

Sabrina.



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S A B R I N A

The Class Goddess

OF

AMHERST COLLEGE



A HISTORY

Compiled by

MAX SHOOP

Guardian for Class of 1910



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Max Shoop, Amherst, Mass.

Press of
LORING-AXTELL COMPANY,
Springfield, Mass.

To the Class of 1910

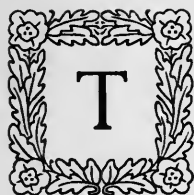
among whose loyal members I have found

so many friends,

this life of our Goddess is

Dedicated.

P R E F A C E



THE bronze statue of Sabrina, of which this book is a history, has played a prominent part in the inter-class affairs of Amherst College since the early eighties. Before the memory of man begins to fail on the interesting details of the early history of this statue, it seemed best that an authentic history be published. It is fitting that all Sabrina men, at least, should be intimately acquainted with the story.

The facts contained herein are as accurate and full as could be obtained by the compiler, who has endeavored to maintain, as nearly as his love for Sabrina would permit, the impartiality of the historian. This book is published in

the hope that what it lacks in literary worth will be made up in the minds of the readers by the unusual nature of the theme.

In publishing this book the compiler has been greatly assisted with facts and personal reminiscences by the following Amherst men,: Edwin Duffey, '90; E. B. Child, '90; John T. Stone, '91; R. B. Ludington, '91; H. C. Crocker, '91; James M. Breed, '93; Harlan F. Stone, '94; Benjamin Hyde, '94; H. T. Noyes, '94; Grosvenor Backus, '94; Charles J. Staples, '96; Samuel Furbish, '98; Ferdinand Blanchard, '98; E. E. Green, '00; Robert Cleeland, '02; J. B. Eastman, '04; Ralph Wheeler, '06; Fayette Read, '08. The writer is indebted to Prof. John F. Genung for his introduction and helpful criticism, and also to Burges Johnson, '99

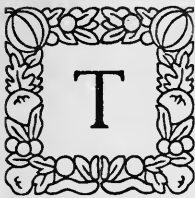
for his appreciation of Sabrina, here published.

The sketches were drawn by J. F. Swalley, '10.

MAX SHOOP, '10.



INTRODUCTION



THE little book here offered to the reader opens a window into a phase of college life hitherto known only by floating rumors and detached bits of alumni reminiscence. In one way it seems almost a pity to let the grey light of common day into what has had so authentic a touch of the mysterious and romantic. In another way, however, so far from taking the glamour out of the Sabrina cult, it but drives the sentiment deeper into the imaginative college heart. The facts are before us indeed, like a news item, in the prosaic realism of print. But the facts are only the surface of the matter. For to those who read them penetratively they turn out to

be a chronicle not of irresponsible school-boy pranks, but of that pulsation of fancy and adventure which is sure to claim its rights in a vigorous and healthy youth. Sabrina, for the college man, is not a mass of metal, stowed away in haymows and shipped from place to place to the profit of the express companies; not a mere occasion for audacious student larks. She is a divinity, fair and gracious, a gentle protectress who herself deigns to be protected; her throne a rallying-point for class loyalty and fellowship and enthusiasm. As such she holds a unique place in college and in the memory of her devotees.

Let us look a little through the window she opens and see what the view yields of the secret of Sabrina and of what she stands for in college life.

We will choose, to look through, the eyes of a man, a business man say, who is looking into college from the outside, and who himself has never been to college. His sons are there, getting an experience which has been denied him. From time to time come echoes of how they fare, such reports as reach him through the newspapers. What are his hopeful wards doing all this time? If his exacting business cares allow him an occasional thought of them, it surely must be not unlike the thought that came to Byron's gladiator, — "There are his young barbarians all at play." The newspapers do not report much more. The scores of football and baseball and tennis and track fill the page and make exciting news; he sees his boys' pictures in padded clothes or in thin drawers clearly

not meant for the costume of the class-room. About the class-room itself, and the library, and the laboratory, he may search in vain for reports of achievement or progress; such things do not make sensational items for the crowd. Even the sons themselves, home on their vacation, one suspects, are not eloquent about their college routine, or they pass it off with hints of the bluffs and tricks by which the routine is enlivened. What are they doing to become scholars, or get ready for the coming toil and moil of business? Clearly, if the outsider depends on the papers for his information, college is a holiday, a place for high jinks and play.

But the world sees only what it has eyes to see. And so far as externalities go, the outside world

is right. College *is* a place for play. That is in a sense its glory. But it is not a place where they continue to be "his young barbarians all at play." Somehow, they themselves scarcely know how, they are passing out of the barbarian stratum into something that makes the play a finer, more civilized thing. For there is play *and* play. There is play with the keen sense of honor and culture in it, with disdain of what belongs to the mucker and the cad. There is such a thing as play in work, such ease and mastery of its processes as takes the moil and drudgery out of it; an ideal which the true scholar finds, but of which we do not here speak. The fellows are learning even to make play of baseball, and thus interpose a make-weight against the inveterate American tendency to make it a hustling

business and profession. They are learning, in short, in the whole atmosphere of their work and their games, that the trail of the counting-room must not impose its hardening, searing impress on the real inwardness of life; their college fellowship furnishes a subtle refining element which releases them from its narrowness and tyranny.

Just here is where the outsider's realizing sense of the college spirit wholly fails. He has not the combination to unlock its secret. Kipling describes a multi-millionaire's feeling of this limitation in the character of Cheyne, in "Captains Courageous." Cheyne has untold power to bend circumstances to his hard will and manipulate men; but he is urging his son to go to college because, as he says, "I can't compete with the man who has been

taught!” He feels himself a hopeless outsider. “Don’t I know it? Don’t I know the look on men’s faces when they think me a—a ‘mucker,’ as they call it out here? I can break them to little pieces—yes—but I can’t get back at ‘em to hurt ‘em where they live. I don’t say they’re ‘way, ‘way up, but I feel I’m ‘way, ‘way, ‘way off, somehow.” He attributes his lack to what he calls “the plain, common, sit-down-with-your-chin-on-your-elbows book-learning.” Well, that helps, as every son of old Amherst knows. But that, as Kipling would say, is another story. There is a subtle element beyond learning, as one can realize by observing the limitatious of the college “grind.”

To connect the secret with Sabrina would seem to men like Cheyne like evaporating all that is

substantial in college to a fragrance. Nor indeed would I make any extravagant claim for her. All I would claim for this Sabrina custom is that here is revealed a subtle and elusive but very real element of college life, something beyond the inane prank and beyond the exactions of sport. We get, in short, a glimpse into the college man's centre of active sentiment, where his youthful fancy, his play of imagination, his sense of loyalty and ideal, have spontaneous outlet. It is like the soldier's loyalty for his flag. The Sabrina man, with his privileged class, is in the conscious service of a protecting and propitious divinity. He will do anything for her; he will not limit the good she stands for to him. Here the Sabrina man will doubtless be the first to exclaim, as chil-

dren say of their prodigious fairy-tales, "Oh, nonsense; it isn't so; we only just say so." But to say so, and to act accordingly, is something. It is evidence that in this crowded college world the vein of fancy, of poetry if you please, even though only wreaking itself on a confessed make-believe, is not extinct or running low. Task-work in books and laboratory has not deadened it; dress suits have not conventionalized it; the rough activities of sport and athletics have not swamped it in barbarian play. The freedom of audacious make-believe still asserts its rights. Even when boys have become husky young men, old enough to shave, the grey realism of life has not completed its hard invasion, and by the grace of the college ideal it never will.

As long as this sentiment remains vital—and this holds for alumni as for undergraduates—the stolid world cannot really, as Cheyne puts it, “hurt ’em where they live.” The poetic vein is there, not exhausted by Sabrina, nor monopolized by the even-numbered classes. Stevenson shall speak for it here. He, as my readers are aware, has written a capital Sabrina paper, in his essay on “The Lantern Bearers.” Only his Sabrina was a carefully concealed bull’s-eye lantern which on certain secret occasions the boys carried at their belt. “The essence of the bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public: a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep

down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge." Just as "none could recognize a lantern-bearer, unless (like the pole-cat) by the smell," so perhaps no outsider can recognize the Sabrina man except by his class number. But there he is, cherishing a sentiment which is its own justification, and which through all the coming years of alumni-hood, let us hope, will keep the glamour of college days alive. "It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended rather that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His

life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of a bull's-eye at his belt."

The little book before us lets in the light, not rudely nor unsympathetically, on our Amherst lantern-bearers. Here we are made aware of what Duffey and Ingalls with their mystic Sabrina vision, (delicious thought!) and Ben Hyde and Charley Staples, with their banqueting and singing classmates, have had and still have buttoned up under their top-coats. It is a delightful thing to discover. The heart of the old professor who writes these words, who has lived through the whole Sabrina period, warms

to the poet who has not died young within them. The dig or the dawdler must be left to look out for himself; he has chosen his own inner resources; but since Sabrina has had these men in her keeping, and they her in theirs, they are live men; we need have no fear for them. And as often as they live over again their Sabrina experience, and cherish its enriching effects, they will verify, in English if not in Latin, what they dimly felt at the time of it,

OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

So we give the little book our hearty good-speed.

JOHN F. GENUNG.



AN APPRECIATION

By a Non-Sabrina Man.

☞ Sabrina is, at the present date of writing, Goddess of Amherst's even-numbered classes. Her countenance sheds a certain effulgence over this portion of the graduate and undergraduate body, with perhaps just such a mentally benumbing influence as was wielded by Circe's baleful beauty. As this history is written by one of Sabrina's subjects, it is perhaps advisable to have it prefaced by the graduate of an odd year, who, undazzled, unprejudiced, with an eye single to the truth, may put the reader on his guard.

Imagine a female (Goddess if you will, for residence on Olympus entitled no certificate of character) of uncertain age, brazen beyond denial, and bearing the scars of ancient brawls. Realize that she

has travelled the breadth of the land, wining and dining annually only at stag occasions; evading the police and detectives, and all this in a costume that were better not described,—if indeed it merits the name.

These facts it seems well to place before the reader, as a matter of fairness. On the other hand, the fact that a heroine is no lady does not lessen the popular interest in her memoirs, as a study of current literature proves. And it may be said in Sabrina's behalf that she has always been true to Amherst; and surely constancy to so worthy an object for such a term of years is a mighty virtue. For that reason, if for no other, the voices of odd- and even-numbered classes sometimes blend, singing in mighty chorus the stirring paeon in her praise.

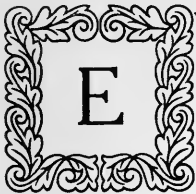
BURGES JOHNSON, '99.

S A B R I N A

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb, sways the smooth Severn
stream ;

Sabrina is her name, a virgin fair.

—*Comus.*

EVERY people has had its guardian deity, for it is man's nature to worship. The ancient Greeks looked to Athena or Aphrodite for protection and inspiration. These dwellers upon Olympus have come and gone and their day in the affections of men passed long, long ago. But man's affections remain, and seek some object of worship. Myriads of deities have from time to time blessed men with their presence. It has been reserved to certain chosen men of Amherst

College, in Massachusetts, to cherish still as their patron Goddess, and the guardian of their college life, the beautiful and chaste Sabrina, the Athena of the Saxon race.

The gods of the Greeks belonged to all alike. Sabrina, though formerly Goddess of the Britons, wearied with watching the ordinary run of men, has turned all her protection and devotion to the chosen few of the little college on the hill at Amherst. She signifies everything to her followers, and they never grow tired of singing her praises and glorious name, especially to those unfortunate ones who have only been allowed to gaze at her from afar and have tried hard to conceal the envy which rises strong within them because they too may not know the calm and peace of her protecting care.

Whenever Sabrina men stand in her majestic presence, there rushes over them as a mighty flood the memory of how her influence has enriched their college life; and once more they recall the old but fascinating story of all her thrilling experiences since the time she was born long, long ago in the darkness of a prison to a life of captivity, before she became the River Goddess of the Britons.



It was about three thousand years ago that Hymyr, the Hun, descended with his savage violence, and laid waste the beautiful country along the banks of the river Albis in Germany. As part of his booty, Hymyr carried off the beautiful daughter of the German king to be his slave. The wild Hun con-

tinued his destruction along the coast of Frigia until he reached the rich island of Albion, newly named Briton from its king Brutus. He sailed up the coast to the province called Albany, and landing there with his fierce sea-robbers easily defeated Albanactus, the King, and drove him from his realm. Hymyr and his men then revelled in the halls of Albanactus in heedless security. It was a joyous place, this land of the Britons, and the Huns had no thought of care for the morrow.

Meanwhile the defeated Albanactus had secured the aid of his brother, King Locrinus of Loegria. The two brothers and their armies fell upon the Huns in the midst of their revels, and, killing Hymyr, took his followers captive. Then all the treasure from Hymyr's ships

was laid before the two kings. There were costly garments, precious vessels, bronze, gold, and armour,—spoils of many palaces. And as the two brothers admired, lo, one brought the fair captive, Princess Epyllt, daughter of the German King. “When the eyes of Locrinus lighted on her, albeit her look was bent on the ground, and her long hair almost hid her features, love suddenly flooded his soul, and he stood like one smitten by the powerful wand of a magician.” To his brother Albanactus, he gladly gave all the gold and riches, satisfied to have but Epyllt for his own. He wooed her for his wife, and took her back with him to his kingdom. It seems, however, that this Locrinus had previously promised Corineus, the giant king of the Welch, to take to wife his daughter Guendolen.

But Locrinus did not love this daughter of the Welch king. Nevertheless, when Corineus heard of Locrinus' marriage to Epyllt, he was exceeding wroth and prepared to march against Locrinus, and punish him for the insult he had offered him and his daughter.

King Locrinus, hearing of his coming, and boding ill of the issue, privily hid his wife Epyllt in a shepherd's hut, and caused a rumor to be spread throughout his kingdom that the Queen had suddenly died. These tidings met Corineus on the way, and somewhat slaked his fury. He proceeded, however, and forced Locrinus, on pain of death, to fulfill his pledge and marry his daughter. The king, with a heavy heart, assented and formed an unhappy marriage with the haughty Guendolen.

The Queen Esyllt meanwhile tarried sadly in the shepherd's hut, wearying for the coming of her lord. She bore the time patiently, yet longed for his return. She had heard the shepherd tell of the terrible happenings at the palace, and she lay awake the nights, weeping and praying the gods to protect her lord and restore him to her in the fullness of his love.

Fearing the jealous eye of Guendolen, Locrinus fitted up a secret chamber which had been curiously contrived years before by his father Brutus, for the deposit of treasure. Thither one night he brought his beautiful Esyllt. She had not been many days in this dark chamber when a daughter was born to her. The little Sabrina, as the Queen Esyllt named her, pined not for what she knew not of. The pale

light of the lamp which burnt night and day in the dark chamber could not ripen the color in her cheeks or waken the laughter on her lips, as the goodly sun does. She became a child of captivity, yet not unhappy even in her darkened life. For seven long years she dwelt in this secret chamber. Only through the words of her guarding mother did she learn aught of the outer world. Sabrina grew most beautiful, with a beauty of surpassing sweetness, unknown in sun-kissed mortals.

At the end of seven years the mighty king Corineus died, and straightway Locrinus put away the haughty Guendolen, with whom life had become unbearable, and he took back to him on his throne the beautiful Queen Esyllt for whom he had waited so long. Again joy filled the halls the palace.

The beauty of the little Sabrina won praise from all the court; but the glory of the upper world was well nigh too much for the child. She hid herself from the light and sounds of the palace and the attention of the courtiers. She languished for the still chamber which had so long been her home. Her nature craved the sunless life,—the life of captivity. She was most gentle of speech, and a sweet smile played continually over her face, like moonlight on the waters.

When Sabrina had grown to woman's estate, tidings came that the haughty Guendolen had returned to her father's kingdom, and now with a large army was marching eastward, vowing to slay Locrinus, and take Esyllt and Sabrina captive. The King hurriedly marshalled his army, and taking

Esyllt and the Princess with him, marched boldly to meet the army of Guendolen on his frontier. A fierce battle ensued, in which Locrinus was struck down by an arrow, and in the subsequent rout of his army Sabrina and her mother were captured. The haughty daughter of Corineus gloried in her victory, heaping insults on the dead king and reviling the two women who stood trembling before her. As they answered not her charges, Guendolen ordered them without more ado to be flung into the river that was flowing hard by. As six fierce warriors sprang forward to seize them, Sabrina gazed pleadingly into the face of her mother, who thereupon lifting her head looked straight into the eyes of her captor, this daughter of Corineus, and spake thus,—“ Princess, if I have wronged

thee, the gods have richly avenged thee, seeing that I did it unwillingly, yea, even unwittingly. The fate thou adjudgest to me and to this child is indeed a merciful one; I seek not to change it—it is far, far better to fall thus into the hands of the gods; but add to it yet this boon,—let not the hands of thy warriors come upon the maiden, seeing that she is a Princess and a daughter of the noble Locrinus. Behold, we go whither thou bidst us, and may the merciful gods receive us!”

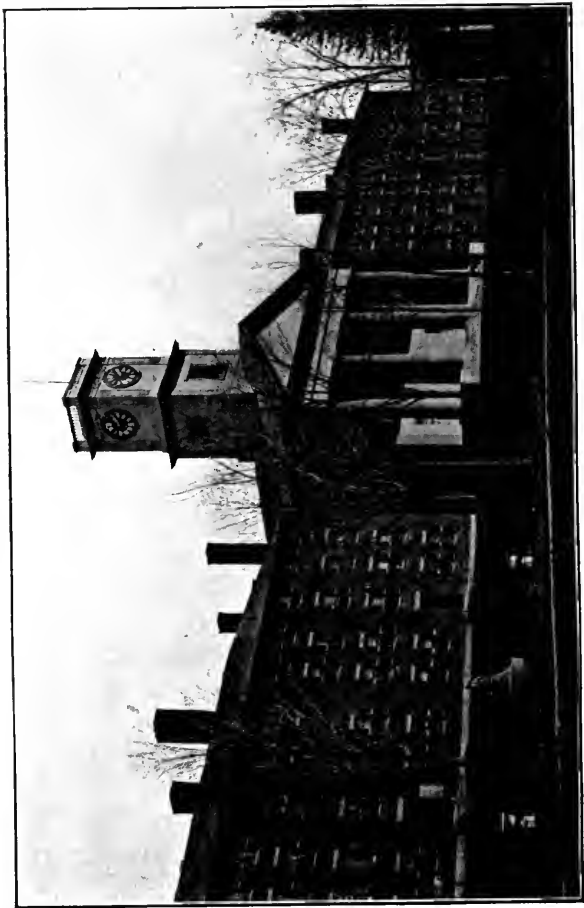
Thus speaking she walked down the green meadow to the amber stream, Sabrina walking lightly by her side. And as they came to the brink and the murmuring waters kissed their feet, the two women turned their faces to the setting sun which was touching the purple

hills with radiant splendor. Sabrina silently saluted it—before long she would be there. As in a dream she saw herself a queen there in the land of the setting sun, and at her feet many followers, of a different race than these whom she was now leaving forever. Eyllt bowed her head joyfully, for she could see Locrinus beckoning, and a vision of future happiness blotted out the terror of the moment. After mother and child had silently embraced each other, hand in hand they bravely plunged into the cold bosom of the stream,—sank,—and no one saw them more. But the name of the beautiful princess clung ever to the stream, and men as they wander by the glassy Severn in Old England dream, even yet, of the gentle Sabrina, who became a Goddess of the river and of the Britons.

Sabrina remained for a time in those halls of the River Gods, harkening ever to the cry of the innocent, and lending her help to the honest and virtuous. But one thing the Britons did not know, that in the course of time, tiring of the society of the other Gods of the river, Sabrina roamed to the land of the setting sun, the land toward which she had looked so longingly as she stepped into the cold waters of the Severn. Meanwhile—for long ages had elapsed—this land had become America, and was peopled with men who had need of her gracious presence. And thus it happened that among these purple hills of New England she appeared to a few men of Amherst College, and in a vision spake to them, “I am the Goddess Sabrina, the Goddess of Truth and

Loyalty. The old statue which once graced your Campus and now lies hidden in an old barn, I have chosen for my abode. Henceforth, that statue shall be more than a mere bronze form. I shall breathe into it my spirit, and if you will but cherish the statue and do it honor, I shall be your Goddess forever." With those words Sabrina vanished, the dream was dispelled, and when morning came the men were not unmindful of the vision.





SABRINA ON THE CAMPUS, 1857

¶ It was in the year 1857 that Governor Joel Hayden of Massachusetts gave a sum of money to Amherst College for the erection of a bronze statue of the Goddess Sabrina. The original from which this copy was made is at Shrewsbury, England. The statue presented to the college was made in 1857. Its weight is three hundred and fifty pounds; it is four and a half feet high. The college valued the gift highly, and placed it in the center of a flower-bed on the Campus, at the foot of the terrace, midway between North College Dormitory and the Octagon. There it remained for a number of years in peaceful solitude. The summers came and went, but they were all the same to Sabrina. Storm and sunshine passed over her with like effect. Her garment of driven

snow suited her as beautifully as did the pearly raindrops of summer. She continued to sit amidst the flowers of the garden, always smiling upon the students as they passed to their college duties.

The statue rested upon a large brownstone base, about two feet high, four and a half feet long, and three wide. On the front of this stone the students read every morning on their way to Chapel, the words,

PRESENTED
BY
JOEL HAYDEN
OF
HAYDENVILLE.

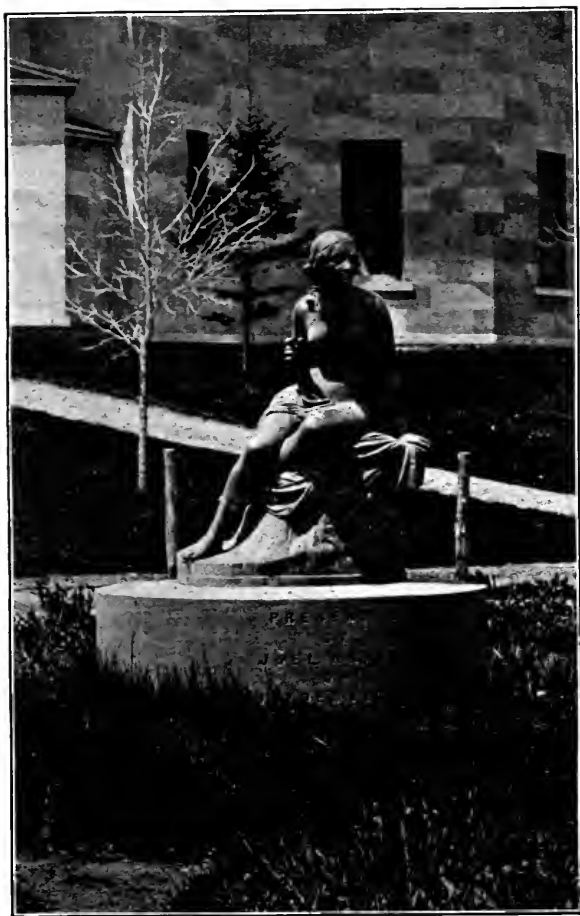
This block now stands in the rear of the new Observatory, on Snell Street.

After several years, the students began to take more notice of Sabrina. About 1860, a certain energetic

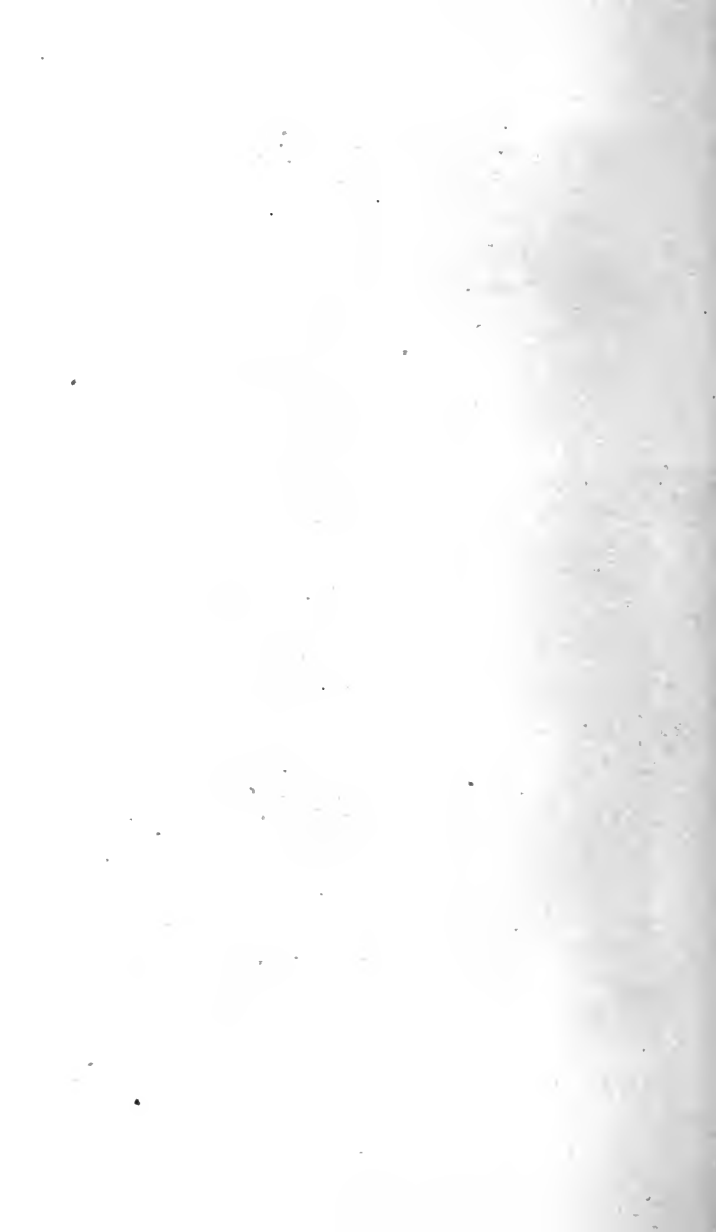
student stole some clothing from a line in the rear of the girls' school then conducted in Amherst and proceeded, one morning, to dress Sabrina in this apparel. Dr. Hitchcock saw and chased the student, who in jumping a fence caught his coat on a picket and hung there until Dr. Hitchcock apprehended him. The youth was severely reprimanded by a committee of the Faculty, and the morning after a huge gash was found in Sabrina's cheek where the malignant student had avenged himself with the aid of an axe. Sabrina felt deeply this insult—but with some skillful hammering the wound was healed. Later the class of '70, after the Faculty had expelled one of their classmates, gave her a shining coat of whitewash. Others took pity on her nudity and, at different

times, painted articles of clothing, bright red shawls or blue stockings, and at times she was adorned with a hat or a cloak. Between 1876 and 1880, she changed color capriciously from black to white and white to black, running the gamut of the rainbow. When the tar walks were being laid in the town, she was rudely taken from her stone pedestal and plunged headfirst into the soft tar. Soon after, however, she reappeared, smiling brightly as ever from the center of the flower garden.

One year the class of '77 carried her off for almost a week. She was returned, however, in good condition. "And then President Stearns opened the vials of his sarcasm on poor '77, wishing them to understand that they had done nothing at all original, for Sabrina



SABRINA IN THE FLOWER BED



had been courted many times before, and that about once every year." The mystic ceremonies of the modern cult of Sabrina were to be developed later. In this early period, the stunts were performed by individuals rather than classes. On one occasion "the good people of Amherst were rudely called to their windows by a most unusual racket to see the major part of the college in an unofficial parade, cheering vociferously and carrying an improvised platform on which Sabrina was seated, draped in a beautiful coat of whitewash, still hardly dry." The procession toured the village common and finally returned Sabrina to her home among the flowers.

One morning, in 1878, she appeared on top of the Octagon, calmly holding a rag baby labeled "'81." This was the first time

in the history of the statue when it figured to any great extent as a class venture. This escapade of hers, in which she had the kind assistance of the class of '80, was only the beginning of a number of such performances on her part. '82 planned an elaborate Class Supper and having stolen Sabrina at night, toasted her as the guest of honor at the banquet. '83 was very rough and ungentle, and after a decisive victory over Williams in baseball, threw her into the college well. The college authorities had considerable difficulty in securing an efficient rescue party, and Sabrina dwelt in the well for several days. She was finally rescued, however, apparently none the worse for the cold plunge.



Such episodes occurred every year or so after some big victory. Sabrina, however, never seemed to mind, though her exterior began to look just a trifle battered.

The college authorities, of course, tried to put an end to this fun, but with little success. Sabrina stood there patiently year after year, except for intermittent reigns of terror. One day a number of students dragged the statue to the top of Chapel Tower. Several times she was found greeting a class in the morning, from the top of some professor's desk. From time to time she was adorned with every shade of war paint. Such indignities grew in number every year, and the bronze statue was so woe-fully treated after every victory that the authorities of the college at last decided to be rid of her,

and so put an end to all such pranks. Consequently, in 1884, the President drew "Professor Charlie," the janitor of the college, aside, and told him to take the statue from the Campus and break it up.

Now Professor Charlie, as he was called, was a good old darky who was employed about the college grounds to take care of things in general, and to see that the pranks the students played were not too destructive. He was about the college from 1850 to 1890. He was always absolutely faithful to his duties and never told tales on either the students or the faculty. But whenever the boys tried to pull off a trick, Professor Charlie was always around early in the morning to see that the scene of action was put to rights before any one



AMHERST COLLEGE AND CAMPUS, 1860



was about. It was the soft answer that turned away wrath, for the students could not be angry with him—he was only doing his duty. One night the students stole the clapper out of the Chapel bell. Somehow, Professor Charlie found it out before morning, and was up in the tower bright and early with a new clapper. And when the bell rang the same as usual, the students could not understand how it happened. Again this stunt was attempted, but with the same result. Finally, Professor Charlie told the boys that they might as well quit for he had enough clappers to provide the Chapel bell for a year. At another time some students had stolen all the prayer-books from the Chapel the evening before, so that prayers might not be held the next morning. Professor Char-

lie discovered it about a half hour before chapel. He quietly went over to the house of President Seelye and slipped a note under his door, saying that the President had better bring a small prayer-book with him that morning. The President took the hint, and so prayers were conducted as usual, and the students never knew why their plot had been unsuccessful.

Well, it was this good-souled old ducky, whom President Seelye told to smash the statue. Professor Charlie took pity, however, because Sabrina was "such a beautiful thing," and instead of breaking it up, he hid it under a pile of hay in his old barn on Snell Street, away below Blake Field. There it remained undisturbed for two years.

- It was during mid-winter of the



"PROF." CHARLIE AND THE COLLEGE WELL



year 1886 that the "Goddess" Sabrina wandered into the snow-covered hills of New England, and a little later appeared in a dream to two men of the class of '90, Duffey and Ingalls, and it is said by those who know that "these two men were just the right ones to be favored with such a supernatural manifestation." For they immediately set out to find her, and from that time on the oft-mutilated statue was deified, and ever since has been a living Goddess, and for seventeen years the Goddess of the Even Classes.



Duffey and Ingalls, the men '90
to whom Sabrina appeared in a (1886-1890)
dream, were not "disobedient unto
the vision." They were living in

their Freshmen year at Guernsey's, on the road to old Blake Field. They learned from these people the previous history of Sabrina and were told that because of the frequent abuse of the statue the college had caused it to be removed, and that rumor held that Professor Charlie still had it in his house down the road. Duffey and Ingalls told the news to Raymond '90—and the three planned a raid on Prof. Charlie's house. As it happened, E. B. Child, also of the class of '90, learned the same story at about the same time from some town-folk who hung about the blacksmith's shop in town, and according to them suspicion pointed strongly to Professor Charlie as the man who had the statue, so Child, Duffey, Raymond and Ingalls planned a raid.

The stealing occurred Sunday night, June 19, 1887, which was '90's Freshman year. It was at the time that the Central Massachusetts Railroad from Amherst to Northampton was in process of construction. Near Prof. Charlie's house there was a camp of Italian workmen. A couple of the '90 men went down comparatively early to look over the ground. As they neared the house, Prof. Charlie appeared on the scene. There was consternation for a minute till one of the boys conceived the idea of asking Charlie to direct them to the Italian camp. This excuse passed as an explanation for the presence of the boys in that part of town at that hour. At any rate it allayed Charlie's suspicions, if he had any, and he went on his way to the village to prayer meeting.

After dark, Duffey, Durgin, Ingalls, Child and Raymond, gathered at Charlie's house, and no one being at home, they searched the house. It was first assumed that the barn could not be the hiding place of Sabrina, since rumor had it that the old darky had secluded her safely in the house. They got into the house through the cellar and searched the entire place, to no avail of course. They then tried the barn. Unfastening the doors, one of the men struck a match. At the first glimmer of light Ingalls noticed a piece of white cloth which appeared to have been thrown over an image of some kind. They quickly shifted the pieces of harness which hung near, pulled off the cloth, and three or four grasped the statue, and carried it as quietly and quickly as possible from the

barn. Avoiding the house they started off through the fields and got into freshly plowed ground. They were soon winded, especially the man who was carrying the head end all alone, he "will never forget that as long as he lives." The statue weighs at least 300 pounds. Ingalls hurried off to get Guernsey's wheelbarrow, and after that the going was much easier. With Sabrina in the wheelbarrow, they quickly took her to Guernsey's house, where they left her in the cellar over night.

That night, or rather the early morning of June 20th, a big celebration had been planned. '90 had nailed its class pennant to the flag pole on Chapel Tower, and had effectually barricaded the stairway. Funds had been collected for an elaborate re-introduction of Sabrina

to the college at that time. '89, however, discovered the plans too soon, and the affair dissolved itself into a free-for-all fight for the possession of Chapel Tower and the flag. It was a fierce contest, and the stairway leading to the top was destroyed. Harrison had his leg broken in jumping from a window, subsequent to the report that the Faculty were coming. The possibility of a surprise appearance of Sabrina was eliminated. Consequently, early that morning, the statue was taken to the old attic in Guernsey's house, and there it remained until Commencement time of their Sophomore year, 1888.

Meanwhile the class of '90 had formed the intention of having Sabrina at their class banquet in New London, and to Kimball of that class was assigned a toast

on Sabrina. " Charles Wells, '91, heard through the register of his room several Sophomores talking in a study below, and he managed to gather from the hushed voices that they were going to take something, then in the attic of Guernsey's house, to their class banquet. Wells waited long enough to hear some of their final arrangements, and then he hurried off to tell two other members of '91, Allen and Hammond, and together they planned a capture. '90 as a class had already taken the train for the dinner, leaving the care of Sabrina in the hands of only four men. On the appointed day about ten men of the class of '91 gathered in Wells' room on Woodside Avenue. Among these were Morris, Hamilton, Crosier, Knight, Woodruff, Ludington, Hammond, and Crocker. Old

Guernsey with two husky Sophs on the seat soon appeared, driving a wagon containing the bulky form of Sabrina wrapped in a gunny sack. In front of Wells' house, Kimball of '90 and another man of that class joined the expressman. The '91 men followed under cover of the trees. At the road leading from Woodside Avenue up to Chapel, the Sophs left the team for some unknown reason and cut across the hill to the Central Vermont Station, thus leaving the statue unprotected." This was a signal for the '91 men. As soon as the Sophs were around the corner they sprang out from hiding. Three of them seized Guernsey and held the horse, while others moved Sabrina into a buggy which Crozier and Morris had found up by "Tip's" Lab, and had brought down the hill in the

front of Chapel just in the nick of time, as old Guernsey was being waylaid. Wells and Allen were soon on the Hamp Road with this 'borrowed team' at a gallop, and the plan of the class of '90 to take Sabrina to their class dinner and resurrect her glorified form in special festivities came to naught. Some of the fellows wandered down to the Central Vermont Station, and were there when old Guernsey came jogging along with his empty wagon. Dunham, Fahy, and some other fellows were standing there, and their consternation when they saw the empty wagon is better imagined than described.

"Where is it?" they angrily demanded of the old man.

"They got it," he meekly replied.

"Who got it?"

"I guess they was Freshmen."

The rest of the conversation is better imagined than printed. It has never been reported what was said in Kimball's toast to Sabrina that night at New London—but '91 never cared.

“Wells and Allen, '91, meanwhile were fast approaching the Connecticut with their fair burden. By the time they reached the river the horse was well-nigh exhausted and, fearing pursuit, they drove up stream a little way and dumped Sabrina into the river. Then they drove back to Amherst only to be met half-way by the irate owner of the rig, who threatened suit for horse-stealing, damages for injury done to the horse, and a whole lot of other disagreeable things. It is said that he was paid a nominal sum for the unbargained rent of his horse and buggy. At any rate no suit was brought.”

Sabrina slept that summer under the cool waters of the Connecticut, sunken well out of sight. "In the fall, when the excitement had quieted down, Wells fished her out of the Connecticut and took her to his home in Hatfield, where she was boarded up in a room without any doors, there to remain until the Sophomore banquet of the class of '91, at New London, Conn. The following is a poem descriptive of the preceding episode which was published in the '91 Olio. It is entitled "Sabrina."

The summer term was closing fast,
When through old Amherst village passed
The Class of Ninety, on the road
To the depot with their precious load,
Sabrina.

For now, indeed, 'twas their intent
To add to joy and merriment
By taking, their festive board to grace,
The maiden with the pretty face,
Sabrina.

This fact has oft come to our ken,
The best laid plans of mice and men
Do fail. And this was just the case
With Ninety and that form of grace,
Sabrina.

For to the Class of Ninety-One
The knowledge of their plan had come,
And each man solemnly declared
“ This toast to-night shall not be heard,
Sabrina.”

So when Old Guernsey, in his cart,
For the New London Northern made a start
With that fair Goddess snug within,
At once the Freshmen howled like sin,
“ Sabrina.”

“ Deter me not,” the old man said,
In mortal terror for his head,
“ The power of Ninety is great and wide,”
But loud a clarion voice replied,
“ Sabrina.”

And e'en before the dear old man
Had really grasped their wicked plan,
He heard mid sounds of trampling feet
A voice which cried far up the street,
“ Sabrina.”

They drove the maid o'er hill and dale
Until they reached a gloomy vale,
And then without a hymn or prayer,
In silence grim, they buried there,
Sabrina.

The Sophomores they cussed and swore
Of oaths some ninety gross or more;
But to their supper had to go
Without the girl they'd longed for so,
Sabrina.

And if to-day you wish to cloy
Some dainty little Ninety boy,
It always works for reasons clear,
To whisper softly in his ear,
"Sabrina!"



'91
(1887-1889) ¶ In June, 1889, the class of '91 had its Sophomore banquet at Watch Hill, R. I. Sabrina was in attendance and was cheered and honored as never before. The class chartered a tug and after a trip about the Sound followed the Yale-Harvard boat race with Sabrina still seated proudly in a place of honor in the bow. The day was fair and the charming Goddess caused quite a sensation among the followers of the race. Many were the questions asked among the crowd, — and strange to say none knew who the fair figure was. H. C. Crocker was acting as guardian. That evening she was taken by train to Westerly, R. I., and then to Watch Hill by wagon. She appeared during the banquet about three o'clock in the morning, carried by four men who walked around the tables with

Sabrina on their shoulders, while
the '91 men sang,

Sabrina, Sabrina, we drink to thee,
And every son of '91 will in the chorus be.

Sabrina, according to the '91 men,
seemed to like their company much
better than that of the class of '90.
This is not printed as authentic,
however.

'90 and '92 made many attempts '93
to recapture Sabrina, but to no (1899-1891)
avail. The '91 men proved ardent
and capable guardians and, "in
the fall of 1889 she was handed
to the then Freshman class of '93,
who kept her during the fall and
winter in the same barn in Hatfield,
at the home of Wells, '91. In
February of 1890, Sabrina was
taken by wagon at midnight from
Hatfield to Northampton, and from
there shipped to Springfield, where

she was present at the '93 Freshman class supper. During this year she was under the direct charge of Schaufler, then president of the class, who kept her under a haymow in a barn at Claremont, New Hampshire. Later she was given into the charge of the Class Executive Committee."

Plans were then made by '93 for a Sophomore banquet in Boston, in June, 1891. "For about a year prior to this time, Sabrina had been kept in a deposit warehouse in Springfield, Mass. The duty of taking Sabrina from Springfield to the class dinner in Boston was entrusted to a committee. By lot it was arranged that James Breed should take the statue to Boston, and that E. R. Houghton should bring her back to Springfield, and see that she was again

placed in the warehouse. Breed attended to the boxing and taking of the statue to Boston, and accompanied her in the express car, the box having been addressed to him at Boston." Sabrina appeared safe and sound at the banquet, and was duly toasted, cheered, and kissed. In the light of subsequent happenings and the vociferous disapproval of Sabrina by all present-day odd classmen, the following selection from the '93 Olio, published before she was stolen, is interesting as a proof that it is all a question of whether one is on the inside looking out or the outside looking in. At any rate, Sabrina was well loved by '93, their dinner was a great success, and this is what they said:

"Shall we, who at that time looked upon our 'fostering divinity,'

ever forget her as she sat at the head of the table, surrounded with beautiful flowers? Can we fully realize what an odd and capricious fate has been hers? What contrasts of life her homes have afforded! From the unbroken stillness of the haymow, and the damp silence of the cellar, she has been placed among rushing waters at the bottom of the Connecticut, and again carried over the land, in the dead of night, by the swift locomotive! She has seen the terrors of the dark forest contrasted with the gay lighted table, the feast and the songs! But through all these vicissitudes she has remained and will remain, *let us hope*, through more tranquil years, 'our fostering divinity, Sabrina.' "

After this banquet in Boston, which was at the old Tremont

House, Houghton "took charge of the statue, rubbed out the address 'Boston' and inserted 'Springfield' in its place." Then he reshipped it by the American Express Co. to Springfield, but did not personally accompany the statue, planning instead to go to that city by way of Amherst the next day to see to removing it to a place of concealment. Meanwhile, things had been happening in Amherst, and this is why Houghton found no Sabrina waiting for him the next day in Springfield.

The class of '94 was now in its Freshman year. It was an energetic class and had determined to capture Sabrina. A committee was appointed and charged with the duty of rescuing her from '93, the then Sophomore class. Nothing was

'94

(1891-1894)

known of her until one day late in the spring President Wood of '94 learned through his well organized system of scouts that the banquet was being held in the Tremont House at Boston. Several other men of '94, who were intensely interested in the subject, as soon as they heard of the banquet, formed a pool and sent Ben Hyde well financed, to Boston, with the sole instruction to get Sabrina. "Hyde went to Boston and found that the '93 men had really been at the Tremont House the night before. By a judicious use of gold he succeeded in extracting from the head porter of the hotel the fact that a large box had been shipped that morning to Springfield in the name of E. R. Houghton. Hyde took the first train to Springfield, walked into the American Express Office,

apparently in a terrible hurry, and asked if a large case had been received from Boston, addressed to E. R. Houghton. The clerk answered in the affirmative and said it was in the back room. If you have ever sat in a little game with four spades and one heart, you will appreciate that Hyde had to think quickly and put up a good bluff if he was to win. He put up the bluff—and it went.” He asked the clerk if he had not received his telegram to ship the box immediately back to Boston. The clerk said he had not, but that the head clerk was out and he would look through the files. Hyde realized his chance and pursued the fellow relentlessly, telling him he must have received the telegram, and that it was a matter of serious consequence to all concerned to have

delayed the return of the box. By this time Hyde had the poor clerk pretty well scared, and since of course no telegram could be found, Hyde gave a dramatic oath, and demanded when the next train went to Boston. The clerk hurriedly looked at his watch. By good luck there was one going in fifteen minutes. Hyde demanded if he could get it on that train for him. An empty express wagon was standing at the door, and Hyde gave the man a dollar to take the box at once to the train. Ben Hyde then signed a receipt in his own name, the frightened clerk not noticing that it was not the name to which the box had been addressed. In ten minutes the statue was on the train, bound for Boston again.

On the way, Hyde decided upon his subsequent plan of action. At

Worcester he sent a telegram to an old colored fellow in his father's employ in Boston, to meet him at the train with a wagon, and to say nothing to any one of the instructions. Hyde had known this old servant for a long time and was confident that he could be trusted; in many ways too he was an extremely valuable man, for he knew Boston thoroughly. The darky met him at the station and the two drove away with the box. Hardly had they taken it from the train, when the news leaked out, and for a few days there was the liveliest kind of a time keeping ahead of the detectives. It was not quite so simple as one might think to conceal a box of that size. The old darky, however, proved invaluable. He knew lots of hiding places in and out of Boston; so Hyde told him

the whole story and promised him a big sum of money if he would move the box every day and make sure that the detectives did not get hold of it. The old man liked the proposition; perhaps it roused his fighting blood. At any rate, he fulfilled his duties to the letter. First he hid the statue in an old blacksmith's shop in Cambridge. Two days later he moved it to the cellar of a colored Poker Club. Then Sabrina spent a couple of days hidden among the wharves of the big city, labelled "machinery." From the wharves, the darky took the box to the cellar of an old house in the South End of Boston.

Meanwhile, Hyde had returned to Amherst, only to find that the Express Company had a warrant out for his arrest, and that '93 had raised a sum of money to finance a

search for Sabrina. Hyde quickly disappeared, supposedly to Boston; but in reality he went to New York and jumped on a steamer bound for Europe, just as it was leaving the dock, and spent the next two or three months abroad waiting for the excitement to die out. Only two men of '94 knew until his return where he had gone.

The '93 Committee had urged the Express Company to get out the warrant for Hyde's arrest, and they and the detectives were only twenty-four hours behind him in their search. As soon as Hyde had slipped through their fingers, they turned all their attention to finding the statue. The Express Company traced it to the darky in Hyde's father's office. Detectives appeared one day in that office and threatened the old servant

with immediate arrest. The latter, however, had not been around a law office all his life for nothing. He was pretty sure that they had only a suspicion at the most, so he denied everything and paid no attention to their threats. After the detectives had left, he went to one of the members of the firm for reassurance and told him the whole story. This member promised secrecy and advised the darky to bluff it out, and ask them for the warrant if they ever tried to arrest him. The old fellow found they had no warrant for him, so he remained firm to his word to Hyde. The rest of the '94 Committee were soon in touch with him with some more money, and thus clinched things.

Naturally Hyde's father looked into the matter a little, and found

that the statue had been received as stolen property by '93 and that it had been taken from Amherst College by the class of '90. Hyde Sr., being at that time a trustee of the college, went to one of the officials of the Express Company, with whom he was well acquainted, and told him the circumstances, showing that the Express Company had no reason to prosecute the matter until Amherst College should request them to do so. For the statue was the property of the college and the class of '93 had no claim on it whatever. Accordingly the matter was dropped by the Express Company, and '93 was left to fight out the battle alone.

Upon hearing that the affair had been settled so far as the legal side was concerned, Ben Hyde returned from Europe and was fittingly wel-

comed by the men of his class, in recognition of his services to the good cause. Thus to these old Amherst men of '94 are all present-day Sabrina men indebted for that inestimable privilege of their college life.

After Hyde's return, the colored guardian pro tem, was duly rewarded, and the statue was officially turned over to the President of '94, "Doc" Stone. "A committee proceeded at once to lay plans for a Sophomore banquet at which Sabrina should be present. A difficulty to contend with of course was not only the activity of '93 but the chance that that class might induce the Express Company to again take legal proceedings in order to repossess themselves of the statue, if its location was once discovered. For this reason much time was spent by the committee in

'94



THE '94 PICTURE OF SABRINA

selecting a proper place for the dinner, and great precautions were taken in order to secure the arrival of the class at the point agreed upon without notice to the others in Amherst. After making personal inspection of many places, it was finally decided that Brattleboro, Vermont, was a suitable place; this both because it was near two state lines, so that if '94 came into conflict with the authorities a rapid change of jurisdiction could be effected, and also because the train schedule at that time rendered pursuit after seven or eight o'clock in the evening practically impossible; besides, the committee had been able to perfect a plan for removing Sabrina from Brattleboro in a fairly safe way.

The class was listed in small sections, and each member of the

committee took charge of a section. On the night agreed upon for the banquet, each of these sections was informed about an hour before the time for departure that a special train would be found waiting on the New London and Northern R. R., between the hat factories. The entire class reached the station without exciting suspicion. The lights were all out on the train as it slowly moved into the station and took on its excited passengers." Ned Burnham had written a song which we all know as "All Hail, Sabrina Dear!" and '94 sang that song all the way up to the banquet. Many a peaceful hamlet was gently aroused by the soft strains floating out on the still night air,—

All hail! Sabrina dear,
The Widow of each passing year;
Long may she live and be
The Widow of posterity.

The class arrived at the Brooks House in Brattleboro at about ten o'clock in the evening, and no notice or alarm had yet been given in Amherst.

For some time prior to the banquet, "Doc" Stone, then guardian of Sabrina, now Dean-elect of Columbia Law School,—and Ben Hyde, now a very prominent lawyer in Boston, had scoured the country in the vicinity of Brattleboro with a view to securing a proper place in which to hide Sabrina. Meanwhile, through the assistance of E. B. Smith, a '94 man whose home was in Brattleboro, arrangements had been made whereby Hyde shipped Sabrina to a certain groceryman in Brattleboro, known to Smith, who received her in a carload of miscellaneous groceries and placed her in the sub-cellar of his store in that village. "Pre-

viously, Hyde and Stone had made arrangements with Hermon C. Harvey, a well-known citizen of Chesterfield, New Hampshire, living about eight miles from Brattleboro just over the state line, to have Sabrina secreted under the floor of his barn. Mr. Harvey possessed a large farm near the main highway running through Brattleboro to Chesterfield, and one of his barns practically opened upon the highway. Stone arranged with him to take up the floor of his barn on the night of the banquet and dig a hole for the reception and concealment of Sabrina.

On the afternoon of the day of the banquet, through the aid of Smith, these two men hired a pair of horses by the hour, and no questions were asked. In the evening after making the necessary arrangements with the groceryman, Stone

drove to his store and with the aid of Smith loaded Sabrina into the wagon, and took her to the rear entrance of the Brooks House. He unloaded the statue alone, and finally succeeded in carrying it into a small room adjoining the banquet hall. A few minutes later the class arrived in a body by the special train from Amherst. Sabrina was then unboxed, and formally introduced to the class of '94 amid thunderous applause and the ringing cheers of the banqueters. It was a long time ere the excitement died out,—the enthusiasm lasted all through the evening, with songs, toasts and cheers. After each '94 man had warmly embraced Sabrina and kissed her rosy lips, she was loaded into the wagon again, and accompanied by Hyde, Howe and Smith, Stone drove over the hills

to Mr. Harvey's barn. The night was extremely dark and as there were no lights the team had some narrow escapes before reaching its destination. On the way out of Brattleboro, a rear guard of the football men was left at various points in order to prevent pursuit."

On arriving at the barn, Stone and Hyde found everything left in readiness by Mr. Harvey. Not knowing, however, the exact dimensions of the box, he had not dug the hole large enough, and they found that they could not store her under the floor in the box. Consequently they were obliged to remove Sabrina from the box, leaving her under the barn floor, covered with hay and chaff. The men replaced the boards as best they could and returned across the state line to Brattleboro, with the empty box.

When they reached the Connecticut River, they effaced the marks on the box and threw it into the river. The two men then proceeded to Brattleboro, just as dawn was breaking, and returned with their classmates on the special train to Amherst.

'94 reached Amherst about seven o'clock, having been away a total of nine hours. They had stolen off so quietly that the college knew nothing of their absence. As the '93 and '95 men came to breakfast that morning, the Sophomores told them glowing stories of the banquet. The odd classmen were inclined to be skeptical and would not believe until they saw the accounts in the papers. Then the fact that several men had missed their room-mates sufficed to convince the doubters that '94 had really had its banquet and had seen Sabrina.

During the next few days, there were many rumors of detective work done in Brattleboro and vicinity, but those in charge felt certain that they had covered their tracks so effectively that there could be no danger of discovery.

Early in the following fall, however, some excitement was caused by a stranger who met Hyde at an athletic meet in Springfield. The stranger claimed he knew where Sabrina was hidden. Stone was in Amherst that day and Hyde telegraphed him at once. Stone discreetly declined, however, to move or show any interest, and the '93 bluff failed. They had had detectives watching Stone and if they could scare him into going to Sabrina's hiding place to make certain of her safety, all the detectives would have had to do would have

been to follow Stone. Later in the fall, however, about Thanksgiving time, Stone did slip up to Chesterfield again, had a box made, and packed Sabrina for shipment. He had her carried over to Hinsdale and from there shipped by freight to Ben Hyde in Boston, under a fictitious name. '94 then took up plans to turn Sabrina over to '96, at the latter's Freshman banquet. At the last moment, however; it was decided that the risk was too great, and the actual transfer was not made until the Sophomore banquet of '96.

“The class of '96 was in-
troduced to the service of the gracious
Queen Sabrina immediately upon
entering college in the fall of 1892.
It was then being openly avowed
that the concerted efforts of the
odd classes, alumni as well as

'96

(1893-1895)

student body, would spare neither money nor effort to capture the statue and prevent it from descending from '94 to '96. The latter were told that stern Fate and even the Faculty were against them. Had not the class of '94 by clandestine courtship taken the Queen from the suitors of '93, thereby shocking the Faculty, outraging the business conventions of an Express Company, even breaking the iron laws of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts? Had not a prize been offered for the capture of the eloping Queen, and dire punishment threatened her suitor, if caught and convicted? Had not 'Old Doc,' amid the vociferations of '94, in the gymnasium, pounded more vigorously and shouted more lustily,—'Gentlemen, gentlemen, I must be obeyed. I love you, but I must be obeyed'?

Had not the Jove-like Faculty, with a sense of scandalized propriety that a college sport should be carried to the infraction of laws, put on its specs in search of a possible victim? The atmosphere was charged with rumors subsequent to the report that Sabrina was really in the hands of '94, that they had stolen her from an express company and had had her at their banquet. Such was the atmosphere through which '96 tried to see its way to its Freshman banquet.

'96, however, did have its supper. It was in February, 1893, at the Mansion House, Greenfield, Mass. So exciting was this event that later '96 men were almost denied the benefit of a college education. Of course, it was never seriously expected that, as Freshmen, they would have Sabrina so near Old

Amherst. But no chances were taken. Arrangements were being made for a special train on the Vermont Central, to be boarded at the crossing one mile north of the Amherst Station. So far the plans worked like a charm, but as the special slowed up for the embarkation, a whoop like that of maddened savages issued from the car. The entire class of '95 and many '93 men had preceded '94 as uninvited guests. In some mysterious way they had discovered the time at which the class was to leave town. Fortunately, no one knew where the supper was to be. A whispered suggestion that the guests must be prevented from going to Brattleboro had the right psychological effect. At Millers Falls '96 was ordered off the train and '95 and '93 were formally challenged to wage combat.

'No, no,' cried they, thinking this was a '96 ruse to get them off the train. Immediately upon their exultant refusal, a number of '96 men seized and held the doors, while the train was ordered forward at full speed, and all the unwelcome guests were carried out of the way. The odd classmen had been thoroughly outwitted. The real destination of '96, of course, was Greenfield, but the scare had been too great to risk bringing Sabrina into that region, so Stone, '94, did not take her to the banquet. He returned her immediately to Boston.

'96 had a successful banquet otherwise, however. In fact the success of having outwitted '95 was too much for some of the fellows. Greenfield was painted the proverbial red. The next morning, President Gates summoned the leaders of '96 to his

official sanctum, where sat the sheriff of Greenfield, who submitted to the class, bills which ran as follows :

To one spectacle sign,	\$10.00
To one barber pole,	5.00
To photographer's showcase,	25.00
To doorplates, bearing the words 'private,' etc., each	3.00
To napkins,	35.00
To tea spoons,	50.00

The reputation of the class would certainly have been ruined had not opportunity been given for a guarded return of the pilfered prizes to the van wagon which toted the relics back to Greenfield.

Next year, however, during the Winter Term, came the great event, when as Sophomores '96 dined at Nassau, New Hampshire. By special train again, in which were involved high officials of the railway, who entered into the sport from

President down to Trainmen, the entire class, this time without uninvited guests, assembled like bandits outside the jurisdiction of Old Massachusetts." The ride to Nassau was a most hilarious one, with singing and cheers. The men of '95 had no suspicion, in fact they did not know of the banquet until Chapel the next morning.

To preside at this feast, Sabrina had been awakened from her long nap in a sausage factory in Boston, where Hyde had stored her. Properly to travel incognito, thereby avoiding the vigilance of express offices, she went from Boston to Nassau under the name of "Photographic Supplies. Handle with Care." She was brought to the banquet by Stone, '94, and there formally turned over to '96. Charles J. Staples, now a very prominent

lawyer of Buffalo, was the recipient guardian. " She was given a most enthusiastic reception and occupied the seat of honor at the table. After Sabrina had been hugged and caressed and fittingly toasted, she disappeared in the arms of the football men of '96, and by devious routes and frequent changes was cautiously taken across the state line into Vermont, and there locked away from the next day's light in a granary.

To add to the pleasure and by way of a ruse, the new guardian, Staples, had the box in which she had travelled from the packing house in Boston to Nassau packed with rubbish and shipped under guard from Nassau to Connecticut, with all the care that might have attended the real Queen. By the great daring and cunning of '95, joined with the intentional negligence of

'96, this box labelled 'Photographic Supplies. Handle with Care,' fell into the odd classmen's hands. Great was the rejoicing among them until the box was opened, when, behold, instead of Sabrina, they found a lot of iron scrap lodged in some bad straw. '95 never fully recovered from this disappointment, and it was a source of considerable amusement for '96. The next night, after the celebration, Staples took Sabrina with great care from the granary and placed her in a deep cistern in the attic of a house in Brandon, Vermont." Nothing could touch her there, Staples felt sure.

Imagine the feelings of Staples, however, when, attending a society function at Smith College one evening, he heard a certain Smith College Sophomore say in

the presence of himself and some '95 men, "Oh, I know all about Sabrina and where she is," and then Staples heard this same young lady, when asked for information, say, "Why Sabrina is in a certain house in Brandon, Vermont, in a cistern in the attic."—"Great Gods!" thought Staples, pretending not to hear and making a desperate attempt to control his features, in order not to attract the attention of the '95 men present. These latter were keenly alive to all the girl said, but made no move to follow the matter until the evening was over. Meanwhile, Staples had made his excuses as best he could, and "without change from dress clothes catching the first train north, appeared the next morning in the little Vermont town. He secretly planned to remove the precious

charge from that precarious hole.

But how had Sabrina's place of concealment become known? It is the usual story. There was only one other man besides Staples who knew of her hiding-place, and he was the most faithful fellow on earth. But when pinned down under a fiery cross-examination, these condemning facts appeared. The fellow who was temporary guardian of Sabrina on the Nassau trip had a sweetheart in Boston, who read the papers, who knew that this young gentleman was a '96 Amherst man, and who in quiet moments had heard him speak of going to Vermont and New Hampshire. What more was necessary for the imaginative mind of the young lady? She had talked the matter over in strict confidence with her good mother, who in turn was so tremendously

interested at the jolly sport of college boys that she had to tell her most intimate friend at a tea party in Boston, which friend, in turn, had a daughter in Smith College, and this daughter, on a recent vacation home, had heard the now rather amplified story of Sabrina. This sequence of confidences is what led to the dramatic climax on that evening of the social function in Smith College.

But within twenty-four hours of this event, the dear Goddess Sabrina was beyond the reach of the rapidly pursuing '95 men. On the wings of night she flew to western New York, appearing to be in great demand as "Special Machinery," and thereafter she was taken by dray over long country roads until finally she found a quiet habitation under lock and key in a

carriage room in a small country town of Elba, New York. Here she remained in blissful security until the class of '98 had so grown in grace that it in turn could take the precious charge.

During the Freshman year of the class of '98, '97 was very active in trying to locate Sabrina, especially through Richard Billings, President of '97, who spent considerable time, energy and money in maintaining a staff of Pinkerton detectives. Consequently no attempt was made by '96 to transfer Sabrina to '98 during the latter's Freshman year. '98 had a Freshman banquet at Hartford, but Sabrina was not in attendance. To make up for this, the enthusiastic Freshmen adopted the spoons and forks of the hotel as memorials of the occasion.

'98
(1895-1897)

Samuel B. Furbish, now connected with Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Me., was chosen '98 guardian, and upon his being informed that he had been honored with the custody of Sabrina, "prepared to go to Rotterdam Junction, New York, to get possession of her. He had to look around for an excuse to get out of town, that he might not excite any suspicion among the men of '97. It happened that Furbish had a cousin in Springfield who was seriously ill, and for three or four days he took particular pains to tell of this case to his associates, that they might suppose he had gone there if they noted his absence at all. The night that he had chosen to leave Amherst, there happened to be an attractive 'star' at the Academy of Music in Northampton, so Furbish accompanied

the crowd as far as that city and then slipped away to Greenfield. After spending the night at Eagle Bridge, New York, he reached Rotterdam Junction the next morning and there was met by a gentleman who, after severely cross-examining Furbish with a series of prescribed questions, took his receipt and turned over the very large packing box which contained the far-famed Sabrina." That afternoon Furbish shipped the box to a mythical manufacturing company in Bennington, Vermont. For a time it looked as if there was going to be trouble, when after trying three doors of the express car it was found that the box would not go in. But fortunately the fourth door was large enough to let it pass, and Sabrina arrived without mishap at Bennington, Furbish going on

the same train. At Bennington the box was carried to the stable of the Putnam House and there deposited in the hayloft, where it was unpacked, and the Fair Goddess again saw the light of day. She was carried to a small room adjoining the banquet hall of the hotel in preparation for the Sophomore banquet of the class of '98 to be held there that night.

“Meanwhile, in the evening of this 14th of November, 1895, the class walked to North Amherst in small groups, where they hid in a ditch in the pouring rain until a special train picked them up to take them to Bennington. No outbreaks of mirth and rejoicing and no lights were allowed until North Amherst was a good distance behind. Then the class let loose, and with songs and cheers showed their joy at

having outwitted '97, and stolen away without being discovered. Once arrived at Bennington, the line of march formed, and rousing the town with their yells, proceeded to the Putnam House. In the banquet hall the officers of the class and guests of honor sat at the head table, while immediately opposite was a richly upholstered divan. Soon the folding door was opened, and amidst shouts of applause the beautiful Sabrina appeared borne by several faithful representatives of the gridiron. A toast to her was then given and following that the whole class in long line passed around and she received from each man a fond caress. Then Sabrina withdrew, and the class sat down to a sumptuous banquet.

It was a sleepy, tired, but happy gang that sought the cars at four

o'clock that morning. Cushions were made into beds and soon weary men could be seen trying to sleep, but in vain. Bands of sleepless ones roamed up and down the aisles, shouting and singing. Day dawned at last, and after a brief wait at Millers Falls, the special train sped on to Amherst and the Chapel, which the class attended in a body that morning. They laughed and jeered at their foiled friends of '97 and '99. Everyone knew that '98 had been on its class supper and had seen Sabrina."

After Sabrina was taken from the banquet hall, Furbish again secured her in the box, with all the hay that could be packed around her. Arrangements had been previously made for a team and baggage wagon to be ready

at one o'clock that morning to take the box across the New York boundary to the town of Cambridge, where they arrived in the early morning, after a sleepy drive through the rain, and over some terrible roads. From Cambridge, Furbish shipped the box by express to Albany, and upon arriving there, took it to a blacksmith's shop on a thoroughly deserted street. He remained there for some hours to see if any one seemed to be following on his trail. Everything was quiet, however, and he took Sabrina to a warehouse, and left her there in safe keeping under lock and key, to remain for the intervening time until the next guardian should be installed. This took place the last of October, 1897, when Furbish went to Albany and after taking the box from the warehouse

turned it over to E. E. Green of the class of 1900.

'00
(1897-1899)

The class of 1900 held its Sophomore banquet on Monday evening, November 1, 1897, at the Hotel Mohican in New London.

“On the preceding Saturday, Green, '00, had gone to New London and carefully made arrangements to prevent any possibility of Sabrina's being captured by the members of the odd classes. A trustworthy driver was secured and a forty-mile drive across the state planned. Green secured the cooperation and good-will of the proprietor of the Hotel Mohican, so that all would be in readiness for Monday night. After receiving Sabrina from Furbish, '98, at Albany, Green immediately shipped her to New London. He, too, had

considerable trouble in getting the box into the express car, and this in the rather crowded station at Albany caused many an anxious moment for the guardian. A five-hundred-pound box is not an easy thing to handle or conceal, and he feared lest even a chance visitor might discover its presence there. Sabrina finally reached New Haven by way of the B. & A. railroad to Pittsfield, and from there N. Y., N. H. & H., to New Haven. Much to his dismay, Green learned that the last express for New London had gone,— and this was the afternoon of the day of the banquet. However, by the kindness of the express agent, whose sympathy was gained by the pitiful story told him of the urgent need of getting this valuable 'machine' in New London that night, Sabrina was soon again speed-

ing on toward her beloved devotees.

Preceding the class by two or three hours, on his arrival in New London Green took Sabrina immediately to the hotel and by the time '00 arrived she was ready to receive them. As the class was seated in the banquet hall a delegation of four retired and returned with Sabrina. After the usual enthusiasm and each member of the class had made his obeisance to the Goddess, she was escorted from the room and within an hour again started on her travels." The forty-mile ride across the state was one of the wildest that either Sabrina or her guardian had ever taken. At just twelve o'clock, Green started with a team, the driver being his only companion. "It was one of the darkest nights imaginable, with rain pouring down in torrents, making

the roads a sea of mud. Every sound was intensified in the darkness and many times Green felt certain that there were followers on the trail. As the hours passed the strain from excitement began to tell and was keenly felt. Blacker and blacker seemed to grow the darkness, and a dense fog seemed to settle down along with the rain. And it was only by the sense of feeling that either Green or the driver knew whether the team was in the road or in the ditch. After travelling about three hours in this way, something broke and the wagon lurched to one side. Upon examination with a lantern, they found that one of the bolts holding the pole to the axle had broken. This looked discouraging, as the roads had been through dense woods without a sign of habitation for

many miles, and the place where the relay of horses was waiting was fully a mile ahead, with a long, steep hill intervening." The break was repaired as well as was possible in the darkness by rope and parts of the harness, and once more they began their weary journey, just as the light of day was breaking in the east. The barn where fresh horses were waiting was reached, but the driver refused to proceed until the break in the wagon had been repaired. Green was unable to persuade him, so had to wait for a blacksmith to open up his shop. This meant a three hours' delay, which meant the missing of the proposed railroad connection and a greater possibility of discovery, should it happen that any one was following Green.

There was no sleep possible under

such a strain, but the haymow offered a most inviting place to pass the time. Here Green and the driver rested until six o'clock, when they aroused a blacksmith and repaired the wagon. Within an hour Sabrina was again speeding on her way and they reached the station just in time for the train. The journey to Albany was uneventful and Green, on reaching there, again hid Sabrina in the warehouse where she had formerly been. There the Goddess remained in quiet solitude until handed over to the class of '02, in the spring of their Sophomore year.

When Green returned to Amherst, he found his classmates most disturbed over a report which appeared in the New London paper stating that on the night that Sabrina was taken from New London she was

followed by the class of '99, who saw her guardian take the Goddess to a certain lake and placing her on a raft go out into the lake and drown her. It was claimed that she had been removed from her watery grave by the members of '99, after the guardian had returned to Amherst. This is but one example of the fertile imagination of many reporters who try to tell of the wanderings of our Goddess. It was true, however, that the day after the banquet members of '99 were in New London and offered big sums of money for any information regarding the hiding-place of Sabrina or the route of her escape.

'02 Sabrina came into the possession
(1889-1902) of the class of 1902 early in the
 spring of 1899. At that time she





SABRINA ON ROOF OF KIBBE FACTORY

was still in storage at Albany. Robert Cleeland, '02, was selected guardian for his class. He received her from Green, '00, at Albany, and intended to ship her to Springfield. The case which held Sabrina was in bad repair, however, and so bulky that only the largest of car doors would admit it. He therefore had a more compact case built, and also had an arm of the statue repaired, which had been badly broken. This work was done by an artisan in West Albany. At length Sabrina was ready for shipment to Springfield, where she was stored in the factory of Kibbe Brothers, on Harrison Avenue. On the train coming from Albany, Sabrina had an escort of about a dozen fellows, both odd and even classes, returning from Easter vacation,—entirely unaware,

however, of the honor being done them in being allowed to ride on the same train with the Goddess.

1902 had planned to hold its Freshman banquet at the Hotel Wellington, North Adams, Massachusetts, and Cleeland had completed final arrangements for transporting Sabrina to that place when a telegram apprised him that the plans for the banquet had been discovered by the odd classmen. Cleeland immediately cancelled all arrangements and returned to Amherst.

The banquet was finally held in June, 1899, at The Worthy, in Springfield, Massachusetts. This was a somewhat risky undertaking on account of the proximity of Springfield to Amherst. It was very convenient, however, for Cleeland to take Sabrina from the Kibbe factory

to the hotel, only a few blocks away, and return her without exciting any suspicion at all. The banquet went off in good shape and after Sabrina was duly cheered and kissed by all the men present, she was returned to the top floor of the Kibbe factory, having been away from her hiding place less than an hour. There she remained quietly until she was turned over to the class of 1904.

Donald Bartlett, '04, was originally appointed guardian for his class. For some reason or other suspicion seemed to center in the minds of the odd classmen upon Bartlett as the possible guardian, and some of their men, especially those in Bartlett's fraternity, watched him night and day. So, perforce, Hawkins, then President of '04, told Bartlett that he would be unable

'04
(1902-1904)

to serve as guardian, and shortly before the time of the '04 banquet Joseph B. Eastman was appointed guardian.

The day before the class banquet, in New London, Connecticut, which was held May 4, 1902, " Eastman left Amherst on the plea that his uncle had just died and that he was going to attend his funeral. He went down to Springfield, staying over night at the Massasoit House under an assumed name. Next day he met Cleeland, '02, and had Sabrina taken from the factory to the train and expressed to New Haven. Eastman accompanied her on the same train, saw her unloaded at New Haven and re-expressed to New London. In the station at New Haven, Eastman met a classmate of his and had considerable difficulty in explaining to him his

presence there at that time. He, however, told some lie to satisfy the man and managed to catch the same train with Sabrina to New London. There he had the box taken by a local expressman to the hotel where the banquet was to be held.

The proprietor of the hotel was the only one who knew what was up, and he told the expressman some lie about the contents of the box. It was hauled up to the second story of the hotel by a block and tackle in the rear, where they sometimes handled heavy baggage. She was then placed in a room immediately adjoining the banquet and there waited for the class to arrive. Just before the banquet, the box was unpacked and Sabrina was placed upon a table in this adjoining room. After the banquet

was in session, all the class filed in one by one and kissed her chaste lips, vowing eternal allegiance. She was then packed up again and taken in a light spring wagon from the hotel, having been let down by means of the block and tackle which had taken her up. With a good team of horses she was quickly carted to the pier of the Norwich Line, where she was loaded on board the boat for New York. Eastman went along with her and immediately on arrival in New York City had her taken to a storehouse on West Street, where he left her under an assumed name."

Just before Sabrina was to be turned over to the class of 1906, Eastman was elected President of '04, and so gave the care of Sabrina to Hawkins, whom he had succeeded.

Sabrina passed into the hands of '06 at their Sophomore banquet, held in the Murray Hill Hotel, in New York City. Ralph W. Wheeler, '06, was chosen guardian. He was at Hartford with the baseball team two days before the banquet, which was held on May 9th, 1904, and under the pretext of going to stay with a relative, Wheeler left the team without creating suspicion and reached New York City that evening. The next morning, which was Sunday, Wheeler met Hawkins, '04, who took him to the basement of the Murray Hill Hotel and showed him among the stacks of trunks, a large box which he said contained the famous Sabrina. The box had been there since the afternoon of the day before.

Monday, May 9th, about noon, the class of '06 with numerous

other even classmen arrived at the hotel and shortly after were assembled in one of the parlors to view and kiss the Goddess. The ceremony over, she was repacked by Hawkins and Eastman, '04, and taken to the basement of the hotel where she was officially turned over to Wheeler as guardian, who hurried her away from the hotel before there could be any chance of trouble from odd classmen. She was loaded into a dray and carried through the city. Wheeler followed not far behind and soon got into trouble. No one had seen an odd classman, but the streets were full of men of his own class and he had to stop to talk with them (because it is essential for a guardian to conceal his identity even from the members of his own class), and Wheeler found it difficult to

explain why he was in such a hurry. Meanwhile, the boxed Sabrina, looming up like a mountain as it seemed to him, was passing on down the street in plain view of all, and he had to follow on. The trip, however, was at last accomplished, and Sabrina was taken to the northern part of Manhattan and there hidden in the second story of a machine shop, where Wheeler left her until she was to be turned over to '08.

The Sophomore banquet of the class of 1908 was held at the Hotel Astor in New York City on March 19th, 1906; and there Sabrina was given into the charge of Fayette F. Read, guardian for '08. After the usual ceremonies, Sabrina left the jovial circle of '08 banqueters and, under the charge of Read, was

'08
(1906-1908)

carted to a Fifth Avenue warehouse, where she was to be left for a week. Read, having returned to Amherst, sent an order to the warehouse to have the box forwarded. In a few days he received a letter from the company asking him to come immediately to New York and see the contents of his box. The letter said, "There is nothing in it but a battered old statue which seems badly used," and refused to ship it until Read had seen it. Consequently he took the midnight train for New York, filled with apprehension, and was vastly relieved the next morning to see Sabrina's smiling face the same as ever. Truly she did look a little misused, and to an outsider the intrinsic value of the statue would seem to be almost nil. When it is remembered how many wild adventures the statue has been through,



SABRINA AT THE SOPHOMORE BANQUET OF THE CLASS OF 1910

it is remarkable that anything is left at all. A brief explanation served to satisfy the warehouse people, and after a new case had been made for her to travel in, Read had her expressed to Holyoke, Massachusetts, and immediately upon her arrival took her in a big wagon up the river road and hid her under his brother's log cabin, "The Pines," facing on the river, where she was left until the Sophomore banquet of the class of 1910.

On March 4th, 1908, Read, '08, '10
turned Sabrina over to the class (1908-1910)
of 1910 at their Sophomore banquet,
held at the Hotel Astor, New York
City, Max Shoop acting as guardian
for '10. Sabrina in all her glory
was kissed and toasted by the
banqueters with more than usual
fervor. She was then quickly taken

out into the darkness — and eventually to the little cabin on the Connecticut River, north of Holyoke, where she remained until the spring of 1909.

The class of 1910, as represented by Fink, President, and the appointed guardian, decided to stir up a little excitement by bringing Sabrina into Amherst and showing her to the public at the Williams game, during the 1910 Junior Prom week. This was in May, 1909. Every detail was carefully worked out and every possible emergency prepared for. The week before the Prom, Hal Greene, '12, brought his big seven seater Royal Tourist up to College and rode around with Juniors and Freshmen so that the machine might not, on the appointed day, excite too much suspicion. On Monday night, May 24th, at about

midnight, the Royal Tourist, with Fink, Francis, Henry and Shoop, '10, and Corwin and Greene, '12, with the latter at the wheel, sped rapidly down the river road to Read's cottage and brought Sabrina, covered with burlap, back into Amherst about two o'clock in the morning. The town was quiet, and no one saw the big machine as it passed noiselessly down Pleasant Street to the home of John Henry, '10, on North Pleasant Street. Here, with bated breath, the men tenderly carried Sabrina into the cellar of the house and left her in an out-of-the-way corner until the next day.

That afternoon, which was Tuesday, word was passed round to all the Juniors, that is, the class of 1910, to leave quietly that night after fraternity meetings and come by twos or threes to Henry's barn.

No further information was given except that nothing was to be said to any other persons whatsoever. About ten o'clock that night the above-mentioned men gathered in Henry's cellar and after careful consultation over all details carried Sabrina into the adjoining barn. At 10.30 that night, the class of 1910 gathered by candle light in this little barn on North Pleasant Street and gazed on the radiant form of Sabrina while a "flash-light" was taken. Then in awed silence every man in turn kissed the Goddess and passed quietly out into the darkness, with a parting injunction from the guardian to say absolutely nothing to other people of the night's doings until Sabrina was at a safe distance. It had been a complete surprise to practically the entire class, and the suppressed



SABRINA AND HER SUITORS IN HENRY'S BARN



whispers and pleased, anxious faces showed that they realized their privilege in the fact that Sabrina had not been in Amherst for fifteen years.

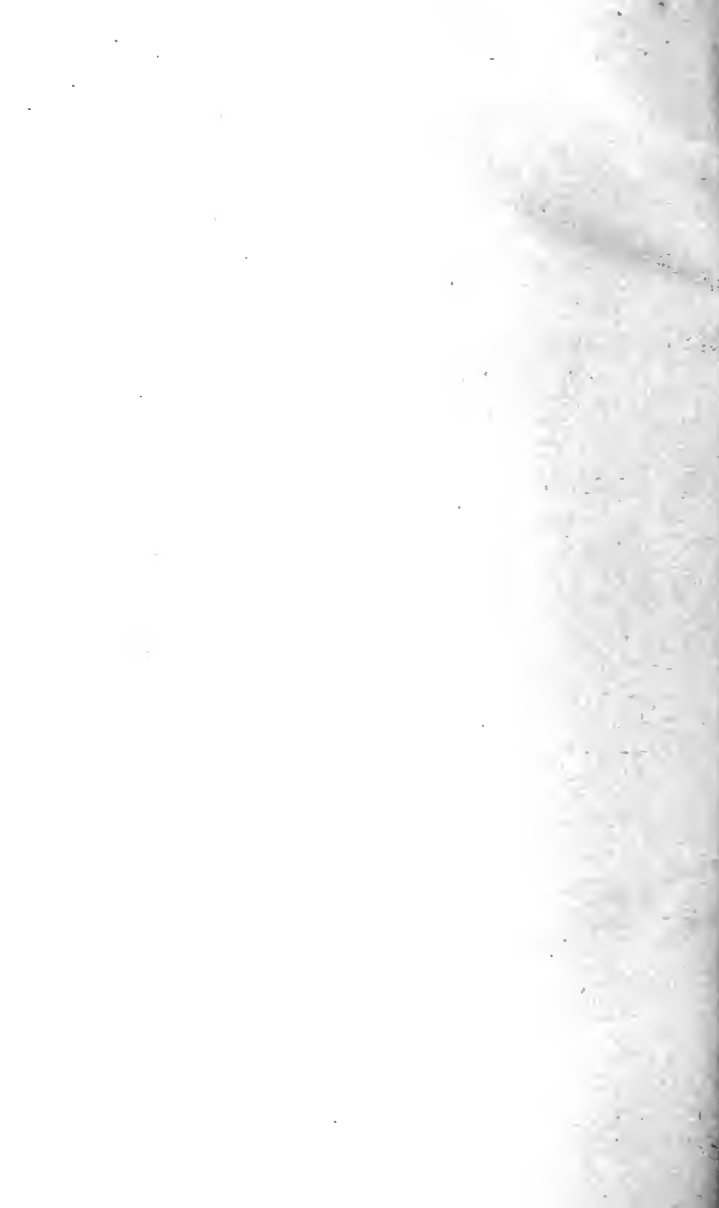
When all had gone, the sextette above mentioned, trembling from fear lest the odd classmen might discover Sabrina's presence before they got away, made all haste to get Sabrina into the tonneau of the big Royal Tourist and take her quickly from Henry's barn to the cellar of the home of Mr. Toole, a farmer living way out on the North Road, on the way to Sunderland. There Sabrina was left until the next day at noon. This was Wednesday, the day of the Prom Game with Williams. By two o'clock the college had marched in procession behind the band to Pratt Field and as soon as the coast was clear the big machine, this time containing

Francis, Fink, and Shoop, '10, and Madden, Corwin, and Greene, '12, stole from the precincts of the town of Amherst to the farmhouse on the North Road. Sabrina was carefully placed in the tonneau and the stunt of lifting her high in the air while the machine was going at a good speed was practised on the way in. A supply of clubs lay in the bottom of the car, ready for instant defense, and the machine started for Amherst.

Every detail had been arranged for at the field. Two parties of men were detailed to watch each gate, the plan being to run Sabrina onto the field and off again during one of the innings of the game. One man was detailed to smash the telephone in the grand-stand. Two others were detailed to follow the machine in motor cycles as it left the



SABRINA JUST BEFORE HER APPEARANCE ON PRATT FIELD



field, and to head off possible pursuers. Two others were instructed to put all odd classmen's motor cycles out of business, and a number of others were told to tackle any of the crowd that might make a quick start to head off the machine. Each man had been told that the machine would swing in on the field at exactly 4.05, immediately after the Northampton car had gone out. Avery, '10, was to have a second machine just outside the fence to follow in the wake of the big car, to block pursuit or to carry the statue if anything should happen to the Royal Tourist. New locks and chains were secured with which to fasten the gates after the machine had left the field, to hinder possible pursuit by other autos. At the under-pass on Northampton Road

preparations had been made to block the road if necessary.

At the appointed hour everything at the field was in readiness, and the men in their positions. At exactly 4 p.m., the big machine, with Sabrina covered with heavy robes in the tonneau, drove into town, down Pleasant Street and around the Common, daringly exultant over the secret it held. As soon as the Hamp car had left, the Royal Tourist ran down Amity Street and out Lincoln Avenue, and swung into the "Hamp Road" very near the field. It was five minutes after four and the watchers who met the machine said it was the fifth inning with Amherst in the field. This was the most propitious time and the machine with the six excited men, their hearts literally in their mouths, sped onto the field and around the

track. This certainly was bearding the lion in his den. Little did those intent stands, as they casually noticed the big machine coming onto the field, realize its precious burden. Not even the class of 1910, who had seen Sabrina the night before, knew that she was to appear before them on the field. No suspicions had yet been aroused, and the machine quietly took its place alongside the last of the long line of autos in front of the tennis courts. There happened to be some odd classmen in the next car. They, however, noticed nothing strange in the pile of blankets in the tonneau of the Royal Tourist, and they waved a merry recognition. Before Greene found it necessary to stop his engines to avoid suspicion, a pop fly closed the inning, and the big car with Sabrina started with

a jump for the diamond and bore down the second base line at about thirty miles an hour before the astounded multitude. The baseball men rapidly fell away from in front of the machine. Absolute silence reigned, for the people thought that the occupants of the machine must be drunk. At the moment the car passed over the first base, the men in the back quickly lifted Sabrina high above their heads to the gaze of the many people gathered in the stands. For a few seconds nothing broke the stillness but the chug chug of the two motor bikes which, according to instructions, shot out from near the bleachers and followed the receding car in which Sabrina was still raised exultingly on high. After a moment's dazed paralysis a wild cheer broke from the many Sabrina

men in the stands and a strenuous time ensued as some of the odd classmen tried to follow the machine, and some of them with motor bikes were swearing because they could not get them to go. Every man in the scheme had done his duty faithfully, and as the gates were quickly shut and locked after the flying car, pursuit was practically useless. It was some time before the game was resumed, but when it was Amherst took hold with such a will that McClure, our Sabrina pitcher, won a no-hit 2 to 0 victory over Williams. It was a big day all around.

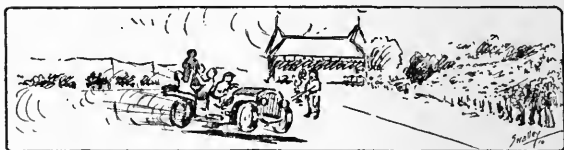
Meanwhile, the Royal Tourist had disappeared down the Hamp hill at sixty miles an hour, with Avery's car following in the rear, and Bedford and Ladd on motor bikes following in a whirl of dust.

At the crossroads in Hadley the machine stopped for a moment, the occupants finding that they were not pursued, and Avery's car was instructed to proceed on over to "Hamp" to throw off suspicion, while Bedford and Ladd rode back to Amherst. The men guarding Sabrina proceeded in their machine on down the river road and secreted Sabrina in the cellar of a jewelry store on High Street, in Holyoke, Mass. The affair had been a complete success, and the six men who had been in the machine all the time were weak with the nervous excitement of that thrilling hour. Pursuit had been very scattered and proved futile. The odd classmen had been thrown completely off the track.

There was just one time on that eventful day when it looked as if

plans were going to be seriously upset. It seems that Sanderson, a tradesman in town, lives opposite Henry's house on Pleasant Street, and the night before, as he was sitting on his veranda, he had noticed the gathering of the class in Henry's barn and later saw Sabrina taken away in a machine. A vivid imagination had led him next day to say to an Amherst man who had dropped into his store, "I hear you are going to have Sabrina at the game to-day." This was at 1.30. As luck would have it, this Amherst man happened to be a Junior and a Sabrina man, and as soon as he left the store he hunted up one of the men who had charge of Sabrina and told him what Sanderson had said. Filled with alarm, this individual hastened to Sanderson's store and

told him to keep still and say nothing until after the game at least. Sanderson acquiesced willingly, and this danger was safely passed.



¶ It was some time before the excitement of that afternoon's episode died out, though it spent considerable of its force in a fight up town after the game. Only a few days after this, Fink, President of 1910, received a letter from the class of '94 written the day before the appearance of Sabrina on Pratt Field, asking if the Juniors could not bring the Goddess to '94's reunion banquet in Amherst at Commencement time. Fink and Shoop talked it over and believed it rather a risky proposition on top of the Prom episode; but realizing the debt that all Sabrina men owe to '94 for having secured Sabrina for them from '93, it was decided to make a try for it, and if possible bring Sabrina to their banquet. All care and secrecy was used in preparation. The odd classmen

were suspicious, however, that some such thing might take place, and several of the men in '10, particularly the two above mentioned, were watched all the time. However, every detail had been arranged for, and at the appointed time, Monday, June 28th, two machines, which had been rented in Springfield, left the rear of the jewelry store in Holyoke with Sabrina and the following men, Francis, Seligman and Shoop, '10, Corwin, Broughton and Johns, '12. The machines proceeded up the river road into Hadley. Fink had been detailed with a number of men to remain in Amherst to keep the coast clear and see that no excitement was aroused. They were to watch particularly Hitchcock Hall, where the '94 banquet was to be held. Arrangements had been made for

Shoop to call Fink at 7.30, at 8.00 and at 8.25 P. M., at different points along the line, so that at any one of these points, if the odd classmen were gathering for trouble in Amherst, the machines might turn and flee immediately with their precious burden.

The last call was to be made from the hat factory, by the C. V. R. R. and then, if the coast was clear, the machines were to make a dash for Hitchcock Hall. If between the last call and the time the machines reached the hall any trouble arose, red lights were to be fired by the men on guard at the banquet, so that the machines might sail by without stopping, simply holding Sabrina to the view of the banqueters from the tonneau. If there was no danger from the odd classmen, the machines were to stop

and Sabrina was to be taken into the doorway of the banquet room and a flashlight taken of the scene. Everything worked as planned. The 7.30 call was made from a small house in Hadley, and Fink reported everything quiet. The machines then came into Amherst by Northampton Road, and the East Hadley Road, and making a long detour around "D. K. E." Hill, arrived at the hat factory about 8.20. Shoop telephoned Fink while the lights were being lighted on the machines and everything made ready for the final dash. At 8.25 Fink reported everything quiet at the banquet, though '99 was having its dinner on the lawn just across the Common at Davis' Corner. It was decided to make a dash for it immediately. Quickly the machines sped up the oval by Walker Hall and down

by Hitchcock Hall. Everything was quiet and the machines stopped long enough for Sabrina to be taken up to the door, and amid tremendous cheering a flashlight was taken of her, silhouetted in the doorway. She was there but an instant, and then strong arms put Sabrina back into a machine, and with '94 men running wildly across the Common and shouting triumphantly at '99, as they banqueted totally ignorant of what was being done under their very noses, the two machines went at full speed down South Pleasant Street and around by Blake Field and out on Northampton Road again. Clark and Bedford had been doing good work on their motor cycles, and found that the odd classmen had blockaded the Northampton Road in front of Chi Psi with ropes and spiked planks.

The machines had hardly left the '94 banquet when several '11 men came running up with spiked planks to lay in front of the autos, but they were just a minute too late. The machines were by this time speeding fifty miles an hour down Northampton Road with Sabrina safely in keeping.



Coming into Amherst, at the B. & M. underpass on Northampton Road, the fellows with Sabrina had noticed four machines apparently broken down at that one place, and in one of these machines were a couple of odd classmen. It looked a little suspicious that four machines should be broken down at the same time and so close together. But little was thought of it until, as they were flying from Amherst, their machines neared the underpass. The startled men saw a great light just over a small rise in front of them. The thought immediately flashed into their minds that they had been trapped and that the odd classmen had blocked the underpass and built big bon-fires all around it. In the excitement, one of the men looked back and mistook a couple of arc-lights for a machine following them.

The last crossroad had been passed, so there was nothing to do but take a chance and go ahead. The glare was so bright that little could be distinguished until within less than a quarter of a mile of the underpass, when a light separated itself from the general glare and approached in the form of a machine. The men guarding Sabrina grasped their clubs, prepared for a general onslaught,—but the approaching machine passed quietly. It was one of those that had been broken down. In quick succession the three other autos passed in the same way, and the big glare which had frightened the men was no more. It was indeed a remarkable coincidence that those four machines which had been broken down at that place should have all started up at just the time when the two machines with Sa-

brina were returning. The men in the machines heaved a great sigh of relief as they shot unmolested through the underpass. They proceeded on, turned off at the River Road, and left Sabrina that night in Holyoke, in the cellar of the jewelry store on High Street.

At Amherst, meanwhile, "the news spread like wildfire, and the many odd classmen, graduate and undergraduate, began to plan with profound thought how they would capture the Goddess. By midnight they were riding wildly in automobiles throughout the surrounding country, trying to find Sabrina, but they found not even a trace of her." And once more, the even classmen, cleverly outwitting the men of the odd classes, had brought Sabrina before their very eyes and escaped with her untouched.

'12
(1910-

) Sabrina remained in Holyoke in perfect safety until the Sophomore banquet of the class of 1912 was held at the Hotel Astor in New York City on March 4th, 1910. Shoop, '10, expressed Sabrina to New York City, and left her for the night and day preceding the banquet in a bank on Fifth Avenue. On the night of March 4th, Cornell, Henry, Seligman and Shoop, '10, secured the services of a cartman and a private detective, and took Sabrina about eight o'clock in the evening from the bank, down into Broadway, thronged at that time with the usual theatre crowd. Little did that pleasure-seeking people imagine the excitement in the breasts of those four Sabrina men as they eagerly peered from the covered van and watched for signs of any odd classmen, as they neared the Astor





SABRINA AT THE SOPHOMORE BANQUET OF THE CLASS OF 1912

Hotel. She was quickly taken in the box to the Roof Garden of the Astor and unpacked in a room adjoining the banquet hall. The four men, above mentioned, then carried her in before the eyes of the Sabrina men there assembled. Amid cheering and singing of "All hail, Sabrina dear!" she was given a place of honor before the speakers' table, and one by one the men filed by, each giving her a fond caress, after which Shoop, the '10 guardian, officially turned her over to the class of 1912. Sabrina was then taken from the room followed by all the '10 men present, who with joined hands continued singing and dancing around her as she was being packed in the box, and just before the last board was screwed down they each gave her a farewell kiss. It might be a long time before they

would again see Sabrina, who had grown to mean so much to them during their four years in college. They did not stop singing until Sabrina disappeared in the elevator. She was soon placed in the express wagon and taken back to the bank.

There had been no disturbance whatever by the odd classmen and the following Monday, Sabrina was quietly shipped by the 1912 guardian by a series of intermediate steps to a small fishing town on the Maine Coast. There she is resting peacefully as this book goes to press, but at just this time she is also about to be wafted away to unknown regions of this big, big country, far from the profane touch of inquisitive odd classmen. All Sabrina men bid her Godspeed.



☞ Truly a unique custom is this of Sabrina. Has it a deeper significance than the mere college prank? Even the most casual observer cannot help seeing how participation in such episodes during one's college course is going to lighten the tedium of the classroom and impress memories of happy college days and friendship upon the mind of the Amherst man, memories which will never forsake him and which will increase in value and sentiment as age advances. But this custom has even a more practical result than creating food for memories. It calls the men of the Sabrina classes closer together, impelled by a common interest. It draws the members of the individual class into a keener spirit of Class Loyalty, and Class Loyalty and Class Spirit make better College Loyalty and

College Spirit. And herein lies the chief justification of this class custom.

At every alumni dinner, where a Sabrina class is present, you will find a greater percentage of their men in attendance, and Sabrina is still the Goddess who draws them together. Instance the following report in the New York Tribune of the New York Alumni banquet held in 1908:

“There is apparently something in the atmosphere of old Amherst that gives the vocal organs a greater power than is attained on any other hill, and the alumni just used this power to the limit. . . . Of course there were honors also for others, and of these latter ‘Sabrina,’ the Goddess of the even classes, easily led. . . . ‘Sabrina,’ as she appears at these affairs, is only a

replica of her true self, however. The original, which the '08 class has turned over to the '10 class, is hidden away somewhere, the odd men have not seen it in several years. When her 'worship's' counterfeit was brought on last night there was a storm of applause from the evens and a chorus of hisses from the odds. The huskies who carried the green lady placed her tenderly on the table around which were gathered the class of '94, for they were the miscreants who rescued 'Sabrina.' . . . In the course of the dinner . . . all the lights were extinguished and in the centre of the room, where the men of '94 sat, there flared up red fire, whose effect was heightened by a dozen sparkles that emitted stars of fire, and 'Sabrina' stood, or rather reclined, in relief—in bold relief some

would say—as the evens sang ‘ All hail, Sabrina dear.’ ”

Furthermore Sabrina has a live influence among those who have left the undergraduate days and gone out into the world. In the last six years, that is, since the establishment of the Reunion Trophy Cup, three Sabrina classes have won the Trophy with the greatest percentage of their class back at Commencement, while but once have the non-Sabrina men won the cup. Last Commencement, '94, the class which, as the reader will remember, stole Sabrina from the class of '93, had 85.33% of their class back for their fifteenth reunion. This is the record for Amherst, and is the greatest percentage for any class reunion of any college concerning which statistics can be found.

Such considerations show that Sabrina *is* a live deity with the

alumni long after they have left these classic halls of old Amherst. Their love and enthusiasm still cling to her, and I close this little history of her life with the words of a '96 alumnus: "To *think* of such a Goddess, remembering the charming legends related about her, is a pleasure enjoyed by all who know Amherst traditions. But to have *seen* the Queenly Sabrina, even to have had a glimpse of her beautiful form, has been the privilege of but few. To caress the cheek of a real Goddess, actually to sit in the lap of Sabrina and pledge her your allegiance before the admiring fellows, is an unique experience. And through cunning, wisdom and loyalty may the delight be reserved for many, many years to the Even Classes of Old Amherst."





SABRINA SONG

We may sing of our glorious college,
Of the old chapel steps and the bell,
Of the class-rooms just filled full of knowledge,
Which all Amherst men love so well.

But to-night as we're gather'd together,
Let us raise a strain loudly and strong
To her from whom naught can us sever,
To her who keeps watch o'er our throng.

Sabrina, fair, Sabrina, dear,
We raise to thee our hearty cheer,
Come fellows, all, and give a toast
To her we love, and love the most.

SABRINA BANQUETS



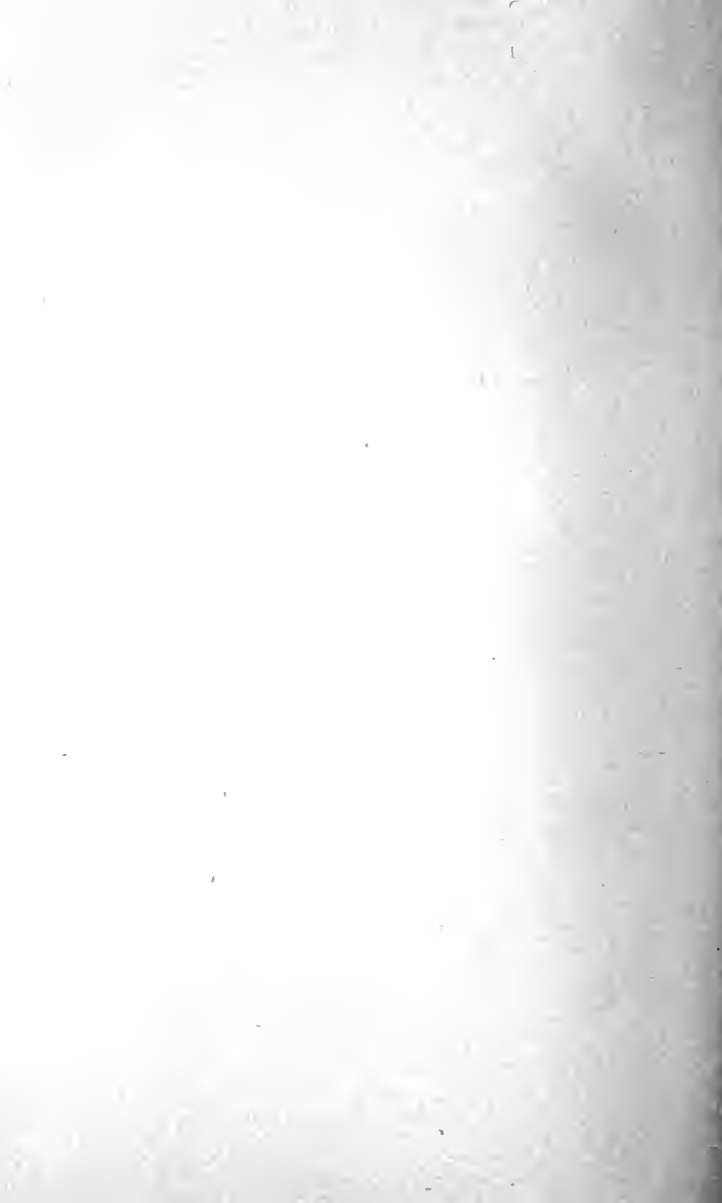
- Class of '90 held a banquet at New London, Conn.,
June, 1888. No Sabrina
- Class of '91 held a banquet at Watch Hill, R. I.,
June, 1889. Sabrina
- Class of '93 held a banquet at Springfield, Mass.,
Feb., 1890. Sabrina
- Class of '93 held a banquet at Boston, Mass.,
June 19, 1891. Sabrina
- Class of '94 held a banquet at Brattleboro, Vt.,
June, 1892. Sabrina
- Class of '96 held a banquet at Greenfield, Mass.,
Feb., 1893. No Sabrina
- Class of '96 held a banquet at Nassau, N. H.,
Jan. 12, 1894. Sabrina
- Class of '98 held a banquet at Bennington, Vt.,
Nov. 14, 1895. Sabrina
- Class of '00 held a banquet at New London, Conn.,
Nov. 1, 1897. Sabrina
- Class of '02 held a banquet at Springfield, Mass.,
June 1899. Sabrina
- Class of '04 held a banquet at New London, Conn.,
May 4, 1902. Sabrina
- Class of '06 held a banquet at New York City,
May 9, 1904. Sabrina
- Class of '08 held a banquet at New York City,
Mar. 19, 1906. Sabrina
- Class of '10 held a banquet at New York City,
Mar. 4, 1908. Sabrina
- Class of '12 held a banquet at New York City,
Mar. 5, 1910. Sabrina

SABRINA GUARDIANS.



CLASS.

- 1890. Arthur B. Ingalls (by right of conquest).
- 1891. Charles Wells.
- 1893. E. R. Houghton and James Breed.
- 1894. Harlan F. Stone.
- 1896. Charles J. Staples.
- 1898. Samuel B. Furbish.
- 1900. Everett E. Green.
- 1902. Robert J. Cleeland.
- 1904. Joseph B. Eastman.
- 1906. Ralph W. Wheeler.
- 1908. Fayette F. Read.
- 1910. Max Shoop.







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