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April-May, 1924
Big Alumni Day at Oak Hill This June

Unusual Commencement in the Making

Alumni “doings” this Commencement at Oak Hill! That is the big word to pass along this spring, and the “doings” themselves should be big, according to budding plans and specifications. Among other things, the administration promises to lay the cornerstone of the new School of Medicine, and some of the nautical organizations up the river will probably see to it that we are furnished some excitement on the old Genesee Saturday evening. But more of these details anon.

Commencement festivities are booked to start on Thursday evening, June 12, and to terminate on Monday evening, June 16. Those are the bounding dates as far as the public is concerned, but with the Associated Alumni officials Commencement really began in February. During that month Charles C. Beahan, ’89, popularly ye克莱 “Doc,” was made chairman of the general alumni committee; a group of enthusiastic sub-chairmen was speedily selected, and several conferences, sometimes known as meetings, have already been held.

The sub-committees, as lined up at present, are as follows: Class Reunions, Glenn C. Morrow, ’17, Swayne Goodenough, ’13, and Holmes Bloomer, ’21; Matinee, Dr. Benjamin Slater, ’10, Dean Quinby, ’18, and Robert F. Barry, ’15; Everyman’s Dinner, Eugene Roesser, ’01, Thomas Remington, ’11, and Ezra Hale, ’16; Evening Entertainment, Edward Foreman, ’92, Eugene Raines, ’02, and Raymond Thompson, ’17. Others will undoubtedly be commandeered before the event, as their advice and assistance are required, and “Doc” Beahan can be counted on to get results from them.

It is still a trifle early to announce all the details, but in general the program for that eventful week-end reads like this. On Thursday evening, June 12, students and teachers in the Eastman School of Music are expected to give another Commencement concert to the seniors and alumni in Kilbourn Hall. This new feature was successfully instituted last June.

On Friday the seniors will hold their class day exercises on the campus, and at 4 P.M., the fraternity and neutral alumni will gather on the campus for the series of intramural indoor-outdoor ball games, which feature was also successfully started last spring. It is expected that more alumni will turn out this year and that the games will be more hotly contested. Following the games the alumni will adjourn to their respective houses for the annual fraternity reunions. The undergraduate non-fraternity group is planning a dinner and entertainment on the campus for its alumni.

Saturday, June 14, will be the day of real news features. The committee en-
thusiastically adopted the suggestion to transfer the scene of activities from Newport to Oak Hill, and the Oak Hill Country Club has very kindly extended the freedom of its grounds and club house, title to which has already passed into the hands of the University. It seems like a most fitting move in the light of coming events, for there are ample facilities there for all kinds of land and water sports, not to mention gastronomic performances in the club house. And it will give returning alumni a chance to examine and enthrone over the site of our new campus and to inspect the very visible progress already made on the new School of Medicine close at hand.

Class reunion dinners can be very attractively accommodated in the club house, and the Matinee program will start at about 2 o'clock. It will be interrupted later in the afternoon by the cornerstone laying of the School of Medicine, for which the administration has promised a worthwhile speaker. This event, epochal in its significance, will undoubtedly attract a notable gathering.

The program of sports will then be resumed until 7 P. M., when the clans will gather for what promises to be the largest and most interesting Everyman's Dinner in the history of that feature. It will be held in the club house and will probably be followed at 9 o'clock by a unique evening's entertainment on the river, details of which will be announced later. Altogether it will be a day which no alumnus, who can possibly raise the carfare between now and June, can afford to think of missing.

Sunday will be devoted to the baccalaureate sermon in the morning, which will be delivered by President Rhees in the Baptist Temple downtown. Two features this year will mark the Phi Beta Kappa address Sunday evening. It will be delivered by Dr. David Jayne Hill, and it will be staged for the first time in Kilbourn Hall, Eastman School of Music. It is believed that many alumni will be anxious to hear their former president, and to attend the event in that beautiful auditorium.

Monday, June 16, will mark the grand finale as usual. Commencement exercises will again be held at 10 A. M., in the Eastman Theatre, the University's great auditorium, where they proved so impressive last year. The Commencement speaker this year should prove a real attraction.

### University Acquires Oak Hill

The University has acquired formal title to the Oak Hill property, intended as the new campus of the College for Men. Immediate transfer of the club house and land was authorized at a meeting of the directors of the Oak Hill Country Club, held on Friday evening, April 4. A valuation of $360,000 was placed on the property and represents the maximum amount which the University is obligated to expend in providing the club with a new home. This new home for the club has already been secured. It comprises a 300-acre tract lying between East and Monroe avenues in the towns of Brighton and Pittsford. It is understood that the club, which has evinced a splendid spirit of co-operation throughout the negotiations, will expend considerably more money in laying out the longer, 36-hole golf course, which the new site permits.

He is Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, of Boston, who was heard with great enthusiasm at the Holy Week services at the Temple Theatre in Rochester this spring. He is a genuine orator and can easily make himself heard in the largest auditorium.

The annual business meeting of the Associated Alumni, with President Joseph T. Alling, '76, presiding, will be held at noon in the assembly room of the Memorial Art Gallery, to be followed by the annual alumni dinner in the Alumni Gymnasium at 1 o'clock. The day will be brought to a fitting close by the President's reception in the beautiful Memorial Art Gallery in the evening.

Class reunions are expected to contribute more than their usual share to the success of the Commencement season this year. This assumption is based on the work which has already been going on for several weeks under the direction of the following class secretaries or chairmen: 1869, Rev. Arthur E. Main; 1874, Rev. John Quincy Adams; 1879, Judge Selden S. Brown; 1884, George A. Coe and Judge John B. M. Stephens; 1889, Benjamin B. Chace; 1894, David G. Meyer; 1899, Curtis N. Jameson; 1904, T. T. Horton; 1909, Cornelius R. Wright; 1914, Oliver P. Guthrie; 1919, Garson Meyer.
Forthwith years ago, a young man, walking on University Avenue, near Prince Street, Rochester, N. Y., one beautiful September day, overtook a tall, venerable gentleman. This young man asked him the way to the University. They proceeded to Anderson Hall together and became remarkably well acquainted, considering the limited opportunity. The venerable gentleman was Martin B. Anderson, and I was the young man.

It has always seemed to me that this wonderful chance meeting was the real beginning of my career. I found in him a friend and sympathetic adviser. For certain reasons, not unrelated to the rulings of the Committee on Admissions, I needed some powerful human assistance that very day. In the Spring of that year I had matriculated at the University of New York. I was to enter there without conditions. But the University of Rochester required for admission more Latin than I had, even for the Scientific Course. Compare the entrance-requirements then for Latin with the subjects which today "may be offered," or which "the student is strongly advised to offer," for the Arts Course.

They would not even condition me, but advised me to "talk it over with my father," work up the preparatory Latin and enter college the following year. I said nothing at home, but the next day sought out my good friend, "Prex," and begged him to admit me "on trial," just for two months. He prevailed with the committee, and I got in and stayed. Shortly after that I got a tutor, Arthur Griffen of the senior class, and how I did work on that Latin!

Baptism under Morey's Fire

The freshman class, in the first and second terms, read Livy. I remember the room, the hour, the very seat I occupied; the southwest room, in the first story of Anderson Hall, 11:15 to 12:15. Professor Morey called the roll. Through the mysterious working of some awful fate, I was the first man up. You remember in Livy the opening lines of that difficult preface? You smile and say, "Yes." But you don't remember them at all. Nobody does.

Morey asked me to translate the first sentence, beginning, "Facturnusne operaœ pretium, etc." "Whether, in tracing the history of the Roman people, from the foundation of the City, I shall employ myself to a useful purpose, etc."

I stood there, paralyzed and silent. The night before, for full twenty minutes, I had searched the Latin lexicon in vain for that "Facturnusne," but being shy on enclitics, naturally missed it. Morey said, "Well, Mr. Nolan, are you waiting for an inspiration? Go on to the next sentence." I knew the rest of the legen by heart, and swung along at a fine rate. Morey finally stopped me and, remarking that it was "pretty good," suggested that I "sit down." Thereupon I sat down in the University of Rochester, and that was the beginning of my otherwise happy four years with the boys of 1879.

Comparisons and Observations

It is difficult to decide, in this brief space, what to write of those old days of the University, of the student life, of "the little old city" of Rochester itself. How utterly unlike conditions today, and how interesting the comparisons to those who have lived through two generations! One asks: "Are things better today, or worse, or just different?" Is it possible sufficiently to discount at one time the glamour, enthusiasm, and optimism of youth, and at another the disenchantment, solicitude, and experience of later life, to give an unbiased and convincing answer to these questions? Are all values relative, all tastes, preferences, customs, habits, morals, theories of education, philosophies of life?

Was the United States really a pleasant place to live in half a century ago, when we were freshmen and before the arrival of twenty-five or thirty million more people from foreign lands? Was that charming overgrown village, that undeveloped, unspoiled little place on the banks of the Genesee, really more interesting and attractive than the present "up-to-date," "efficient," "strictly modern," city of three hundred thousand people? In the academic year, 1875-1876, our University had eight professors, including the President, and
there were 158 students. Today, the catalogue for 1923-24 records a faculty of over 70 members and a student-body numbering over 900; and including students in the University Extension and Summer Session of 1923, over 2,000. Were we lucky to escape the crowds? Were we unfortunate to have missed the opportunity to "elect" almost all of our courses from 57 varieties?

City of the 70's

Before recalling some of the episodes of our frontier college-life, and some of the doings of '79, I would like to picture in a very general way, the Rochester of that time. There were no trolley-cars, electric lights, telephones, type-writing machines, movies, stadiums, automobiles, dining-cars, victrolas, player-pianos, radios, submarines, short skirts, bobbed hair, permanent waves, frosh, jazz, fox-trots, electrons, safety razors, kodaks, ready-cut homes, built-in bath-room fixtures, bouillon cubes, sunkist oranges, sectional bookcases, elevated railways, river-tubes, bridework, wardrobes, trunks, push-pins, newskin, vacuum-cleaners, breakfast-nooks, garages, banana-splits, bridge-whist, mah jong, coeducation, prohibition, radium, moons around Mars, and innumerable other accompaniments of "advanced" civilization.

But there were horse-cars, with deep straw on the floors in winter to keep our feet warm; cisterns in the cellars to hold the rain-water for drinking; the old Court-House; the ringing of the big bell for the fire-alarm; and the runs through the streets of horse-cars from No. 3 and No. 4; the Driving Park, off lower Lake Avenue, where even good people went to see the great trotters break records; Falls Field, just below the Upper Falls on North St. Paul Street, with its respectable German garden, festoons of lights, music, dancing, tingle-tangle, wafted fragrance of "gute speise und vorzueglicher bier," the elevator boat-house, river restaurant, and picnic grounds at the Lower Falls; the Float Bridge, and the then primitive Irondequoit Bay and Charlotte; the skating on the "Widewaters," and on the Aqueduct, just east of the Exchange Street swing-bridge; the Farmer's Hotel, with its hitching-posts and watering-troughs, and "full meals" for twenty-five cents, the liberty-pole, the old Osborne homestead with its beautiful garden, the little oyster-house and the grocery store across the way, where wicked men stopped to partake of an occasional cracker, a bite of cheese, and a cold tankard of half-and-half; all these latter at the joining of Main, North, and Elm Streets, and East Avenue. And we had restful circuses with only one ring and one clown, and reasonable minstrel shows with only one man at each end.

In those days Brighton and Pittsford were away out in the country, and between them and the city were wide stretches of farm-lands, green fields and pleasant, shady lanes. Some of the older men will remember the wonderful winter afternoons, with the flakes constantly siftin g down, when the city authorities allowed the entire length of East Avenue to be converted into a speedway, and when the sidewalks were crowded with many fair women and some brave men, gathered there to listen to the revelry of the sleigh-bells and to watch many an exciting brush between the speeders. Generally Jim Hotchkiss and Charlie Townsend, both of '79, were among these, making some record time.

Class Functions and Activities

Our first annual class-supper was held at the Lake House, Seneca Point, Canandaigua Lake, June 22, 1876; the second at the Newport House, Irondequoit Bay, June 21, 1877; the third at Silver Lake, June 28, 1878, and the fourth at Teal's, 58 N. Fitzhugh Street, June 3, 1879. We had, also, a notable class-supper November 17, 1876, at the old Ocean Oyster House, 40 West Main Street (old numbering). Our class was entertained by its newly-elected officers. It was in high spirits over its record made in the sports that afternoon, the first Field-Day of the University of Rochester. We marched down Main Street, carrying at the head of the procession a brand-new broom, the symbol of victory over all the other classes in the rope-pull. I remember one of Louis Spahn's stories told that night: "A bear came behind a Dakota girl and hugged her. She thought it was her lover, Jim, and giggled 'tighter'; and then the bear ran away off in the woods and hid himself for three days, he was so ashamed."

Our Class-Day exercises were held on Friday evening, June 27, 1879. "The Class of Seventy-Nine requests the pleasure of your company at Sibley Hall. Evening Dress." The July, 1879, issue of "The Rochester Campus" said:
Even Seventy-Niners Were Once Sophomores, As Shown Above—They’re Coming Back for 45th Reunion in June—Note Variety of Garb and Poses

Above photograph is cherished possession of Thomas Nolan, author of this article. Reading from left to right, the names of the men and their subsequent occupations, where known, are as follows:


Standing: L. A. Bailey, merchant, died at Cleveland, O., 1898; Moses Hirshfield, stock broker, died at East Orange, N.J., 1910; Louis Spahn, lawyer, died at Chicago, Ill.; C. J. Townend, financier, died at Lockport, N.Y., 1908; W. F. Chandler, lawyer and clerk of Municipal Court, Rochester; W. W. Simpson, business man, Rochester.

Members of class not in picture were Clark M. Brink, dean and professor, Kansas State College, died at Manhattan, Kan., 1918; Melvin E. Crowell, dean and professor, Franklin College, Franklin, Ind., now retired; Theodore S. Day, farmer, Livonia, N.Y.; James L. Hotchkiss, county clerk and head of Republican organization, Rochester; Hiram B. Olin, produce merchant; and David S. Warner, minister, Glen Ellyn, Ind. Two others who received A. B. degree with class were John Morgan Milne, well known educator, died at Denver, Colo., 1905; and Phillip Stafford Moxom, distinguished preacher and author, died at Springfield, Mass., 1923.

"Large Concourse of Fair Ladies"

"The reception was a complete success. After the literary programme and supper, there was promenading, and strolling on the campus, and a very little dancing; but the most beautiful and pleasing of all the decorations was the large concourse of fair ladies, whose bright dresses and brighter smiles lent a peculiar grace to the occasion; and above all shone the strange, new, brilliant, electric light, which shed a peculiar and almost fairy-like radiance over the whole scene, more like intensified moonlight than anything artificial."

The commencement sermon was preached on Sunday evening, June 29, in the First Baptist Church, by the Rev. H. T. Miller, '68, of the Sixth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, from the text: "As for these young men, God gave them knowledge, and skill in all learning and wisdom;" Dan. 1:17. Our Commencement Exercises were held on Wednesday morning, July 2, 1879, in the First Baptist Church, Corinthian Hall, just back of Reynold's Arcade, where so many Commencements
had been held, being then in a transition period, from which it was to come forth the “Corinthian Academy of Music.” The “exercises” consisted of the addresses of fifteen members of our class. For these “Senior Orations,” the first prize was awarded to C. M. Brink, and the second to Louis Spahn. Other awards made in our class were to Louis Spahn and C. A. Brown, for the Sherman and Townsend scholarships; to Thomas Nolan, for the Stoddard Mathematical prize, and to J. C. Ransom, for the best senior essay.

Class of ’79 in Athletics

The following are some interesting notes relating to athletics when ’79 was in college. The first Field-Day sports were held on Nov. 17, 1876, on the University campus. The rope-pull was won by ’79 against ’77, ’78, and ’80. Professor Gilmore was referee. The second Field-Day was on June 16, 1877, on the grounds of the Rochester Baseball Association. The referee was Ross Cole, ’73, and the timekeeper Joe Alling, ’76. The third, at the same place, on May 4, 1878, with Ebenezer Hunt, ’73, referee, and Professor Gilmore, timekeeper; and the fourth, on May 29, 1879, at the Hop Bitters baseball grounds, referee, Fred Gates, ’77.

The college baseball nine in 1876-1877 included Wilbur, ’78, pitcher; Milliman, ’77, catcher; Chandler, ’79, 1st base; Carr, ’80, 2nd base; Hair, ’77, 3rd base; Clark, ’79, short-stop; Hayden, ’78, right field; Egbert, ’77, center field; and Hunt, ’80, left field. The next year, 1877-1878, Lew Lansing, ’80, pitched, Govey Wilber covering 2nd base, and steering the team as captain; Hunt caught; Barber, ’79, played left field; Jim Hotchkiss, ’79, 3rd; Charlie Wilsie, ’80, right field; Arthur McDonald, ’79, center field; Chandler remaining at 1st, and Clark at short-stop. So our Class of ’79 furnished five of the nine men.

I think that Jim Hotchkiss and I had ambitions in the Spring of 1876 to make, later on, the positions of substitute pitcher and catcher on the University baseball nine. So we got up very early for many mornings, about 5:30, and practised. I lived on East Street, and Jim in the old Hotchkiss place, northwest corner of Gibbs Street and East Avenue, No. 40. It was replaced many years ago by the first building for the Genesee Valley Club. It was a pleasant, “homey” looking house, and there was an ample barn and a driveway-entrance from Gibbs Street. In this driveway we pitched and caught each morning, usually until Mr. Hotchkiss senior sent us to breakfast and to college, incidents which seemed to interrupt and interfere with the main object of our lives just at that time.

Some Early Warblers

Considerable attention was given to vocal music in the old days, each class having its musical organization, and in 1878-1879 there was a University Glee Club with the following personnel: First tenors, Lem Bowen and Wile, ’79; second tenors, Drake and C. W. Smith, ’81; first bases, Holt, ’82, Nolan, ’79; second bases, Ben Bowen, ’81, Spahn, ’79; accompanist, Bailey, ’79. At the daily chapel exercises, attendance on which was compulsory, the organist was usually an upper-classman, the pumping being done by a freshman, and there was a “precentor” to lead the singing. I am not sure of them all during our college days, but think that in 1875-1876 Joe Alling, ’76, was organist, and Al Dyke, precentor; in 1876-1877, Dave Hays, organist, Dyke, precentor; 1877-1878, Lew Bailey, ’79, organist, Charlie Smith, ’81, precentor.

If there were more time and space I could go on telling about the cane-rushes and gum-shoe fights; numerous anecdotes of students and professors; of the old buildings and campus; of the old roster of studies or the “Conspectus of Exercises,” as it was called in the catalogue; of the old college monthly “Campus” and the “Interpres,” and their characteristics which made them so utterly unlike their successors today; and of the brief, weekly, coeducational periods in the senior year, on Saturday mornings, from 9:15 to 10:15, when Dr. Anderson lectured on the History of Art. But the reminiscences of college days of half a century ago must come to an end for the present.

These later reunions of classmates are pleasures which are mingled with a certain sadness, as the number of missing ones ever increases. And yet it is truly wonderful how, each time, all the boys seem to come back again, and how near to us they seem to be. Little did we realize, when we read in the Aeneid of Virgil, how true was his prophecy, “forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit,” for it has always been a pleasure to remember these things.
Dr. Fairchild Back from Unusual Exploration

Dr. Herman L. Fairchild, our well-known professor emeritus of geology, has often during his active life been led far afield by his curiosity regarding earthly formations, but it remained for this year to bring him his most unusual trip and probably his greatest adventure. On January 16 he sailed from New York as a representative of the University of Rochester attached to the Marsh expedition in quest of the alleged tribe of long-lost "white Indians" and other important matters in the comparatively unexplored regions of Darien, recently set off from the large province of Panama.

The expedition was headed by R. O. Marsh, a civil engineer and explorer now resident in Brockport, N. Y., who had discovered evidence of the existence of white Indians in that region on an earlier trip. He had succeeded in interesting a number of other institutions and individuals in his enterprise, and the party, as it was finally recruited on the trip south, was made up of the following, in addition to Mr. Marsh and Professor Fairchild:

John L. Baer, ethnologist, of the Smithsonian Institute and the U. S. National Museum; Charles M. Breder, zoologist, of the American Museum of Natural History and the New York Zoological Society; Lieutenant G. R. Townsend and Private Pabon, of the U. S. Army; O. E. Malsbury, chief telegrapher of the Canal Zone and Corporal Murphy in charge of the radio apparatus; Paul Benton, of the Rochester "Times-Union," correspondent for the N. A. Newspaper Alliance; Charles Charlton, photographer for the Pathe News; Mr. Johnson, taxidermist, and Senor Raul Brin, personal representative of President Porros of Panama.

After spending about two months in Central American wilds, Professor Fairchild returned to his office on the University campus on April 12 apparently none the worse for his experience. He looks as hale and hearty as ever, which is hale and hearty enough. He left the rest of the party to press further on through the jungle, inhabited by unfriendly Indian tribes, and probably eventually to reach the Pacific coast. No group or tribe of white Indians had been discovered when he left, but he feels that the expedition has been sufficiently fruitful in other important scientific findings to warrant its undertaking. He has promised to contribute a partial report of such results to a later issue of the REVIEW.

Leroy F. Fairchild, '07, son of Dr. Fairchild, has contributed a number of diary letters received from his father during his absence. We reprint below excerpts from these letters as interesting evidence of the unique life the professor has been living this past winter:

Daily Chronicle of Life in the Tropics

Camp Townsend, Chucunaque River, Darien, Sunday P. M., Feb. 10, 1924.

We were loaded on the Coco Solo, a boat 60 feet long, in the canal service, at about 11 P. M. Tuesday, and steamed out of the Balboa harbor about 11:30. The party was then 12 white men and some colored help. Eight of us were packed on the upper deck and the rest found some place on the goods, which filled the small boat. We slept on the boat three nights. The second night, Wednesday, we were anchored at the junction of the Chucunaque and Tuiru rivers, with the tide, up and down, swinging the boat. On the way, Wednesday, we stopped at the LaPalme wireless station to re-
receive a message, and then at the village to pay respects to the Governor of this Province (Darien). A queer village, most of the buildings on tall posts to keep them above the tide, which has a range there of 15-20 feet. Thursday morning we reached the village of Real de Santa Maria on the Tuira River. Colored people in palm-thatched cabins. We lay by the bank all day, while the captain and one of our officers explored the river up the Yavisa, and remained there Thursday night. Friday morning we transferred most of the goods to a smaller boat, a launch owned by the Sinclair Oil Co., which has for years been exploring the region. The name of the launch is Margaret. Most of us rode on the pile of goods on the deck roof. We arrived here about 9:30 A.M., towing part of the supplies in two dug-outs, here called piraguas. These are the common river boats, long and slender, with upturned bow and stern cut out of a tree trunk, and beautifully shaped. They are paddled or poled and very efficient.

Lieut. Townsend, after whom the camp is named, took charge and laid out the camp in true military style. Today it is complete, and I wish you could see it. The plain is perfectly level, one-fourth mile wide and one-half mile long, and set with coconut palms in rows. It is owned by a rich Panamanian mulatto named Gregorios de los Rios (Gregory of the rivers), whose house and buildings are a little distance away at the rear of the plain. He owns large lands and has a lot of Indians working. The two most efficient men in unloading the supplies and working in the camp are two Indian boys that joined us at Real.

Between the rows of tall palms is the line of 6 "officers'" tents, set facing the river, northward. These kahki tents are 7 x 9 feet each, holding two army cots. I am in the first one with Charlton, the Pathé photographer.

Everything is in military fashion. This morning the "sanitary squad" cleared the ground of all rubbish. We have folding chairs, have made tables and cupboards and are prepared for a long "siege."

I am wearing knee boots, against the red bugs, but probably there are none on the camp-ground. And no malarial mosquitoes have been noted, although a few buzzing mosquitoes are about.

I have not been very busy. Am keeping the temperature and humidity and as soon as I can put up a tide gauge will keep record of time and range of the tides. The plain is about 20 feet over high tide.

On the way down carrier pigeons were released daily carrying message—two at first, then three, three and four yesterday. Our wireless is regular army equipment with high pole and aerial, capable of sending to at least two permanent stations, if not direct to Panama.

Last evening Mr. Marsh gave a victrola concert and the natives attended. A chief and his squaw, who are working for Gregorios, were given reclining chairs. During the day Marsh unpacked a great lot of the stuff, intended as presents for the Indians up the river, and hung the beads along a shelf which carries a great variety of things. He gave the chief and his squaw something, and they all stood around all day looking at and coveting the beautiful articles. Marsh's shelter looks like a Sixth Avenue 10c store. The word will travel up all the rivers that the white man is coming with presents. Mr. Marsh leaves all the stuff out, exposed, over night. Everybody here is honest. As I write, all are gone up to Yavisa for a swim, except Breder and myself, and the camp and presents left quite unprotected. However, the chief of the LaPalme police, whom we acquired at LaPalme, was left here.

The days are all alike, clear at night. A few feely clouds in the days. Hot at midday—85 to 95 degrees and down to 70-75 at night. But the humidity at night, nearly 100%, makes the night and early morning very chill. Our army blankets are necessary. In the early morning everything is dripping with water, which disappears quickly. My arms and scalp are sunburned, and it is painful to brush my hair. Yet, I have not been out in the sun much.

No rain. Everything is left out and all tents wide open. Warm and dry like our midsummer, and this sort of weather is expected for at least two months.

We have mosquito netting over our cots, but they are probably unnecessary here. We are fortunate in the camp site.

Tuesday, Feb. 12.

Yesterday Mr. Marsh unpacked his two "Elco Motors," fitted them on two piraguas and ran up to Yavisa and back. So today, at 9 A.M., he has gone in the larger boat for a day's trip up the Chico River to see a group of Indians. I am keeping the meteorologic and tidal records and making a tidal gauge.

Our tents are close to the brink of the steep south bank of the river. The latter is perhaps 300-350 feet wide. Looking across the river is a fine display of the forest, covering a hillside, beautiful foliage and flowers, but the latter are few as yet. The taller trees are remarkable for height and straightness.

Piragua, Native Boat Hollowed from Tree Trunk, in which Most of Exploring Was Done
Especially in the morning, also in the evening, the birds are lively in the forests (a wooded hill behind the camp). The parrots squawk or scold; others have peculiar cries, and some really sing. Blue and white herons sail up and down the river. We hear the call of monkeys.

But to see the life one must go into the forest jungle, and I have not yet ventured because of the jiggers. Our taxidermist (Johnson) and Baer and Breder have hunted even at night.

Jaguar, puma and “leopards” (ocelot) are found, and great variety of parrots, macaws and other birds. Lots of crocodiles in the river, but they are shy here, where the men have target practice.

We had fricaseed parrot at supper last night. Excellent.

The Indians have learned of us and a group of women and naked children (chocos) and papoose, are here. We have taken photos, and I was godfather at the baptism of the papoose by Mr. Brin (the representative of President Poors), baptismal name, “Maria Brin.” One of the women is painted in black stripes and figures, as decoration. Clothes are at a minimum.

Wednesday, Feb. 11.

Yesterday the Indians hung about the camp until dark and were back with others at daybreak. All dark complexion. One of the young men is covered with beads and necklaces and wristlets of silver, his hands and arms painted black.

This morning all overcast and dark with no breeze, the first since we came. 9 A.M.—Charlton is taking moving pictures of Marsh seated among a lot of squaws and papooses.

Choco Gentlemen in Full Dress, Consisting Mostly of Gay Beads

Saturday, Feb. 16.

For two evenings I have been helping Malsbury on his star observations to determine latitude and longitude of his geodetic station, and I then acquired some jigger (red-bug) bites. They are itchy, red spots, but will pass off. Not worse than mosquito bites to some people. We have plenty of remedies, washers, etc., for them and other troubles, but I will not require them.

I have finished a tide gauge, which will record a range of 18 feet to the inch, but we will not get it until the lowest spring tide, which comes the middle of next week.

This morning is quiet like yesterday. Sky overcast and still air. The days are partly cloudy, but the nights are very clear. I was busy yesterday in making a form for tabulating tide observations. We are so far up the Chucunaque River that the river flow complicates the tidal flow and I am trying to find the relation, or law.

Charlton is not sending back any films, but is holding everything until his return. He says that the Pathe Co. would have screened the photos within two or three days of their taking.

Wednesday, Feb. 20.

Today I am quite alone, Malsbury hunting in the jungle, and the others gone back up the Chico to the house of the Chocos Chief, who gives in their honor a big fiesta tonight. They all return tomorrow.

Two poisonous snakes have been brought in, from far outside the camp, one a fer-de-lance.

Routine of camp life. The party came back Thursday noon and this morning left again for far up the Chucunaque for four days. The monuments to mark latitude and longitude are done, and are fine. The only ones east of Panama City.

For food, we have all kinds of canned goods. Plenty of fried plantain, bananas, some pataya, yan, etc. Wild turkey twice. Hoping for a taste of rabbit, peccary and crocodile tails.

I feel quite acclimated, and when the others return I shall take a piragua with two Indian paddlers and collect the rocks and fossils along this bit of the river, and visit the negroid village of Gavisa, 1-2 mile up-stream.

Monday, Feb. 25.

Yesterday, Sunday, was very quiet here, as almost everybody was afield. I am in charge when Mr. Marsh is away. Only Murphy, Johnson, Breder and I in camp today. The Margaret brought two visiting army officers.

I am very well. Hope to get out of the camp and explore a bit in a few days. We will keep the camp for a few weeks. Last night we had kinaho for supper—a big rodent, highly esteemed as food.
The Indian woman who does our washing had a baby night before last, and this morning is gone to Gavisa to have the baby baptized. A little papoose with black hair. The Indian women, evidently, take only a day off for a baby. She did a heavy washing the day before. She had a baby night before last, and this morning the Chocoe (chokei) of the Chocoes is calling on us. His name is Svelina. It was his house where the fiesta was held, last night all night. He is dressed in shirt and pants, with straw hat and long hair.

One of the two piragous with motor has just come back with Benton, Brin and two of the Indians. The other boat went on up the Membrillo, a branch of the Chucunaque.


This P. M. the Big Chief of the Chocoes is calling on us. His name is Svelina. It was his house where the fiesta was held, last night all night. He is dressed in shirt and pants, with straw hat and long hair.

3 P. M. Wednesday, Feb. 27.

The big party had returned from up the river and now it is so late in the day and the tide so low that Mr. Terry thinks he will hold the launch until tomorrow morning early, so I will have to seal this tonight.

In a few days most of the remaining party will go for a long trip up the Tuyra. The Chucunaque runs into the Tuyra near Real. So they go ten miles down the river to its junction and then off east up the Tuyra to visit the Cunas. They are more advanced than the Chocoes, which have been the subject of study thus far. They are friendly, very skillful weavers. This will take perhaps ten days. Of course, I shall not go, but look after the camp. And then they return and do some possible short trips. A few will attempt a voyage to the head of the Chucunaque among the least known and unfriendly Indians. Perhaps, then, the camp will be "struck" and the rest of us go back to Panama. That, in brief, is the present outlook.

This morning I collected some rock samples and fossils from across the river and shall take some short trips in the vicinity. And perhaps go up the Chico to the Indian village. Avelino was here again today. He is quite a farmer and banana dealer and has often been in Panama.

Sunday, March 2.

On Friday Mr. Marsh, Benton and Charlton left, with helpers, for a 10-day trip up the Tuyra and its branches, to see the Cuna Indians. The Chief that was here the first day following our arrival. Jose Mata (he and a lot of his men were working on this ranch) lives in that region, and the party will have a hearty welcome. The Cunas are more advanced than the Chocoe (chokei) of this district.

The Panamanian policeman from La Palma, remains here, and I have him occupy Mr. Marsh's tent, where the valuable presents and the money-chest are. And I have told him not to go to Gavisa nor leave the camp at night. Today I let him go to Real with a party of negroes for a cock-fight. The party came from Gavisa, with two fighting roosters. He promised to return this afternoon.

Our Indian hunter just came in with three "pigs," pecaries. So we will have a supply of wild meat for the next few days. Our cook, says he can salt and keep what will not be immediately used. The kitchen also has two wild turkeys.

Baer is writing out his statistics of the measurements of the Indians. I am watching the tidal flow, temperature and sky conditions and just looking. I have been out of camp to see near-by features, and across the river twice, collecting the rock and fossils.

No rain. The sky occasionally gets dark and overcast, but everything is dry as a desert. Yet the palms flourish on the dry plain, and the forests are green and blossoming.

Tuesday, March 4.

Yesterday some men brought in a handsome jaguar skin, which Baer bought for $3. Much like an African leopard with ringed spots of black on a tawny ground. Today he brought another of different pattern, the black more in stripes.

Sunday night Baer and I ate a roast turkey. The wild turkey which we have had here, so far, is not larger than a good chicken, with less meat and not tender.

Thursday, March 6.

A man brought in the skin of an ocelot, a cat smaller than the jaguar, and with the markings more like stripes than rings. Our Indian hunter took eight young parakeets from a nest near by. The cook has had an old one here for many days, and it is very interesting and sociable.

In the P. M. two Cuna Indians came from the Pucro bringing a letter from Mr. Marsh, asking for quinine for the Indians and some supplies for the party. I started the messenger back within an hour.

Saturday, March 8.

Nothing special has occurred since yesterday. This morning Baer and Johnson went up the river for two or three days to get monkeys for weighing the brains and organs, as data for comparison with human weights.

Yesterday a big sloth was brought in, hanging on a pole. We did not wish it, and I had it taken back to Gavisa. The blacks and Indians bring in many things for sale. Baer gave 30c for two parakeets, which are wandering about the kitchen and scolding. The hunter today shot a partridge and macaw. The macaw will be eaten by the help.

Tuesday, March 11.

Baer and Johnson came back with six monkeys for dissection and weighing; and Mr. Marsh, with Benton and Charlton, returned from their 10-day trip. They brought beautiful woven hammocks which the Cunas make by spinning the native cotton.

The hunter brought in a grizzled-black wild cat, the Yagnar mundi, the smallest of the cat tribe found here. But it was much taller and longer than our domestic cat. He also had a wild turkey and a beautiful macaw. I have a pair of macaws wings.

The Cuna women wear rings in the nose. All the Cunas wear clothes. Our washing here is done by the squaw of the hunter, the one with the little baby. And she has the baby painted jet black, said to be to protect it from insects.

Wednesday, March 12.

Today Brin, Baer and Johnson left for ten days to the same villages that Mr. Marsh just returned from.

It is expected that in about three weeks we will break up. The camp equipment and heln, and myself, if, to go to Panama, while the party will try to go clear up the valley and over to the Bayano, and down that to the Pacific, some 30 miles east of Panama City. The doubt is as to the attitude of the Indians.
ROCHESTER ALUMNI REVIEW

Recuperating in North Africa

By Rush Rhees

A prime evidence of administrative ability is success in impressing one’s organization with the necessity for a leave of absence for recuperation.

Such a success I have to report.

It was followed by a trip to the Mediterranean with Mrs. Rhees, on the “Tuscany” which sailed from New York February 16, and which delivered us safely and comfortably at Algiers on February 28.

Then for two weeks we indulged in a desultory exploration of North Africa, which is the excuse for this report—if that may be termed a report which is as desultory as the exploration it chronicles.

That exploration penetrated to Biskra at the northern border of the Sahara, but included at its beginning and its end short stops in Algiers, Constantine and Tunis—three cities of interesting history and remarkable recent development.

France seems to be following—afar off—the steps of Rome in the development and exploitation of North Africa. Afar off, for intervening between them are long centuries of devastation and neglect, running from the Arab conquest in the 7th century to the beginning of French control in the 19th. Afar off, too, in that as yet France has much to do to equal what the Roman ruins tell of Rome’s development of the province which was for many years a chief granary for Italy. To us who were ill-informed the extent and magnificence of such Roman building, in eastern Algeria and in Tunisia, was an amazing revelation. Temples, amphitheatres, villas, aqueducts and roads remain still in magnificent ruins, suggesting a splendor and lavishness of enterprise not inferior to the familiar relics in Italy itself.

But France is following Rome, though afar off. Algiers, Constantine and Tunis are built about old Arab towns and strongholds, but the newer portions are rapidly crowding to one side their oriental nuclei, and what meets the eye is a vivid reminder of Paris—in streets, boulevards, public buildings, and business and residential structures. That means that they are cities beautiful. Furthermore, French highways and railways form a network of communication over all of her province, Algeria, and her protectorate, Tunisia.

These material proofs of her beneficent control are matched by the evidence manifest everywhere of good order, in city and in desert oasis, while great stretches of the bright green of sprouting winter wheat in the broad plateau between the mountain chains bordering the sea and the Sahara suggested that France is finding North Africa as fertile a source of supplies as her predecessor did.

The desert, too, shows her influence. Oases grow where wells yield water, and from time immemorial the Arabs have dug through the barren desert soil and found water, which changed the barrenness into a garden. France has sunk such artesian wells to lower reservoirs of water, and has so multiplied the fertility of the green spots of the desert, with a resultant prosperity hitherto beyond expectation; while railways are slowly pressing forward over trackless sands to more distant oases, and bringing a facility of communication which never before existed.

This French dominion has not been won or maintained without cost. France has to deal with proud and warlike, and often times aloof, wandering tribes. The noteworthy thing is that she has dealt successfully with them and has brought them peace.

Of the stern beauty of the desert and its lure, I will not attempt to write. I will only recommend such administrative finesse as will send you, too, to North Africa to see for yourselves.

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The frosh “put one over” on the sophs by holding their banquet without interference on Wednesday evening, March 5. Compelled by campus tradition to hold the event within the city, they went to the outermost confines and engaged an old hardware store on the River Road in Charlotte for the occasion, meeting in three groups and being transported thereto in three covered moving vans. The sophs partially assuaged their feelings by persuading George Reed, frosh president, and a few of his classmates to spend the evening in Kendrick Hall. Securely knotted ropes were the means of persuasion employed.
What Does June Mean to You?

June has often been called a magic month. It starts many young hearts palpitating and many old pores perspiring. But as we write these lines we are thinking of something else besides orange blossoms and perspiration. We are thinking of the old grads who annually come back to the fountain head of their youthful inspirations, and particularly of the countless other old grads who ought to come back.

Last June we had what was considered a very successful Commencement, but it was disappointing to us in one important regard. There were probably as many others within comparatively easy reach who were not around. We kept missing well-known faces whose absence we could not account for.

There are approximately one thousand alumni within the immediate environs of Rochester. Offsetting the small proportion who may be unavoidably occupied elsewhere by those who return from a distance, there ought to be a thousand on the actual scene instead of five hundred.

One of the tragedies of existence is to see man grow indifferent to the worthwhile associations of his youth, to turn his back, to grow old when he ought to stay young, to ossify spiritually, to turn into lime. We cannot understand it. Perhaps it is a disease, and we ought not to speak lightly of it.

But whatever it is, if you are so afflicted, this June will give you a splendid opportunity to effect a cure, or at least make a start toward convalescence. The plans are being laid, as indicated on another page, for the most unique and significant Commencement celebration in our history to date. For every son of Rochester within reach, who still retains a reasonable proportion of red corpuscles, it ought to prove a very easy thing to go to and a very hard thing to stay away from.

Join the Crocus Club

Among all our sins of commission and omission there is one flagrant specimen of which we have yet to be found guilty. We have been scribbling most of our life, but thus far have never emitted a spring poem. That in itself indicates a strength of character, of which we may furnish no other convincing evidence.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, we are conscious of certain pronounced feelings stirring within us at about this time every year, which must bear some relation to the calendar. The springtime may present as raw, wet and generally disagreeable a conglomeration of weather conditions as any corresponding period of the autumn, perhaps more so, but what a different urge there is behind it all!

Through the worst possible spring we are constantly aware that new life is forming on every hand, that dead things are beginning to live again. Through the most gorgeous autumn that Nature can give us we are daily reminded that everything about us is dying. There is a difference that gets under the human skin.

That is one big reason why the spring seems a peculiarly fitting time for rallying alumni. There are so many of us that need to be born again, to push our heads back up through the wintry sod of indifference and lethargy into a renewal of aspirations and associations worthwhile. We would like to organize here with a Crocus Club for reborn alumni. True, the crocus bloom only lasts a short time, but the beauty of it is that it comes back again every year, one hundred per cent strong.

Should Plead Insanity

Several of our fraternity houses were recently honored, in fact flattered, by a visit from burglars, as recounted on another page. If the plunderers are ever apprehended, they should make a plea of insanity upon arraignment. We lived in a fraternity house for several years and always thought that no sane burglar would ever expect to find anything therein worth risk-
ing his liberty for. Our principal pos-
sessions were clothing, and if we had ever
possessed an item of wearing apparel worth
stealing, some “borrowing” brother would
have beaten the thieves to it.

Motoring Spendthrifts

The automobile has done much to trans-
form civilization. That is neither an orig-
inal, startling or particularly interesting
observation. Academically speaking, it is
trite; in the language of the undergraduate,
it is “old stuff.” But of the economic in-
fluence of the automobile on the individual
not so much has been uttered or written.
Consequently we have been obliged to do
our own thinking along these lines, and
we have made some rather interesting per-
sonal discoveries.

The automobile has probably jarred
more money loose from mouldy hiding
places than any other agency. It has taught
habitual “tightwads” how to let go of
tightly compressed dollars. A man who
would ponder for a week before spending
a dollar on himself or fifty cents on anyone
else—and then probably decide not to—
will, without wincing, write a check for
any sum from five dollars up to one hun-
dred in favor of any garage man who con-
vinces him that it is necessary in order to
keep his beloved car from becoming inac-
tive, or even indisposed.

Take ourself, for instance. We can
cherish a thin dime on occasion about as
patiently and persistently as the next ama-
teur economist. One day last winter we
stood for several minutes in front of a
window downtown, gazing yearningly at
a sale of cheap neckties. We needed some
badly, but they were at least twenty-nine
cents apiece and we finally decided to wait
and see if the market would not drop off
another four points before investing.

The next day our car inhaled a few
drops of water in its bronchial system and
threatened to develop pneumonia. We im-
mediately paid five dollars to have a filter
installed in the gas line and experienced
no feeling whatever except one of intense
satisfaction at having made so important
an acquisition. We might add that the
market held and we still need the neckties,
according to our wife and other frank
critics.

That is but one of innumerable examples
to prove the case. However fondly one re-
gards his small capital, his car simply must
be kept running with normal efficiency. If
Henry Ford ever overruns Scotland, as he
has America, we shall no longer recognize
the well-known Scottish nature.

Lost and Found

We have something which does not be-
long to us. Perhaps some alumni left it
on our desk a few weeks ago; hence our
excuse for mentioning it here. It is one of
those small, gold or gold-colored knives,
whose principal mission in life is to hold
down the lazy end of a watch chain. Per-
haps it would really cut something. We
don’t know, but we shall give it a chance
to act like a real knife pretty soon, if no
one claims it. Our watch chain is broken
and our watch in the hospital, but we do
need a knife. In the meantime, if anyone
identifies it beyond all possible doubt, we
shall be reasonable about it.

Always on Time

Let us make ourself clear once again re-
garding our publication schedule. One
nice thing about the Review, it is never
late. No magazine can be late which does
not guarantee any definite date of publ-
ication, and no alumni magazine of infrequent
issuance can adhere very closely to a daily
calendar. One of the large university
alumni monthlies on our exchange list has
reached us regularly this year during the
month following the declaration on its cov-
er, and it is by no means alone in such
practice.

If no complications arise, we aim to ap-
ppear as closely as possible to the first of
the second month mentioned on our cover.
The February-March issue, for instance,
came from the press on March 1, although
it took our mailing department, alias our
personal secretary, two or three days to
get them all in the mails, and we do not
know what Uncle Sam’s servants did with
them after that.

But unavoidable complications often
arise. This month we delayed as long as
possible in order to give the alumni up-to-
date information regarding Commencement
and one or two other matters. Then, in
the midst of our work on copy, we were
obliged to jump out to Chicago for an
alumni dinner. Our next issue will be delayed by Commencement itself, which must be reported in full in the June-July number. But please be assured that you are getting your money's worth if you receive a Review every other month during the ten months of the college year—and, if you are not a paid-up subscriber to the Alumni Fund, it stands to reason that you are getting more than your money's worth.

H. A. S.

Two Public Servants Gone

We regret to note, since the issuance of our last number, the passing of two more prominent Rochester alumni, both of whom were not only public servants but at one time served the University as well. These are Hon. J. Sloat Fasett, '75, of Elmira, N. Y., and Judge John A. Barhite, '81, of Rochester, whose deaths are recorded elsewhere.

Mr. Fasett was formerly a member of the Board of Trustees. He served several terms, both in the N. Y. State Senate and in Congress and was at one time Republican candidate for the governorship of New York. To the public service rendered by Judge Barhite, a former president of the Associated Alumni, the Rochester Herald paid the following tribute:

In the death of John A. Barhite, former Public Service Commissioner, at one time a County Judge and for many years a public servant of recognized ability in many capacities, not only Rochester, but the state of New York, loses a valued citizen. His passing from this life at the age of only 66 years, when his ripened experience should have been of greatest value to his city and state, makes his departure keenly felt as a loss to the community.

Judge Barhite was a product of the Genesee Country. Born in Auburn, his boyhood was passed in Ontario County and his manhood in Rochester. He received his collegiate training at the University of Rochester, which had prepared for life a host of young men who have later become famous for their devotion to the public good.

Although well known and successful in his practice of law, it was as a faithful servant of the local and state governments that Judge Barhite accomplished his greatest work, and it will be for those tasks well done that he will be best remembered by his grateful fellow citizens. Of Judge Barhite, as of many another public man who strives honestly to serve his fellow citizens, it may well be said that his years in this world were all too few in number.

Reunion Appeal to '04

Dear Classmate:

This is the Fatal Year. In June we are to stage a Revue entitled "The Follies of '04." You are an integral part of the show, because you were a member of the original cast. We can't get along without you, if we are to hold the kind of reunion we intend to hold, a Reunion 100 per cent Unanimous, attended by every '04 man who is now both living and alive.

Years may come and years may go, but this is the mile-stone we are going to paint red. This is the year the calendar has been spinning for! Don't wait until 1944, when we hold our wheel-chair reunion. This June the spring will be in the air! Our 1924 Reunion will have for its slogan:—Forty Strong and Strong at Forty. Watch our fast-stepping when we stride back to the campus and say: "Dr. Anderson, we are here!"

All the boys will be glad to see you, and you will surely feel a mathematical equivalence. If you don't show up, we will call you a queer fish. If you do come, you can count on our giving you the best our hostelry affords.

There was a certain contingent of the class that believed in seeing Rochester first. They are still here, and they meet each other without any thrill of recognition. The Rochester Guard will all be present at this Commencement, or they will die in their attempt to stay away. This letter is not aimed at these victims of geographical inertia. What we are after are the members of our class who are somewhere east of Suez. We want to ring in those bearded strangers who have to be introduced. We want to look at the old family album of '04 and have every memory get up and walk. We want a Real Reunion and we want you to come and make it a Real Reunion. Say "Yes" and be a good sport.

THACK HORTON, '04,
Chairman Reunion Com.

Dr. Eliott Frost, head of the psychology and extension departments, was confined to his home early in April with a severe attack of pleural pneumonia. While he is now reported out of danger, he is not expected to resume his regular duties this semester.
Our basketball team continued its brilliant playing streak and ran the number of successive victories to seven in the closing game against Colgate, the Yale contest at New Haven being the last setback sustained by the 1923-24 court team. Following the defeat of Hamilton, recorded in the last issue of the Review, victories were notched over Rensselaer, Lafayette, Hobart and Colgate to complete a record of fifteen wins in nineteen games, this being the best record attained by a Rochester basketball team since Allie Neary led his aggregation to an impressive total in the 1913-14 season.

The triumph over Rensselaer was especially praiseworthy, as the Trojans had not lost a game and then proceeded to win all their succeeding games, making championship claims at the end of the season. Coach Murphy had his charges primed for the occasion, and the visitors never had a chance after the start of the second half. In the first period Rensselaer kept within hailing distance of the Varsity, but with the opening of the second half the Rochester players uncovered an offense that fairly swept the visitors off their feet. When the pistol announced the end of the game, the scoreboard read: Rochester 40, Rensselaer 22.

Lafayette was the next victim. The Pennsylvanians were unusually impressive physically, the team being composed largely of the men who brought athletic fame to the Easton institution on the gridiron. Our players were too skillful for their husky opponents, however, and the 33-to-24 Rochester victory just about represents the relative merits of the two teams.

The next game, with Hobart at Geneva, was figured as a sure victory for the Varsity, as we had defeated our old football rivals easily in the opening game here. Coach "Deke" Welch had his proteges worked up to a fighting pitch, however, and the Rochester enthusiasts who accompanied the team had a most unhappy time of it throughout the first half. The Genevans, playing a defensive game, put up a real fight and left the floor at the end of the first half with the score 8 to 7 in their favor. Dr. Fauver, who was in charge of the team in the absence of Coach Murphy, apparently pointed out many pertinent facts to the Rochester players between the halves, as they came back with the proverbial bang and within a few minutes had the homesters wildly attempting to stem the tide of field baskets that sifted through the netting.

Uncovering the thrilling offense that had sent so many teams down to defeat, Rochester scored no less than 24 points in the second period, while Hobart had to be content with 3, the final tally being 31 to 11. Hobart rooters were also out en masse and the cheering and singing of the rival sections brought back memories of the football tilts between the two teams. Incidentally all but one of the Rochester players and two of the Hobart players had participated in the football fracas at University Field last Thanksgiving Day, and the decisive victory did much toward evening the count for the gridiron debacle.

The closing game against Colgate at Genesee Hall on March 8 drew a capacity crowd, and all but the Colgate adherents had a most gleeful evening of it. There may have been games where a strong team was as completely outclassed as was Col-
gate, but we have never seen or heard of such an engagement. Colgate’s strength may be deduced from the fact that the Maroon outfit proceeded to defeat Syracuse at Syracuse the next night.

Rochester had lost to Colgate by one point in an extra-period game at Hamilton earlier in the season, and the Varsity players were eager to avenge the setback. Besides staging a dazzling offense that completely puzzled the visitors, Murphy’s men played so brilliantly on the defense that the Colgate players did not score a single field basket until only four minutes were left to play in the second half and the last one of the six substitutes had been sent into the game. Even then Colgate was able to locate the basket from the field only once and with a long shot.

Captain Eddie Taylor closed his college athletic career with a splendid exhibition, and the fact that Colgate did not score a field basket while the regulars played was due largely to his efforts. Merc Brugler and “Red” Callaghan continued their scintillating passing and shooting game, and the Colgate guards were quite willing to call it a night when they left the game. Bill Uhlen and Rufe Hedges covered the back court like inspired individuals, whenever Colgate got possession of the ball, and it was seldom that the visitors had even a shot at the basket. Curtin, Green, Howell, White, Gordon and Reinholz all got in the game in the closing minutes of play and managed to continue the dizzy pace set by the regulars.

The brilliant record is a lasting tribute to the ability of Coach Johnny Murphy. Not alone does he know every angle of the game, but his splendid handling of the players made each one work his best for him. Alumni and undergraduates, as well as local adherents of the team, have been unpicking in their praise of his ability and it is a certainty that he will be asked to handle the team again next season.

The 1924-25 team should be even better than that of the past season, unless some of the players come under a faculty ban, as Captain Taylor is the only senior lost by graduation, while the 1923-24 freshman team should contribute much help through the eligibility of such players as Captain Shannon, Feinstein, Costello, Cohen and Moross, who learned much from Coach Walter Campbell and gave splendid promise as future varsity stars.

Merc Brugler has been elected to captain next year’s team by the “R” men. Seldom has such an honor been so richly deserved. Not alone is he one of the best players that has worn a Rochester uniform, but he is a striking example of the fact that one can be a star of the first magnitude and still be a splendid sportsman, the kind that wins the respect of every opponent because of his unquestioned clean playing.

“Red” Callaghan had to take to his bed a few days after the Colgate game, and it was not known until then that he had played the latter part of the season virtually on his nerve. At this writing he has just returned to college but will not be available for baseball. It is to be hoped, though, that he has recovered his full strength by the opening of college in the fall as his absence from either the football or basketball squads would be a serious loss.

Matthew D. Lawless, ’09.

As Others Saw Us

It is easy and natural to form a very high estimate on the home campus of a basketball team that performs as well as the Varsity did during the past season, but the most gratifying estimates come from the camp’s of the enemy. During the past season we have consequently followed the alumni magazines of the different institutions with which we were scheduled with considerable interest, although these magazines naturally cannot give much space to individual games.

We have found comments on the Rochester games or team in five different alumni publications, which we consider sufficiently interesting to quote below. As three of the five institutions represented defeated us, it is evident that our team, even in defeat, did by no means disgrace itself.

From the Columbia Alumni News:

The men rested until after Christmas, and on Thursday evening, December 27, took a sleeper for Rochester. On Friday Rochester threw quite a scare into the Blue and White camp, leading at the end of the first half by a score of 17 to 12. But Deering’s players came back in the second half and won by a score of 30 to 27. Colgate was beaten the next night.

From two different reviews of the season, appearing later in the same paper:

There were nine games played with teams not in the Intercollegiate Basketball League, all of which Columbia won, scoring 289 points against 189 by its opponents. In this list were included West Point, which had run up a long string of victories, Rochester and N. Y. U., which
always have good teams, and Harvard which is just breaking into basketball again. The average score of the non-league games was 32.1 to 21 in favor of Columbia.

A recapitulation reveals 15 victories and 4 defeats. Among the more notable achievements in our non-league games were the triumphs over Rutgers, Army, Navy, Rochester (which had an exceptionally good team) and New York University.

From the Cornell Alumni News:
Rochester and Colgate were played at Rochester, January 1 and 2. Although the Cornell five lead Rochester by a score of 12 to 10 at the end of the first half in the first game, the home team spurted in the second period and came out victor by a score of 24 to 19. In this period Rochester kept the ball most of the time and by a fine rally at half time took a commanding lead.

From the same paper, at the conclusion of the season:
In non-league games Cornell defeated Syracuse twice, Colgate twice and Buffalo, losing only to Rochester, on the Christmas holiday trip. In all, fifteen games were played this year, and all but three resulted in victories.

From a recent letter written by Coach Howard Ortnor, of the Cornell Intercollegiate League champions: "U. of R. certainly had a five to be proud of, and our players spoke in glowing terms of your team."

From the Union Alumni Monthly:
Union defeated Rochester, 22 to 19, in the Alumni gymnasium February 7, thanks largely to the return to our lineup of Sig Makofski, who recovered his intellectual health as a result of the semester exams, and was declared eligible by the faculty. Union's team work was not equal to that of our visitors, but our eye for the basket was better and Sig was everywhere, scoring a total of fifteen points, and at the same time holding the Rochester star, Uhlen, to one basket. The teams were rarely separated by more than two points. At half time the score stood 10 to 9 in our favor, though early in the period Rochester lead most of the time. In the second half Union, by a burst of brilliant play, drew ahead five points, but Rochester came back, and with two minutes to play pulled up so that the score was 20 to 19. And then
Makofski broke loose, scoring a field basket just before the pistol cracked.

From the Yale Alumni Weekly:

Displaying more of last year's championship form than at any other time this season, the Varsity basketball team defeated the University of Rochester, 33-26, in a game full of speed and action. A lead of four points quickly gained through free throws by Pite and Suigman was never overcome throughout the entire struggle.

During the first half of the University game the playing was very even, the Blue never having an advantage of more than four points or less than three. Suigman, for the first time this year showing his old time form in cutting in to shoot baskets, was the driving force in the Yale attack. The half ended with the score 14 to 10.

O'Hagan and Brugler led the visitors' attack, and the former with his great speed was a constant menace to the Blue defense. The guarding of Uhlens, who until his team became for a short time demoralized had kept Pite scoreless, was also of a high caliber.

In the later issue of the same paper, indicating the importance which Yale attached to the victory over Rochester:

But Yale's hopes for retaining last year's intercollegiate basketball title were given a severe setback when Columbia defeated the Varsity quintet by the score of 25-15, in the Morningside Heights Gymnasium, New York, on Tuesday. * * * The victory, which Coach Fogarty's men had hoped for after defeating Rochester Friday night, would have tied them with Columbia for second place in the Intercollegiate league.

From the Oberlin Alumni Magazine, giving a brief mention of their team's eastern trip:

In the first game Rochester won 24 to 15, playing a fine game and keeping a fair lead from the beginning.

* * *

Football Coach Chosen But Still Unsigned

If matters develop as now hoped, the coaching committee has all but completed its arduous task of selecting a football coach for next fall, from among the twenty-seven applications considered. We had hoped to be able to announce the appointment in this issue of the REVIEW, and it may be announced in the daily papers before this reaches our readers. The committee has reached a unanimous choice and the man selected has indicated his willingness to take the position, if his own personal affairs develop as expected at present.

While we obviously cannot make any further announcement at this writing, our alumni and friends may rest assured that the man chosen presents qualifications, both as to successful experience and personality, which should commend him highly to everyone interested. If the unexpected happens and he finds himself unable to accept the appointment, the committee will resume operations at once in further combining the qualifications of the other twenty-six applicants.

* * *

Fine Freshman Record

Since our last issue the freshman basketball team has wound up its very successful season with two more games, suffering its only defeat at the hands of the Cornell frosh at Ithaca by a score of 39 to 22 and defeating the University of Buffalo frosh at Buffalo, 25 to 11. This latter game on a big floor was feared but proved one of the easiest wins of the year. Our yearlings rolled up a 21-to-3 count in the first half and took things easy in the closing period, with several substitutes in the lineup.

The season's record shows six victories and one defeat, the frosh totaling 195 points to 149 for their opponents. Considering the early-season appearance of the squad, this was a remarkably good showing. It is a further tribute to the ability of Coach Walter Campbell to get the boys to work for him and augurs well for next year's Varsity.

* * *

Spring Sports Starting

Baseball Schedule

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 25</td>
<td>R. P. I.</td>
<td>at Rochester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 2</td>
<td>Dartmouth</td>
<td>at Rochester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 3</td>
<td>Hamilton</td>
<td>at Rochester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 6</td>
<td>St. Bonaventure</td>
<td>at Rochester</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 9</td>
<td>Clarkson</td>
<td>at Potsdam</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 10</td>
<td>St. Lawrence</td>
<td>at Canton</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 13</td>
<td>Clarkson</td>
<td>at Rochester</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 16</td>
<td>Colgate</td>
<td>at Hamilton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 17</td>
<td>Hamilton</td>
<td>at Clinton</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 22</td>
<td>Niagara</td>
<td>at Niagara Falls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 24</td>
<td>Niagara</td>
<td>at Rochester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 30</td>
<td>St. Bonaventure</td>
<td>at Olean</td>
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</table>

Weather permitting, the first baseball games of the season will have been played by the time this magazine reaches its readers. But at the present writing the strength of the Varsity nine is somewhat problematical, as Coach Fauver has been experiencing his usual difficulties in this well-known climate in getting his men started.

The team ought to have somewhat better pitching than last year. Joe Cleveland
appears to be in good shape, and Jim McConnell, second string Varsity twirler last spring, and Luther Webster, of last year’s frosh team, are showing encouraging early season form. Bill Uhlen, former East High star, supported by Allen and Warren, last season’s subs, insure strength back of the plate.

The graduation of George Carhart and the failure of “Red” Callaghan and Rufus Hedges to report because of physical condition have complicated the infield lineup somewhat. At present it looks as though Captain Gleason would move over to second base, with Jack Curtin at third, Don Burrows, a converted outfielder, at first and Vagg, a sophomore, at short-stop. Curtin at third is proving a real acquisition and bids fair to be one of the best infielders the Varsity has ever boasted.

The outfield has also been unsettled in one position. Pat Ryan will again appear in left and Clark O’Brien in right. The principal candidates for center, vacated by Burrows, are Carl Lauterbach, Croop, Allen and Warren.

Varsity track prospects are also an open question this spring, because of the graduation of Jack Dunn, Dean Shedd and Frances Remington and the loss of George Milliman, which quartette were heavy and consistent point winners for the last two or three years. Coach Walker S. Lee has returned to the job, however, and that assures us that the greatest possible strength will be developed from the squad available.

Three intercollegiate meets are scheduled, as follows: May 10, Union at Rochester; May 17, Allegheny at Meadville; May 31, Alfred at Rochester.

A peculiar feature of the Easter recess this year is the fact that it came during Easter week. When we were in college, the Easter holidays came at almost any time during the early spring except at Easter.

It seems more like a going concern around here now, with President Rhees back in his office, even though he is still obliged to conserve his energies under orders from his physician. The men’s chapel was nearly filled for the first time this year on Thursday, April 12, to give him a real welcome and to hear him tell of his interesting experiences in Northern Africa. He looks and feels much better than when he left but must take no liberties with his physical well-being during the remaining spring months.

The University entertained about 40 sub-freshman prospects at the Lafayette and Colgate basketball games, entered in the sectional tournament held in Rochester, at a dinner in Kendrick Hall on Thursday evening, March 20. The University was represented among the speakers by Ernest D. Ward, ‘24, toastmaster, Dr. Edwin Fauver and Hugh A. Smith, ’07. There were about 70 boys present, representing seven counties and the city.

The second province of the Delta Upsilon fraternity held a very successful district convention with the Rochester chapter, February 22-24. In addition to many guests, there were present three delegates each from the Cornell, Union, Hamilton, Syracuse, Colgate and Toronto chapters. Rochester has certainly been brought into the fraternity limelight during the last two years.

Fortunately “Red” Callaghan, the doughty little basketball forward, did not turn yellow until after the close of the season, and then he succumbed to an attack of jaundice, which kept him out of college for several weeks. In fact, it is said that he should have been in bed the night of the closing game. Perhaps Colgate would have been just as happy, had he been there.
On Friday, March 14, from 4 to 8 P.M., the physical education department conducted a student rally in the Alumni Gymnasium as a very fitting windup to a successful intramural season of winter sports. The rally itself was so successful that “Doc” Fauver plans to make it an annual event. The sophs won the interclass wrestling finals in the afternoon, while Delta Kappa Epsilon defeated Theta Chi, 17-15, for the swimming championship, and the neutrals captured the handball title by beating the Commons Club. A little comedy was furnished by a water basketball game in the plunge, in which the varsity kept their heads above water long enough to down the frosh, 4 to 2. After a buffet supper the graduate manager awarded block “R’s” to the Varsity basketball men and Dean Gale class numerals to members of the frosh basketball squad. As a climax to the evening Theta Chi vanquished the Dekes, 17 to 7, in a playoff of the tie resulting from the regular inter-fraternity basketball season. The Alpha Deltas, last year's champions, had established this tie the week before by unexpectedly beating the Dekes, after having been eliminated themselves by the Theta Dels and Theta Chi.

The sweet confidence which some of our fraternities have always evinced in human nature by leaving their front doors unlocked at all times received a rude jolt early in the morning of Tuesday, March 4, when certain acquisitive individuals entered the Theta Delt, Sigma Delt and Alpha Delt houses and removed various sums of money, several watches and other trinkets. They showed a certain intimacy with the situation by entering only those houses in which the men sleep on the third floor.

Soph Ex, held on Friday evening, February 29, was won by William H. Reinholz, with John Stolz a close second. Lester O. Wilder, ’11, and Thomas H. Remington, ’11, were two of the judges, and neither man picked a fraternity brother.

A new honorary senior society, to be known as the Keidaens, is being organized among the members of this year's junior class and should exercise quite a hopeful influence on the campus in the direction of college spirit and traditions. Election to membership is to be impartially determined by a definite point system, based on scholarship and participation in student activities. The charter members will be chosen later in the spring.

Three men, Merlin L. Groff, ’24, Donald L. Wood, ’24, and Frederick Metildi, ’25, have been awarded Phi Beta Kappa keys. Notable features of the awards are the facts that Wood is taking the mechanical engineering course, in which a key is seldom won, and that Metildi is completing the four-year arts course in three years. In justice to the feminine contingent we should add that five girls have also been awarded keys.

The Mountebanks, to whom are entrusted the college play at present, gave their annual performance before an interested audience in Catherine Strong Hall on Wednesday evening, April 16. “Wapping Wharf,” a play with piratical atmosphere, was the offering, and it was very well offered. Leading parts were taken by Howard S. Boynton, ’24, Lester M. Slocum, ’26, F. Howard Wheelehan, ’26, and Wilbur W. O'Brien, ’26, while Donald C. Snapp, ’24, was business manager.

The Rochester chapter of Theta Chi was well represented at its national convention, held in New York during the second week of April.

The musical clubs are reported to be better this season than last. Their most extended trip was a three-day hegira to Buffalo and vicinity, beginning on March 20, on which they gave concerts at Niagara Falls, Orchard Park and Buffalo Normal School. They were royally entertained at luncheon at the Buffalo Athletic Club by the Buffalo Alumni Association, many of whom enjoyed the concerts. The clubs were unfortunately obliged to abandon the usual Easter trip to New York, when several places, at which they were scheduled, cancelled at the eleventh hour. An unusually good home concert is promised this year, to be held at the Hotel Seneca on May 13. Alumni doubly welcome.
Buffalo and Chicago Alumni Meet and Eat

Two regional alumni dinners and annual meetings have been held as we go to press, those of the Buffalo and Central Associations. Most of the local associations had aimed to hold their dinners earlier this year but had delayed in the hope that President Rhees would be able to attend after his return from the Mediterranean. Now his physician's orders have blasted that hope in most cases, much to his own regret as well as that of the outside alumni, who look forward each year to welcoming and hearing from Prexy on his annual pilgrimages.

The greatly deplored absence of the president, however, did not prevent the two associations in question from holding very successful dinners, indicating their real abiding interest in the University and in each other. The Buffalo Association convened at the University Club, Buffalo, on Friday evening, April 4, with President Nelson T. Barrett, '92, presiding and 29 present, including speakers.

Bishop Charles H. Brent, D. D. '22, was a guest of honor and speaker. Joseph T. Alling, '76, of the Board of Trustees, proved a very forceful and interesting representative of the administration in outlining the needs of the Oak Hill removal project and its prospects. Treasurer Ray Ball also took the Buffalo train that day and was called on to extend his greetings. The alumni secretary gave his annual review of campus activities and the alumni work. F. Chace Taylor, ex-'19, lead the group in singing during the evening, with his father, Horace F. Taylor, '93, at the piano. A rapid-fire banjo artist was also brought in to help entertain the diners.

This dinner marked the climax of an active season for the Buffalo alumni, who have held eight luncheon meetings during the year with an average attendance of seventeen members. They entertained the Musical Clubs at luncheon during their spring trip to Buffalo, turned out very well for the concert and also saw the Varsity defeat the University of Buffalo both at football and basketball.

Those present included Dr. Frank Fosdick, '72; Nelson T. Barrett, '92; Dr. H. K. DeGroat, '92; Horace F. Taylor, '93; Dr. Lesser Kauffman, '96; Merle Denison, ex-'98; Paul Hooker, '99; E. L. Reed, ex-'99; George Stone, '00; Harvey Blakeslee, Jr., '00; Homer Whitman, '00; Walter C. Hurd, '07; Robert Paviour, '08; Herbert Hanford, '09; George C. Smith, '11; Albert Waldron, '12; John Carey, '13; Carlyle Kennell, '13; Rev. A. S. Priddis, '15; F. Chace Taylor, ex-'19; William B. Chambers, '22; Vernon Caldwell, ex-'23; Harold K. Bushman, '23; L. Wallace, '23, and Nelson W. Barrett, ex-'23.


A new sub-freshman committee was created for the purpose of interviewing prospective students and sending several high school boys to Rochester at intervals during the coming year. This committee consists of William B. Chambers, '22, chairman; Dr. Frank Fosdick, '72, and Merle Denison, ex-'98. It was decided to make a group visitation to the University during the month of May and to resume regular monthly meetings in October, when evening dinners will probably be alternated with noon gatherings to accommodate the alumni who are unable to attend at noon.

On Friday night, April 25, Dr. John R. Slater, head of the English department, and the alumni secretary embarked for Chicago to represent the home campus at the annual dinner of the Central Alumni Association, which was held at College Inn, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, on Saturday evening, the 26th. President Sam Havens, '99, was the moving spirit of the occasion, ably seconded by Secretary Harold F. Gosnell, '18.

Dr. Slater gave a delightfully interesting talk on the newer developments at the University, which was very well received. Another feature of the evening was the singing, which was about the best the writer has heard at any regional dinner. Dr. Slater, himself author of several of the newer songs, helped it along as accompanist, and among the group were several former glee club artists, including Will Holt, '82, tenor on a famous all-Deke quartette of

There were 22 men around the Chicago table. Prexy Havens stated that this represented 50 per cent of all Rochester alumni residing in Cook County, which Chicago alumni of other institutions had assured him was a very good percentage showing. Professor Storrs R. Barrett, '89, of Yorkes Observatory, traveled 78 miles to attend. Others present were Rev. D. S. Warner, '79; C. A. Brown, '79; Rev. A. S. Carmen, '82; Rev. W. D. Holt, '82; E. R. Gilmore, '89; Rev. G. J. Searles, '97; H. D. Taylor, '98; Myron E. Adams, '98; Samuel M. Havens, '99; Charles R. Burke, '99; J. B. Forbes, '99; D. F. Bronson, '02; M. W. Haynes, '05; W. W. Bancroft, '07; W. W. Levis, '10; E. C. Rayson, '10; Arthur Bills, '17; Harold F. Gosnell, '18, and H. N. Ets, '20.

The Havens administration merited re-election, and the following slate of officers was unanimously chosen for the coming year: President, Samuel M. Havens, '99; vice-president, Edward R. Gilmore, '89, to succeed DeHart G. Scramton, removed to New York; secretary, Harold F. Gosnell, '18; treasurer, D. F. Bronson, '02; publicity manager, Howard D. Taylor, '98. Several of the alumni present indicated their intention of attending Commencement this June, and it was decided to hold a luncheon meeting after Commencement to permit all of the Central Association members to receive a first-hand report on the festivities at Rochester.

H. A. S.

**Notable Musical Events**

The Eastman School of Music is furnished by Arthur M. See, '12, its secretary-manager. This is indicated by a well-deserved tribute, which appears as the leading article in a recent issue of The Note Book, weekly paper of the Eastman School. The secret of his success, aside from unusual ability and training, is revealed by the following statement:

"Mr. See is patient, tactful, thoroughly informed and kind. He can deal with temperament without losing his temper, which is a qualification for successful secretaries of music schools."

Art See evinced marked musical ability and interests while in college. Upon graduation he took a four-year course at the old Institute of Musical Art on Prince Street, studying the piano under Alf Klingenberg, after which he studied for two years with Hans Ebel in Boston. Returning to Rochester, he became secretary of the Institute of Musical Art, a teacher on its piano faculty and a manager of various notable concert projects. For two seasons he conducted a series of chamber music concerts in the Genesee Valley Club, closing these in 1920 to conduct a series of three concerts annually in Convention Hall. The artists he brought there were Fritz Kreisler, Sergei Rachmaninoff (never before heard in Rochester) and Geraldine Farrar. Since the opening of the Eastman School his rapidly developing secretarial duties have compelled him to give up his teaching and concert management.

Carl W. Lauterbach, '25, has been elected president of the University Y. M. C. A. for the coming year, with Rufus Hedges, '26, vice-president; Joseph W. Bentley, '26, treasurer, and Edgar I. Bostwick, '27, secretary. J. Mercer Brugler, '25, James W. Gray, '25, and the president constitute the advisory board.
C. C. Picker is one of the professors of law in The Chicago-Kent College of Law, Chicago, Ill., a position that he has held for a number of years. The school is so prosperous that it has purchased a building for its exclusive use.

'85. Dr. Charles D. Young has been elected president of the medical society composed of members of the staff of the Rochester General Hospital. Dr. Young has been secretary of the society since 1916.

'91. The University of Illinois recently unveiled a portrait in honor of the memory of the late Charles Mulford Robinson, who was a well-known Rochester writer and city planning expert. Mr. Robinson gave the first courses in city planning in this country, and for the last five years of his life he was professor of civic design at the University of Illinois, where this chair was created especially for him.

'97. Curtis W. Barker, who has been secretary in the Rochester Public Safety Department for several years, was appointed deputy commissioner for the Board of Estimates and Appointments. The Board abolished the position of secretary to the commission of public safety and created the position of deputy commissioner, as it is believed that better service to the public would result if some of the duties of the department were delegated to a deputy.

'02. Charles L. Pierce has recently resigned as corporation counsel of the city of Rochester in order to devote more time to his private practice. Following his resignation, Mr. Pierce was appointed special counsel to handle the railway valuation case for Rochester.

'03. Azariah B. Sias, vice-principal of West High School of Rochester, has been granted a fifteen-month leave of absence for further study at Leland Stanford Junior University in California. Mr. Sias received his master of arts degree from the University of Rochester two years ago.

William F. Love has been re-elected to the presidency of the District Attorneys' Association of New York State. It is the first time that a president of the association has ever been re-elected; this is interpreted at Albany as the commencement of a movement to make Mr. Love the Republican nominee for attorney-general next fall. He has also been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Automobile Club of Rochester.

'06. Clarence M. Platt, first deputy corporation counsel at Rochester, has been named corporation counsel to succeed Charles L. Pierce, '02. He has rendered notable service in the city department for a number of years.

'09. Dr. Albert D. Kaiger has been elected secretary of the medical society, composed of the staff of the Rochester General Hospital, to succeed Dr. C. D. Young, '85.

'13. Jay Moskowitz became the father of a very young son on March 19.

'14. Avery A. Ashdown, who is working for a degree at M. I. T., has been honored by election for a second term as president of the M.
I. T. Chapter of the technical fraternity, Alpha Chi Epsilon. He has been meeting with considerable success in chemical research work which has to do with the efficiency of gunpowder.

'16. Clarence T. Leighton was married to Miss Margaret Linen Shafier, of Oswego, N. Y., on April 22. Since graduation, Mr. Leighton has served on two Buffalo newspapers and is present part owner and editor of the Oswego Times.

'17. John W. Remington has recently been appointed Assistant United States District Attorney. Mr. Remington is a member of the law firm of Remington and Remington of Rochester; he will continue to have his office in Rochester, but will give his entire time to his Federal duties.

Frank Nowak is an instructor in history at Boston University.

Wilbur G. Woodams was united in marriage to Miss Helen Archer Chase in Rochester, April 19. Wib is with the Chas. Bedaux, employment engineers, and is at present engaged with a client in Syracuse.

Ex-17. George S. Brooks, who is known as "policeman for the Rochester Herald," was paid a tribute in the Bookman for his short story, "A Misled Revolution," which appeared in a recent issue of McClure's Magazine. One of his stories, published in The Outlook, is mentioned in O'Brien’s list of the best short stories of the year, and he is selling to Scribner's and other of the country’s leading publications.

'20. Edward Taber Winslow was married to Miss Roberta S. Jennings, '22, of San Francisco, California, on April 26, at Rochester.

Cis working in New York for a degree at M. I. T., was obliged to spend several weeks during the winter in a Rochester hospital, undergoing an operation on a refractory knee. The operation was successful, and he has now returned to his studies, planning to remain at M. I. T. through the summer and get his degree in the fall.

'21. George F. Rugar, who has been teaching mathematics and science at Wagner Memorial Lutheran College in New York, plans to leave there this June to take up graduate study at Columbia.

'22. F. Marland Gale, son of Dean Arthur S. Gale of the University, and a student in the law college of Columbia University, New York, is reported to have been the leader in the defense of Frederick W. Wells, a negro law student at Columbia. A bitter controversy has been raging among the white students of Columbia because of Wells' residence in Furnald Hall, and Gale is said to have circulated a petition favoring Wells' continued residence there.

Harry Wemett, who has been teaching history in the Hightstown High School, New Jersey, is quitting the teaching profession this June to enter upon the study of law in Fordham University.

'23. Walter W. Bennett is agency cashier and soliciting underwriter for the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, with Wilbur B. Sprague, the general agent for Rochester.

Kenneth Bover is a student at the New York State Library School, Albany.

Willard M. Green's engagement to Miss Mabel M. L. Graham, '21, of Rochester, has been announced. They expect to be married in June.

T. Joseph Carney is adjutant in the claim department of the Travelers' Insurance Company, at Rochester.

David Hummel is an engineering assistant with the New York Telephone Company, New York City.

In Memoriam

Thomas Oliver Tait, ex-'91, M. D., elsewhere, died at Rochester, N. Y., after a long illness, February 20, 1924; aged 64 years; was an intern in the City Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.; was engaged in private practice of medicine in Rochester for thirty-five years, and was one of the city’s well known physicians.

John Albert Barhite, A. B., '81, died at Rochester, N. Y., after six months' illness, April 2, 1924, aged 66 years; was a prominent lawyer at Rochester, N. Y., since 1883; was a member of the constitutional convention of the State of New York, 1894; was special county judge for Monroe County 1907-1917 and a member of the Public Service Commission, 2nd District of New York, from 1917 to 1921; served for two terms as president of the Associated Alumni.

George F. Ludlam, A. B., '64; A. M., '14, died at New York City, April 14, 1924, of heart disease, aged 80 years; was engaged in mercantile pursuits until 1877; was superintendent of the New York Hospital until 1909, when he retired; was considered one of the leading authorities in the country on hospital management.

Frank S. Lyday, ex-'11, died at Rush, N. Y., April 16, 1924, after a long illness of heart disease; was a poultry farmer at Rush, N. Y., and safety engineer, Compensations Inspection Rating Board, New York State.

Jacob Shott Fassett, A. B., '75; li. D., elsewhere, died suddenly at Vancouver, B. C., on his return from a trip to the Philippines and Japan, April 21, 1924, aged 70 years; studied law in Elmira, N. Y., being appointed district attorney of Chemung County in 1877; was proprietor of the Elmira Daily Advertiser for nearly thirty years; was elected to the New York State Senate in 1883 and re-elected in 1885, 1887 and 1889, when he became temporary president of the senate; was appointed collector of the port of New York in 1891, and that same year was the Republican candidate for governor of New York State; was secretary of the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1888; was appointed a delegate to five National Republican conventions; was temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention in 1892 and of the State Convention in 1904; served in Congress from the 37th New York District, 1905-11; was a member of the Republican State Committee and a prominent banker and capitalist at Elmira.

Ralph D. Cole, died at Rochester, N. Y., April 1, 1924, aged 23 years; was a senior at the U. of R. and a talented church organist.