we are unpacking and organizing the sets in a temporary library, where at least they will get air and sunshine until the permanent medical library is constructed. On the second floor of the new medical laboratory we have set up shelving for about 15,000 volumes, and gifts will now be received not only with gratitude, but with the heartiest welcome. Every volume given means one more which can be bought, and every set of a journal means one more towards completeness.

In the new medical library we are planning to provide immediately shelving for 90,000 volumes and 100,000 reprints, and provision has been made to allow for future expansion by additional construction for as many more.

The plan is a simple one, the main features of which are a reading room for 60 readers, carrying around its walls the current journals and books of general reference, a first floor stack with a capacity for 15,000 volumes to be stocked with the publications, journals and books of the last ten or twenty years, and the main two-tier stack below, carrying the back files of journals, and historical material. Fifteen cubicles, or if you prefer, caralls, or carals, or carels, or just plain stalls, are provided on the first main stack floor for senior staff members, research workers and visiting physicians, where they may work in peace and quiet, taking from the shelves whatever they wish.

Reserves will be kept at the main desk, which controls both the reading room and the stack. The Library is centrally located in the building and no departmental libraries will be organized. Reference works
in laboratories or offices, like test tubes and instruments, will come out of the supply funds of the department which buys them.

As there is no medical library in Rochester equipped even for the simplest kind of study, and as the University has always had a keen sense of its responsibility to the community, the library will be freely open to physicians, lawyers and students in Rochester and to those outside the city, qualified to make good use of its collections, especially to alumni in the profession of medicine. We expect to organize a competent and efficient staff thoroughly trained in its work, and the service of this staff also will be a public one.

If we have failed to put across the fact that we are expecting a lot of this medical library, the trouble is with our ability to use the English language, not with our capacity for dreaming. We have all faith that this dream of a comprehensive and adequate medical library for the new school will come true, and that alumni in the profession will continue to help us realize it by giving or willing us their medical libraries.

Memorable Experience at University of Padua

By Clarence King Moore, Ph. D.
Professor of Romance Languages.

While I was engaged in gathering impressions of Catalan-Spanish life in Barcelona during the month of March of last year, I received from President Rhee's a letter with enclosed announcement of the prospective celebration, from May 14th to 17th, of the seven-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Padua, and with a request to represent the University of Rochester at this celebration. Such an opportunity seemed at that time well worth embracing, and now in retrospect the few days spent as delegate to those commemorative festivities appear as an experience unique in a lifetime.

The element of relativity enters appreciably into our estimate of the age of an institution of learning. We in America think our colleges highly favored with traditions if their history reaches back one, two, or, as in the case of Harvard, nearly three hundred years. In Europe, however, there are at least a half-dozen universities—Paris, Bologna, Montpellier Toulouse, Padua and Salamanca—whose origin touches nearly the epoch of the crusades.

There is no question that, in point of age, Bologna stands pre-eminent among Italian universities. From this mother institution there occurred in 1222, owing to local quarrels among ecclesiastical authorities, a secession of teachers and students to what promised to be a more serene atmosphere and one better adapted to the prosecution of intellectual activity.

Since this simple and modest beginning, seven hundred years ago, of the then so-called "Studio" of Padua, the passing centuries have added ever increasing glory and have brought its attendance, both men and women included, to four thousand at the present time. A perusal of the history of the institution will reveal its great worth as a center of learning. Let it suffice, in passing, to say that among the many distinguished professors who have taught there, the great Galileo Galilei occupied a chair of science during eighteen years; and besides, in the long list of students who have received more or less intellectual benefit from those class-rooms, there figures prominently the names of the great reformer, Girolamo Savonarola; of the poets, Tasso and Ariosto, and, with a question mark, the name of Dante himself.
And so, in order that the seventh centenary of this grand old institution might receive proper recognition, invitations were duly sent far and wide. The response was hearty, for more than four hundred delegates appeared before the festivities were completed. America had some twenty representatives, distributed among the State universities of California, Illinois, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin and the following institutions—to give only a partial list: Columbia, Cornell, Georgetown, Harvard, Hunter college, Johns Hopkins, Mount Holyoke, Wellesley, as well as our own University of Rochester.

We delegates had been informed that a section of the committee of arrangements would be on hand at the Padua railway station to furnish us with necessary information. Consequently upon arrival each one was provided with a large envelope containing a badge to be worn during the festivities; then a card of admission to various exercises, as well as special cards of invitation: one to visit a gallery of paintings; another to examine in the Chiesa degli Eremitani the frescoes of Mantegna which portray the legend of St. James; a third to study the famous Giotto frescoes of the life of Christ; these fairly cover the walls of the Cappella dell’Arena; still another from the Marchesa Selvatico Estuese to join other English speaking delegates in light afternoon refreshments in her palace during their sojourn in Padua and finally there was included in the large envelope a history of the University of Padua in attractive book form.

After the initial registration at the railroad station, the delegate was escorted by students to a waiting automobile which was to convey him and his baggage to the particular hotel assigned to him during his brief stay. On the way from the station it was evident that Padua was “en fete.” Bright lights appeared everywhere. The streets resounded with college songs and general hilarity. Everybody seemed in the best of humor. The cafes and squares were crowded with young people, especially students, who were wearing their college hats of different colors, according to their departments of study in the university. This head dress was of soft felt, the brim so arranged as to project well forward as a visor and turned up on each side with the Latin “Universitas Patavina” embroidered on the outer left brim, and a bit of gold fringe added for those who were expecting to graduate this spring.

With regard to hotel accommodations, I was very fortunate, for the particular “albergo” to which I had been assigned, the “Paradiso,” by the way, is in the very center of the city; the windows of the room I occupied fronting one of the busiest public squares, Piazza Garibaldi. A monument in bronze bearing a likeness of the famous Italian patriot in heroic pose occupied the center of the “piazza.”

The university building itself is constructed according to the usual European tradition: a massive stone edifice surrounding a paved court-yard, with gallery or corridor above and below, off which gallery open the various class-rooms and laboratories. Some of the loggias of the upper gallery possesses remarkable beauty, the work of Sansovino of the Renaissance. It may be mentioned in this connection that the earlier university building on the same site had been popularly known as “Il Bo,” as it had joined a tavern with the sign of an ox. New buildings for university classes and laboratory work are now in process of construction in different parts of the city.

Sunday evening, a splendid reception was given the delegates in the Pedrochi casino, the most exclusive club of Padua, whose doors have not been closed for two hundred years, so it is said. There were orchestral selections, dancing and refreshments. The handsome gowns of the women were interspersed with showy military uniforms and elaborate decorations, both civil and military. It was pleasant to chat with the astronomer royal of England, the head of the department of astronomy at the University of Leyden, Holland, and also with Dr. Aitken from our American Lick observatory at Mt. Hamilton, California. All these scientists had just been attending an international gathering of astronomers in Rome.

A pleasant conclusion to the evening’s entertainment was the lusty cheer given the delegates, as they left the hall, by a large body of students outside. The majority of them remained at a certain distance from the casino exit, but a few of the student leaders gathered about each delegate, asking him certain particulars about his college, and then came the hearty acclamation; and I assure you, our college had its good share of “civivias.” Many of the students became
positively hoarse as a result of their strenuous vocal efforts.

Lack of space prevents me from describing in detail the various other gatherings, social and academic, which were included in the four days celebration. Among these events were a gala evening at the Teatro Verdi to attend a performance of Boito’s “Mefistofele,” a luncheon at the palace grounds of Stra, some fifteen or twenty miles from Padua, and a final day in Venice. More than passing mention, however, should be accorded the impressive academic exercises held in the “Sala della Regione” on Monday afternoon.

On Monday morning the King was expected between 9 and 10, and soldiers began to form before 8 o’clock along the line of passage to be followed by His Majesty from the railroad station. Thronged gathered in the streets, on the monuments of public squares, on balconies, and even on house tops to greet him. Flowers were strewed along his way, and many fell into his automobile as he proceeded with his retinue of royal carabinieri to the prefecture and thence to the town hall. Victor Emmanuel had become a familiar and much beloved figure in this section of Italy during the latter period of the war, for his headquarters were established near Padua from which he made daily trips to the battle front. It was said that such was the regularity with which he set forth and returned that watches might be regulated by his appearances at a given spot along his route.

The great academic event of Monday, however, was the solemn assembly of the university authorities, delegates, most of them in academic robes, and thousands of ungowned students and spectators. The procession formed in the courtyard of the university building, and proceeded only a few hundred yards to the quaint old Piazza delle Erbe (Grass square) and up an exterior staircase to the “Sala della Ragione,” a fifteenth century structure, forming one side of the piazza, and quite ready to receive within its frescoed walls a genuinely motley throng of perhaps seven thousand. By actual measurement this hall is 274 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 78 feet high—vast, indeed!

The central figure on the platform was the King, whose stately bearing added much dignity to the occasion. On his right sat a papal nuncio in cardinal’s robe. This was only the second time, it was said, since the rupture between church and state, that the king of Italy and papal nuncio had sat together at such an assembly. The other instance occurred during the convention of astronomers at Rome only a week or two before.

The rector opened the exercises with an address of salutation in Latin, delivered in ringing tones and with much oratorical effect. Then followed two numbers in Italian: a brief address of welcome by the mayor of Padua and a formal and lengthy commemorative oration by Professor Tagliassia of the college staff of teachers. At the conclusion of this latter deliverance there rose from far back in the hall the hymn written especially for this occasion entitled “Homage of the Students to their Alma Mater,” and sung enthusiastically by a large corps of students with orchestral accompaniment.

Next in order were delivered a number of two-minute addresses by heads of delegations who had been chosen the day before. These addresses were all congratulatory in tone, and, with one exception, had been prepared in the language of the country represented by the speaker. The one exception was Professor Kenneth McKenzie of the University of Illinois, who had written his remarks in simple Italian.

At the conclusion of this series of ten or twelve brief expressions of appreciation, there were submitted in scroll form many formal testimonials of homage and esteem sent from the universities themselves. These testimonials were heaped on a table before the rector and were later to be removed to the archives of the university.

An event of much interest at this juncture of the exercises was the exchange of kisses on both cheeks by the rector of the University of Padua and the rector emeritus of the University of Bologna. The latter had been chosen to bring greetings on this occasion from the mother institution. An imposing specimen of humanity he was, indeed, in his majestic bearing at 82 years of age; and, when his turn came to address the assembly, his stentorian voice and youthful spirit won rounds of hearty applause.

And now, in concluding these recollections of the few days in Padua, I must refrain from giving public expression to the gratitude I feel for the privilege of attending that remarkable gathering and for the courtesy, cordiality and generosity of the committees in charge of the occasion.
Amid California's Ancient Trees

By Garret B. Hunt, '90.

No chevrons, shoulder straps or medals mark my earthly career thus far, and I cannot conceive that there is anything in my life itinerary which would prove edifying to the alumni of Rochester. Whatever there is, it is a brief tale of a buck private who has learned the discipline of duty in a grand corner of our land, where we have closer contact, perhaps, with elemental nature than in the sections where man has "collared" nearly everything. But I must not dilate too much on the charms of this Pacific Coast region, lest I hold out a prospect certain to depopulate our eastern seaboard—and that without the least disposition to hyperbole.

It was my good fortune last summer to put in four weeks with my classmate, W. A. Remington, now resident at Modesto, California, during which we visited points of interest much read about and much photographed. Perhaps our experiences and impressions upon visiting the Mariposa and Calaveras groves of sequoias, or gigantic Californian trees, may prove of some interest.

The first of the great sequoias to greet the visitor to Mariposa grove is the one called "Grizzly Giant." And one's admiration of the venerable tree is at once interrupted by a realization of the utterly banal among Americans. A high wire fence has been erected at a distance from the foot of its bole to fend off vandals of a modern day. Forward humanity, whether souvenir-loving adult or impulsive child, seem insensible of veneration in the presence of this giant of other times. Picture this great, free thing of the ages being forced to wear a spat of such character in our present day and age!

The most famous cluster is that in which stand the trio bearing the little wooden, painted placards showing the names of three famous Union generals. I cannot adequately describe the sensation produced in me by looking upon—and up to—these delegates from a long-past epoch of life upon our sphere. They embellish our time, but they have come from back yonder in the mist of the ages—other ages, not ours. If they must be named for individuals of our kind, they suggest Enoch and Moses and Elijah—men themselves translated from their own time.

And their intimation is of the men of Kronos, rather than of Mars. They look back upon Luxor and Thebes, upon Tadmor and Palmyra—upon the other side of the Caesars and of John the Baptist, even. They knew other civilizations upon our Western Continent—Astec, Toltec, Mayan, Mound-builder—flourishing long before the advent of our American development of the Indo-European impulse. Get back, back into the deeps of time for a nomenclature consonant with these archaic wonders of a wide old world.

Calaveras, privately owned and situated "upon the Stanislaus" just off the road over which Bret Harte once drove his stage coach between Stockton and Sonora, reminds one that "the groves were God's first temples." Autos are not permitted to enter it. The foot trails are narrow. The ground is not cleared of fallen limbs and undergrowth. The trees—sequoias, sugar pines, firs—are set more closely together. There is within it the hushed stillness and twilight gleam of a forest really primeval.
There are two groves at Calaveras. The north grove contains ten trees, each thirty feet in diameter, and 110 trees of a diameter greater than twenty feet. The south grove contains 1,380 trees of more than twenty feet diameter.

To my mind, a visit to Calaveras is a better adventure than one to Mariposa—and I may be charged with heresy for uttering that sentiment—not that its trees are larger or more imposing, but because of its atmosphere distinctive of aloofness and sequestration. In this great growing forest, radiant in evergreen foliage, there is an effect even of the charnel, strangely out of harmony yet insistently intruding upon the senses of the visitor. I refer to the dead bodies of kings of ancient tree land lying prone upon the ground, their bark having long since decayed—uninterred corpses.

One of these must have been recumbent many, many, many years. The green mosses of decay have attacked its fibers. Its bark must have been absent for long, long calendars of years. The huge trunk had been hollowed out by fire. It now constitutes only a charred relic, a shell with no semblance to its living comrades of the centuries still towering above and around it. Everything about it reminds the bystander that "this, too, must pass away."

Silently, as though we were entering a catacomb, Remington and myself entered the vast, blackened interior of the tube bored out by the flames so far back in the limbo of the past that men dare not estimate the interval. For fully 150 feet we traversed that tube without lowering our heads. We emerged at a point where the entire bole had been broken off in its debacle, leaving a space of three feet between the severed parts. The charred interior extended much further, but it afforded no means of egress. The exterior showed no signs of the fire which raged the interior. The bowels must have burned with slow upward progress while the tree yet stood.

I should state that every sequoia I observed during my visit to the famous groves still bears marks of the blackening flame upon its bark and usually about its foot. In the great trees, through the trunks of which autos may drive, the openings were originally made by fire, and man has but widened the passage-ways with his axe. The relic with the burned-out bowels lies among living trees which show no scar of fire, trees of ten foot diameters, betokening not less than 500 years of age. Lumbermen tell us that, save the sequoias, not a Douglas fir or huge pine of the vast forests of the Pacific Coast has been found older than 500 years. What of this western mountain land of America when Columbus first saw San Salvador? Did it bear wealth of sequoia which mantled the land far and near, only to succumb to the devastating flame except in isolated areas in California?

What of charred sequoia fiber found between outpourings of lava in Washington and in Alberta? Are the existing forests of fir and pine only nature's own reforestations since an awful holocaust centuries ago?

Since the felling of a giant in 1853—butchered to make a dance hall of its stump and a bowling alley of its trunk—only two of the sequoias have been brought low. One toppled in the early '60's, and in April of 1921 a twisting storm of the mountains laid "Lafayette" upon the ground. The latter is still green. It is not stark. It lies among its fellows, still proud. Noticing how a shaft of sunlight, struggling through the branches of the dense standing forest, was kissing the trunk of the fallen tree, I asked Remington to scramble about and see if he could not in some way ascend to the topside of the fallen tree. He had to walk 200 feet before he could find a limb upon which to pull himself up for the promenade. As he sat down upon the huge trunk in the narrow slit in the darkness, I snapped my Rochester-made camera, and thought of the lines, "Stories windows richly light, casting a dim religious light." But I don't know how in heck those lines came to me while I was looking at Remington, '90.

There is a certain amount of lazy luxury in taking down a book from a library shelf and reading of such things. But one misses the direct contact with nature herself. Friend, there are things to be seen in vale and forest and glen that are not noted in guidebook tongue, not to be observed with eye or lens of camera, not heard with auditory sense. Those visitors who seek only with physical accouterment miss a vaster, deeper perspective, of greater significances. In blatant auto they joggernaut over the lilies of elfland. In cavalcade of saddle horse they pound on steelshod hoof by many a rhodora. For the thrub of motor or hoot of horn, creak of stirrup or stroke of steel lure not the shy residentaries from their coverts.
All About a Dollar

Back in the days when we were in college, a dollar was a thing of power—something to be revered, to be diligently pursued and, in the cases of those of "hard-boiled" tendencies, to be stubbornly retained. And why not? A dollar in those days would do a lot of things. In more than one restaurant downtown it would buy four or five complete dinners, from soup to toothpicks. It would take you up into "nigger heaven" for four good Lyceum shows. During the annual "sales" it would buy a very decent shirt, or two or three perfectly respectable neckties; and it would carry you fifty miles on any railroad.

No wonder we were fond of it. We lovingly applied pet names to it. It was a "cart wheel," a "kopec," a "bone," a "plunk," a "good old iron man."

But times have changed, and with them our relations to this basic item of legal tender. The same old dollar in silver content, it is quite a different thing in the important matter of performance. In the vernacular of achievement it has lost its punch. It has become little more than a piece of small change.

In our limited sphere, however, we are trying to restore the rating of our old friend. That is why we have put the subscription price of the Rochester Review at just one, even dollar. It is about the only case we know of where that much-depreciated coin still buys as much value in paper, ink, fine printing and, we hope, real interest as it ever would. Quite a number of alumni have already shown tangible appreciation of the dollar value offered by voluntarily entering their names on our roll of paid subscribers—and we, in turn, thoroughly appreciate their appreciation.

One nice thing about a dollar nowadays—it is so easy to get rid of and is very little missed. (We are referring, of course, to a single, isolated specimen.) You can write a check for just one dollar, and your bank balance scarcely suffers. You can even slip an old dollar bill in a letter without undue risk from rifled mail. Several have tried this method with very good results.

But we must bring this dissertation to a point. Here it is. If you approve of the Rochester Review, even to the limited degree measured by the modern dollar, please send along one of those insignificant, little things, or its equivalent, the next time you think of it—and may that "next time" prove right now. Thank you.

A Democratic Commencement

After the earnest kind of a winter we have just experienced spring is likely to come a-galloping, if we are any meteorologist. The budding season may be on us, when this magazine reaches you, and then again it may not. But whatever Nature is doing, it certainly will be none too early for the budding of Commencement plans among our readers, for the success of Commencement in its broadest aspect must depend upon the interest of the alumni and its visible demonstration.

Any early symptoms of such interest, therefore, are very welcome. Here is one. An older alumnus, whose modesty craves anonymity, would like to see a different kind of an alumni dinner. The long speakers' table, set apart on its raised platform and lined with an imposing row of speakers, honored alumni and other dignitaries, evidently bespeaks class distinction to his democratic soul.

This is his remedy. He would have all the diners—dignitaries and ordinary mortals alike—seated at small tables on the same floor level, the honored alumni sitting with their respective classes. The gathering would then organize itself in soviet fashion, electing its own chairman or toastmaster as the spirit moved. As each speaker is called upon, he would meekly arise and proceed to disturb the atmosphere from whatever spot he chanced to be located.

We suggested the difficulty of a speaker contending with the well-known acoustic
properties of our crowded gymnasium, if obliged to speak from the floor, whereat he conceded that we might have a small platform on wheels or rollers which could be moved to each speaker's table in turn and the orator mounted thereon.

We rather like this last idea. We have heard more than one after-dinner speaker whom we would have liked to have on a rolling platform, with a strong rope attached to the platform and ourself attached to the other end of the rope. With such a system any undue period of suffering could be swiftly terminated.

What do you think of the whole suggestion, or possible variations of it? If you don't think anything of it, what do you think about Commencement anyway? Let's begin talking it up and writing it up. You have a medium of expression this year, for there is still another issue of the Review to be published before June. We want more suggestions.

Class Reunions

A decided feature of last Commencement's success was furnished by the class reunions. We feel doubly sure of this because our own class reunited. Such occasions might soon become "old stuff" to the participants, if the same classes were called upon each year, but with a different group of classes being rallied every June for five years in succession there is an annual variety, rivalry and freshness of anticipation that helps a lot.

By the exercise of some very rudimentary mathematics we have discovered that the following classes are scheduled to show up this June: 1918, 1913, 1908, 1903, 1898, 1893, 1888, 1883, 1878, 1873, 1868, 1863, 1858 and 1853. This is a most promising array. It contains wonderful possibilities for another rousing Commencement, but there is urgent need for some permanent officer or leader in each class to organize a livewire committee, and for that committee to get busy at once and keep busy. Human nature has a way of becoming more or less dormant in the course of five years, and it is necessary to administer a virile tonic early and often. We have already written to a number of individual stimulators in the different classes and shall be glad to cooperate in any further way possible to the much-desired end.

An Encyclopedic Task

The compilation of an encyclopedia or an unabridged dictionary has always seemed to us a pretty stiff piece of work, but we have had wished on us a job beside which either of those tasks now appears as the A-B-C of editorial effort. We refer to the preparation and publication of a new general alumni catalog, containing the up-to-date addresses and records of all Rochester graduates and non-graduates. The lexicographer is dependent largely upon his own individual endeavor. He can go himself, or send someone, to the sources of information for his data. We, on the other hand, can only make our appeals to some 2,500 alumni and then patiently, or impatiently, await the informative responses of these 2,500 individuals, without which we are helpless.

We have on file 1,623 questionnaires which were filled out and returned in the spring of 1921. To those men we have sent a letter requesting such additional information as is necessary to bring their records up-to-date for 1923 publication. We purposely did not make a general return of those questionnaires, as it would only make our task the more difficult to get them all safely back again. We felt that we could safely assume the information sent us then to be correct and complete up to that date. All we expect in those cases is data on any changes of address or occupation which may have taken place since March, 1921; what happened before 1921 is already recorded and can be forgotten in your replies.

Approximately 1,000 alumni did not make any return in 1921, and to them we have sent additional questionnaires, with the urgent request that they fill them out and return them at once. This book, when published, will be sent to each of you free of charge and should prove of incalculable interest to every alumnus. How soon you get it, or whether you get it at all, depends almost wholly upon your individual response to the appeals for data. There has always been a demand for such a publication. You can have it, if you desire it, and we have pointed out the definite way to register that desire. It is entirely a cooperative undertaking.

H. A. S.
Fraternity Housing
Problems on New Site

The disposition of the fraternities on the new University site at Oak Hill is already receiving serious attention and must receive more serious consideration very soon. The administration has in mind three different housing possibilities but is anxious to cooperate with the fraternities themselves in selecting the most desirable plan. Some time ago an inter-fraternity, alumni committee met to consider the proposition, and such a committee will shortly be reorganized. President Rhees has been interviewed by the Campus and the local newspapers and has the following to say on the subject:

"The question of the location of fraternity houses on the new campus at Oak Hill is one which must be decided by the groups themselves. In taking an option on properties at or near Oak Hill the trustees of the University had in mind the necessity of controlling sufficient space for sites for the fraternity houses and the professors' houses, so as to safeguard the interest of those connected with the University from appreciation of land values which would undoubtedly result if the college for men is established there.

"There are several courses which may be open to the fraternities: One method is that adopted in some institutions whereby the houses are built in connection with and as a part of the system of dormitories maintained by the college. Such a system of dormitories will ultimately be acquired by the University of Rochester if the college goes to Oak Hill.

"Another solution is the selection of available sites near Oak Hill on which the fraternities could erect their houses much according to the same system as that in vogue at present.

"The remaining method is that adopted many years ago at Cornell by which the fraternities were granted lease holds on land belonging to the university subject to a provision that if the time should come when the university needed the land for any particular purpose, it could take possession of it upon compensating the fraternities at a figure to be equitably determined, which would cover the investment they had made in their houses.

"If the third policy is adopted, it is too early to say whether such sites for fra-
tternities could be provided on the Oak Hill tract itself. I think that for many reasons the third possibility is open to more objections than either of the others.

"As I stated at the outset, the decision of this question must rest in the first instance with the representatives of the fraternities. I understand that officers of the Associated Alumni have asked the various fraternities to study the question and express their preference. The University will certainly do all in its power to co-operate."

Of these possible plans the most decided innovation is that which would give to each fraternity a distinct section of one of the new dormitories. We understand that this has met with considerable favor at Northwestern University and at one or two other institutions, where it has been tried. The chief arguments in its favor are the closer amalgamation of the fraternity groups in the student life and the fact that it does away at once with the costly competition between the fraternities in the building of elaborate houses. The arguments for separate houses, involving greater privacy, a more home-like atmosphere and the opportunity for each group to express its individuality, are too well known to require elaboration. We would welcome any expression from the alumni on this important subject, which should be decided at an early date.

* * *

**Tale of a Wandering Ford**

This story is too good to keep. The hero, or "goat," is an alumnus of Rochester; hence it is not out of place in these columns.

Carleton Fellows Bown, '09, yeclipt "Bungus" by the disrespectful, is a very successful lawyer for his years. Yet there was a time, in the formative period of his career, when he drove what H. Ford chooses to call an automobile of the closed variety.

Now Carl, like most successful men, is logical and methodical. With rare perspicacity he was quick to discover that when his particular Ford was parked alongside the curb, there were countless other vehicles of identical characteristics parked in either direction from it, whatever curb he had chanced to select. As this rendered future identification difficult, he soon formed the habit of mentally charting the geographical location of his parking space in order that he might the more readily return to the particular car which fitted his particular starting key.

One morning Carl was fortunate enough to discover about ten feet of bare parking space immediately contiguous to the second lamp post on Fitzhugh Street. He adroitly slid Henry into it, in the manner in which Henry is wont to slide into infinitesimal openings, carefully and methodically noted the number of the lamp post and the name of the street and started for his office. Then recalling that he wanted some work done on the car, he retraced his steps, drove the bus to the nearest Ford garage and left it there for observation and treatment.

During the late afternoon Carl's good wife came into his office to ride home with him. Methodical as ever, he proceeded with his helpmeet to the second lamp post on Fitzhugh Street, as instinctively as a homing pigeon, but horrors! Also great consternation! Henry was not there, nor even one of his relatives! There was nothing for a good lawyer to do but to appeal to the law. He immediately telephoned Police Headquarters that his car had been stolen from the second lamp post on Fitzhugh Street and proceeded by slow degrees to take his wife home on the street car.

This story now ends very quickly. The lurching street car, faithfully following the contortions of the Park Avenue line, jarred something lose in Carl's brain. A dormant cog suddenly began to function, and the fog of asparagus lifted. Proceeding humbly to his destination he once more called up Police Headquarters and told them that the car had been located. What his wife told him we have yet to learn.—H. A. S.

* * *

**Annual Dinners**

Most good and proper dinners are ushered in by oysters. Alumni dinners are good and proper dinners. Therefore, our different regional dinners will be held before the end of April. This is a perfectly good syllogism when it is considered that April is the last spring month in which those friendly bivalves are really friendly.

The New York Alumni are being pointed for April 6; Buffalo has decided upon April 20; Boston, Washington, Chicago and Cleveland have yet to announce a decision but are talking it over with their chefs. In the light of budding developments at the University these dinners ought to mean more this year than ever before.
Basketball Performances

Since the last issue of the Review, the Varsity basketball team has played fourteen games. Viewed in the light of victories and defeats, the results scarcely have been gratifying, as only four of the number have been recorded on the winning side of the record sheet, but there have been many bright spots in an apparently drab situation, in that the team at times has played splendidly only at other times to relapse into rather mediocre work.

The College of the City of New York team, which was played next after Yale, proved to be all that its record would indicate, although the Rochester players gave the visitors a mighty uncomfortable twenty minutes in the first half. With a veteran team that had notched two victories over Princeton, champions of last year's Intercollegiate League, it was feared that Sabo's men would be veritably snowed under, but the Varsity gave their best exhibition of the year in the first half and lead, 25-to-19, when the half time was called. Rochester was unable to hold the pace, however, and C. C. N. Y. soon opened up a comfortable lead and left the floor with a victory to their credit.

The Colgate-Hamilton-Syracuse trip the following week resulted in three defeats, but in each instance the Varsity put up a splendid battle against adverse conditions. The Colgate and Syracuse scores were especially praiseworthy, as the homestorks were forced to travel at top speed and won out by narrow margins. In the Colgate game, scores from the floor were even, but the Maroon outscored us from the foul line. Bill Reid, the Colgate coach, pronounced it the best team we had sent down there since 1916.

University of Buffalo put up a spirited argument in the game at Genesee Hall the next Saturday night, but the result was never in doubt. Whenever the visitors would threaten to assume the lead the Varsity would spurt and again assume a commanding lead. The final count was 33 to 21.

Georgetown brought a big, rangy team with a big record for the next game, and for a time it looked as if the Washingtonians would have an easy time of it. It was necessary, however, for the visitors to stall most cleverly during the last few minutes to squeeze through with a 27-to-26 victory.

In the return game at Buffalo a week later Art Powell's proteges evened matters for the defeat here, after Rochester had outscored them, 19 to 15, in the first half. Close checking of the Rochester players up floor, so that it was impossible for them to sink the dazzling long shots of the first half, proved our undoing, and Buffalo won out.

The Hamilton and Hobart games have in succeeding weeks showed the team at its best. Neither visiting aggregation had the proverbial Chinaman's chance to win, and in each game it was only a question how large the score would be. After seeing the Hamilton game, we were ready to believe that inefficient officiating at Clinton had much to do with the outcome of the game there. Fifty-four points were
scored against Hobart—the largest score to be rolled up by a Varsity five in ten years.

The second three-day heglria followed, Williams, Albany Law and Rensselaer Poly being played on their respective courts. All three games were dropped by decisive scores and those who saw them say that it was quite unbelievable that players of the caliber of our men could put on such poor exhibitions. There is no doubt that the men played far below their normal form.

It was expected that the Varsity would show a return to form when back home, but the game with Syracuse here the following Thursday night was a keen disappointment. The Varsity’s slump continued, and the orange players literally played rings around our men, Rochester getting just two baskets from the field. The game was the slowest and most uninteresting of the season, the final count being 30 to 11.

Just to show that they still possessed considerable class, even if their recent efforts had belied it, the Varsity players two nights later tackled Hobart in the gym on the campus at Geneva and promptly proceeded to give the Orange and Purple courtiers an artistic and thorough lacing. Drawn undoubtly by the presence on the two teams of six men who had faced each other on the football field last Thanksgiving Day, the capacity crowd was treated to some real thrills in the early part of the game, when Krause, the giant center of the Hobart team, who is captain of next year’s football team, sunk a couple of long ones and shot enough fouls to give the homesters an 8-to-3 advantage. Sabo’s minions, however, came back with a rush and allowed Hobart just fourteen more points, while they proceeded to roll the score until it read 48 to 23.

It is difficult to figure out how a team can play such in and out basketball as has the Rochester team this season. There is no denying that the squad is the best in several years; yet their record is scarcely worthy of our old basketball traditions. In Captain “Chet” Kirchmaier, “Merc” Brugler and “Red” Callahan we have three brilliant shots with Bill Green, Eddie Taylor and Gordie Wallace as defensive players well above the average. Nor do we lack good substitutes, as we have “Fran” Green, a former East High captain; Holly Doyle, who has been a regular guard for two years but was hurt early in the season; Don Burrows, a fast, accurate shot from last year’s frosh team, and Jim Howell, who also saw much service last year.

Many alumni, especially those who have played on highly successful Rochester teams, say that the team is not adapted to Coach Johnny Sabo’s so-called western system. We do not pretend to be enough of an expert to venture a worth-while opinion on the subject. We do know, though, that such a system has been successful in Western Conference circles, and apparently the Rochester players are not making the most of it. Possibly the fact that they have played the five-man offense and defense in their preparatory school, as well as previous college years, makes it quite impossible for them to do justice to the changed system in so short a time.

One game remains to be played, at this writing, that with Colgate here.

MATTHEW D. LAWLESS, ’09.

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Frosh Achievements

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Triumphant Record</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Frosh 23</td>
<td>: Genese Wesleyan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frosh 30</td>
<td>: West High</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frosh 42</td>
<td>: Brockport Normal</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frosh 40</td>
<td>: Genese Wesleyan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frosh 30</td>
<td>: East High</td>
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<td>Frosh 37</td>
<td>: Hobart Frosh</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frosh 48</td>
<td>: Cascadilla</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frosh 250</td>
<td>Opponents 113</td>
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With whatever feelings we may contemplate our Varsity basketball record, there can be no division of opinion regarding the season of the freshman team, which has furnished a very distinct silver lining to any possible basketball cloud. Coach Campbell’s youngsters cleaned up all seven of their games without even being hard-pressed, and the most significant thing about their record is the fact that four of the seven games were played on foreign courts. In fact, they defeated Genese Wesleyan much worse at Lima than in their opening game on their home floor.

They gave the fast West High five the only defeat it sustained with its regular line-up intact, and then, to show perfect impartiality, defeated East High by an
identical score—the worst beating that East High had received in at least two seasons.

As a fitting wind-up to the season the Frosh took a two-day jaunt to Hobart and Cascadilla. In the first half of the game they had the Hobart yearlings 20-to-2, then put in their second-string men to make the game a trifle more interesting. The next afternoon at Ichaca they swamped the supposedly strong Cascadilla five.

The regular line-up has consisted of De-Right and Berman, forwards; Uhlen, center; and Rufus Hedges and Gordon, guards. Bill Uhlen showed that he had not played all his basketball in high school and with DeRight and Berman did most of the scoring, although Rufus Hedges, who developed into a great running guard, sneaked down the floor for more than one timely ringer. Gordon held up his end as back guard. In addition to these promising men for next year's Varsity squad, the class boasts one of the best basketball players in college in McAllister, who was unable to come out because of outside work.

**Baseball Outlook**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Schedule to Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>May 4 . . . Syracuse at Syracuse</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 5 . . . St. Lawrence at Canton</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 8 . . . Bucknell at Rochester</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 10 . Hamilton at Rochester</td>
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<td>May 19 . Niagara at Niagara Falls</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 24 . Wesleyan at Middletown</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 25 . . . Colgate at Hamilton</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 26 . . . Hamilton at Clinton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 2 . . . Niagara at Rochester</td>
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</table>

The above baseball schedule has been ratified but may be enlarged as the season advances. Because of complications between dates it was found impossible to schedule several otherwise desirable games although a comparatively brief schedule was deemed a wise policy to pursue this season.

Due to the importance in the game of baseball of at least one successful pitcher, the season's prospects are rather doubtful to forecast, despite a wealth of material for the other positions. Joe Cleveland, last season's second-string twirler, is the only regular boxman in college, and Joe's physical stature demands an occasional rest. Three other prospects left college at the close of the first semester. Some ambitious and willing candidates are trying to learn to pitch in the gymnasium right now, but their willingness is all that can be guaranteed for the present.

The pitching situation is particularly unfortunate, for the Varsity never had better looking material outside the box. Last year's infield of Howell, Green, Gleason and Captain Carhart, is intact, with two unquestionably valuable additions in Callaghan and Ryan. Peck, a veteran, Brugler and Burrows constitute a seasoned outfield, and there are several other candidates in sight. Behind the plate are John Sullivan, who can also be used in the infield, Wallace and McConnell, last season's receivers for the Varsity and Frosh, respectively.

If only some of these boys could pitch a little!

**Musical Clubs Busy**

The musical clubs have been very busy since the last issue of the Review. In January they gave concerts at Avon and Geneseo. In February they assisted the Elmira College girls in a very successful joint concert in Haddon Hall, Rochester, and gave concerts of their own at Batavia and in the Lake Avenue Baptist Church.

On March 1 they left for their much-anticipated Buffalo trip, giving an exceptionally good concert that evening in the Colonel Payne school at Tonawanda. On Friday morning, March 2, they arrived in Buffalo and appeared before the assemblies of both Masten Park High School and Lafayette High School, where they were most enthusiastically received. In the evening they gave a concert in the Lafayette Presbyterian Church Community House under the auspices of the Buffalo Alumni Association. They were royally entertained throughout the day and evening by the Buffalo alumni. Horace F. Taylor, '93, gave a luncheon in their honor to Rochester men in that vicinity at the exclusive Buffalo Club, while they were given a dinner in the evening at the Elicity Club. The trip was concluded with a successful concert in Lockport Saturday evening.

Manager Dain Milliman is planning a New York trip for the Easter holidays. He already has concerts scheduled for Ridgefield Park and Glen Cove, near New York, and it is hoped that the clubs will be able to appear at the New York alumni dinner on April 6.
The future Women's College, if that prove the destiny of the present plant on the campus, will have the Masons for neighbors. The latter have purchased the property on Prince Street, between East Main and College Avenue, and purpose to erect a new Masonic Temple there at an approximate cost of $1,000,000. According to the plans the new building will contain the largest auditorium in the city, with a seating capacity of 5,000 persons. This should serve to elevate real estate values in that vicinity and prove of help to some of the fraternities when obliged to sell their present houses.

Dr. Elizabeth H. Denio, who was killed in an automobile accident on December 23, 1922, left a bequest of $10,600 to be used in purchasing equipment for the Department of History of Art, which she had served so well. It has already been established as a permanent fund.

Joseph Bonnet, the world-famous French organist, returned from abroad in January to resume his position on the faculty of the Eastman School of Music. He has since given a notable concert in the Eastman Theatre and a private recital in Kilbourn Hall, both of which were features of the local season. His master classes are held in Kilbourn Hall, students of the school and interested outsiders being admitted to a listening membership.

Professor George H. Chadwick, '04, head of the Department of Geology, is planning a geological trip to the Catskill Mountains during the Easter holidays. About twenty undergraduates and extension course students are expected to accompany him, leaving Rochester April 3 and making their headquarters in the village of Catskill until April 7.

Dave Hummel, Varsity's star fullback of the last four years, completed his studies successfully in January and left for Newark, N. J., his home town, to enter business. His genial personality is missed about the campus, but not so much as his less genial personality will be missed on the gridiron next fall.

Freshman Dean Arthur S. Gale has been having his difficulties. He had hardly more than assumed the additional duties of Dean Hoeing, upon the latter's departure for Europe, than he became stricken with a persistent case of influenza and was confined to his home for about a month. His fatherly and brotherly presence was sorely missed on the campus.

The Rochester chapter of Theta Delta Chi is planning to entertain the national convention of the fraternity in June, shortly after Commencement. William F. Love, '03, is general chairman of the convention committee. This will be the second national fraternity convention to be held in Rochester this year—an unusual distinction for a college possessing only six national fraternities.

For the second year in succession Alpha Delta Phi won the intramural basketball cup, winning eight straight games without defeat. Theta Chi was again the runner-up and was the general favorite on form until the last battle-royal with the Alpha Delts, which the latter won, 17 to 12. Other teams to make the going particularly interesting were those of Sigma Delta Epsilon and Delta Upsilon.

Delta Kappa Epsilon, Psi Upsilon, Delta Upsilon, Theta Chi and Sigma Delta Epsilon held their initiations in February. Theta Delta Chi and Alpha Delta Phi were the only fraternities to initiate before the close of the first semester.

Pleasant social features of the winter months have been the series of "coffees," conducted by the ladies of the faculty in the Y. M. C. A. rooms from 3:30 to 5:30 o'clock on each Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Rhees presides at the coffee urn, and the faculty ladies in turn act as gracious hostesses to the hungry students and professors.
The annual Sophomore Exhibition for the Dewey prizes in declamation was held in Catharine Strong Hall on Friday evening, March 2. The first prize of $15 was captured by John K. Shuster, with Clarence J. Henry a close second. The judges were Howard J. Steere, '07, superintendent of schools at Wellsville, N. Y., Macdonald G. Newcomb, '11, of Hilton, N. Y., and Milton K. Robinson, '12, of Rochester.

Fraternity Honors Prexy

At the 91st annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, held in Rochester, February 22 to 24, Dr. Rush Rhees was honored by unanimous election to the office of national president, succeeding Hon. James R. Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior in Roosevelt's cabinet. President Rhees is a member of the Amherst chapter, class of 1883.

The convention was very well attended and was regarded by veteran delegates as one of the best in the history of the fraternity. The sessions were held in the assembly hall of the Memorial Art Gallery on the campus. Social functions included a smoker and entertainment at the local chapter house, a buffet supper at the Rochester Country Club, followed by a theater party, a visit to the Eastman Theatre and School of Music and the annual banquet at the Powers Hotel.

Eugene Raines, '02, was general chairman of the convention committee. Rochester Alpha Delts, who spoke at the banquet, included Walter S. Hubbell, '71, toastmaster, Herbert S. Weet, '99, and Charles H. Boynton, '86, who delivered the invocation. The Cornell chapter, with thirteen delegates, won the cup for the largest visiting representation. Amherst was second with nine and Kenyon third, with seven.

Buffalo Alumni Doing Things

The Buffalo Alumni Association seems to be blazing the trail for regional organizations of the alumni, as far as periodical meetings and sustained interest are concerned. Beginning last December, they have held monthly luncheons and have thus developed into very much of a going concern.

The writer knows, because he was fortunate enough to be a guest at their February meeting, held Friday noon, February 16th, at the Elliot Club. It was in the midst of our most severe stretch of winter weather; in fact, it took us until nearly 1 o'clock to get up there on an alleged 8 o'clock train from Rochester. Yet there were seventeen good Rochester men and true gathered about the board, and the atmosphere was distinctly Rochesterian despite Bisonic surroundings. It is a good thing for Buffalo to have a group of men like that up there.

Of course they wanted to know about happenings around the old campus, but they also had a number of happenings of their own to discuss. They were completing plans for the royal entertainment given the musical clubs, as related in another column, and each man took his quota of tickets for the concert itself. They also voted to hold their annual dinner at the University Club on April 20 and began planning to make it an event which would not only stimulate enthusiasm among their membership, but attract little attention in Buffalo and its environs. In fact, they hope to make more of it publicly than any of the other college alumni dinners which will have preceded it in that city.

Senator John Knight, '93, of Arcade, is president; Nelson T. Barrett, '92, 1st vice-president; C. Arthur Spaulding, '94, 2nd vice-president, and George W. Stone, '00, 3rd vice-president. Dr. Lesser Kaufman, '96, is chairman of the executive committee and has been very much of a moving force in the development of the association, in which he now seems to be ably seconded by Secretary George G. Smith, '12, and the other officers, Bill Chambers, '22, seemed to be particularly active in promulgating the musical club invasion. Horace F. Taylor, '93, cast himself in the role of royal entertainer for the latter occasion, and all of the men showed themselves very willing to open their houses to the Rochester boys.

Such tangible activity demonstrates the value of frequent meetings to any regional association. An annual dinner is a fine and necessary thing, but there is too big a gap between annual meetings to keep the pot boiling as it ought to boil, if the steam emerging from it is to be put to work.—Ed.
Gleaned from Alumni Correspondence

Personal Reminiscences of General I. F. Quinby

Your late tribute to Professor-General I. F. Quinby and the vivid representation of his loved face, brought back memories of over sixty years. My class was '64. But my acquaintance began with him as a scholar in the preparatory school conducted by him and Professor Richardson in the fall of 1859. Their school was carried on in the old United States Hotel building, which looks today just as it did then, and as the birthplace of the University of Rochester a photograph of it should grace your pages.

I began playing chess with General Quinby then and had the honor of playing the game of games with him frequently through my college course. And he was also endeared to me as a fellow member of Psi Upsilon.

But my purpose in referring to this delightful association with him outside the classroom, where he was without peer in the United States college institutions, was to give him the hitherto unpublished credit of being a prophet. After his return from the campaign with General Grant, and when General Grant was still carrying his unknown "U. S." initials, afterward becoming the significant cynosure of national glory, General Quinby broke out one evening over the chess board with this prophetic eulogy:

"Mr. Wood, from my intimacy with General Grant in West Point, and now that I have been in the field with him through the arduous Vicksburg campaign, I wish to say that in my opinion General Grant is the greatest military genius that ever lived, not excepting Napoleon Boneparte; and if this war lasts long enough, this country and the world will find it out."

And they did. General Quinby was a very reticent man, though genial and cordial in his bearing, and this is the longest "speech" I ever heard him make.

Here is another item which will be of interest to the friends of General Quinby. While in Florida several months, in 1916, I read aloud to my friends all the books they had connected with the life and speeches of President Lincoln. In one of these books was a reference to General Quinby. I am sorry I did not make a note of its title and the page. I cannot tell what caused the reference. Here is the incident. It stated that a certain general belonging to General Quinby's division had been ordered to attack a certain point in the rebel fortifications of Vicksburg. He advanced with his force, and after careful examination decided that it was inadvisable to make an attack. While withdrawing from the place, he was met by General Quinby with his staff. He made his report. General Quinby ordered him to halt his detachment. Then he himself went and inspected the situation. As a result he accepted the returning general's report. I was greatly pleased at coming on this little episode in General Quinby's military experience; it was so characteristic of him.

On the whole, I think if General Quinby had been allowed by the faculty, instead of a year's leave of absence at the urgent solicitation of General Grant, a leave "for a year, or the War," he would have been a close second to his famous classmate "chum."

(Rev.) Charles Wiltshire Wood, '64

R. C. E. Brown Modest But Interesting

I have just received your letter of February 10th and should be glad if I could write something worth while for the new "Alumni Review," which I have enjoyed very much. It is a highly creditable piece of work. You say that you would like me to write something on my "own experiences and life history to date." But it seems to me that if and when I have done anything worth while to justify even a rudimentary life history, it is up to someone else to discover and record it.

I was in the newspaper business for twenty-five years as a reporter, editorial writer, managing editor and assistant editor-in-chief, and then stepped aside to engage in the work of training other newspaper men and have been for some years professor of journalism in Columbia University. I fear I have grown lazy, but I write an occasional magazine article and am just issuing a couple of volumes of historical work, but I am not going to advertise it—that's the publisher's job. The time I
don’t have to use in earning a living I find
pretty well taken up with public and semi-
public enterprises. For six years I was
Civil Service Commissioner of the State of
New York and have put a good deal of
energy since into the work of the National
Civil Service Reform League. I find de-
lightful associations in the activities as one
of the managers of the American Bible So-
ciety and as a Trustee of the Brooklyn Pub-
lic Library.

Work of this sort is not remunerative,
but there is a good deal of satisfaction in it.
I hope next February to start off on a sabb-
atical year and play abroad. My only re-
gret at the prospect is that I shall probably
miss my thirty-fifth anniversary reunion
and not see the old boys of ’89, with whom
I have had the good fortune to meet at
every previous five-year period since gradu-
ation.

With such an even line of milestones,
you see I am in the company of those happy
nations that have no history. If I tried to
write one, it would bore your readers. I
continually rejoice in the great progress
that Rochester is making and the rare wis-
dom shown by President Rhees in directing
it.

Sincerely yours,
Roscoe C. E. Brown, ’89

Cure for Sleeping Sickness

It is often said that actions speak louder
than words and in this instance what I did
is a better appreciation of the Alumni Re-
view than anything I can put into words.

Last night I arrived home exceedingly
tired and after dinner picked up the Review
thinking that I would glance over the Alum-
ni personals and leave the balance for
some other time. I did not, however, put
the Review down until I had read it from
cover to cover. If you knew my tendency
to go to sleep as soon as I begin to read in
the evening, you could then realize thor-
oughly what a compliment it is that I was
thoroughly interested and wide awake un-
til the booklet was finished.

I do not remember whether I have sent
you a subscription or not. At any rate, I
enclose my check for a year’s subscrip-
tion and if I have already paid for a year’s sub-
scription, merely extend it for another year.

I. B. Eltinge, ’03

Interested as Ever

Dear Editor:

I certainly have enjoyed your publica-
tion and congratulate you on its appearance,
as well as the matter contained in it. I was
mighty glad indeed to see commendations
from Walt Bigelow and Sterling Dean,
with both of whom I had the pleasure of
being associated on The Campus during my
college course.

I am wondering if any inducements can
be put forth by you which will bring re-
plies from “Guppy” Hunt, “Heddy” Head-
strom, Roscoe Brown, “Rube” Foreman or
others of the editors or business staff of by-
gone days on The Campus.

It would be very interesting for those of
us, who have been out of college a quarter
of a century or more, to hear from some of
the older alumni through your columns and
to get a line on what they have been doing.
Of course, those of us in New York State
know more or less of “Lon” Hooker,
“Johnnie” Knight, “Clif” Bostwick and
those who have been more or less in the
public eye; but what about “Denny” Olm-
stead, “Al” Duncan, Roscoe Conklin
Brown, “Bushy” Fox, Will Perrin, H. D.
Taylor and Will Walker?

Personally I have been in Rochester ever
since graduation. Am in the laundry busi-
ness and incidentally doing a little real es-
tate business on the side. Have a daughter,
grand daughter of Smith, and a son, junior in the
U. of R., consequently am intensely inter-
ested in the developments taking place
there, squeezing hard for additional endow-
ment and willing to do all I can to bring it
about.

J. Burton Warren, ’02.

A deficit of nearly $2,000, incurred in
the publication of last year’s Interpres, has
made it necessary for the present senior
class to impose a tax of $21 on each man,
to be paid in four installments before gradu-
ation. The present Interpres Board is
working hard in the endeavor to avoid a
recurrence of such a situation.

Freshman—“You surely are a good dan-
cer.”

Co-Ed—“Thank you, I’m sorry I can’t
return the compliment.”

Freshman—“You could, if you were as
big a liar as I am.”—Ex.
NUMERAL NOTATIONS

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


'73. Henry C. Vedder is professor of church history in the Crozer Theological Seminary, at Chester, Pa. He published another book last year, entitled "The Fundamentals of Christianity."

'77. E. Clarence Aiken was recently reappointed a deputy in the office of the state attorney general. Last June he was honored with the degree of LL. D. by George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

'78. Classmates and associates of David Low Hill will regret to learn of the death of his wife, Mrs. Julia Davis Hill, on February 27. He is left with five daughters to comfort him. Mr. Hill is on the editorial staff of the Rochester Herald, where he has been located for a number of years.

Stanley A. McKay has recently retired. During 1921 he was the temporary supply of the First Congregational Church of Arcade, N. Y.

Ex-'79. John A. Rockfellow sends in his subscription from Tombstone, Arizona, where he is located as a civil engineer and United States mineral Surveyor.

'80. Irvin H. Rogers is accountant for the Lehigh Valley R. R. in the freight office at Rochester, N. Y.

'85. A bronze tablet, bearing a tribute to the memory of Professor Walter Rauschenbusch and his sculptured likeness, was dedicated on February 27, at the Second German Baptist Church, West 43rd Street and Ninth Avenue, New York City. The tablet is the work of Robert G. Eberhard, a New York sculptor.

'86. L. E. Akeley is dean of the College of Engineering of the University of South Dakota, at Vermillion, S. D.

Charles H. Boynton received the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the Commencement of the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee, in June 1922.

'88. G. Adolph Schneider has been a professor of German at the Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., since 1920.

Ex-'88. W. A. Gracey is still President and Editor of the Geneva Daily Times. This year he is celebrating the 25th anniversary of his publication.

Ex-'90. Alva O. Renwick is a member of the firm of Ackerly & Renwick Co., wholesale cheese merchants, at Cuba, N. Y.

'91. William A. Perrin is located in Buffalo, where he has been in the hardwood lumber business for some time past. His personal modesty prevents us from giving further details of his success.

'92. Edward R. Foreman is a busy man these days. In addition to his law practice, with an office in the Wilder Building, Rochester, N. Y., he is filling most admirably the recently created position of city historian. In that capacity he has charge of the monumental task of preparing an adequate history of Rochester and Rochesterians in the great war. As second vice-president of the Rochester Historical Society he is also editing the ambitious series of annual publications which are being issued in a suitable, permanent form by that society.

'93. Henry E. Hiler has recently accepted a position as Secretary and Director of the Orleans County Trust Company of Albion, N. Y.

'94. Roger W. Sweetland is Headmaster of Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J. Peddie is one of the leading "prep" schools of the East.

Ex-'96. George H. Leffler is an assistant to the sales manager of Bausch & Lomb Optical Company, being at the head of the Microscope Sales Division.

'98. John A. Hamilton, who was recently elected Secretary of State, made an address in one of the churches in Albany on "Modern Methods in Prison Management." A reception was given in his honor by Theta Delta Chi at the fraternity club house in New York City, on February 16.

'99. Herbert W. Taylor is a successful dentist in New York City.

Ex-'03. George R. Newell is in business for himself, doing largely surveying work in Rochester and surrounding territory. Since 1921 he has also been president of the Rochester Motor Terminal Co.

'06. E. Roy Bowerman, who has been a member of the firm of Bowerman Brothers, General Contractors, at Providence, R. I., has returned to Rochester. He has opened a general contracting office of his own at 25 E. Main Street.


'08. Rev. L. Foster Wood, formerly a missionary in South Africa is at present in Rochester, preparing his thesis for a doctor's degree which he expects to get from the University of Chicago. Wood was obliged
to leave the mission field three years ago, when his wife contracted the African sleeping sickness. She has since received treatment in London, England, in Chicago and at the Mayo Clinic and is at present undergoing a still more advanced method of treatment at the Rockefeller Institute, New York City. Their many friends wish for her a sure and complete recovery.

'09. Sydney Alling is still holding successfully the position of engineer of Electric Distribution at the Rochester Gas & Electric Corp.

'12. George G. Smith, who attended Buffalo Law School after graduation, opened an office of his own in Buffalo and reports business to be exceptionally good. While engaging in general practice, he is particularly active in corporation work and real estate transfers.

'13. Benjamin H. Root is now Supervising Principal of Attica High School. On February 22 he became the father of Dorothy Elizabeth.

'15. W. W. Scott graduated from Johns Hopkins Medical School in June 1921. He has since seen fourteen months service at the St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, Md. Since June he has been doing special work in Genito-Urology at the Brady Urological Inst. Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

'16. Osmond G. Wall has resigned his position as principal of Cohocton High School to accept a similar position at Greigsville High School.

'17. Harold L. Smith is with the Eastman Kodak Company, being employed as Mechanical Engineer of the Power Department at Kodak Park.

'18. The sympathy of the alumni goes out to Harold E. Cowles, whose wife, Esther Brayer Cowles, died suddenly of pneumonia on March 2, 1923.

'19. James McGee is employed in the Medical Division of the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

'20. David L. Steidlitz is a member of the firm of D. & M. Steidlitz, Real Estate Brokers in Rochester, N. Y.

Aaron E. Stein, after serving as a mechanical engineer for the Vacuum Oil Company in Rochester, N. Y., for two years, has accepted a position in New York City as stock transfer examiner for the New York State Tax Commission.

Edward T. Winslow is a chemist in the Research Laboratory of the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Company, Curtis Bay, Md.

George F. Kroha is advertising manager for the Pfaufler Company, Rochester, N. Y., makers of glass lined steel equipment.

Ex-'20. Milton F. Hallauer is assistant manager of the Webster Canning & Preserving Company, Webster, N. Y.

'21. H. Dewitt Reed is a combustion engineer in the Service and Erection Department of the Combustion Engineering Corp., New York City. At present he is stationed in Frederick, Md.

John S. Carman was an instructor in Biology at the U. of R. during 1920-1922. At present he is a student at Cornell University Medical College, where he is a candidate for the M. D. Degree.

R. Holmes Bloomer, after attending the Harvard Law School for one year, has accepted a position as teacher of English at East High School, Rochester, N. Y.

'22. J. Victor Congdon is a chemist at the Vacuum Oil Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Cecil John Kuhn has just accepted a position as Assistant to the Comptroller of the U. of R. Previous to this, he had been Advertising Manager for Edward B. Leary, Assistant Advertising Manager at Duffy Powers Company, and salesman for Thomas Cusack Company.

**In Memoriam**

Willoughby Rodman, ex-'81, LL. B. elsewhere, died at Los Angeles, Cal., November 7, 1922; practiced law in Southern California and was author of several works on laws and legal practice of California.

Frederick C. Fabel, A. B., '93, died January 23, 1923; was engaged in various commercial enterprises of mechanical nature in Cincinnati, O., and was member of Aldine Company, of that city.

Harold L. Glasser, B. S., '21, died at Rochester, N. Y., February 15, 1923; was made an engineer of tests during the war and served in munition plant at Jamestown, N. Y.

Robert S. McArthur, A. B., '67, D. D. '80, LL. D. elsewhere, died at Daytona Beach, Fla., February 24, 1923; was pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, for forty-one years and later president of the Baptist World Alliance; was editor of several Baptist periodicals and the author of a number of theological works.

Francis W. Ayer, ex-'71, died at Meredith, N. Y., March 5, 1923; was head of the famous advertising agency of W. N. Ayer & Co., which he founded with his father in Philadelphia, in 1869; was prominent Baptist and for many years served as president of the New Jersey State Convention of that church.

Francis B. Palmer, A. B., '58, A. M., '66, Ph. D. elsewhere, died at Fredonia, N. Y., March 4, 1923; served as professor in Lawrence University, Wayland Academy, Fredonia and Brockport State Normal Schools and was principal of Fredonia Normal School, 1878 to 1906; was author of educational and religious works.

Mrs. David Jayne Hill, wife of the former president of the University of Rochester, died at Washington, D. C., January 15, 1923, as result of injuries received when struck by auto truck in front of her home.

Kingman Nott Robins, Harvard '04, treasurer of University of Rochester, died at Rochester, N. Y., February 5, 1923; was president and treasurer of Associated Mortgage Investors, treasurer of Sibley, J. New Company, a director of Security Trust Company and an official of several other commercial and civic enterprises.