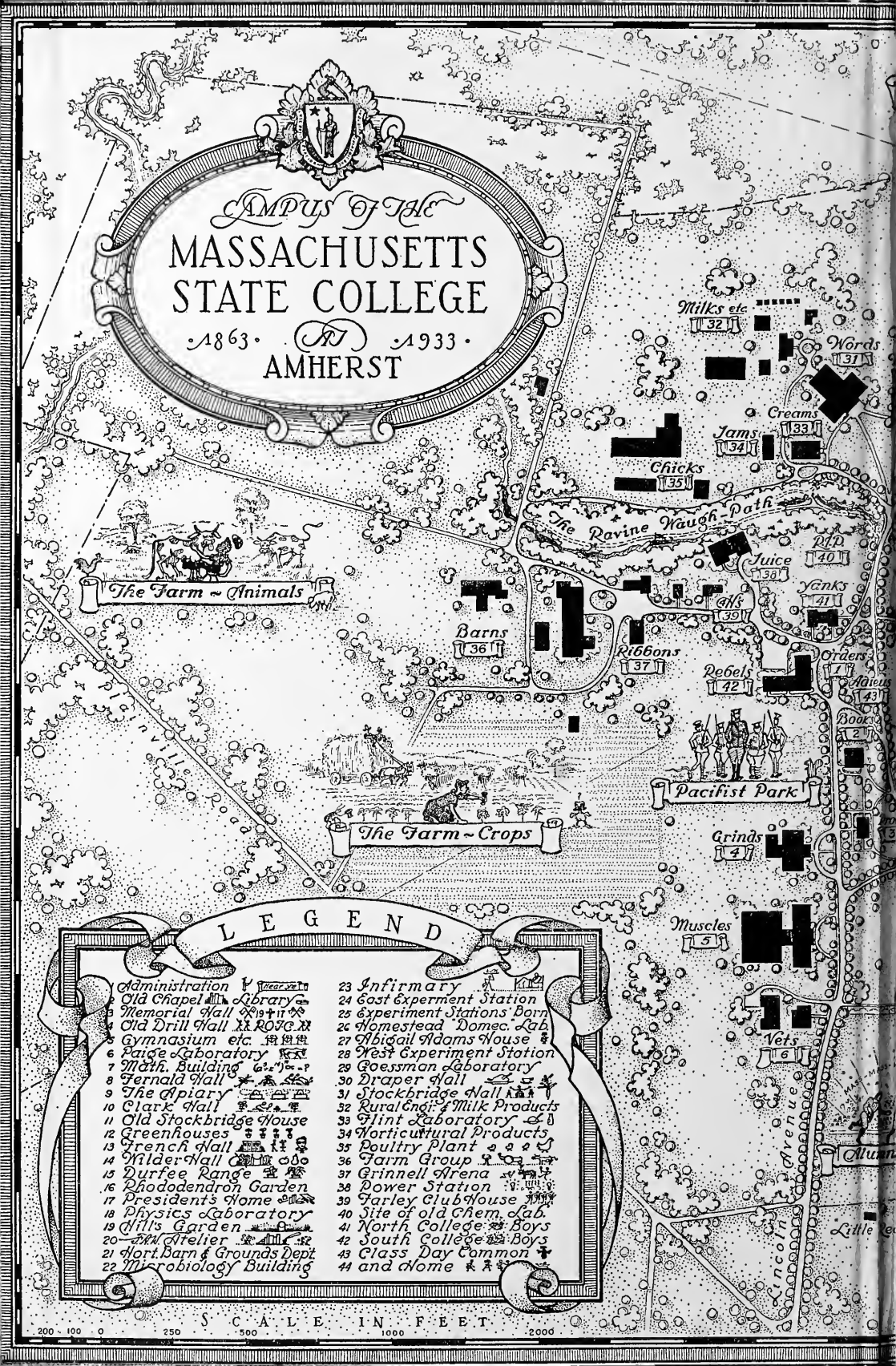
YESTERDAYS

AT MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

By FRANK PRENTICE RAND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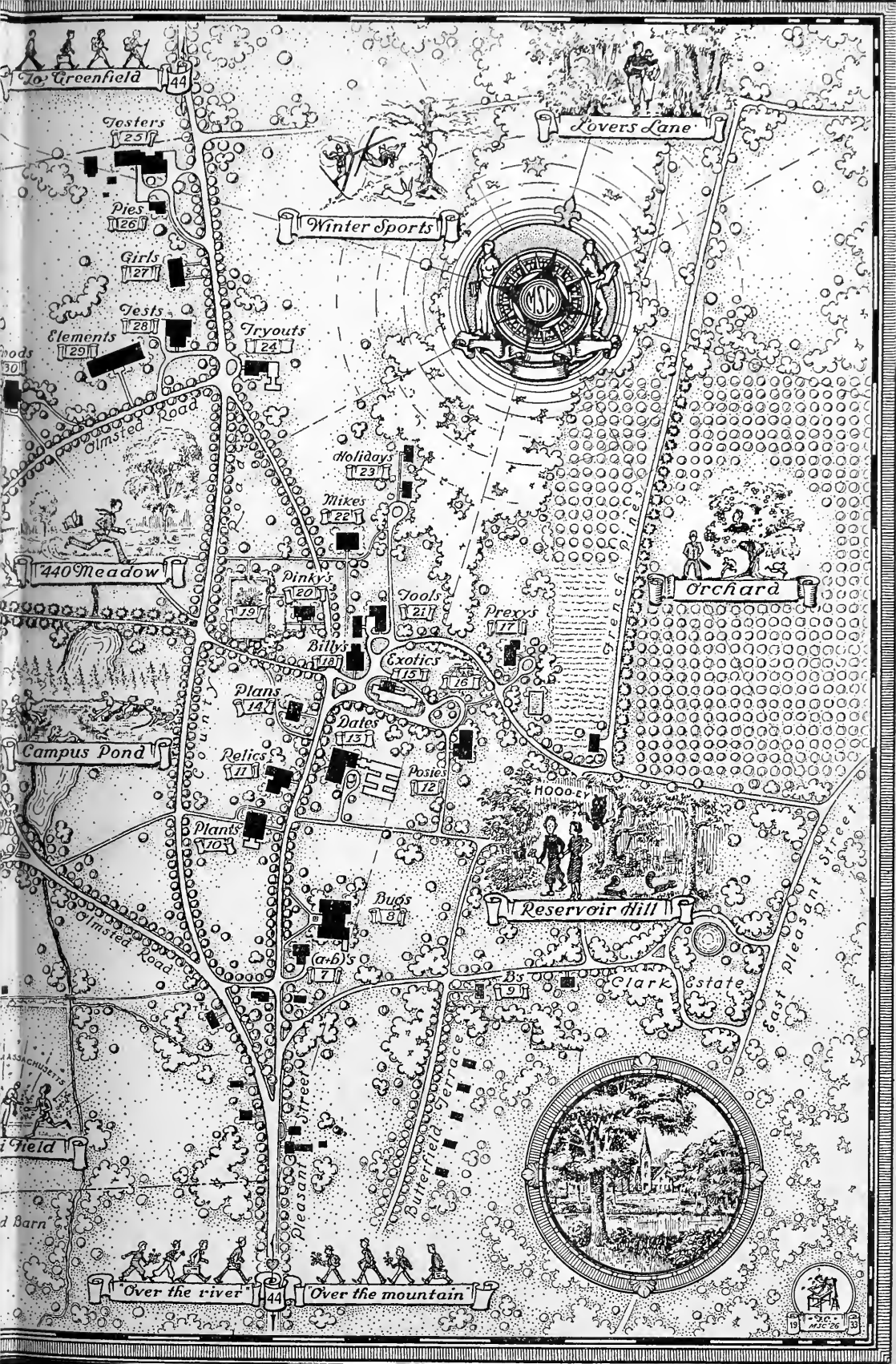
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By

FRANK PRENTICE RAND

GARLINGTOWN

JOHN EPPS

PHI SIGMA KAPPA—A HISTORY

DOCTOR BEN OF BUTTER HILL

SIDNEY

OUR LADY CUSHING

IN THE OCTAGON

THE AMERICANS COME

Waugh

"WE WILL KEEP FAITH WITH YOU WHO LIE ASLEEP."

YESTERDAYS

AT

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

1863–1933

BY

FRANK PRENTICE RAND

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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28 APRIL 1864

Turn back the clocks, my friends;
Bid echo speak.

—FROM "JOHN EPPS."

The Amherst House! All of the older alumni remember an Amherst House. Its form might vary, but not its location. It always stood on the southwest corner by Amity Street, facing the common and strategically set to catch up the unwary guest into the dark and musty depths of its hospitality. "The most pressing want of Amherst," the local paper says, "is a good hotel." In the stained and faded parlor of this unhonored hostelry the story of our College begins.

It is a Thursday afternoon, the 28th of April, 1864. The New London Northern Railroad is advertising excursion rates to New York City's so-called Sanitary Fair. Fifteen cases of smallpox are reported among the colored people of the Beehive, isolated in a pesthouse on the Hadley road. A petition is being circulated on the street, demanding that Congress take the final step and free the slaves. Another draft has been ordered—two hundred thousand soldiers more, of which number Amherst must furnish twenty-three. War rumors are in the press and on the lips of outraged townsmen: Forrest's raiders have massacred three hundred negro soldiers in cold blood after the capture of Fort Pillow. Five poor fellows were actually buried alive. One of them was compelled to dig his own grave. The Rebels are fiends incarnate.

Against this feverish background, then, a group of some fifteen men are quietly but earnestly engaged in the pastoral

search for a site upon which to establish their chimerical project—a college for farmers. Not that it seems chimerical to any of them! Far from it. To them it is simply the inevitable next step.

Ten of them are duly appointed trustees of this unsettled institution. Four of them—Clark, Flint, French and Stockbridge—are eventually to be its president. Five of them—these four and the generous Nathan Durfee—are destined to have noble buildings named for them. Three of them, ostensibly representing the town, are actually influential officials of Amherst College. For the most part they are rugged, keen-eyed, bearded men, and not utopian.

It is a year ago to-morrow, April 29, 1863, that these trustees were incorporated for the task at hand. It is eight years since the Legislature created a similar board, The Massachusetts School of Agriculture, the charter of which, however, was soon transferred to certain citizens of Springfield and lost during the Civil War. It is sixteen years since a bill to establish an agricultural college unanimously passed the Senate but later died in the House. It is nineteen years since Oliver Smith left behind him a legacy which was to accumulate until it would come to find expression in Smith's Agricultural School in Northampton. It is twenty-nine years since Benjamin Bussey provided a similar bequest, which will soon become the foundation for the Bussey Institute at Harvard. It is thirty-nine years since *The New England Farmer,* in an article entitled "A Massachusetts Agricultural College," demanded that very thing, with farm and experimentation, and a campaign for funds was launched in Boston. It is fifty years since the Commonwealth appropriated an annual one thousand dollars for experimental and extension work. It is seventy-two years since rural-minded men brought into being The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture. And it is longer ago than that since Adam and Eve made their pomological observations in the Garden of Eden.

And yet these men, these ten trustees, are really pioneers, and they are in Amherst this April day prospecting for a farm. Only a week ago the great federal land grant provided by the Morrill Act of 1862, allotting to Massachusetts for sale some 360,000 unseen acres, was legally distributed: one-tenth of the land and two-thirds of the income from the rest to go to the projected agricultural college, the remainder to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It has been specified that only those communities ready to invest $75,000 in the enterprise shall be considered in the choice of site. Of such there are four: Lexington, Springfield, Northampton and Amherst. Of Lexington the trustees already know something and will know more. Springfield they visited on Tuesday, looking at Trustee Stedman's place in the suburb Chicopee and also at four others not far away. On Wednesday they were in Northampton and saw five offerings there. To-day they have been in Amherst, inspecting Mount Doma and the group of farms which lie about a mile to the north of the village. And now, in the dusty plush of the Amherst House, they are talking things over.

"That land in Lexington—it's hard, ungrateful for labor. And it has no compensating charms of grandeur and beauty." (Good for you, Brother!)

"Besides, the curse of pneumonia is among the cattle there."

"Springfield is too much a manufacturing locality, don't you think?"

"And remote from any literary association."

"That Fairbanks farm, Northampton—too far out of town for easy lodging."

"Unfertile, too."

"Why not that place of Day's?"

"Too near the lunatic asylum."

"We can give the fund to Harvard, pad the Bussey legacy."

"That's what the Governor recommends."

"And Agassiz."

There is a bit of movement in the corner, where an angular figure restively unstretches from a tangle and remarks with flashing eyes and nasal assertiveness that he hopes the agricultural college will "at least be separate and distinct from any other." This is Levi Stockbridge of Hadley—no trustee, no official of Amherst College, just Levi Stockbridge, farmer, one of the Connecticut river gods, but already respectfully known in the State House.

Yes, Levi Stockbridge's "hope" is almost a threat, but before it has wholly registered, two other voices are simultaneously in the air and two other personalities suddenly in the ring. One of them has been growing more and more uneasy for several minutes. Although not bulky, he gives the impression of bodily power. His beard is brown; his eyes eager, luminous. He is Col. William S. Clark, an Amherst College professor and until recently a soldier at the front. The other man, clean-shaven, straight, with the proud austerity of the Roman and the inscrutability of the Indian, is the Honorable Edward Dickinson, treasurer of Amherst College and father of a notional young lady, just at present in Boston for medical treatment, who will posthumously become known as one of the great poets of America. But Chairman Allen W. Dodge has never heard of Emily Dickinson, and he gives Colonel Clark the floor.

And how he can talk, this Colonel Clark—rapidly, ardently, irresistibly, his voice under perfect restraint but still vibrant with life and rather too loud for the room. And how the light of his eye reaches out and captures, one by one, the spirits of these still uncertain men. He is recalling to their minds how he guided them over the northern group of farms this morning, showing them with his auger the richness and variety of the soil. He is saying that Amherst College trustees, headed by President Stearns, who is present at this meeting, are so desirous of having this new college for a neighbor that they have themselves raised the first $25,000, and that the citizens of the town of

Amherst upon the 25th of January voted to raise by taxation the $50,000 more. He is saying that Amherst College has formally offered, for a period of ten years, the use of her library, gymnasium, natural history collections, laboratories, lecture-rooms; the services of her faculty "for a reasonable compensation"; and finally "comfortable sittings in the college chapel."

"But, Colonel Clark, The General Court has refused the town's petition to be allowed to raise $50,000 by taxation."

Then they will raise it by subscription. The petition was signed by nearly every voter. It was killed by representatives from the three competing towns and in absence of any proper support.

"I should like to ask President Stearns," some one asks, "whether there isn't some danger of Amherst College's gobbling up this new one by and by."

"No, indeed."

"President Stearns, wouldn't the students of Amherst College be likely to look down upon these farmer boys whom we have in mind?"

"Not at all. Four-fifths of our students at Amherst College are sons of farmers; consequently no invidious comparison would result from placing the new college by the side of the old."

"President Stearns, it is hard for some of us to understand why you Amherst College men are so eager to have an agricultural college located in your town."

Perhaps the real answer is President Stearns' predecessor, the great Edward Hitchcock. The trustees know something of his devotion to agricultural education. They know that he was a member of the first state board of agriculture, that he has personally investigated 352 agricultural schools in Europe. But they may not know that over ten years ago he established at Amherst College a chair in which "the elements of agriculture will be taught theoretically and practically by the Rev. J. A.

Nash," author of *The Progressive Farmer*. This appointment has not maintained itself, but Hitchcock never lost his faith. And shortly before his death, two months ago, he summoned one of his associates to his bedside to stress the importance of establishing an agricultural college in Massachusetts and the peculiar fitness of Amherst for its location. Stearns, Dickinson and Clark are really Edward Hitchcock's embassy.

Half a century from now a distinguished alumnus of this new college, William H. Bowker, will suggest that his alma mater name a building after Edward Hitchcock, and then will add in his impulsive way: "He deserves a monument in Washington; for he was the father of agricultural education in this country."

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15 MAY 1865

. . . a village where no peculiar circumstances exist to invite dissipation and extravagant expenditures; surrounded by well cultivated territory; inhabited by people whose moral, religious and literary habits dispose them to cherish the cultivation of the mind and the propagation of evangelical truth; while the extensive prospect . . . is designed by nature and by art to de-

light the student, and to furnish to piety perpetual sources of contemplation and improvement.

—NOAH WEBSTER.

May 15, 1865. The lilacs to be made memorable by the death of Lincoln and the poetry of Whitman are everywhere in bloom. The funereal escort is back from its slow pilgrimage to Springfield, Illinois. Edwin Booth has said that he is through with the stage forever. Our governor has declared June 1st "a day of humiliation and prayer." Still, the war is over, Jeff Davis has been captured, and the lilacs are in bloom.

At three o'clock this Monday afternoon the citizens of Amherst are met in Agricultural Hall. This place of assembly is in the basement of the building later to be known as College Hall. Upstairs is the First Congregational Church. The occasion for this town-meeting is the $50,000 for which the community obligated itself to the agricultural college over a year ago. The fund has not yet been raised. There have been difficulties. There were less than a hundred voters at the other meeting. Today the hall is full.

Colonel Clark is home from the Legislature. Elected by 754 of a possible 761 votes he went to Boston last winter with the cry in his ears: "Bind us, bond us, give us an enabling act." Well, he has given them an enabling act; now the question is, will they take advantage of it?

I. F. Conkey is elected moderator, and immediately recognizes the Hon. Edward Dickinson, who presents the matter at hand. A year ago last January, he reminds the voters, this town pledged itself to contribute $50,000 to the new college. A petition to be allowed to raise this money by bondage or taxation was thereupon sent to the Legislature, and defeated largely because of the opposition from the other interested towns. In July 442 citizens declared themselves again, this time in writing, as in favor of the pledge. In August they individually accepted the

obligation implied, by subscribing the various sums to which they would be subject by assessment, and the trustees of the college were given a legal and unconditional bond for $50,000, supported by the signatures of fifteen public-minded citizens. In November the town voted to petition the Legislature again. In January this petition, now urged by 484 signatures and opposed by 159, was presented to the Committee on Judiciary. In view of the division the Committee recommended that the privilege be not granted, but the General Court, susceptible to the campaigning of Colonel Clark, reversed that judgment and has now authorized the town to raise the sum of $50,000 by taxation or bondage in case the voters of the town, by a two-thirds vote, agree. It is for the purpose of determining the will of the citizenry upon this point that the present meeting has been called. And Edward Dickinson sits down.

It has been a lawyer's presentation, without oratory, without pleading. In fact the time for pleading is over. There was need for it on those sultry August days when Clark and Dickinson and Stearns and Stockbridge carried on their subscription rallies, and Mine Host of the Amherst House, Albion P. Howe, dealt out objections and delay. The town has been in a ferment all the year. The growing antagonism to the project has been, ironically enough, largely among the farmers, traditionally suspicious of village improvement schemes. Moreover Henry Flagg French has been elected president of the new college and the campus farm has been purchased. Perhaps the proffered sacrifice on the part of the townspeople isn't really necessary. Edward Dickinson has touched upon that this afternoon; he has said that, whether the town shall or shall not vote to tax itself to meet this obligation, the personal promises still stand. No man can hope to escape payment of the sum he has placed against his name.

There is no debate. Every one has expressed his opinion sufficiently often and loudly already. The will of the community is

to be recorded by yeas and nays against the check-list. The moderator is reading the motion: "that the town avail itself of the authority granted by the General Court, *et cetera, et cetera.* . . . A two-thirds vote is necessary to pass the article." And the voting begins.

The excitement is intense. All of the feeling of fifteen months is coming to a head. The yeas are leading, that is sure; but will they have two-thirds? The poll is closed. The tellers are bent to their task. The moderator raps the table with his gavel. The silence hurts like a knife. "Gentlemen," he announces impressively, "the vote stands 359 to 104; the article is passed."

Three hundred and fifty-nine voters are on their feet, cheering.

Some one has caught the eye of the moderator, and now the ear of the assembly. "All of you know to whom the town of Amherst owes the privilege of this grant and the opportunity of this new college. I move you, gentlemen, a vote of thanks to Colonel Clark."

Another uproar, and something which gets into the minutes as a vote. And now the doughty campaigner is on his feet, smiling, friendly, reminiscent. "I'll tell you a story. It happened last February, while we were before the Committee on Judiciary. One of our friends from Northampton was on the floor. I'll not mention his name, but you know him well enough. He was full of moral scruples, pious principles, about what he called giving away other people's money. He said he would never stand for that. When he was through I laid before the chair a resolution, a recent resolution demanding $100,000 for the down-and-out in Tennessee. The member who had introduced that resolution in the Massachusetts House was the gentleman who had just been speaking. That spiked his gun.

"Neighbors, I am proud of you. I am proud of this town. You will never regret this day."

Half a century from now newcomers in town will be puzzled

to hear natives along the street backing "our college" in its annual games with the older college on the hill. Our college! What do they mean—*our* college? In part at least it is an echo of May 15, 1865.

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9 OCTOBER 1866

. . . a president who shall reside on the farm.

—EARLY TRUSTEE MINUTES.

"I see no escape for myself but in the surrendering of my position, trusting that my sacrifice in some way may bring success to the cause."

His Excellency, the Governor, is reading aloud the resignation of President Henry Flagg French. The trustees, assembled in the State House office of Secretary Charles L. Flint, listen with various emotions. For the most part, however, those present take a grim satisfaction in the document. For it means a surrender. Davis calls it "French leave."

One would have said that the choice of Judge French for the presidency was an admirable one. His heart had been always in agriculture. He had written what was virtually the standard text upon farm drainage, with quotations from Bacon and Emerson. Emerson, by the way, lectured in Amherst at almost ex-

HENRY FLAGG FRENCH

This bust by Daniel Chester French is at the College.

actly this time. The Baptist Church, the local paper reported, was "not crowded." But let us return to the Judge. He had been vice-president, and hence usually the presiding officer, of the board of trustees. As commissioner of the Governor's Council and of the College, he had been assiduous in trying to sell in a glutted market their respective distant acres as provided by the Morrill Act. He honestly believes that "a rural life, well-lived, is no doubt the happiest of all." He is patrician in appearance, alert in mind, sensitive to human needs, and ardent for what he calls "the cause."

The trustees elected him November 29, 1864, by a vote of eight to four. For over five months he contemplated the doubtful honor with judicial eyes. No doubt but he knew of those negative votes. At last, however, he gulped the delicacy down and eventually moved onto the College farm. The house in which he has been living will come to be known as The Stockbridge House. He has had with him a youngster who worked for one summer upon the farm and thus became, in the words of his father, "the first graduate of M.A.C." This boy is none other than Daniel Chester French.

In years to come, when the College's department in landscape architecture is an institution of national repute, it will be customary to trace its beginnings to the arrival upon the campus in 1902 of that adventurous, versatile and humane personality, Frank A. Waugh. In fact a Columbia authority will have told President Goodell and the New York alumni that very year: "There is no school of landscape gardening in any college or university of the country. Surely here is a field for your institution." Substantially he will be stating the facts. Yet upon our own campus Maynard will have been offering a course in landscape gardening for nearly thirty years. And before Maynard, Chadbourne will have announced such a course, along with rural architecture, in the earliest college catalogue. And before Chadbourne, Henry Flagg French has been con-

ducting a practical demonstration along landscape lines with rich if disquieting implications. Let us see.

French was made chairman of a committee of three to create a campus. The College now owned 310 contiguous acres, containing five sets of buildings. One of these will eventually become the domestic science practice house, the Homestead. This whole property had been purchased from six men for about $35,000. There were also seventy-three acres, purchased for $8,000 by Nathan Durfee and held by him for the College. There was a highway across the estate, and the buildings which have been mentioned faced upon this highway. There was no pond. There were fields and orchards and rail fences. To the west, where the stone library will eventually stand, there was a mammoth chestnut tree, and the neighboring terrain was known as Chestnut Tree Ridge. Beyond that were woods and brushlands and swamp. French and his committee looked the prospect over and on August 3, 1865, had something to report.

They proposed to place their college buildings to the east of the highway, over against the hillside. They wished to erect the original building, and subsequently all others, of stone. They planned to have a new road, The County Road, across the estate and place their barns and farm buildings west of that. They thought of surrounding the entire campus with a hedge of pines.

The trustees, twelve of them present, gave to this committee every assurance of satisfaction and every authority to proceed: "full power to fix and determine the location of the buildings and to lay out the grounds . . . to contract for such building material and labor as they may deem expedient" . . . and to provide "a college building of stone upon the general plan of the drawings presented." And they added to the committee two others, one of whom was Henry F. Hills of Amherst.

The Judge moved rapidly. He engaged an architect, bought a quarry in Pelham, set fifty men to work, and along the hillside

planted a row of white pines which are to stand as a living memorial certainly for seventy years.

On the 7th of October the first load of stone was drawn through the streets of Amherst. Six days later at a special trustee meeting Charles G. Davis moved that the building be placed, not on the Hillside, but on Chestnut Tree Ridge. The motion was voted upon, and the result was a tie.

Meanwhile the stone was moving ponderously in from Pelham.

The trustees who are to-day about to accept the Judge's resignation quite possibly know the whole unwritten history which led up to that paralyzing vote. Quite possibly they do not. There will eventually be a legend to the effect that the opposition was initiated by D. Waldo Lincoln, president of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and Marshall P. Wilder. But Lincoln was not one of the four trustees who requested the meeting, and Wilder up to that time had never attended a meeting anyway. Charles G. Davis was the spokesman of revolt, and may have been the instigator too. Certainly he was not present on August 3rd, and hence had never voted for the Hillside program.

In his resignation French attributes all of his difficulties to one man—a man "whose views demand a more extensive site"; a man who has proposed to him putting the College upon a military basis, barracking the boys upon the farm, and marching them down to Amherst College for instruction. His reference suggests some one other than a trustee; it makes one think of Colonel Clark.

At the October meeting all of the Judge's committee voted for the Hillside, but one of them must have done so with his tongue in his cheek. In committee meeting he had already expressed a preference for the Ridge. His name is not recorded, but probability points to the newcomer upon both committee and board—Henry F. Hills.

Hills is an Amherst business man. With his father he has already shown a generous interest in this new college. With his father he will soon be giving to it $10,000 for the upkeep of botanical gardens. He isn't naturally interested in colleges or in botanical gardens. But he is enormously interested in that magnetic and constantly exciting near-neighbor of his—Colonel William S. Clark. His being made a trustee by the Legislature was almost certainly Representative Clark's suggestion. His preference for the Ridge may be possibly Clark's suggestion too.

Why should Clark have cared? What difference could that trivial hundred yards have made to an outsider like him? But was it something more than a question of Hillside and Ridge? Was it perchance the expression of a growing personal antipathy between two strong-minded men? Or was it the outcome of the Judge's failure sufficiently to consult the man who had indubitably been the one to bring the College to Amherst? Or was it the seed of a vague but insistent hankering in the heart of the Colonel to tackle the thing himself? The historian will not know. Probably French does not know. Possibly Clark does not know. But there was one thing which the Judge did know, as he took a squint at that ominous six-to-six; he knew that a fight was on. And very likely he decided that it was just as well to have it out on this issue as on any other.

The workmen were swept aside to clear the tracks for disputation.

On November 1st the trustees voted to refer the question of site to architect Richards and a celebrated landscape gardener by the name of Vaux. These authorities came to Amherst, made a study of the estate, and recommended what was virtually the French proposal—the Hillside. French's friend, William B. Washburn, a few years later to be governor of the State, moved the acceptance of this report. Another tie. Five to five this time. Henry Hills did not vote.

On January 2nd the trustees met again. Davis moved that the building be located on the Ridge. Discussion raged for hours. The Judge, as presiding officer, seemed unwilling to put the question; so Davis put it himself. The vote was nine to six in favor of the Ridge, Hills voting comfortably with the majority at last. Wilder, by the way, was present but did not vote. The local paper remarked: "Although this decision was not in accordance with the recommendation of the architect and landscape gardener, yet it will be fully acquiesced in. . . . We are glad the vexed question is settled."

But it wasn't settled. It was all over town instead. Certain citizens even went to Boston and secured a temporary injunction against the utilization of the enabling act so laboriously obtained. The trustees tried to visualize their building on the Ridge and got into another tangle in regard to an approach. Lincoln suggested employing Frederick Law Olmsted to settle this difficulty. Olmsted was the very last word in his profession, and having designed and managed Central Park in New York, he ought to be able to manage this. Olmsted came, undoubtedly as a guest of his friend, Edward Dickinson's son. He recommended a number of smallish buildings, after the manner of a colonial village, to be located on the Hillside. The trustees called his attention to the fact that this did not shed much light upon the subject of an approach to the building which they had already located on the Ridge. Olmsted replied: "Unquestionably if it had been placed there, my first advice would have been to take it down."

The trustees knew what to do with a recommendation like that. They disregarded it. They passed a resolution beginning: "As there is nothing in the report of Mr. Olmsted to warrant the trustees in undoing or changing the action taken in regard to the general location of the collegiate buildings." Then they voted again to place them on the Ridge.

French had one more card to play. He called an open meet-

ing of the trustees in Boston, with the Governor in the chair. At this meeting Edward Dickinson presented a petition, signed by twenty-eight Amherst voters, including nine of the fifteen who guaranteed the $50,000 bond, urging for the new college "a more elevated site." Davis says, "He lectured us like children, unpacked his heart with words and fell to scolding."

Twenty-eight signatures, eh? Well, Clark, with Hills at his elbow, produced a petition with more than ten times as many, including, if you please, some of the other twenty-eight. Clark's petition called for action, and deprecated outside interference with the work of the trustees. Verily Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands.

So French has resigned.

The value of his demonstration in landscape architecture may be primarily for those who, having paid generous fees for professional advice, discover that it isn't the advice they had hoped to receive. Or it may rather be of value, in the words of *The Springfield Republican,* "to all who desire to learn how successfully nothing can be done when it is once vigorously undertaken."

7 AUGUST 1867

How often now those sights, those pleasant sights recur again:
The little township that was all the world I knew of then—
The meeting-house upon the hill, the tavern just beyond,
Old Deacon Packard's general store, the sawmill by the pond.

—EUGENE FIELD.

On the morning of August 7, 1867, the pioneering in Amherst may not be a college, but at least it is one hundred per cent agricultural; the only full-time officer on its pay roll is Levi Stockbridge.

As the trustees fumble their way upstairs into the Amherst House parlor, they can hardly be blamed if they feel disheartened. They have been in labor for nearly four years and the child is not yet born. Ten of them attended the first meeting of the board, November 18, 1863. There have been thirty-two meetings since.

"Well, here we are again."

Governor Bullock looks at his watch. It is eleven o'clock. He calls the meeting to order.

"What's this about Chadbourne?"

"President of the University of Wisconsin."

"Really?"

"Really. Elected June 22nd."

"But he resigned our presidency only June 1st. What about those hemorrhages and that complete prostration? Did he really have them?"

"Oh yes, he had them all right. He declined an invitation from Wisconsin when he came to us. He thinks his lungs will be better out there."

"Humph!"

Paul Ansel Chadbourne, until recently professor of science at Williams, elected president of M.A.C. November 7, 1866, as such responsible for the erection of the first three college buildings, stricken down by his recurrent tuberculosis in April, altogether an extraordinary man—some of the trustees will hear of him again.

"And we have advertised to be open for students this fall!"

"How are the buildings coming along?"

"They won't be done according to contract."

"When did the contract call for?"

"August 1st."

"Gentlemen, we will listen to the report of the committee appointed to nominate another president."

The chairman is half apologetic. There have been interruptions, delays. The College, however, should begin work this autumn as advertised. If so, a president must be chosen at once. There might, of course, be benefits accruing from further inquiry among possible candidates. It has seemed best, however, to forego any such benefits as a concession to the immediate exigency. The committee have a recommendation. The gentleman whom they have agreed to nominate is too well known to require any detailed presentation. He is Prof. William S. Clark of Amherst College.

Nobody seems surprised.

As a matter of fact, Clark has already cast his lot with the agricultural college. He has accepted an appointment as professor of botany and horticulture and is planning to report for duty in the fall. Already he has been before the trustees to secure approval for the $10,000 plant house which Durfee has offered to build. Henry Hills and his father are giving $10,000 more. Wilder has promised 1,300 exhibit specimens. Clark says the College ought to be "a perpetual agricultural fair."

The energy and decisiveness and resourcefulness of this man are enormous. He has told some of the trustees of his charac-

teristic conversion to botany and horticulture. He had just earned his Ph.D. at the University of Göttingen and was on his way home, planning to become what he calls "a practical geologist." At London he paid a visit to Kew Gardens. There his eye was caught by a magnificent rose-white blossom, floating among giant leaves, in a pool of water. What was it, he demanded. It was the *Victoria Regia*. He gazed at it "with wonder and delight, . . . the grandest plant in both leaf and blossom ever seen in the temperate zone." Well, but tell him about it. And as he listened to its story he decided that there was nothing in mining engineering so worthy a man's devotion as this. He walked out of Kew Gardens a dedicated spirit. So now he is going to model his Durfee Plant House after the one in London, and it is going to have a room for a *Victoria Regia*.

One ballot is sufficient, and Clark is sent for. He comes in, briskly, his face glistening from the rain outside. Instantly things begin to move. Secretary Flint finds his pen racing across the page, trying inklessly to keep up with history. There is no pause for felicitations. There isn't even time in which to start a new sentence. Here is the record, pell-mell for posterity:

"Prof. Clark then appeared and accepted the office to which he had been elected and suggested that Henry H. Goodell be appointed professor of French, military tactics and gymnastics which was accordingly done. Voted that Professor Snell be employed to teach mathematics during the first year at a salary of $500."

The College is off.

1 OCTOBER 1867

And eastward still, upon the last green step
From which the angel of the morning light
Leaps to the meadow-lands, fair Amherst sat,
Capped by her many-windowed colleges.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

Young Henry Hill Goodell has a new job. At least he hopes that he has. At the rate Clark's horses are carrying the president and instructor up Pleasant Street, he soon will know. It isn't quite clear to him how he happens to be here anyway. He was perfectly comfortable at Williston. Of course a college position sounds bigger than one in preparatory school. Still an agricultural college! And possibly not even that.

To be sure in a way he knows how it happened. Colonel Clark asked him to come to Amherst back in August, took him up to "the farm" just as he is doing to-day, pointed out three or four buildings in the uncouthness of construction, put his hand on his shoulder and said: "There's a great and glorious work to be done here. Will you come and help?" And Goodell found himself looking into the two most irresistible eyes in the world and saying stoutly, "I will."

So it is October 1, 1867, and here he is.

Last week, in Northampton, he lost his wallet with sixty dollars in it. That was a bad moment. But an honest Irishman found it and returned it to him. Perhaps it is a good omen.

It does seem good to be back in Amherst. Down on the common he has just seen The Cataract Fire Engine Company, thirty-three men in new uniforms, waiting to parade. On Main Street he noted the beginnings of a new Congregational Church. It is to be of granite. Clark told him that he had placed a circular of the new college in the corner stone. And up on the hill

was the old college, where Goodell used to recite to Clark in the dream-misty days before the war. Yes, it is always good to be back in Amherst.

The Colonel certainly loves a horse. He has a trotting park behind his house. Goodell has seen it. At Williston there is a memory of Clark's having ridden a horse up wooden steps into an Easthampton store. He isn't easy on horses. He likes speed.

Each of these men respects the other's military record, but doesn't mention the fact to him. Clark knows that at Port Hudson when volunteers were solicited for an utterly unstrategic hazard leading to all but certain death, young Lieutenant Goodell of the 25th Connecticut was one to respond. Fortunately the charge was never ordered. Goodell knows how Colonel Clark and a handful of men of the 21st Massachusetts, at Chantilly, were surrounded by the Rebels, refused to surrender, and were wiped out by Confederate guns. Clark was reported dead. "Another hero gone," the Amherst paper said. The family wired to the front for the body. But Clark had miraculously escaped behind Rebel lines, and reappeared at Union headquarters just in time to answer the telegram himself. He said: "Still have use for body. Will bring it back in person."

So both men have been spared for this new hazard, now almost in sight.

On the campus there are five buildings nearly ready for use: old South, with twenty-three double rooms for which each occupant would pay five dollars a term, and a couple of classrooms; a wooden house north of the ravine where board is being offered for three dollars a week; a two-story affair midway between, dedicated largely to chemistry; a small building over near the Hillside, by Butterfield alumni to be forever associated with the benevolent persecutions of "Billy" Hasbrouck, in which there are a lecture room, the president's office, and an upstairs hall which gives to it the name Botanic Museum; and nearby the beginnings of the Durfee Plant House, in glass.

There are four instructors, three of them from Amherst College and the fourth one from Hadley. There are some evidences of cropping and other agricultural industry about the grounds. And to the west are the everlasting hills.

But are there any students?

"I do not know," says Clark, "of a single man that is coming to-day, but I believe the heart of the old Bay State will beat true to the opportunity presented to it."

Sure enough, there are some boys. They are a motley lot to look at. Some are in broadcloth, and some are in homespun. Their belongings are equally ill assorted: trunks, bags, boxes; here a bedtick; yonder a basket of apples. But after all they are boys, and food for a faculty.

Clark sits with his hands on the reins, his eyes glowing with pleasure and excitement. "Over thirty," he whispers to Goodell.

In his pocket are examination papers. The subjects are elementary: the three R's with a little geography and the like. One of the questions in arithmetic is this: "Seven men laid a piece of wall sixty-five feet long in twelve days. Again eleven men laid a wall of the same kind in ten days. How long was it?"

And there is Stockbridge spruced up for the occasion. He may have a manuscript in his pocket too. Anyway he has carefully written, in pencil, a lecture for his first class in agriculture. In it he has said: "I desire to have the belief ineffaceably impressed on your minds that the more generally received ideas of the present day, to which I have alluded, respecting agriculture and agricultural labor are all wrong from beginning to end, from foundation to topstone; and that the desired goal of honor, position and influence, of profit and success, can be as surely attained by the intelligent, educated and enterprising agriculturalist as by him who is engaged in any other pursuit or profession; and that too with less corroding care, with less of disappointment, and more of happiness, peace and comfort as the days and hours of life go by."

Clark is visiting with his students now. Some of them he finds that he knows; of some, their parents. One of them by the name of Bowker had planned to enter Amherst, but he heard Clark lecture on salt in Templeton, and here he is. The boys straighten up, square their shoulders, as the President talks with them. Instinctively they add "Sir" to their answers. Goodell has an uneasy feeling that Clark will ignore the examinations altogether. No doubt he would like to. But he leads the boys into an unseasoned classroom and sets them to work.

The local paper of October 3rd publishes the names of twenty-nine duly admitted freshmen, and adds, "Several more are in town and waiting to be examined."

Goodell is sure of his job.

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18 JULY 1871

Ere the sacred bonds we sever,
Ere we roam life's shadowy sea,
To the golden clasp, a tribute!
Friendship, be our praise to thee!

—WILLIAM WHEELER'S CLASS ODE.

Late evening. July 18, 1871. And Amherst is alive with light. The center of town is like day. Along Pleasant Street there is

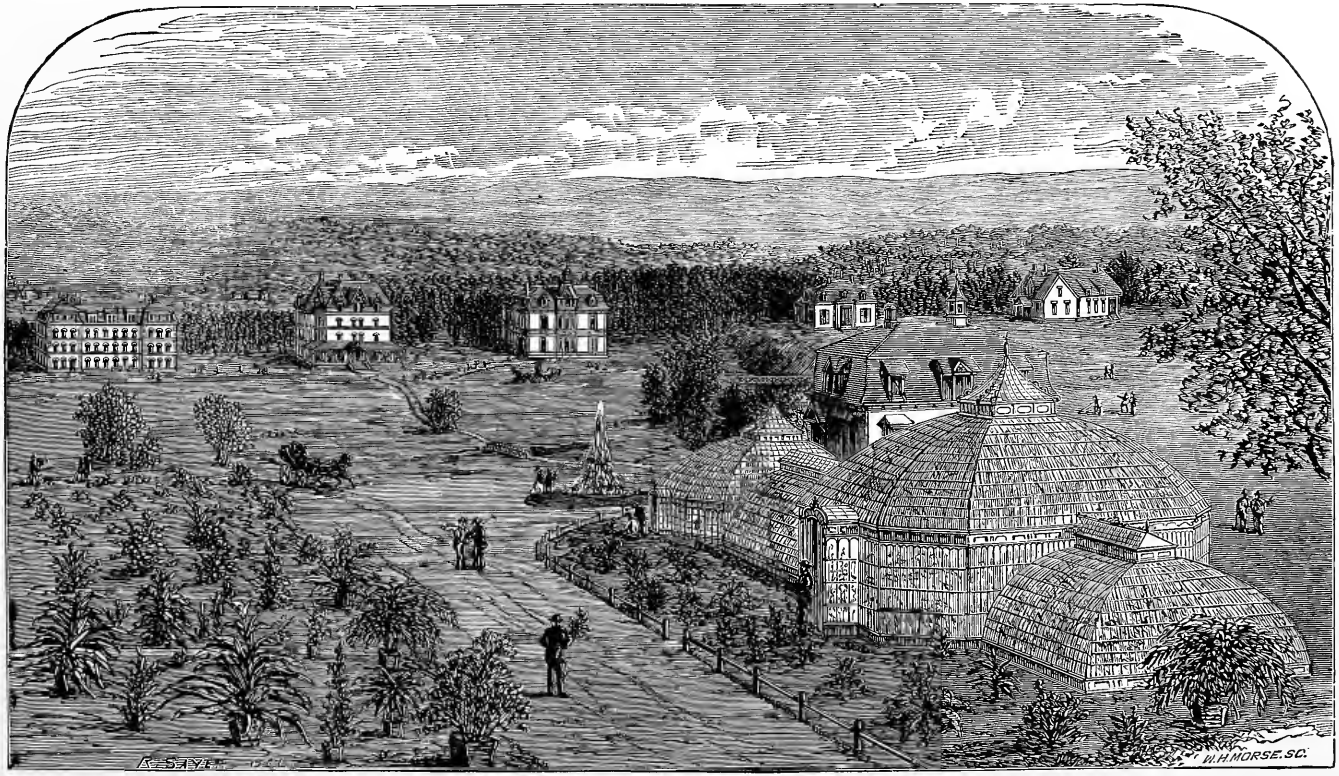
nowhere a dark window to be seen. The Agricultural College buildings are "a grand sight from the village." And up on northern Mount Pleasant, proudly illuminated against the sky, is President Clark's new residence, waiting for guests.

The guests are joyously on their way. At their head is the Springfield Armory Brass Band. Then come Captain Alvord's College battalion, one hundred and fifty strong. Then there are carriages, lots of them, the horses keeping nervously in line. In the first one presumably rides Clark himself, with the Governor, and with Dr. George B. Loring, later to be United States Commissioner of Agriculture, who, under the auspices of the literary societies, has been lecturing for an hour and ten minutes in College Hall upon the subject of educating the farmer. After the carriages, people on foot, hundreds of them. Some of them know where they are going. The others are just following on. And the whole length of the parade there are torches, as the nineteenth century knows how to carry torches; and transparencies, to entertain the eye. Here's one now: "'71, M.A.C.! May you retain your good name!" Let posterity answer that!

Every one, except Emily Dickinson, and possibly Edward, her father, is out to see the fun. For it is commencement eve. Even retiring Emily will one day become aware of what she will call "Farmer's Commencement," when "boys and girls from Tripoli, and governors and swords parade the summer streets." But this is the first one. Colonel Clark's college will graduate to-morrow its pioneer class.

Up the hill the paraders go. The reception is under way. Many of them shake the gubernatorial hand. Some of them elbow a passage to the food. All of them linger about the place to hear the music and to see the crowd. As "Tip" Tyler is to say, years later, of Clark, "Around his house there was always something fascinating going on."

And sure enough, the cadets, still in formation, proceed to give in the torchlight a demonstration of their maneuvers. The



CLARK'S COLLEGE

This picture constitutes page four of Clark's letter to Morrill, inviting him to our first commencement.

spectators like it, and clap for more. But look, the battalion have come to company front, and Clark's mighty voice may be heard from the doorway, trying to introduce some one to the people. It's Senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont. An introduction is hardly necessary, Colonel. Just mention his name. Every one in Amherst knows about the man who, superior to obstacles and even a presidential veto, eventually saw his now famous Land Grant Act through Congress and finally signed by the great Lincoln, on July 2, 1862, during the very darkest days of the war. Well, Senator, we have the fourth land grant college to be established, and we are proud to have you here.

Morrill is speaking. It is a little difficult to hear what he says, but he is clearly referring to the inadequacies of the older colleges, and when he concludes there is "a storm of applause."

The reception is over, but not the evening's entertainment. There are still fireworks, and a salute to the Governor at midnight, and a band concert upon the village green. What a party it is!

But we are all on hand the next morning for graduation. College Hall is crowded to the windows. Every one is greeting an acquaintance whom he hasn't seen since last evening. The platform is filling up with celebrities. There is Clark, of course, master of ceremonies. There is His Excellency, Governor Claflin. And Trustee Washburn, who will be his successor in the State House. And Stockbridge and Goodell. There is Chadbourne's long greying beard, shining against his waistcoat. He has had three good years as president of Wisconsin and a year among the Rockies. He's looking fit. Flint, of course, is on hand. There are on the platform at this moment five men all of whom will have eventually been president of this institution. Morrill and Loring are certainly up there somewhere. Sitting with Clark is Marshall P. Wilder. And somebody whispers that Agassiz is here. Who says we haven't got an agricultural college!

Clark has a right to his pride. It is actually less than four years since he took over the presidency of the precarious enterprise, with one instructor and even less students. To-day he has ten men on his teaching staff and fifteen visiting lecturers; he has 166 students enrolled, 27 of whom have completed a four year course; the undergraduates have organized the D G K and Q T V fraternities, the Washington Irving literary society, a debating club, a choir, a glee club, an orchestra, a yearbook, a baseball association, and a crew; and yesterday afternoon the trustees authorized the expenditure of nearly $15,000, mostly for increased maintenance during the coming year. Col. William S. Clark, we salute you.

Well, the exercises have begun. Get as nearly uncomfortable as you can. There are fourteen student orations to start off with. The first one is by Gideon Allen upon the somehow familiar subject "Education." But as it happens Gid isn't here. He is a member of the college crew which is undergoing a week's special training at Springfield for a regatta next Saturday, and the President has excused him from these exercises altogether. The next oration is on the subject "The Admission of Women to the College," and the speaker is William H. Bowker, the young man who was so captivated by Clark's lecture on salt. If coeducation at the state college is ever to have a beginning, perhaps this is it.

After a little there is an intermission, and Clark, characteristically enough, turns it into an event. He presents to us Professor Louis Agassiz of Harvard. Agassiz, mind you. The dean of American naturalists! The greatest teacher of science this country has ever seen! Agassiz has never been very enthusiastic over our agricultural college; as one might expect he has favored, all along, turning the federal fund over to the Bussey Institute. So Clark has brought him up to Amherst to conduct the formal examinations in agriculture. Agassiz has been doing so. There he stands, six feet tall, noble in feature, smiling in the

most friendly way in the world. He says that Clark's college is "a complete success."

The orations are over and the Governor prepares to present the diplomas. He too has something to say, something a little bit ponderous as befitting the '70's and his office. Listen. "With the concurrence of your instructors, the trustees, and especially these visiting friends, among them Professor Agassiz, whose love of science is only equalled by his love of humanity, and who is chiefly interested in the success of this institution because he believes it a new instrument for the elevation of man, I may now assure the people of the Commonwealth that their highest expectations have been fully realized, and that they can take a just pride in an institution established by their authority and sustained by their munificent appropriations."

It is time for lunch.

But at three o'clock we are all back in College Hall to hear Marshall P. Wilder deliver an address. This is a great day for Wilder. It has been among his energetic dreams for a quarter of a century. In fact he is even said to be the one who stirred Morrill's imagination along lines of agricultural education. When he was still a boy in New Hampshire his father offered him a choice: college, a store, or a farm. He chose the farm. But circumstances intervened and he became eventually a successful Boston merchant. On the side, however, he indulged his enthusiasms and became virtually the founder of numerous organizations, among them the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the American Pomological Society, the United States Agricultural Society and the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. He personally guaranteed the expenses of Hitchcock's investigations in Europe. He had in his own orchard 800 varieties of pear, and in two years from now he will exhibit 404 of them at one showing.

As he watches the events of this eventful day his mind goes back twenty-two years when, as president of the Norfolk Agri-

cultural Society, he made an address at Dedham, before Governor Briggs, Lieutenant-Governor Reed, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Senator Winthrop, ex-Governor Lincoln, ex-Governor Hill of New Hampshire, Charles Francis Adams, Horace Mann, and any other distinguished men then residing in the Commonwealth—pleading for this very thing that has come to pass. In fact he was one who the previous year had introduced into the Senate a bill providing for an agricultural college and secured its unanimous passage, only to see it subsequently killed in the House. Governor Banks declared, "Mr. Wilder, unless we check him, will cover the whole Back Bay (which was still under water) with an agricultural college."

Well, here at last is the college. And here is the man.

The paper which he reads is largely an historical document, but toward the end he speaks with deep emotion: "I desire for myself and in behalf of those with whom I have been associated, to acknowledge the goodness of that Divine Providence which has prolonged our lives and permitted us to witness the establishment of an agricultural college in Massachusetts." And he concludes with a sentence from an address which he made at Amherst College, in the presence of President Edward Hitchcock, twenty-one years ago: "Let our agricultural papers and periodicals continue their noble advocacy of this cause, let the voice of the eloquent advocate it in the halls of legislation, and throughout the length and breadth of our land let efficient hands and warm hearts engage in it, and then the public mind cannot slumber, and we shall have among our yeomanry such farmers as the world never before witnessed, men who will honor their vocation and therefore be honored by society—the chiefs of our land, the bulwark of our nation."

21 JULY 1871

Meanwhile at sunny Ingleside,
With oars that dip and strain,
The boats, like water insects, glide
Along the river main;
And watchers, tense and eager-eyed,
Guess which is which—in vain.

—FROM "JOHN EPPS."

There they come!

Around the bend in the river the tiny shells slip into sight. It is the last race of the day, and the most important. College rowing, still very much in its infancy, has caught the eye of the public. It is the Harvard crew about which every one talks. Two years ago the Crimson challenged Oxford and journeyed to England only to lose a close race to the Dark Blue. As for Yale—well, she isn't entered to-day. The principal contender is Brown. There is a boat also from the new farmers' college in Amherst.

The banks and heights of the Connecticut are everywhere dotted with people. The Chicopee bridge is covered with them. Three thousand have paid toll to cross that bridge to-day. It is hard to imagine where so many spectators can have come from. There is a crowd up from Providence, having come in omnibuses. And there are a good many from Amherst, of course. The special correspondent for *The Boston Post* notes that "almost every city in New England has a representation." The newspapers are giving any amount of publicity to this regatta. To-morrow several in Boston and New York will carry editorials. It is the sporting event of the season. Betting is everywhere a feature. There have been irresistible odds in favor of

Harvard, and some support for Brown. Few have cared to risk real money on M.A.C.

All three crews have been practicing on the course for several days and have been the object of considerable local curiosity. Some one has noticed that the boys from Amherst, under the direction of the unprofessional-appearing Josh Ward, row back to the boat-house, while the other first-string crews return by carriage. Well, at home our boys have had to walk to North Hadley for practice, and afterwards have run back to the campus by a roundabout route. It has been noted, too, that they pull enormous oars with an ungainly stroke. They haven't any form to speak of. And they average eight pounds lighter in weight than the Harvard crew. It's really too bad they aren't a little more husky. The Springfield people want to see Harvard pushed into a spectacular performance.

"It won't be long now."

It is a beautiful midsummer evening, warm, colorful, and absolutely calm. The shadows are beginning to throw across from the west. The mighty river seems to be holding back its flow. A perfect day for a boat race!

Inwardly the most excited man in that great multitude is Colonel Clark. Here? Of course, he is here. With some of his family. Not all of the eleven children whom he eventually will have fathered. One of the sights in Amherst is the Clark family going to church: the Colonel driving the span, and back of him, sitting face to face in a bus-like vehicle, the whole assembly of Clark dependents. Atherton, aged twelve, is here to-day. And Tom Canavan, for years the Colonel's man-of-all-work, who as janitor is to become a campus institution, is on hand. Clark has a carriage load. And back in Amherst there are hundreds of loyal townspeople who are wondering right now how the race is coming out and knowing just as much about it as the crowd at Ingleside.

"Who's ahead?"

No one can tell. The Brown crew are shirtless, and hence are considered a little risqué. Our men are in white. We shall know pretty soon. The first boat is gaining on the second, the second on the third. Clark's little group do not dare to look at each other, fearful lest the trailing boat is ours. Then, back of them, some one shouts: "By jingo, it's Leonard; see the sun on his glasses." And some one else with a field glass, "Why, it's the damned farmers." Then sudden delirium: Josh Ward pounding his fist and shouting, "Sock it to her, Georgie; sock it to her"; children rushing about in hopes of getting a better view; pick-pockets forgetting their business; gamblers rubbing their eyes and cursing their luck; and the president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College throwing his hat in the air and all but stumbling into the river.

It's the farmers all right. And they win. Their time for the three-mile course is sixteen minutes forty-six and a half seconds, which in itself causes something of a sensation.

Hardly has he slapped his victorious boys on the back, and Clark is bustling his party into the carriage and tearing toward home. "Come on," he cries, in effect, to the beautiful Morgans, "show your breeding, my pets. We must beat the good news into Amherst."

And into Amherst they come, foam-fretted and spent but careering along, while Clark stands with the reins and shouts at his neighbors along Merchants' Row:

"We won, folks. We *won.*"

15 MARCH 1873

And so with them, our Founders. Even so.
When mischief's whim had harmless anticked by,
They saw a promise in the living sky,
And radiant pathways up the hills of snow.
And then, in old North College, reverently,
They charted out a new fraternity.

—FROM "THE SIGNET."

A Saturday morning in March, 1873. In what the current *Amherst Record* calls his "extensive laboratory," Charles Anthony Goessmann is conducting an exercise in qualitative analysis. But on his sunny face there are traces of cloud. These sophomores are only half serious about their chemistry to-day. Shall he blurt out the impatience that is in his heart, create a scene? They will be smashing test-tubes next. "Na well, let us once go quietly on!"

Goessmann is another of Clark's inspirations. The two men became acquainted at Göttingen, working together under the immortal Wöhler. After Germany, America. Goessmann had been for several years chemist for the Onondaga Salt Company in Syracuse, and Clark began to dream of bringing him to Amherst. In 1865 he wrote to him about it. In 1867 he was writing again, apparently not quite certain which of the two local colleges should have his friend. But M.A.C. won, and here the affable German is, investigating the possibilities of sugar beets in New England and growing a crop of potential Ph.D.'s to send back to Göttingen.

This morning, however, he doesn't feel quite comfortable about those six young fellows in suspicious conference over there. They are bright boys; he knows that. Good boys. Two of them, could he but know it, are going to take up the work

nearest his own heart: that rather droll and indolent Barrett in the employ of the Bowker Fertilizer Company; and the more scholarly William Penn Brooks ultimately at M.A.C. as professor of Agriculture, acting president of the College, and director of the Experiment Station. Brooks has been helping Clark and Professor Peabody with certain observations of the circulation of sap, the results of which will be, according to the great Agassiz, "an ample return for all that has been expended on the College." "So you can tell," Clark asked him one day in the presence of a legislative committee, "which trees will run freely and which will not?" "No, sir," replied Brooks, "I can tell which trees *have* run freely and which have not." Goessmann knows that the answer delighted the President. But Brooks isn't tending to business to-day.

Perhaps there is just a trace of spring fever in the air.

There are two secret societies on the campus, and they are rather swank. One of them is D G K, thirty-one years later to join Kappa Sigma, and incidentally enjoy the benign supervision of one of that fraternity's most popular national officers, Professor Frank A. Waugh. The other one is Q T V, which will expand into nationalism for a while, but will eventually settle down, a confirmed local, in a residence designed in his early career by Mr. Mead of the famous McKim, Mead and White. These fraternities are now only four years old, but they seem to outsiders like these desultory chemists very fascinating affairs. They have esoteric symbols, and mysterious meetings, and exclusive literary programs, and, best of all, initiations. They have sometimes dropped a hint as to the grotesque indignities of their initiations.

"Say, fellows, listen to this."

Six heads in a huddle! Muffled explosions of joy!

"That would make a good initiation."

"Let's do it."

"Do what?"

"Why, initiate somebody." An admiring but deliberative pause! "Well, that poor boob working over in the corner. He'd swallow anything."

"Invite him to join a fraternity, eh? A fraternity that doesn't exist?"

"Sure. Why not? A new one, just starting up. After we've initiated him all we want to, we'll tell him there's been a mistake."

Suppressed whoops of happiness! Goessmann biting his lip!

"Let's go over to Billy Brooks' store and work it up."

So they repair to our earliest student store, in North College, and an old, familiar plot proceeds to details new. If only Goessmann could see them now! Then suddenly:

"Say, fellows, this is too good an initiation to waste on that simp. Gosh, this is a real initiation. Let's make it one."

"What do you mean, 'make it one'?"

"Let's have a fraternity of our own, and initiate some real fellows."

"Ritual?"

"Sure."

"Constitution?"

"You bet!"

"Say, that's an idea."

And thus Phi Sigma Kappa is born.

This new fraternity will eventually colonize, and an indefatigable alumnus, John Ashburton Cutter, will nurse its early chapters through an ailing adolescence. Thus after sixty years it will have over fifty lodges and over thirteen thousand members. Brooks will have done his share, particularly along constitutional lines, in this establishment. Barrett will have served as a national officer thirty-one out of a possible forty years. Dr. Joseph E. Root, one of the "real fellows" whom the founders have in mind to initiate, will become in the eyes of twentieth-century undergraduates a picturesque pioneer. And after the

World War, Ralph J. Watts, '07, will be the most devoted and efficient executive-secretary the society will have had.

Other fraternities will appear, one after another, upon the campus. In 1932 there will be sororities as well. But it is upon March 15, 1873, that there is "conceived in iniquity," to use Barrett's phrase, the order which is to be this College's most conspicuous contribution, certainly for half a century, to the Greek letter life of America.

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18 NOVEMBER 1874

Knotty and scraggy and crinkled;
Channeled, constricted, inflated;
Corrugate, plicate and wrinkled;
Tumid, distended, dilated.

—PROF. HENRY W. PARKER.

"Have you heard what that fellow Clark has been doing now?"

"No. Tell me."

"I've got some clippings here from *The Amherst Record.* The last one appeared to-day. I'll read them to you.

"September 2nd. 'President Clark has been experimenting with a squash in order to ascertain how much power there is in

the vital force of a growing plant. At last accounts it had lifted five hundred pounds and is increasing at the rate of fifty pounds a day.' "

"Wait a minute. How can a squash lift five hundred pounds?"

"Oh, they have rigged it up in an iron harness under a sort of frame onto which Maynard hangs pieces of old iron every day or so. It did it all right. Here's some more.

"This is September 16th. 'The mammoth squash at the Durfee Plant House grows vigorously, though not without perspiring freely, under a pressure of 1400 pounds. There is reason to believe that it will raise a ton before it stops lifting. The vine now measures 40 feet in length.'

"September 30th. 'The big squash at the Durfee Plant House is still "on its muscle." Its latest feats of strength are a lifting power of one ton, and there is no knowing when it is going to stop. President Clark is reluctant to give up the experiment now and therefore decided not to have it on exhibition at the fair. It can be seen at all hours of the day, however, at the plant house.'

"October 7th. 'The big squash is now lifting 2100 lbs.'

"October 14th. 'President Clark's squash is lifting 3000 pounds at present. This famous vegetable has been visited by more than ten thousand people, coming from nearly every state in the Union, and it is evidently bound to immortalize itself by its marvelous feats of strength.

" 'A little five-year-old daughter of President Clark remarked to her father a few days since, on viewing the famous squash with its iron harness on, "Papa, when you do let that squash loose, it will go for you." '

"October 28th. 'That festive squash is still on its muscle. Five thousand pounds is its record of strength this week. Some of our candidates for political honors ought to engage the services of this squash to lift them into office.'

"November 18th. 'President Clark's squash, which has at last

succumbed to the immense weight placed upon it, has been photographed by Mr. Lovell. The experiment has been a very interesting one and has attracted the attention of many persons in all parts of the country. Its fame, it seems, has reached the Pacific coast, for during the past week President Clark has received an invitation from California to deliver a lecture on squashes, with the offer of $1000 and expenses, and he will doubtless accept.' "

"Two tons and a half! Well, I'll be jiggered!"

"Yes, and it most likely would have done better than that, but the harness gave out. They tell me that it had fifteen miles of root."

"I'll certainly be jiggered!"

DECEMBER 1875

Cloudy with little rain. Wind northeast. Worked piling up manure in the yard. Have finished reading this evening Homer's "Iliad." . . . It seems to me that if the time that is spent in a collegiate course in studying this and works of a like character was occupied in gaining knowledge that would be of practical use in after life, it would be much better spent.

—STOCKBRIDGE'S JOURNAL, 1843.

A cold, grey, December day, 1875.

Facing the hillside site which French championed in vain

stands the house in which the harassed judge resided. On the southern wing it degenerates, after the manner of New England farm houses, from a gracious colonial dignity into an open woodshed and barnly tag-on's. And a tiny second-story room above a carriage-house, the only approach to which is an outside stairway in the woodshed, is the study of Levi Stockbridge, Professor of Agriculture, M.A.C.

Rude it may be, and humble, this approach to professorial intimacy, but the boys seek it out. Within a month after the creation of their new fraternity, for example, Barrett and Brooks felt their way up these precarious stairs, to explain with becoming hesitation that Phi Sigma Kappa, ignominiously known as Hell's Huddlers, needed to negotiate a loan for some furniture. Instinctively Stockbridge reached for his wallet. "Gentlemen," he whimsically remarked, "if you want over a thousand dollars, I shall need a day or so to arrange it; but a smaller sum you may have to-night."

It is the same disheveled room to-day. Stockbridge, sandy-bearded, keen-eyed, untailored, is sitting in one of the two easy chairs, a dilapidated affair, with his trousers "at half mast" at the boot-tops, and his long legs stretched out toward the stove. The stove, too, is all but disreputable. It is rusty and dented and so small that it can hardly accommodate more than a single stick of wood at a time. Still for the moment it is glowing with heat. Young Bowker, less at ease in the other chair, wonders vaguely how the professor can find time to prepare his lectures and keep that fire going too.

There is, of course, a cluttered desk. Upon it stands a simple, tripod microscope. There are shelves against the wall, containing miscellaneous articles, but mostly books, in various and careless array. Among them are books of law, for Stockbridge is frequently called upon by fellow farmers for legal guidance. There are also books which he used to study by himself, upon the North Hadley farm, over thirty years ago. Some of them are

Levi Stockbridge

(as a young man)

textbooks which his brother was using at Amherst College at the time: Gray's chemistry, which he calls "the fountain head," and Wayland's political economy. Some of them reflect his passion for public life: a history of Europe, of the Italian Republics, of the Roman Empire, of the Reformation. Some literature —a life of Byron. But the volumes most grimily and lovingly worn are in science: Dana's geology; Liebig's agricultural chemistry, Johnson's, Chaptel's; Brewster's *Life of Sir Isaac Newton.* Let no one say that the uncollegiate Stockbridge is without a liberal education.

Bowker notices, hanging beside a window, a dozen ears of exhibit corn, for seed. They gleam there like a badge of office in the half-light of the room.

Young Bowker, class of '71! He is in the fertilizer business now, in Boston. He has a company of his own. Next month he is to have a new partner. "For the land's sake, use Bowker's Fertilizers."

Stockbridge is talking to him about the already famous formulas, generally known as the Stockbridge Manures.

People have said that he claims to be "the first to prepare manurial formulas and to grow plants by the use of chemicals." To have claimed such a thing would have been "both false and foolish." The Rothamsted fellows have been applying chemicals successfully for nearly thirty years, and Ville has been mixing them according to formula.

Stockbridge knows the background from which his formulas have sprung. Somewhere about the place there is an old journal, bound in wall-paper. He made the entries in it over thirty years ago. Among them are references to the agricultural chemistries which we noticed on his book-shelves. "Perhaps it is foolish," he wrote one night in his journal, "for me to be studying this science without experiments or teacher." Then he characteristically added in parentheses, "Perhaps not." There are references, too, to his attending occasional public lectures upon agri-

cultural chemistry by Amherst College professors. And there are records of his own plot experimentation with manure and chemicals upon his farm. There are comments such as this: "Have been reading the report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1843 with great interest of late. His agricultural statistics and scientific facts, and the results of numerous experiments on soils, and the analysis of various fertilizers of the land, must be highly appreciated and useful." There are notes like this one: Linus Green "uses a great quantity of lime and gets great crops."

He confesses that he thinks his formulas are a bit unique. Ville's have been based upon an analysis of the "average manure of France," but his have been based upon an analysis of the various crops to be grown. He thinks that his approach to the determination is more sensible, more scientific, than the Frenchman's.

In his explanation of the value of constant cultivation, that such stirring of the surface prevents moisture from escaping from the soil, he may also be something of a pioneer. He isn't quite sure.

But he is sure that his formulas are useful anyway. He has had them under observation for seven years. Goessmann has helped him. Of course he would have preferred not to patent them quite yet; he was driven to it. "The farmers wanted something right away. They jumped upon my wagon before I was ready to start." One or two New York chemical firms have been flirting with him. He doesn't want the farmers imposed upon in any way.

And now young Bowker has appeared upon the scene, with a partner in prospect. He would like to contract for the exclusive right to use the Stockbridge name. The formulas themselves are as free as air. But the name would help his trade and would in a sense guarantee farmers against fraud. He hasn't very much of a business yet, but he hopes to have by and by.

Stockbridge eyes him with that shrewd but candid look of his. He recalls half-humorously his offers from New York. At last he speaks.

"I know you, Bill," he says. "You have been one of My Boys, one of our college family. I think I'll take my chances with you."

There is one thing more; Bowker wants him to become a director in his company.

"All right, Bill."

And there, over the laboring stove, while the winds of winter lash the trees against the roof, these two, teacher and pupil, but colleagues at last, shake hands.

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16 APRIL 1877

It is fifty years since the departure of President Clark, but our admiration for him has increased with the years, and the words dropped here and there by our great master seem to guide us till the ages come.

—SHOSUKE SATO.

Shimamatsu! A tiny Japanese village encompassed by hills. One changes horses here on the way from Sapporo to Muroran. Muroran is a southern port on the great island Hokkaido. Sap-

poro is a town of only three thousand people, but still the capital of the island. The country is far from settled. Horses shy at any sudden shadow, fearing bears.

It is the 16th of April, 1877. The sun shines pleasantly upon Kiuzo Nakayama's little inn. In front of the low building are gathered a party of twenty-five. Horses are being brought out; two or three of them are loaded with baggage. The central figure of the group of men, a sturdy figure standing ready to mount a rugged Nambu stallion, is none other than the unpredictable Colonel Clark.

For Clark is about to set out upon a long, two-months journey to Amherst, and these sober-faced young men about him are his various associates in the foundation of the first agricultural college in Japan. They have ridden with him for fifteen miles along his way. Now they must say good-by.

Clark looks into the friendly faces with tenderness that he dare not display. There is Hirotake Dzusho, nominal director of the college; and Kiyonori Yoshida, the farm overseer; and Seitaro Hori, secretary and interpreter. There is William Wheeler of the pioneer class at M.A.C., destined to be for forty-four years a trustee of his alma mater. And David B. Penhallow, another Aggie graduate, who will become a distinguished member of the staff at McGill. And William Penn Brooks. These three fine young teachers are staying on. Each will in his turn be president of this new college. Others from Amherst will come to serve on its staff. It is the Massachusetts Agricultural College reincarnated in the Land of the Rising Sun.

But most of the party are students. They are students carefully picked, largely from the Samurai. Most of them have been brought up from Tokyo by the Colonial Department. They knew some English as a prerequisite. They are pledged to service in the Colonial Department after graduation. That young fellow over there, Shosuke Sato, will acquire a doctorate at

Johns Hopkins and return to Sapporo to direct the destinies of this new college through its first half century, by which time it will have become a great Japanese institution, The Hokkaido Imperial University, with nearly two hundred and fifty teachers and over two thousand students.

Almost every one is here but General Kuroda, the prime mover in the colonization of this fruitful but neglected island, and the man who brought Clark to Sapporo and set him to work. His invitation to Clark was partly the result of the recommendation of the Japanese minister to the United States, but partly due to the fact that there were already in Japan three experimental farms each under the supervision of a Japanese who had studied at M.A.C.

Well, Clark's work is over. In eight months he has done what nobody dreamed could be done in less than two years. He has organized the institution from top to bottom. He has laid out a model farm, and built the first American barn in Japan. He has established a military unit, the first collegiate one in the country. He has taught two classes a day. He has been principal of an adjunct preparatory school. He has initiated agricultural research and provided a meteorological observatory. He has explored the woods and recorded new flora, at the same time introducing to the Japanese boys hiking as an outdoor sport. He has promoted the setting out of thirty thousand Concord grape vines and one hundred thousand American fruit trees in the region about Sapporo. And incidentally he has converted sixteen of the boys in that first class to Christianity.

It is of that he has been thinking mostly to-day. He recalls with a smile his heated conference with General Kuroda on board the *Gembu Maru* en route from Tokyo the previous summer.

"Dr. Clark, I should like to have you teach these boys something of ethics."

"It will have to be Christian ethics, you understand." The Colonel has a package of fifty Bibles somewhere among his belongings.

"No, ethics in general."

"*No*. Christian ethics. I am qualified to teach no other."

And eventually he had his way.

He can almost repeat from memory the statement which he drew up at Sapporo the following March. He called it a *Covenant of Believers in Jesus*. It began: "The undersigned members of the Sapporo Agricultural College, desiring to confess Christ according to His command, and to perform with true fidelity every Christian duty, in order to show our love and gratitude to that blessed Saviour who has made atonement for our sins by His death on the cross, and earnestly wishing to advance His kingdom among men for the promotion of His glory and the salvation of those for whom He died, do solemnly covenant with God and with each other, from this time forth, to be His faithful disciples, and to live in strict compliance with the letter and spirit of His teachings; and whenever a suitable opportunity offers, we promise to present ourselves for examination, baptism, and admission to some evangelical church."

And they signed it, these loyal lads with whom he has just been eating a last luncheon at Kiuzo Nakayama's, took their pens and signed this pledge to a faith of fathers not their own. He must speak of that now.

"Boys." And the silence is as great a compliment as teacher ever had. "Remember that of all the work I have done in Japan, none gives me so much satisfaction as that of teaching you the Gospel."

Perhaps Kuroda does not take much stock in this conversion. And a few of these boys, it is true, will drift back into a more familiar faith. But others, many others, will take their places. Let Kuroda wait and see.

COL. WILLIAM S. CLARK

This bust is at the Hokkaido Imperial University, Sapporo, Japan.

At a banquet one evening Clark declined to drink wine. General Kuroda teased him a little about it. Clark drew himself up, stiffly. "My boys and I," he said, "have promised each other not to drink, smoke, gamble or swear so long as we are connected with Sapporo. That is the reason I cannot drink to-night."

"Pooh!" snipped the General. "Do you think those boys will keep a pledge like that?"

"I believe *those* boys will keep a pledge like that."

The students learned of the incident and it made an impression. Perhaps some of them have thought of it to-day.

Last night they came to Clark's apartment in the faculty bungalow. They came in groups of two or three. They stayed very late. Then they slipped out, very quietly indeed. One of them said, "I can't bear to go."

In 1922 there will be on the beautiful Main Street of the city of Sapporo a bronze statue of the doughty old general, Kuroda. And directly across the way, face to face with it, will be a Christian church. And above its Ionic pillars, where none can fail to see, carved in imperishable stone and alone in white glory, will be the name—William S. Clark. These boys will rejoice in that edifice. They will remember that he once talked to them of a temple like that, something worthy of what he liked to call his "church in Antioch."

But to-day no one is thinking of churches. And the time for departure has come. The Colonel leaps onto his horse. "Write to me, boys," he says. "I want to keep track of you all. Remember to write."

"We will."

He draws the rein taut. But there is still something more. He is speaking again, from the saddle, slowly, impressively, with his heart-stirring voice. "Boys," he says, "be ambitious."

Then he waves and is gone.

On the coat of arms of the imperial University, in the years to come, there will be three cryptic letters: B B A. They are Clark's parting message to the youth of Japan.

Boys, be ambitious!

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28 FEBRUARY 1879

The invocation "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" always fills me with uncontrollable emotions, and I wonder how anybody can read it in public.

—GOODELL.

"Gentlemen, it is true that we are $32,000 in debt; nevertheless the past year has been the most successful in the history of the College."

In the lecture room of the Botanic Museum Clark is telling forty-three legislators from Boston about their investment. They are the committees on agriculture, education, and military affairs. Having come by special train from Palmer, they were met by Clark and Stockbridge and conveyed to the campus in sleighs. The date is February 28, 1879.

All is not well with the College. For years it has received no assistance from the Commonwealth. Actually both college and commonwealth have been struggling out of the panic of '73. Both have been anxiously but hopefully marking time. But now Clark has resigned.

Once before he resigned, back in 1872. The trustees, at least, are aware of that. In their minutes is the statement: "An arrangement has been made by individuals interested in the welfare of the College whereby Colonel Clark withdraws his resignation." One gathers from a *Springfield Republican* reference in 1879 that the arrangement meant an additional $1,000 for his salary. If this reference is trustworthy, his salary was for a while no less than $5,250. A year ago it was reduced $250. Assuming that the private subsidy was still forthcoming, that would leave him with a mere $5,000, exactly the compensation of the governor of the Commonwealth.

And the governor's salary is now in the process of being reduced to $4,000. Governor Talbot has been elected upon a rigorous retrenchment platform, he has devoted his annual message to reduction of expenditures, and the Legislature is apparently trying to effect economies all along the line. Hard times!

To Clark *retrenchment* is a hateful word. But only last month, subsequent to his resignation, an alumni committee of which Bowker was a member have in an open letter to the trustees urged the employment of a president to be paid $2,250. Perhaps he has resigned to save his salary, so to speak, and his self-respect.

But those who are close to Clark realize that there are considerations more impelling than such.

Clark is no man for routine. He wants his professional undertakings to move as fast, and as far, as his horses. Even the high purpose and the perilous excitements of the Civil War

could not hold him to army discipline for more than two years. The obstacles which challenged the establishment of an agricultural college in Amherst allayed his restless spirit for a while. But the momentum of this new movement began to die and left him ill at ease. He told Goodell that "nothing would give him greater enjoyment than every year to start a new college and organize it completely."

Thus Sapporo was a godsend. He was away and into the Far East almost at a bound. He does not realize it yet, but his departure from Japan marked the very height of his colorful career. Amherst was in her summer loveliness when he returned. It was good to be back again. But somehow this running a college of a hundred-odd students and going over and over the elements of botany in the classroom, and lecturing the boys occasionally for having hidden the chapel Bible, has been a pretty poky pace for a man like him. After his death Goodell will say of him: "He could not brook delay, and his desire to gather about him a great university made him lose sight of the necessity of a slow and steady growth. He could not wait."

But last autumn a new light dawned for him—a floating college, no less: something unique and scientific and distant, and, best of all, not yet begun. A liner, *The General Werder,* had been provided and was booked to sail from New York on the 8th of May. Clark was offered the presidency of this glamorous institution. Founding colleges had not yet become for him routine. He took one long look at the offer and reached for his hat.

He asked the trustees for another leave of absence. Perhaps they felt that their province was not colleges in general but the Massachusetts Agricultural College in particular. Perhaps they believed that the inevitable crisis in Amherst would demand all and the best minds at their command. Anyway they declined to grant the leave, and Clark resigned.

The College has borne up under his resignation with surprising fortitude. There has been no sense of catastrophe, no emotional overflow. As a matter of fact, since his return from Japan Clark has never gotten as close to the student body as he had been before. He has driven precipitously down the Hillside, racing the chapel bell, as of yore. He has taught some botany. He has carried on the administrative duties of the institution from his office in the Botanic Museum. But the students are not aware of him in any intimate way. They are proud of their "Prex," but they do not miss him when he is absent. The alumni, too, are not inclined to be sentimental. Six weeks before his resignation was formally presented they held a meeting to consider his successor. The trustees themselves, deeply aware of the man's quality and service but also aware of the financial complications involved, have accepted his resignation with regret, but probably with relief.

But it isn't an emeritus who is urging the cause of the College this morning in the Botanic Museum. And it isn't a defendant. It is an eloquent leader, with his face toward the future, with his hand on a flag.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has no choice. She accepted certain sums of money from the federal government and from the town of Amherst, and with them the irrepudiable obligation to maintain this college.

The College cannot hope to enjoy the confidence of the public if the Legislature withholds its support. The Commonwealth is morally bound to spend some money.

There are only seven seniors, you say. Well, there are twelve times as many freshmen. And this is the reason: the trustees felt that worthy boys were being kept away from this, the people's, college because they could not afford the tuition fee. They waived the fee for the class of '82. It's a wonderful class.

The $32,000 deficit is itself a tribute to the College. It sym-

bolizes a gallant attempt to carry on against fearful odds, to make bricks, if you please, without straw. It is the story of William Knowlton, trustee, who has personally lent the College $20,000 and has paid any number of minor bills out of his own pocket. And it is the story of an underpaid professor, Levi Stockbridge, who, when it looked as though the experimental work would have to be given up, personally contributed $1,000, his first royalty from the Bowker Fertilizer Company, in order that it might go on.

Bowker indeed is saying, albeit the President declines to admit it, that during recent months the local credit of the College had grown so bad that the merchants, who had been accepting from College employees notes of credit issued by the distraught treasurer, no longer would do so, and Levi Stockbridge underwrote the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at one time to the extent of $1,500, replying to a banker friend who sought to dissuade him: "Oh, I'm not afraid. Never you worry. I tell you this college is going to be a success."

Anyway the Legislature needs a little Levi Stockbridge faith right now.

The Governor is urging retrenchment. The alumni committee, too, are urging retrenchment. Everybody is talking economy. But trying to run a college on the appropriated $14,000 a year isn't economy. That's stagnation. The very least the Legislature can afford to do is to raise that appropriation to $25,000 and provide free tuition for Massachusetts boys. Give us ten per cent of the dog fund, gentlemen. It's your move.

Late that afternoon the legislators climb back into their special train. They have listened to Clark. They have had an excellent dinner at the Amherst House. They have inspected the college buildings, the botanical specimens, the farm. They have reviewed the battalion, with pompons and plumes flashing back the midwinter sun. They have had a busy day.

"Do you know, that fellow Clark—I believe that he's right."
"So do I. We've got to give them some money."
"From the dog fund?"
"From the dog fund."

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7 MAY 1879

To drowsy Amherst, fifty years ago,
Again spring came and mellowed in the air;
Again the brooks chafed into freedom there,
Though still on Pelham hills lay winter's snow.

—FROM "THE SIGNET."

"Well, give it to Amherst."

Lieutenant-Governor Long speaks quietly enough, but his words ring through the Amherst House parlors like a great shout in an echoing valley.

Give it to Amherst!

Matters have come to a head; there is no doubt about that. Otherwise Governor Talbot and his entire Council would hardly be meeting with the agricultural college trustees in the Amherst House this Wednesday evening, the 7th of May, 1879.

Talbot has proved an excellent executive. *The Springfield*

Republican calls him "the best working governor in recent years." And John D. Long, who will succeed him next winter, is a good man too—not exclusively or grossly political in his interests. For example, while he was speaker of the House, he translated the twelve books of Virgil's *Aeneid* into English verse, and the book is being published this season. These men, Talbot and Long, are not temperamentally unsympathetic toward the College.

It is now a little more than two months since Clark entertained the committees on agriculture, education and military affairs in the Botanic Museum. These committees recommended to the Legislature everything that Clark had asked for, including ten per cent of the dog fund for the College and "such additional provision for its maintenance as will enable it to offer free tuition to all students resident in the state."

A day or two later, however, the *Republican* declared: "The proposition that Massachusetts is bound to pension the agricultural college is not popular with the people. Suppose the young alumni be given a chance to reform things at Amherst now that Commodore Clark is afloat. At any rate the Republican party cannot afford to neglect the opportunity offered it of instituting some measures of retrenchment in a hitherto rather extravagantly managed institution."

"Commodore" Clark, however, is not afloat. His boat has been booked to leave New York to-morrow, but Flint, whose son was enrolled as a student, knows that there have been difficulties, and that the sailing is indefinitely postponed.

The hostility of *The Springfield Republican* at this time is notorious, and in view of the fact that the College is a Connecticut Valley institution, a little hard to understand. The Samuel Bowles who gave to its editorial page a nation-wide prestige is dead, but his spirit and his prejudices presumably still remain. He may have resented the preference for Amherst over Springfield at the time of our foundation. More probably

his intimacy with the Edward Dickinsons may have given him a jaundiced vision of Colonel Clark. At all events his great paper is now afield among the baying hounds.

The Boston papers are baying too. The *Transcript* admits, but without enthusiasm, that the State has assumed an obligation which it cannot honorably drop. The *Herald* refers to a legislative attack upon the College as "a sensible speech." The *Globe* has asked "whether an amendment abolishing the college, to take effect upon its passage, would not be advisable." And the *Post* has paid us the compliment of nearly a dozen denunciatory editorials upon "the Amherst elephant," "that ill conditioned and profitless enterprise, the Amherst Agricultural College," "this hungry buzzard," "this water-logged and beggarly institution." No, the *Republican* is not indulging a purely personal aversion.

There have been mutterings, too, under the gilded dome. The committees' favorable recommendations stirred up a stormy session in the Senate, a senator from Franklin County to our north defending the College and one from Hampden County to the south declaring that it is "a financial, educational and military failure." But the Senate passed the bill.

There was another stormy session in the House. A representative from Lawrence caricatured the College for an hour to the hilarious delight of its foes. A representative from Springfield contributed something vivid and quotable in the way of excoriation. "The College," he said, "has abused our confidence, it has violated its pledges, it has broken the law whenever it could, and it comes here annually as a beggar." So it is not surprising that the bill which was finally passed by the House was far removed in spirit from the one sent down to it from the Upper Chamber. "After rescuing the dog fund from the clutch of the College," as the *Republican* amiably expressed it, the House voted: first, that the Commonwealth assume the $32,000 deficit; second, that the College trustees be held per-

sonally responsible for any deficit in the future; and third, that the Governor and his Council be requested "to examine the affairs of the College and report some plan for its continuance with its relations to the State definitely fixed, or some plan for its discontinuance; but with the provision in any event that its finances shall from this time be finally separated from the treasury of the Commonwealth." On April 24th this bill became a law.

Thus Talbot and Long are here under orders. Their hands are tied so far as any generous gestures are concerned. But at least they are here. They, with the rest of the Council, have attended chapel. They have reviewed the military, in which they found "a good degree of proficiency." They have examined the barns and found them in good condition except for an unused roadway of rotten plank. There are fifty head of cattle. They have visited the plant house and paid their respects to Hitchcock's century plant, now in its forty-sixth year. The sales from the plant house make a good impression. Even without Colonel Clark it has been a pretty good showing.

And now, in the Amherst House, they and the trustees are talking things over. John Cummings of Woburn is presiding. The principal source of information is the Hon. Charles L. Flint, who, as secretary of the board of trustees, has written the minutes of every meeting since the beginning of the College, and who has been secretary of the State Board of Agriculture ever since its establishment in 1852. He helped Hitchcock assemble the natural history collection which now stands in South College. Within a few years he will give the College $1,000 for books. "The venerable Mr. Flint," the *Republican* calls him, but he is only fifty-five.

No one is in a particularly happy mood. One Councilor declares that the whole thing is "a magnificent humbug," and proposes dividing the farm and the student body into five units respectively to see if any one of the five combinations can make

a living. Years later, when the College will have asked the Legislature for an entomological substation because certain essential bugs are not to be found in Amherst, another disgruntled solon will mutter, "Well, there are enough humbugs up there anyway."

One Councilor thinks that the farm can be made to pay. As treasurer "the aged Mr. Montague of Amherst tried to furnish some figures but did not exhibit much clearness in relation to the matter." The figures are clear enough to the friends of the College, but they do show that at present every cent of income is absorbed by the pay roll. To some degree the College certainly seems to be dependent upon the treasury of the Commonwealth.

"Well, give it to Amherst," says Long. The trustees go rigid. The Councilors eye them furtively. This suggestion has not originated with Long, at least not now. It was aired in the State House a month ago. But the trustees make it plain that it is not their idea of an acceptable solution.

All right, what can be done?

Slash the budget. Sell the herd. Abolish the presidency; the College seemed to get along pretty comfortably while Clark was in Japan. Eliminate one professorship, presumably the chair of mental and moral science. Put professorial salaries down upon a $2,000 basis, or less if the College furnishes rent. Replace the farm superintendent with a foreman. Reduce the treasurer's compensation to $400. Let even janitor wages take a cut.

"Of course, if you can run within your present income—but don't you really think you'd be better off as a department of Amherst College?"

"I move you we adjourn."

. . . . .

The following week, in Boston, the trustees, without the Governor, formally adopt such measures as have been proposed.

They think that they will effect a saving of $7,550 a year. But they want a president, even if they cannot afford one. So they elect Flint, to serve without pay. The acrimonious *Republican* remarks: "It is hardly to be expected that Secretary and President Flint will permanently remove to Amherst, at his age." He doesn't.

. . . . .

On December 30th Governor Talbot and his Council recommend to the Legislature that the College be offered to Amherst. It needs "at once a large sum for the salaries of professors and a much larger equipment." "Recent legislation has plainly indicated that the State will no longer burden itself with an annual appropriation." From the standpoint of the College such a transfer would seem to be the best, if not indeed the only, salvation. Amherst College has been approached and "it is understood that such a proposition would receive favorable consideration."

A few days later Long, governor now, repeats the recommendation in his annual message to the Legislature.

And now, *vox populi!* "Abandoned on a neighbor's doorstep," snorts Stockbridge viciously. "Really we have no use for the article," declares *The Amherst Student*. The alumni of both colleges begin to growl. A special town meeting is held and a protest presented. Stockbridge speaks from his heart. President Seelye of Amherst says that he knows of no professor or trustee who would consider the union in any other light than as a burden, but warns against any steps which may lead to the agricultural college's being taken actually out of town. The memorial is passed without a dissenting vote.

Early in March there is a hearing before the Committee on Agriculture. Objections to the nefarious proposal are offered by both individuals and agricultural societies. To defend the measure there appears but one man, designated by *The Amherst*

Record as "an ancient fossil from West Medway." He says, "The great thing for farmers is muscle and manure—not education."

Things are allowed to drift.

The College is saved.

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20 JANUARY 1882

This paper is instructive,
It has an ample range,
With items from both colleges
And also from the Grange;
So listen to this good advice—
You'd better not refuse—
Just send in your subscription,
And we'll tell you all the news.

—FROM "THE COLLEGE MONTHLY," 1888.

"The Washington Irving Society will please come to order."

It is the voice of Joe Lindsey, and every one hears it. Lindsey is rapping on the desk in Goodell's classroom in South College. Some fifteen or sixteen boys settle down in the familiar chairs.

About the wall and overhead the oil lamps do what they can against the darkness. In the stove a coal fire does what it can against the cold. It is the 20th of January, 1882.

The Washington Irvings are a literary forum. The "Shakes," taking their proper name from the bard of Avon, are another. They will later become a social fraternity and in 1913 a chapter in Alpha Sigma Phi. The Edward Everetts have come and gone. Lindsey's friend, Homer J. Wheeler, is running a temporary and nameless society in the Botanic Museum as a protest against unpunctuality and general laxity on the part of the Irvings. The college curriculum offers the students very little in the way of composition and public speaking. These societies, created and fostered by the students, represent an attempt to meet a need.

Lindsey is vice-president of the Washington Irving Society. He is only a junior now. The society is dominated, of course, by the seniors—Clark's "Charity Class" of '82. By some curious poetic justice the class of '82 started its campus career with exactly eighty-two members. The sophomores, nineteen in number, must have viewed these freshmen with mingled feelings. Perhaps the numerical superiority of the newcomers may have inspired their scribe to pen this melancholy bit for the current *Index:* "Classmates, we have fairly commenced our sophomore year. To many of us it is the last in college. Who knows but it is our last on earth! Let us then be up and doing, and may each moment add a polish to the monument of our character."

This Charity Class has celebrities in the making. One of them, Daniel Willard, sometime to be president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is not staying on with his classmates for a degree, but he will be back in 1932 to get one *honoris causa.* Some of the giants of '82, however, are with us to-night.

The program calls first for a declamation by Levi Taft, eventually to become state horticulturist of Michigan. Then there is a debate: Resolved, that coöperative farming would be

more profitable in New England than the present system. When the discussion is thrown open to the house, one of the speakers is John E. Wilder, who will one day become a distinguished merchant and citizen of Chicago. The subject for next meeting's debate is announced: Resolved, that intoxicating drinks have caused more misfortune and misery than war.

And now we come to the reading of *The Washington Irving Gazette*. This is a manuscript publication which has been a feature of such programs as this more or less regularly since 1869. The current number has twenty-eight pages. Its board is as follows: editor-in-chief, Herbert Myrick, '82; assistant editors, Charles S. Plumb, '82, and Joseph B. Lindsey, '83; contributor, Winthrop E. Stone, '82.

This is a notable board, if we only had the foresight to realize it.

Every one knows that Herbert Myrick will "get along" in the world. He was manager of his father's greenhouses at thirteen. Then he went west and became a cow-puncher. Now he is at college, working his way and sending money home besides. His career is not likely to be curtailed by timidities of any kind. He sells the wall paper in his room to a credulous successor. He persuades Chadbourne that it is up to the president to give a reception to the seniors, even if he has to rent the Amherst House to give it in. He stirs into action the satirical powers of the editor of *The Amherst Record:* "Young Myrick . . . renders himself obnoxious to his acquaintances in college and elsewhere, and yet he aspires to sit one day on the editorial staff of *The New England Homestead.*" Bless you, Editor Williams, before you know it, he will own the *Homestead,* and any number of other agricultural periodicals as well.

Then there is Plumb. In fifty years he will have been decorated *Chevalier du Mérite Agricole* by France and his textbook, *Types and Breeds of Farm Animals,* will be a college classic.

Lindsey is one of the boys Goessmann is priming for Göttin-

gen, and in 1911 he will be the first designated Goessmann Professor of Agricultural Chemistry at his alma mater. No one connected with the College in 1892 or for forty years thereafter will fail to know Joe Lindsey.

And Stone, considered by his classmates the most brilliant of the group, is likewise bound for Göttingen. Goessmann is to send so many and such able men to that great German university that, so the story goes, when a graduate from Yale will one day present credentials there, the puzzled registrar will say, "Yale, Yale, where is it? Is it somewhere near that M.A.C.?" In 1921 Winthrop E. Stone, for twenty-one years president of Purdue University, will meet his death upon a hitherto unclimbed peak in the Canadian Rockies.

These, then, are the boys who have collaborated in preparing this *Washington Irving Gazette,* Volume 29, Number 1. Plumb and Lindsey take turns in reading it to the society. The contents tell us something of the editors, something of the College, and something of the year 1882. Let us listen.

There are some editorials upon campus affairs. A rumored resignation "opens the way, it must be confessed, for much-to-be-desired changes in the college administration." The "deadbeat," otherwise known as the "bummer," is subject to universal execration. The college barn "is kept in a most slovenly and disgraceful manner." But of certain new restrictions, subject to jest and satire later in the *Gazette,* the editors have this in fairness to say: "That the new rules work well is now acknowledged by those at first most opposed to them. Fewer unexcused absences and better attention to studies have been the characteristics of college life since their introduction."

The editors have not been favorably impressed by the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan.* "A well-educated crank by the name of Wilde has lately come to this country. . . . In any other age than ours he would be considered insane. . . . It is certainly sickening to think of the homage this dawdling, useless

young man is receiving, a sort of bummer, among the so-called high-toned folks of the day."

It is suggested that the Washington Irvings give "a dramatic entertainment."

There is an article on *Arctic Research.* "Enough victims have been sacrificed to appease the icy Moloch of the Arctic."

Now for something lighter—*The Faculty Brace.* "About December 8th the faculty took a monstrous big brace for so sickly a child. The result was the most abominable set of new rules." The iniquitous event took place in the president's office in the Botanic Museum under compromising circumstances. The first indication of professorial unrest was Mr. Baker, the janitor, tumbling down the steps with a basket of bottles. Within the office Stockbridge was discovered with a wastebasket, apparently trying to milk "that cantankerous old keow." Goodell and Maynard were safely on the floor. "There sat that jolly old Dutchman (Goessmann of course), a mug of beer in each hand, vainly striving to drink from both at once." But the arch villain of the drama is "The Limitman," whom the Irvings recognize as Lieutenant Morris. It was he who, finding the liquor all gone, wrote down, out of sheer spitefulness, the new rules.

The *Gazette* now turns to *Agriculture as a Life Work.* "The question comes home to us and causes us to think, whether the young man of limited, or perhaps no, capital has not got a hard and stony road before him if he starts by making the business of agriculture his life work. Had he not better follow some other occupation which will be more remunerative?" That question will occur again hereafter.

The next dissertation is modestly limited to the subject *Russia,* but prognosticates shrewdly none the less. "The nihilists, or more properly speaking the revolutionists, are creating internal disturbance, removing emperors, and making despotism tremble. But it is simply the spirit of liberty bursting forth in the

breasts of a people weighed down and crushed for centuries under the iron rule of imperialism." In thirty years or so the czar will actually have fallen.

The History of Maud! Maud is the skeleton in Maynard's classroom. Her declension from virtue and loveliness to her present lamentable state is made the occasion for burlesque.

Plumb takes his seat, amid applause.

There is still a reading, a critic's report, some business looking toward an increase in membership. But we came to hear the *Gazette,* to sample the undergraduate quality of four boys who are to make their mark in the world, and, having done so, we slip quietly out into the hallway, and hence into the portentous silence of a winter night. Above man's brightest sparkles, still shine the everlasting stars.

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27 JANUARY 1882

A well-developed, healthy brain is the most practical thing in the universe.

—CHADBOURNE.

"I don't believe it."

"Neither do I, but it's true."

"But it can't be true; it's too wonderful."

"Gentlemen," it is Colonel Needham who speaks; "Gentlemen, it is providential."

January 27, 1882. The trustees are met with their chairman, Governor John D. Long, in the Executive Chambers, to confirm a momentous item of business. It will be, in the words of Wilder, "a unanimous and exulting vote." Of course it will. Our trustees are not met to confirm; they are met to rejoice.

George Noyes is the particular hero of the day. Who is George Noyes? He is the "proprietor" of *The Massachusetts Ploughman,* which, we must hasten to add, is not an inn but a newspaper. He has been a trustee of the College for only two or three years. But he did it. Every one said that it couldn't be done, that it shouldn't be tried. But he actually did it.

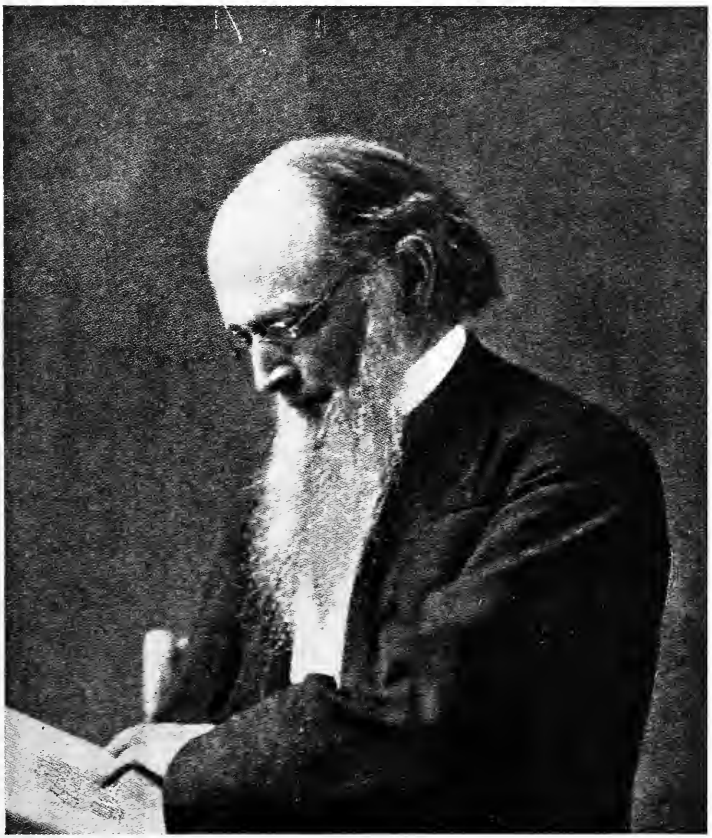
The happiest man in the room is Levi Stockbridge. Should we refer to him as President Stockbridge? He became president of the College two years ago when Flint relinquished that dubious distinction. But that is just it—he isn't president. He, too, has resigned. He is free. This presidency business always did "chafe him under the collar," both literally and figuratively, he says. Wearing broadcloth seven days a week isn't at all his idea of a good time. And that is very nearly the whole story. In spite of some pestiferous young rascals in the class of '82, the College has been functioning smoothly, if not assuringly. He has kept it within its income. The Governor has reported that it is "in good condition." But Stockbridge knows none the less that its affairs are precarious, and he knows that he isn't any Moses to lead it into an unpromised land. The outlook has been still a dark, if no longer a desperate, one. And now, all of a sudden, there is a very miracle of light.

The miracle is Paul Ansel Chadbourne. He was president of the College for a few months back in the pre-student days. Stockbridge knew him before that, in the Legislature, "the bright, cheerful Williamstown professor, who probed every-

thing to the bottom." Stockbridge may have known, too, that for a considerable while he had held simultaneously professorships at Williams and Bowdoin and lectureships in Mount Holyoke and the Berkshire Medical School. He may have known of his scientific excursions, with students, to such distant fields as Florida and Greenland. And he certainly knew that Chadbourne had little more than one lung and a bleeding tuberculosis in that. It was because of this that Chadbourne resigned the presidency in Amherst, only to accept with indecorous promptness the presidency of Wisconsin, a position which he had formerly declined but which seemed now to offer a more salubrious climate.

Since then, oblivious to his shortness of breath, he has been scaling new heights. President Mark Hopkins, of Williams, whom the great Garfield's remark will turn into a proverb, selected Chadbourne as his successor; and Garfield, one of Chadbourne's old students, was on hand to speak at the inauguration. Thus when Garfield was running for a greater presidency, Chadbourne returned the compliment and made speeches for him, not only in Massachusetts but as far west as Ohio. And when Garfield was elected, such papers as *The Boston Transcript* mentioned Chadbourne for his cabinet, and it became an open secret that he was to be sent as minister to China. Oh, yes, every one who reads the weekly *Republican* knows something about Chadbourne now.

His versatility has made his very success a paradox; no man has any right to excel along so many different lines. For example, he has three doctorates—of medicine, of laws, of divinity, the three learned professions—and yet his chosen field is natural science. His herbarium contains nearly ten thousand different specimens. But the man who is all this is also, according to a recent Chicago newspaper, "a tower of strength in New England both in religion and politics." And he is. Just at present



Paul Ansel Chadbourne

he is an editor, with two enormous reference books moving slowly toward the presses. Yes, but on the side he is half owner and chief director of two cotton mills, and also field geologist for mining companies in North Carolina and in Dakota. The variety of his attainment staggers belief. And this is the man who once remarked to a student at M.A.C., "Young man, I have taught this subject many years and was twenty years preparing to write my book upon it; yet I never come before a class without preparation."

Governor Long knows him well, and well he should. In 1879 he heard Chadbourne suggested as his running mate upon the Republican ticket. When he opened his western counties campaign against Gen. Benjamin F. Butler at Springfield, he found Chadbourne on the program too, and contributing "the biggest sensation of the evening." He was at Williamstown for commencement when Chadbourne announced his resignation from the presidency of that college. He was nominated for reëlection at a convention in Worcester at which Chadbourne was presiding officer and made the keynote speech. His distinction as "the original Garfield man" has been another bond of sympathy between the two. Thus it is not surprising that in writing to the Governor, Chadbourne should say, "I trust you will allow me to throw aside the formality of official life and speak to you as one of my friends."

The Governor, still giving general satisfaction although in his third term of office, is friendly also toward the College. His recommendation, two years ago, to turn it over to Amherst was a way to salvage it from total wreck, but he told Bowker at the time that he hoped the alumni would successfully oppose the union. He has been on hand every June for commencement. He has presided over a convention of Council, trustees and State Board of Agriculture to consider the possibilities of endowment. In his annual message to the Legislature three weeks ago

he urged that money be forthcoming for much-needed repairs on the campus and that the agricultural societies receiving annuities from the state treasury be required to provide scholarships at the College. Yes, Long is well disposed. But neither Long, nor Wilder, nor indeed any of the older trustees, knowing as they do the penury of the project and the distinction of the man, is willing to ask Paul Ansel Chadbourne to assume the presidency again.

But Noyes has written to Chadbourne, and talked with him, and, *mirabile dictu,* Chadbourne is willing.

"He has laid down a number of conditions which must be met."

"I move that all of them be granted."

These men know, every one of them, that the mere acceptance of the presidency by Chadbourne at this time is a service of simply incalculable value. It is like a J. Pierpont Morgan signature upon a doubtful note. Every member of the General Court knows of Chadbourne and thinks of him as a capable, even a practical, man of affairs. If Chadbourne has faith enough in this little agricultural college to invest his life in it, well, the Legislature isn't likely to refuse to invest a little of the taxpayer's money. One friend like Chadbourne will raise up a whole multitude of lesser ones. Perhaps even *The Boston Post* will let fall a kindly word. Conditions? Why bother with conditions at a time like this?

Still the Governor suggests that they ought to be read. And the "venerable" Charles L. Flint, having now reached the advanced age of fifty-eight, proceeds to read them.

"I am now receiving $10,000 salary. . . . I do not wish to carry on this kind of editorial work long, but I can't afford to give it up now."

Agreed!

"I am a citizen and exercise my rights to express my convic-

tions on politics and religion in all places; and no official position must interfere with my full freedom in this respect."

Agreed!

"I do not wish to become an annual solicitor of funds from the Legislature or individuals."

"We'll take care of that for him."

"I can never again become connected with an institution in which trustees or patrons think young men must be kept to be reformed, or that they are to be tolerated in rowdyism and lawlessness."

"We're with him there."

"While I am engaged in other work. . . . I should not wish my salary to be fixed until the end of the year."

"Your Excellency!"

"Yes, sir."

"I move that Dr. Paul Ansel Chadbourne be duly elected president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College."

. . . . .

At one-thirty a.m. a night or two later a scholastic sort of man, with gold-rimmed spectacles and white, flowing beard, sits down at his table in Boston's United States Hotel to rummage through what he calls "a peck of letters." It seems ridiculous that such a man should have so many. But Chadbourne is accustomed to letters. He has just come in from Albany, his editorial headquarters, and he's tired.

What does the future hold in store for him? Was he wise in agreeing to take on that struggling little college again? Why in the world did he do it? His friends have told him bluntly that he was a fool. They have marshalled their reasons in formidable array. But somehow, as he considers these reasons, they seem to be the very ones which led to his decision. So he must be all right. Still on his thin face there are lines of care.

But as he reads, here and there, among his letters, his eyes light up with the old fire and his shoulders straighten to the new challenge.

An official notification from Flint: "I cannot say how delighted I am." Good old Flint! *He* has run the College for a whole year without a cent of pay. Just for the sake of keeping it alive. Fair weather or foul, Flint still stands by.

Something from Wilder. "My ever dear old friend: I am overjoyed. . . . God be with us and bless this institution has always been my prayer. He *has* been with us, and now He is to give us the man of all others to be our head and guide." Wilder's a prince.

A note from the Governor: "I rejoice that you are willing to accept this labor in the interest of a deserving institution. I have rarely cast a vote with heartier satisfaction."

And what is this? What indeed! As from one college president to another! Listen.

"My dear, dear Sir:

"Glory! Hurrah! Hurrah for M.A.C.!

"You, as you will be officially informed, have this day been elected president, by unanimous vote and perfect assent to all you may ask. A letter from you, read at the meeting, was considered as good as an acceptance, and therefore we think the matter settled.

"I don't know whether I am horseback or on foot, because, while in my secret mind I had wished this thing could be, I had thought it so far beyond possibility that it need not be mentioned. Others, it seems, thought what I wished and had the courage to try; and I say 'Bless them!'

"I congratulate the College. I give you the right hand of fellowship, and will do all in my power to make a smooth highway for you to enter in and possess the land.

"I don't know what I've written and don't care. I feel good over this day's work, and don't you forget it.

"Yours truly,

"Levi Stockbridge."

There is a smile about Chadbourne's mouth as he reads. And his eyes are moist with tears.

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22 FEBRUARY 1883

We will not break the stillness of thy sleep,
Thou spirit rare;
Dreamless and blest after restless years,
Seeking to kindle souls with heaven's light,
Lover of all things fair.

—FROM "THE INDEX."

Washington's Birthday, 1883.

In the home of his brother-in-law, 126 Fifth Avenue, Chadbourne lies dying.

Nine days ago he came to New York to attend the funeral of former Governor Morgan. On the train he was suddenly

taken with violent pains. A young man who had been his student helped him to his New York address. The physicians said that the attack was due to a passage of stone from the kidney. Peritonitis, however, set in, and by the time his family had arrived from Amherst, every one knew that his condition was desperate.

His suffering has been intense. Once, after a more than usually agonizing spasm, he remarked, "Oh, what a blessing that in *this* world there is no immortality!"

He has insisted upon being told the tragic truth. Thereupon he asked, "Is there any objection now to my having all the water that I want?" No, nothing medical mattered any more. So he talked for a few minutes, weakly, with his family, and then he said, "Now give me a little of this *earthly* paradise to drink."

To-day he is lying unconscious. The end is at hand. The physicians say that he will never speak again. Indeed he has already left messages for dear ones, far and near. To the widow of a former associate he has sent word that it is a comfort now to remember how her dying husband once sent for him to tell him of the glories which were present in the hour when earth was fading away. To his son he has repeated words of counsel which his own mother had spoken to him from her deathbed nearly half a century before.

Before he drifted into coma this morning, he dictated a telegram to Mark Hopkins. He had become aware of certain mental phenomena which he believed threw important light upon a disputed question in psychology. He wanted Hopkins to know about them. Even now the great teacher, over eighty years of age, is hurrying toward New York.

Chadbourne has also dictated messages for the students in the two colleges he so deeply loved. "Tell the students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College that unless they are willing to accept the Lord Jesus Christ and to place their faith upon

the Everlasting Rock, they had better have driven the last nail into any building and have elected the last professor to fill any chair in that institution."

About the room the stricken family move silently to and fro. The lips of the dying man are seen to quiver. He stirs, as though reviving; he even swallows a little water. His wife speaks to him familiar words of Scripture: "Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ!" The parched lips answer, "Yes."

And straightway he raises his arms, and with features radiant with light and with a voice firm and clear as a prophet's, he discourses upon heavenly things. "Oh the blessedness of hearing Christ say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee'!"

Texts are repeated to him, and he responds.

"There shall be no more pain."

"No pain," he repeats, "and no sorrow."

"No sorrow."

"No crying," he continues, "and no disappointment."

"Perfect rest."

"Perfect rest."

"But perfect activity."

"Oh, yes."

Of course there will be activity, Indefatigable One.

A physician kneels and prays. The sick man follows the prayer with fervent interpolation. His responses seem to the awe-struck watchers like shouts of joy and triumph. He turns to his wife and kisses her, kisses his daughter, his son. No one can resist the upsweep of his spirit. A glory, as from God, fills the room.

O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!

Then he sinks into sleep, lingers tranquilly on into another day, and is dead.

. . . . .

As the body of the dead president slowly stiffens into marble, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, notoriously governor at last, sits at his desk in the Executive Chambers, holding in his indelicate hands Chadbourne's annual report.

Until recently he has not been particularly aware of an agricultural college in the State. In his message to the General Court last month he devoted several paragraphs to education in Massachusetts but did not mention a college. Within a week he has allowed to become a law without his signature a bill providing something over $100,000 for normal schools and the like. He has been talking retrenchment as valiantly as Talbot ever practiced it. But somehow he feels a little tender toward this document before him now.

Butler knows that the man who wrote it, the man who has this morning died in New York City, was tremendously in earnest about it, was a real man too.

Of course he did all he could to embarrass Butler's political ambitions in 1879. And he didn't feel any more kindly toward them in 1882. If his opposition was less in evidence during the second campaign, Butler has no reason to think that it was less sincere. What indeed could the scholarly, spiritual Chadbourne have in common with a man like Butler! Butler himself presumably does not know. He surely cannot imagine that Chadbourne, then simply a professor, had anything to do with the honorary degree conferred upon him by Williams College in 1864—the degree which Harvard, breaking a long-standing precedent, will somehow forget to confer upon the governor, as such, in 1883.

But after Butler was swept into office in the recent Democratic landslide, Chadbourne came to Boston to present the claims of his college. There have been two trustee meetings, at both of which the Governor presided. Chadbourne has made at least one important address in town. There were presumably interviews, formal or otherwise. In all events he somehow got

through the Governor's meretricious veneer and stirred up a genuine interest in his heart. Somehow he scored.

Long's legislature of 1882, to some degree sensitive to the new president and his faith in the College, blew fitfully upon the last dull ember of responsibility. It actually provided $4,000 for repairs and $5,000 for a drill hall; and it created the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station, to be located upon the campus and under the direction of Goessmann.

Chadbourne's report, which Butler is holding to-day, asks for a building to contain a library and a chapel. It touches upon the problem of free tuition. And it adds: "The course of study aims to do what the original bill declared should be done—give a practical knowledge of agriculture and horticulture and at the same time so educate the *man* that the students from the Agricultural College . . . shall rank in intellectual training with those who choose what has heretofore been called the 'learned professions.' "

It is customary for the governor to transmit this annual report to the Legislature without comment. Butler knows that. But he wants to give it a boost. He has accordingly prepared a special message to accompany it. He has said that the public do not realize the possibilities in this little college. The sons of citizens of moderate means can gain here, he goes on, "a good practical education, as good, in my judgment, as anywhere else, to fit them for the business of life. I commend, therefore, this institution . . . and ask for it such appropriations as may meet its very economical needs."

As he rereads these lines he thinks, no doubt, of the dead man, lying so impotent now in New York. The College will need help more than ever now. He picks up his pen, and with a fine flourish of satisfaction, signs his name.

"Major," he calls to his secretary, "here is something more for the House."

"Yes, sir."

"And write to Mrs. P. A. Chadbourne for me, please. Express my sympathy, and my admiration for her husband. Tell her that if it were not for appointments in Washington, I should personally attend the funeral."

"Yes, sir."

"I mean it, too. I tell you, Major, no sadder event could well have been recorded, for College or State, than the death of Paul Chadbourne. The more I came to know him, the more I learned to respect him and to love him. Major, he was a manly man."

O grave, here is thy victory!

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15 JUNE 1884

A magnificent game . . . and Amherst victorious over Yale! . . . The president and lieutenant of Aggie gave us the use of their cannon, and the Aggies came down and fired it for us until twelve o'clock, when the whole pandemonium ceased.

—CLYDE FITCH, 1886.

A white frost in June! Sunday morning, the 15th of the month, 1884.

In the bare and wooden room which serves as an assembly

hall, President James Carruthers Greenough is conducting chapel. His massive frame looms up behind the reading desk, and his nervous gesticulations indicate that something more than usual is the matter. The students do not like his platform manner at its best, and it is far from its best to-day. As a matter of fact there are not many students to be offended. The senior class, when out in full force, is a multitudinous army of four. The juniors and sophomores run into somewhat larger figures. The freshmen are the white hope of the College; there are nearly forty of them. But their seats are conspicuously empty this morning. They are absent, every one.

The President knows where they are, however. They are out on the piazza of North College. And if he did not already know, he need but listen. In fact, he can hear without listening. It is a raucous and dolorous refrain, but still bears some resemblance to singing:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before."

"That's right," he mutters to himself; "you are."

The class of '87 are out on strike.

There is nothing particularly novel about a student walk-out, not in these days. The class of '71 walked out under Clark. They objected to being made to do routine farm work under the euphemous name of agriculture. Clark read the riot act to them, but it took the diplomacy of Stockbridge and Goessmann to patch things up. Clark immediately introduced into the college catalogue, as Regulation Number One, the following: "Students are specially forbidden to combine together for the purpose of absenting themselves from any required exercise or violating any known regulation of the College."

That did not prevent the class of '78 from walking out under

Acting-President Stockbridge in the spring of 1876. They objected to Dr. Noah Cressy's forcible methods of restoring attention. It seems that on one occasion he threw at a troublesome student the bone of a horse's leg, about which he had been lecturing. The students said that they would never return to his classroom. They never did.

Nor did Clark's Regulation Number One prevent the class of '81 from walking out under Flint in 1879. The class had hidden the college cannon in an attempt to circumvent the freshmen, the formidable class of '82, from holding a customary celebration at the end of the year. Flint subjected seven of them to arrest under the charge of larceny. The class thereupon stayed away from commencement drill. But they were back upon the campus in the autumn, and eventually they went to court, either as defendants or as witnesses. Nothing was established, but they pooled their witness fees and had a dinner. Thus the Commonwealth actually paid them for stealing the cannon.

In 1890 the class of '93 will walk out under Goodell. The freshmen will have tried to crowd out of chapel before the sophomores. Professor Walker, attempting to quell the mêlée, will have been inadvertently slugged by a future attorney general of the United States. Two students will have been suspended and one dismissed. The class will strike, but this time to no avail. Goodell is a bad man to fool with. He is said once to have thrown a recalcitrant youth out of a window.

In 1905 the seniors will walk out under Acting-President Brooks. Confident that they have already badgered a couple of unpopular instructors to resignation, they will now have undertaken a third. They will admit deliberation—"a protest against the instructor's method." There will be "arbitrary" suspensions. Then a spectacular strike, breeding much bitterness and lasting for nearly three weeks, the faculty recommending less conciliatory policies than the acting president. The trustees, being sum-

moned to arbitrate, will vote to "indorse the action of the faculty" and that "the students under suspension be allowed to resume their college work." The offending instructor will resign.

In 1908 the freshmen will threaten to walk out under Butterfield, unless protected from sophomore persecution. And in 1910 the seniors will threaten to walk out as a protest against the food at the dining hall. But Butterfield, largely by building up student self-government, will effectively put an end to the strike as a form of campus excitement.

These other numerous walk-outs, however, mean nothing to Greenough. He has one of his own.

That freshman class came into college with him, too. Freshmen and president are just completing their first year together. It hasn't been a very pleasant year. They have gotten badly onto each other's nerves.

He ought to be popular with those freshmen. He has put into effect "the plan proposed by Dr. Chadbourne," liberalizing the course of study, by which the freshman may now elect a "scientific and agricultural" course or a "scientific and literary" one. There is a strong sentiment in favor of such liberalization, even extending, on the part of both students and president, to changing the name of the College. Of course there are boys who resent what they call the President's superiority to agriculture, but they are scattered critics, not the crowd.

Moreover only a month ago the Legislature voted him $36,000 with which to erect a building, to be made from the stone in French's quarry, and to provide one floor for the college library and another, above, for a real chapel. This sum will also permit the completion of the president's house, which Greenough has started upon the Hillside, and also certain renovations in North College. He thinks the freshmen ought to be grateful for these substantial improvements on their campus.

He is right; they ought to. But somehow they do not seem to be.

On the contrary they have been doing everything they can think of to make his life miserable. They have built a bonfire, as a protest against something he said in chapel, and he has had to try to collect money from them to pay for the damage. They have run up onto the flagpole an old cart belonging to Janitor Baker, otherwise known as Professor of Slopology. They have had the cannon out in front of South and have fired it there at unseemly hours. They have removed all of the settees from the chapel, dumping them in the ravine. They have lugged up into the chapel, calves so plastered with paint that they died. They have played hide-and-seek with their prexy in the college barn. It is all right to say that boys will be boys, but these boys have been little better than devils.

And now this latest escapade!

It was staged last Tuesday night. Levi Taft, class of '82, holding a minor position on the college staff, had recently married Professor Maynard's sister, and the young couple were staying for a bit at the Maynard-Waugh cottage over by the Botanic Museum. What, if anything, was in the minds of the students, Greenough does not allow himself to consider. The facts are bad enough; why bother with motives!

At any rate the students went over to serenade the newlyweds. Their offerings were more robust than melodious. They had with them fish horns, perhaps some of those wrested from the insufferable Amherst College "intellects" in the fall of '79, and a big drum; and they sang, irreverentially, Moody and Sankey camp-meeting hymns. After a while they became rather tired of their own entertainment and began to drift away. It was then that Levi Taft unstrategically introduced a new number into the program. He sallied forth from the house with a club, and wielded it with such strenuous ill will that he actually succeeded in taking possession of the drum and withdrew to present it to his admiring bride as the spoils of war.

This show of spirit, of course, brought the scattering students back on the run. Levi was game after all. He was showing fight. Good for Levi! Let's make a night of it!

And they did. In the words of *The Amherst Record* they literally "made night hideous until morning." But the thing which chiefly disturbed the President was this: Maynard had left upon the hillside some rather considerable windrows of straw waste from the hat-shop, and, of course, the students knew what to do with it. They burned it. It made quite a satisfactory blaze for a few minutes. Greenough determined that at least they should pay for it.

On Thursday he interviewed every freshman in turn, in the new Drill Hall, about both the straw and the maltreated calves. But the boys were not communicative.

On Friday the faculty assembled for counsel. They decided to concentrate their attack upon a boy by the name of George Robinson. They had evidence of a kind that he had enjoyed a favorable opportunity to observe the actual setting of the fire. They voted that he must disclose the culprits, pay the thirty dollar damage, or leave college. The class of '87 immediately assembled to protest the unfairness of this action.

On Saturday Greenough met with the freshmen and undertook to reason with them, but did not think that he was very successful. Every one concerned was in a rather ugly mood. The freshmen said they would strike.

So that is what they are doing, out there on the piazza of North College. They are enjoying, not without some qualms, their independence. And they sing, partly to irritate the President, no doubt, but largely to keep their valor up.

Monday is another day. The freshmen, true to their threats, are not attending classes. All right, the class of '87 is suspended from college. Greenough goes about the campus telling the members individually that they must be out of town to-

morrow. Kindly as he naturally is, he has fooled with them just as long as he intends to.

Thereupon there appears upon the scene a popular young instructor of mathematics by the name of Bassett. He is a whole-hearted and unpretentious young man. For example, having been given a class of seniors to instruct in astronomy, and having found a precocious freshman by the name of George Stone who knew rather more about the subject than he did, he quite ingenuously asked the freshman to help him. He doesn't put on airs. The students like him. So to-day he meets with the freshman class, in conclave assembled. He admits that he thinks the action against George Robinson hardly fair. He admits that the faculty have been rather plunging in the dark. He admits that President Greenough has been tactless and dictatorial. But, with tears in his eyes, he pleads with the boys to ingratiate the President and not let this trivial matter break up the institution. There is one more recitation this morning. He begs them to attend this class as usual.

The freshmen are deeply moved. The sight of a member of the faculty so humanly affected, and so sincerely unselfish (for Bassett is not coming back in the fall) disturbs their complacency of judgment. One of them turns to his neighbor and mutters, "I can't stand this." "Neither can I," replies the other. The class vote to return to work.

At 12:30 the faculty meet to deliberate this new development. They lift at once the general suspension. They abandon their demand that George Robinson shall tell on his mates. They virtually assure the class that after the straw has been paid for, all will be forgiven.

But not forgotten. Bassett is to have a gold-headed cane as a token from the class of '87. Both students and faculty are to convene in the fall with a feeling of uneasiness about their president. Greenough is to miss that fine sense of loyalty, with-

out which no leader can advance. He will continue as president for two years more, but both he and the College will be marking time.

And he will always remember that Sunday, the 15th of June. There was a killing frost.

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19 JUNE 1894

Far to the south old Nonotuck now stands
And bids ye welcome, sturdy sons of toil,
And Warner stretches out her golden hands,
Rich from the culture of a stubborn soil.

—FREDERIC A. MERRILL, '99.

"The alumni dinner will be served in the barn. There will be no speeches."

It is.

And there aren't.

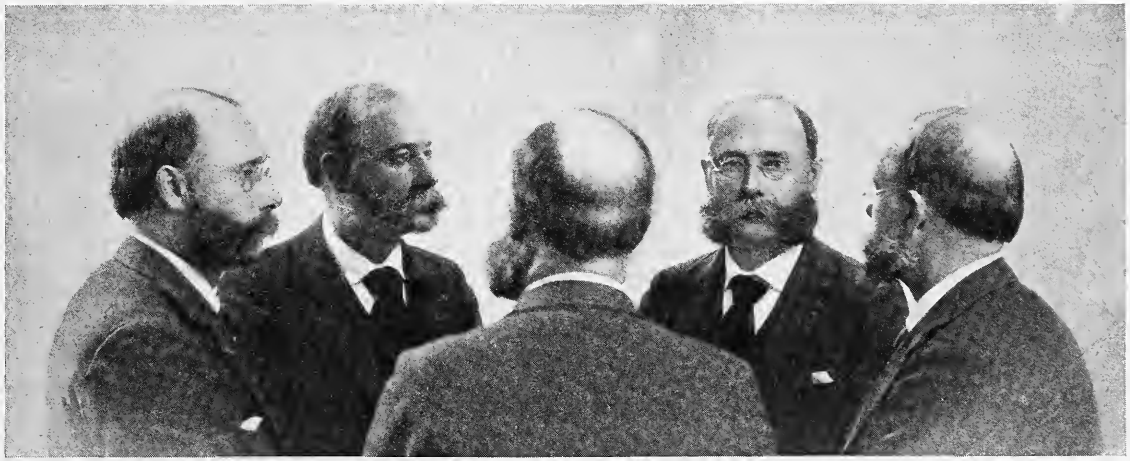
The barn is a new one. Brooks, back from Japan about five years ago and bringing with him the emblem of the Fourth Order of the Rising Sun as governmental recognition of his work at Sapporo, has been largely responsible for it. There were

several reasons for building. In the first place, Clark's '69 model on Chestnut Tree Ridge, near the spot where the Paige Veterinary Laboratory will later stand, was both outgrown and out-of-date. Moreover, as a result of Brooks' clearing and draining in the meadows to the west, it was no longer at the hub of the farm. But, most urgently of all, it seemed to be saturated with bovine tuberculosis.

The college herd was said to be infected in 1873. There became current a story that the local butcher sent a carcass back to "Farmer" Dillon and told him to feed it to the faculty. It was rumored that Professor Cressy's resignation was due to difficulties along this line. Stockbridge retorted that any statement to that effect was "a most unmitigated and outrageous falsehood." Actually the chair of veterinary science was sacrificed during a spasm of economy. Anyway by 1892 Brooks was greatly disturbed. He engaged the most highly reputed veterinarian in the United States to come and see the cattle. This was just before the tuberculin test became available. The doctor was reassuring, but Brooks was still uncomfortable. So the new barn was built. The cattle were all subjected to the new test and then slaughtered. The post mortems were an indubitable vindication of both the tuberculin test and Brooks' surmise.

June 19, 1894!

Brooks' barn is nearly done. It stands on the lower level toward the west, exactly where, in various incarnations, it will continue to stand for at least forty years. It has assumed, too, in a general way, the external appearance which will prevail during that period. The main entrance leads into the second story from the east; this part of the building is for storage. Below to the left there are two extensive wings, one for the day herd and the other for young stock and sheep and equipment; to the right there are a dairy laboratory and a classroom. There are also motors installed, which for a number of years will



Henry Hill Goodell

supply most of our buildings with that still novel and incomparable electric light. It is a good barn.

Nearby there is a new stable, too. And Superintendent Fred Cooley's house is on its way down toward this new center, from the Ridge.

It is only a few days since the old barn burned to the ground. Students returning to the campus from the D G K house, just south of the barn, discovered the fire late in the evening. The college brigade, and later the fire department from the village, did what they could. They rescued the live stock and tools. They saved the adjacent buildings: the farm house, the D G K house, the drill hall. One excited boy struggled out of the barn with a barrel of corncobs. The burning of this old barn was a memorable spectacle, and opportunely solved the problem as to what should be done with it. The administration are inclined to be philosophic. Returning alumni are mildly curious, but not stricken by sentiment.

President Goodell is, of course, the central figure of commencement. He comes out from his office in the library, and has a word of greeting for every one. The library is his particular hobby; and with 16,000 volumes, most of them in science and agriculture, it is also becoming his pride. He has always loved a book. While a soldier in the Civil War, he wrote home that it was mostly books that he missed. As chairman of the Amherst town library committee, he is also engaged in cataloguing its resources, and some 7,000 entries are being made actually in his own handwriting. It disturbs him that our college library can be open to students only four hours a day. Still what can one expect when the president of the College must be its librarian too!

As a matter of fact Goodell has always been a general utility man. Clark employed him in 1867 to teach French, military and gymnastics. But he has taught besides: German, English,

history, anatomy, entomology, zoölogy. He has had various administrative duties. In 1885 he served in the state Senate, much to the advantage of the College in terms of both immediate appropriations and enduring good will. He has been now for eight years our president. For six years he has been a member of the Executive Committee of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, and will eventually have served for eight years as its chairman, and as president of the Association for one. He has been variously a traveler, but usually on account of health which has been for years precarious. He knows every one who has ever been connected with the College, by his full name too, and apparently hasn't an enemy in the world.

And this June morning he is at his tranquil and genial best. To-morrow he will graduate the largest class to date—thirty-three—exceeding by a man or so the ultimate enrollment of the famous class of '82. A two-year course has completed its first session and gives promise of filling a need. Senior electives and exemption from final examinations for students of high standing, both recent innovations, are winning golden opinions among the undergraduates. He has recently strengthened his teaching staff to the extent of five assistant-professorships. Last winter the College stood host to the so-called Rothamsted Lectures by the great Sir Henry Gilbert, and entertained other distinguished speakers too. In spite of hard times the Legislature is being generous. This week's *Amherst Record* says: "The readiness with which the financial needs of the institution are recognized and supplied by successive legislatures is gratifying to all who are interested in agricultural education in Massachusetts." It has been a good year.

He is pleased, too, in regard to the experiment stations. Yes, "stations" is right. There have been two of them. Chadbourne's Legislature in 1882, impressed by the investigational work which Clark, Stockbridge and Goessmann had been doing un-

officially for years, created the Massachusetts State Agricultural Experiment Station and made Goessmann its director. This station was theoretically independent of the College. Five years later Congress passed the Hatch Act, providing for research staffs at all of the land grant colleges. So in 1888 our trustees created another station, which was soon known as the Hatch Experiment Station of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Goodell, as president of the College, was the director of this one. The Governor, who is here for commencement, remarks that there may be two experiment stations on the campus, but the College at least is no longer an experiment. There are two buildings, too: the west one erected in 1886 and devoted largely to chemical analysis; and the east one, erected in 1889, and devoted largely to plant pathology and insect control. These both belong to the state station. It has bothered Goodell to have two such research organizations on his hands, with the inevitable overlapping and confusion, and the 1894 Legislature has been persuaded to pass a bill allowing the state station to be merged into the federal one. That consolidation will take place in the near future. Yes, indeed; a good year!

In summer mood the alumni stroll down to the new barn, "probably the best barn in the United States," as they complacently remark. Some of them have copies of *The Cycle,* a campus review which for years has been published at commencement time by the D G K fraternity. Some of them have copies of *Aggie Life,* for four years now the college magazine. They are on the lookout for familiar landmarks: Mount Tom, and Toby; good old Levi Stockbridge, emeritus of course; dear old "Dutchy" Goessmann. It's a sultry day. Already the thunder caps are massing in the west.

Up and down the barn floor a long table is set. The local caterer, Frank Wood, has risen to the unique occasion in a most appetizing way. Every one is in festive fettle. The surroundings are immaculate. From the bays comes the delicate aroma

of new-cut hay. There is laughter among the men, and good-fellowship, and pride.

"Gentlemen, be seated."

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17 JUNE 1896

I love that old Botanic walk, the pond, the brook, and meadow,
The stately poplars growing there, and every dusky shadow.
Each spear of grass, each leaflet, each modest little flower
Are mine to-day, although they were but the children of an hour.

—CLARENCE E. GORDON, '01.

"By virtue of the authority *et cetera* . . . I confer upon you the degree Master of Science." Thus speaks President Henry Hill Goodell, LL.D. And Frederic J. Smith and Archie H. Kirkland move, figuratively at least, their tassels into another quadrant, and the College makes a bow to the public in a new and more ambitious rôle.

It is June 17, 1896, in a downpour.

The twenty-seven members of the graduating class, looking upon this ceremonial award, give no sign of unusual emotion. They have but a few minutes before acquired degrees of their own. They are rather self-conscious about it, for they are com-

fortlessly arrayed in mediaeval cap and gown and trying to feel as academic as they hope that they appear—the first class, and the last for several years, to adopt this symbolic attire. Their doing so has not been inspired by the award, for the first time, of advanced degrees. The seniors are hardly aware of that. No, the logic of the action has been suggested by the rather unique arrangement between our college and Boston University, by which students in either institution may simultaneously earn the bachelor's degree from both. This arrangement has been in force since 1875 and will continue until 1911; and in 1896 most of the graduates are glad to pay the additional fee and enjoy the two diplomas. As candidates for a degree from Boston University they ought, some bright mind suggested, to be wearing cap and gown.

And they are doing so. They have not, all of the time, been quite sure of their good judgment. Particularly this morning in the rain. Perhaps the Prince Alberts or the lately popular cutaways are after all a more sensible attire. There is no doubt in the mind of Levi Stockbridge. He has muttered to Bowker: "Why can't they stick to the good old custom of graduating in a respectable suit of clothes? It's all dum flummery." And the juniors who see the display, agree.

The pioneer class of '71 are having their twenty-fifth reunion. Behind their jocular small talk they are probably inclined to be sentimental. Their minds go back to their own spectacular commencement in College Hall. They see again the vibrant figure of Colonel Clark, surrounded by celebrities, in that brilliantly illuminated house of his upon the hill. But Clark is gone, and the house is gone, and only within a few days the land has been appropriately added to the campus. And Goodell, young Goodell who came with Clark to bid them welcome upon that opening day in 1867, is greying almost into a stranger now. But of those who heard him addressing the seniors on Monday, there was none to thrill to his words like the two or three old-

timers who were certainly there. "Highest success," he declared, "crowns those who work in the highest spirit." With a fog in their throats these men must have thought, "By Jove, that's himself."

The trustees are present to-day, sitting as impressively as they can upon the platform in the stone chapel. They were in session, in the East Experiment Station, nearly all of yesterday. Two of them, Bowker and William Wheeler, are members of the class of '71. Running to just boys—this board of trustees! Of course there is James Draper of Worcester, whose particular province is the college grounds; when he dies the new dining hall will be named after him. Another member is Charles A. Gleason, who will live to have served upon the board for thirty-six years, for twenty years as its chairman. The newest member is Nathaniel I. Bowditch. Yesterday he attended his very first meeting. His term of service will eventually be even greater than Gleason's. These men, at least, are greatly interested in the award of those master's degrees. Their faces are turned toward the future.

In 1933 there will be awarded forty-two such degrees, and one doctorate.

For Goodell this award in 1896 is full of historic significance. Clark dreamt of a graduate school, and by 1876 was offering in the catalogue courses under himself and Goessmann leading to both the master's and the doctor's degree. To the extent that these courses were taken, it was as isolated courses and by special students. No one ever presented himself for a hood. Moreover the College never fell into the practice more or less in vogue among her sister institutions, of granting a master's degree to alumni who had completed two years of teaching. In a very few instances, one of them to-day, it has awarded the B.S. to former students whose course was interrupted and whose subsequent career has been marked by scholastic attainment. But

not for another thirty years will it confer a purely honorary degree. Goodell must feel that our record in academic recognition is highly creditable. But that announcement in Clark's catalogues seemed to him, if not presumptuous, at least premature, and not long after he became president he deleted it and secured from the trustees a resolution that "it is inexpedient to confer higher degrees."

By 1893, however, the situation was somewhat changed, and his recommendation to attempt graduate courses again seemed a reasonable one. That autumn there were six authentic "doctors" on his staff, and at least three departments were equipped to handle a limited number of advanced students. Wellington, full of German methods and ideals, was in charge of the chemistry, and at his elbow there was always the admirable Goessmann. Goessmann's own researches into the adaptability of New England to sugar beets and into the reclamation of salt marshes, while scientific and in themselves conclusive, nevertheless seem to have failed to meet economic needs. But his work with fertilizers, particularly his securing in 1873 what is said to be the first really effective fertilizer inspection law in the country, and his leadership of young men into the field of agricultural chemistry, have constituted a contribution of the highest order. Goessmann's is a name to conjure by. Then there was Stone, another M.A.C. man with a German degree, who had just returned to Amherst to take charge of the work in botany. Stone's personal work is largely in plant pathology and physiology; his hobby is the generally unconsidered field of shade trees. He will come to be referred to as "the father of tree surgery." In practical agriculture there were Brooks and Paige, both of whom had studied abroad and were qualified to give graduate courses. Dr. Paige will be remembered longer, however, as a persuasive personality than as an investigator. And lastly there was Charles H. Fernald, one of the very first and most distinguished

explorers in entomology, a man of wide reputation who had already declined a college presidency lest it interfere with his scientific work. His campaign against the gypsy moth, which in 1889 invaded the United States by way of Massachusetts, has been a landmark in economic entomology.

These men, then, were capable of advanced teaching. Moreover some of them were eager for it. Stone feels that the master's degree is as far as the College should go for the present. Fernald, realizing perhaps how few opportunities of any kind there are for the student in entomology, would provide at once for the doctorate too. The personal intimacy between instructors and their small elective groups is an attractive feature of campus life at this time. At the end of the term, for example, Wellington gives his boys a German party in the chemistry building; Stone takes his to Northampton for dinner and the theatre. The university idea is gaining ground.

So in the stone chapel this June morning Goodell views with satisfaction the award of these new degrees. What college has a better right than an agricultural college to distribute *sheepskins!* Goodell, like his successor Butterfield, dearly loves a pun. When a student mistranslates the German word for peasant, "pheasant," he instantly remarks, "Don't make game of the poor fellow." Of course he realizes that agricultural emphases are unpopular among the students. This spring he has had to suppress an issue of *Aggie Life* which featured a new name for the College. He is temperamentally more or less in sympathy with the undergraduates who desire a change, but he also has a first-hand appreciation of the agricultural opportunities and obligations of the land grant colleges. This very afternoon he must leave for Washington in his official capacity in the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. Anyway, regardless of the status of agriculture in the educational program, these degrees this morning, one of

them in chemistry and the other in entomology, are good degrees, a credit to any college.

The sound of beating rain has ceased. At the chapel windows there is sunshine at last. And commencement is over.

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1 JULY 1898

Holyoke and Tom and Sugarloaf, to-night,
With all your circle watching on the steep,
Lift up your summits in the farewell light,
Radiant and beautiful, as when of old
You first saw dust of heroes laid to sleep,
Here in the valley mould.

—ALBERT BRYANT.

Under a mango tree, in the heat of a Cuban twilight, a soldier lies dying. He is one of the twenty-eight M.A.C. men to enlist in the Spanish War. His name is Walter M. Dickinson, lieutenant and quartermaster of the 17th Regiment, in "the first army of invasion." It is the first day of July, 1898.

Not far away is El Caney, a little, old, Spanish village picturesquely set upon a hilltop, before which General Lawton's forty-five hundred troops have been held in check nearly all day

by five hundred foes in ambush. Three miles to the southwest is San Juan, where the impetuous Theodore Roosevelt has been making political history with his Rough Riders. A few miles beyond that, in the waters about Santiago, Sampson's fleet has been knocking to pieces the forts by Morro Castle. There has been hot fighting under a hot sun all along the line. Private Harvey Atkins, Aggie '98, has been mortally disabled with sunstroke. Some one recalls that El Caney is an ancient burial place, that the meaning of the word is "the tomb."

Walter Dickinson has been wounded beyond repair. But ever since he sailed from Tampa, under sealed orders, on the 6th of June, he has been impatient for this day's hazard. As quartermaster he was left behind the fighting troops at Daiquiri to unload and advance supplies. Presently he appeared at the front and had to be sent back to the coast to complete his duties there. But to-day, when at last a general engagement was ordered, he was happily on hand. With his superior officer he pleaded, "Colonel, I want to go with you to-day," and Haskell did not have the heart to say No. So forward they went, leading the infantry, "up the mountain and down, through streams, over muddy places, on the slippery side of the hill." Their detachment was ordered to the extreme right, and accordingly they took up their position there, ready to attack. There was a wire fence, which they cut. Immediately Colonel Haskell and Walter Dickinson rushed through. In a tempest of shots from unseen rifles both officers fell. With wounds in his arm and his abdomen the younger man was dragged back into American lines. But he positively would not be borne to the rear. From an exposed hilltop, where he lay on a litter, he enviously watched the action throughout the day, until, when victory was at last assured, he allowed himself to be taken to the "hospital" with two additional, albeit not serious, wounds. No one doubts that he is a soldier; professionally, yes; but spiritually too.

It is evening now. The roll and the rattle of gunfire have died

away. From El Caney comes the cackling of agitated poultry. There are bobwhites nearby in the fields.

(In Cleveland, Ohio, a young man by the name of "Ted" Lewis has been pitching a baseball game for the Boston Braves.)

The soldier's thoughts go back to Amherst, to his own lovely Mark's Meadow just north of the college campus. He can see Goodell, an officer returned home from another war, and himself, a little curly-headed lad begging for stories and bragging that he intends to be a soldier too. There is his brother, Marquis, for years to serve as a trustee of the College; his sister, Fanny, married to that capital chemist, Lindsey, on the Experiment Station staff. He remembers his student days in the class of '77. It was the military department which first attracted him to this new college of Colonel Clark's, and away from his brother's alma mater at the other end of town. And he remembers, too, coming back to M.A.C. as commandant, in 1892, after years of Indian fighting on the Plains. It was great fun taking that little undergraduate battalion and whipping it into shape. He has never forgotten an army inspector's Spartan compliment, "The youngster has done well." In 1896 he took his boys to Boston to enter a competitive drill; they did not take first place, but defeated Harvard and Brown.

The first army officer to be detailed at M.A.C., Major Henry E. Alvord, was an agriculturalist as well as a soldier. He had written a book which was awarded the Grand Medal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and he became eventually the Chief of the Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture. Walter Dickinson has never "gone rural"; but he does love his college and his town. The people at home have received his last letter, and in it he said, "I wonder when I shall see Amherst again."

On clear commencement days the college boys will still parade. They will chafe under orders which keep them in town. Otherwise they will be carefree—keeping in step with the band,

executing their maneuvers, with dreamy eyes, confident of their own and their country's destiny. And parents and sisters and sweethearts will thrill to the sight. And the flag of the nation will float proudly above.

But Henry Hill Goodell will be looking through the mists of memory at the boy who is dying to-night, beneath a mango tree, at El Caney.

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12 OCTOBER 1901

And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky
Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

—ROBERT FROST.

Mass! Mass! Mass'chusetts!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Mass'chusetts!
Team! Team! Team!

"Now *that's* a good yell."

"That, as Prof Howard says, is a yell that is a yell."

"No *Aggie* in that."

"You can trust Howard Knight. He's changed the name of the paper too. It's a fact. Next week's issue. You'll see."

"We're sure making history now."

"Ask Levi Stockbridge."

"Humph!"

It is evening, the 12th of October, 1901. The bell at the College has been ringing out news. Wesleyan beaten! Wesleyan, for the past two years champion of The Little Three. Nobody expected it. Of course we did beat Holy Cross on Fitton Field. But nobody expected that either. For we started practice late, and we had a coach for only one week. We didn't have any money for a coach. And now—"Say, fellows, what do you think! We've won."

Football isn't really new on the campus. We had something which we called a football team as far back as 1878, before the game in its modern and American sense was even in its infancy. Nor are victories over such colleges as The Little Three—Amherst, Wesleyan, Williams—entirely new. Upon an unforgettable rainy day in 1881, for example, we defeated Wesleyan 36 to 0. In 1885 we played four games with Amherst: two victories, one defeat, one tie. And yet now in 1901 everything is somehow different from what it was in the nineteenth century. Football is growing up. It begins to walk about like a man.

But not yet like a gentleman!

It is still inherently a bruisers' recreation. Tripping, kneeing, slugging, hurdling are winked at, when noticed. Coaches feed their players upon red meat, and tell them that they must be ready to slug first, if necessary, in self-defense. An official at the recent Holy Cross game remarks that the two centers had to be separated after nearly every play; "They fought with their teeth, their fists, their legs, their knees, and everything they had." This sort of thing disturbs no one, unless possibly the chap who gets hit. Football may be a little rough; "Sure, but what the hell!" An alumnus, now a minister of One who spoke of turning the other cheek, recalls with relish: "I was center and got a dislocation, but had the satisfaction of seeing the Am-

herst center carried off in a litter." Still, among the excitable rooters who crowd in over the sidelines shouting "Slug 'em," there are already certain instinctive and highly effective methods of impressing one personality upon another that are no longer good form. Of an Amherst-Aggie game in 1903 the press will say: "The game was fierce, and after nearly every scrimmage, time had to be taken out while the injured were attended to." But our college paper will discriminate, as follows: "The observer saw his friends do some good straight slugging and their game on the whole was a rough one, but he did not see any of them deliberately walk up and kick an opponent who was down."

Moreover agreements between colleges, to meet and play upon some future date, are merely tentative. They are wholly dependent upon a mutual inclination to play when the crucial hour has arrived. It is not unusual for one college to cancel a game with another because, as the season advances, the latter's team appears to be too strong, or too weak. Manager Gates has been having such an experience this fall. That unexpected victory over Holy Cross in September has had a devastating effect upon his whole schedule, for Middlebury and Trinity immediately, and ultimately Bates, canceled their dates for unconvincing reasons. In his irritation he forgets that our baseball nine last spring, finding itself financially embarrassed in midseason, cut the Gordian knot by doing the same.

Even the officials are frequently partisan. Nominally neutral they none the less feel a moral, or shall we say immoral, obligation to represent the team which has employed them. "The two umpires," *Spalding's Football Guide* will say in 1926, "discharged their duties like an opposing pair of football lawyers." It was the function of the referee "to settle disagreements between the umpires." It is not required that the umpires be consistently unfair; they are like David Harum's deacon, who was said to swear only when " 'twas necessary." Take Jim

Halligan, for example, captain of our team in 1899 and at present on the Experiment Station staff. Jim coaches the boys a little, unofficially; officially he is occasionally their umpire. He has been serving in that capacity at Middletown to-day. Jim says, "A team needs to be eighteen points better than the opponents to keep from being defeated by some teams and their officials."

Here we are, anyway, the entire student body, numbering something over one hundred, down at the Amherst House, waiting for that still marvelous and novel vehicle, the trolley car, to come in from Hamp. We have got the band with us, in uniform. They are giving a concert right now on the piazza of the hotel. We have a couple of clown mascots. We have paraded from the campus into town and around the village green. We have given over and over, to-night for the very first time, our new college yell—a yell without the *Aggie*. We are getting a little tired, but we do not realize it yet; we are much too happy. And now the word is passed about that a guest at the Amherst House, a certain Mrs. Stearns, has actually given the band a present of twenty-five dollars. She is a daughter of Colonel Clark. Perhaps she remembers how her father drove triumphantly home from Ingleside in 1871.

"There's the trolley."

"Come on then, fellows—a long yell for the team."

Mass! Mass! Mass'chusetts!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Mass'chusetts!
Team! Team! Team!

"A long yell for Paul—Captain Peep Paul—make it good."

We do make it good. Peep's a fine fellow and awfully out of luck. Professor Lull: "What causes cider to ferment?"; Peep: "Lack of consumption." Professor Cooley: "What is the significance of a full eye in a cow?" Peep: "Enables her to see more

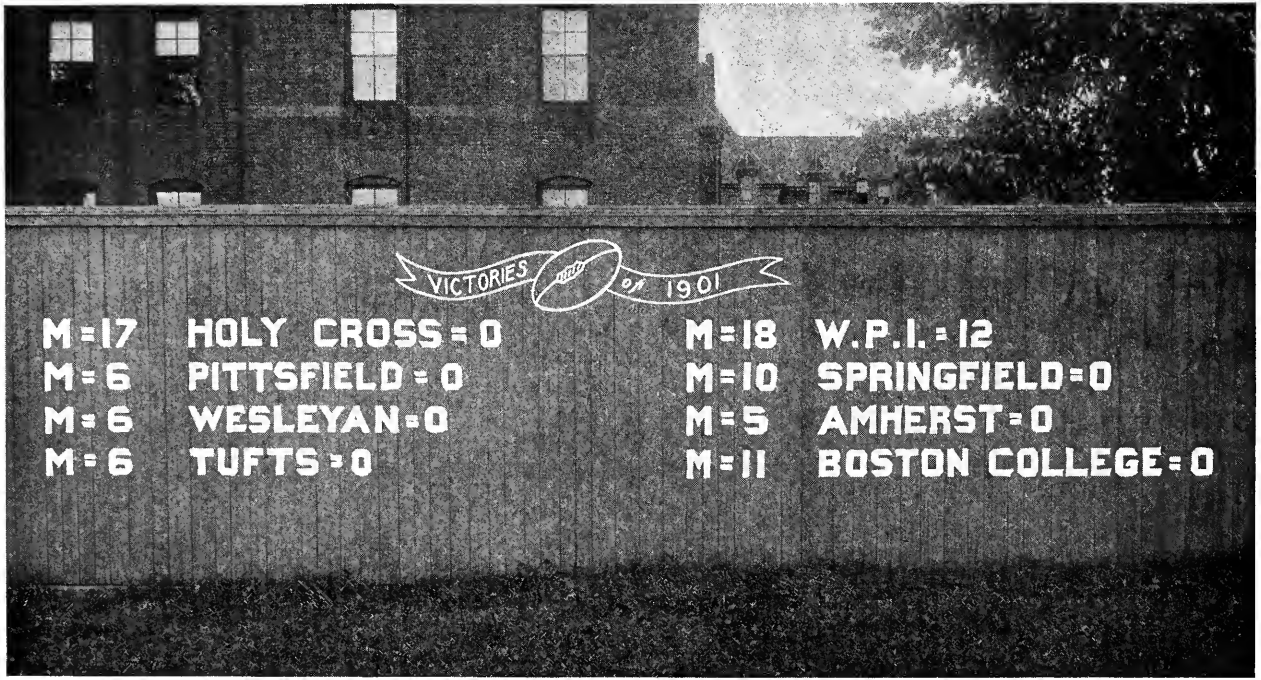
food." That kind of a fellow! But he dropped out of college for a year to fight in the Spanish-American War. Every one was pleased when he was elected captain of the football team last fall. But this autumn, after the coach had left, Peep suddenly realized with a pang that due to the arrival of some extraordinarily husky freshmen, he could not conscientiously continue to play upon his own team. Then, too, he has suffered two or three injuries which have made him an even less sturdy candidate than before. And Peep has done a plucky thing. He has taken his team to Middletown and sat on the bench throughout the game.

"Come on, you fellows—a long yell for Paul!"

There they are: Peep Paul; and Jim Halligan; and Charlie, his brother, who is starring at tackle; and Coddy O'Hearn; and Chet Whitaker; and Bill Munson, "Box-car Bill," who will one day be a sedate and considerate director of extension work at the College. They are shaking hands with us, giving up their bags, answering questions, being loaded into the barge. Somehow the story of the game filters through. The score was 6 to 0. Playing was clean for the most part, decisions uncontested. The ball was in Wesleyan's territory most of the time. Coddy O'Hearn has been the hero. Listen. After we kicked off, Wesleyan returned the ball perhaps fifteen yards. There were one or two fumbles. Gradually she carried it down to her forty-five yard line. There we held. Coddy, left end, took the ball for a right end run. Moving rapidly behind almost perfect interference, he suddenly found himself in open field. Like a flash he was off, for the touchdown. And he kicked the goal.

"A long yell for Coddy O'Hearn! A long yell for Coddy O'Hearn! Make it good."

This 1901 football team, being borne joyously down Amity Street to Prexy Goodell's, will at the end of the season have won eight out of nine games, having lost only to Williams. Immediately after its Wesleyan victory our alumni will be solic-



A Backstop Record

ited, and with the funds thus procured, we shall engage for the rest of the season the first of a series of Dartmouth coaches. Among the personnel of the team there will emerge an incomparable backfield—Chet Whitaker, Chick Lewis and Bill Munson—which will remain intact for three years more. This season's success will, of course, be duplicated in later years, by some of Kid Gore's crack elevens after the World War, and by those with which Louis Bush and Mel Taube will ride into fame in the early 30's. Paul's team, however, is winning its laurels in a rougher and beefier game than theirs. And it is definitely establishing football upon this campus, and our College upon the sportsman's map.

And now the President has spoken to his boys. Standing by his window he can hear them still, northward bound in the darkness. The College is coming along. Perhaps he, too, thinks of Colonel Clark and the drive from Ingleside. He is not so young as he used to be, not in body. But his spirit still soars.

From the campus comes the boom of cannon—one, two, three, four, five, six—proclaiming the score. The light from a giant bonfire grows in the sky. Through the quiet of an Amherst evening he can hear, dimly but with pounding heart, that new, proud yell.

Mass! Mass! Mass'chusetts!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Mass'chusetts!
Team! Team! Team!

20 JUNE 1906

God made the country and saw that it was good;
Which means that it must be good for me.

—WAUGH.

Enter—Kenyon L. Butterfield!

A rural-minded president at last. Not that Stockbridge was not rural-minded, but he was not in any ardent and aggressive sense of the word a president. Nor was Flint. Butterfield is the first. In all probability he will be the last.

Grandson of a Michigan pioneer, son of a farmer and agriculturalist, a graduate of the first of the land grant colleges, for some years an editor carrying the word *Grange* on his letterheads, superintendent for a while of a state-wide system of farmers' institutes, creator at the University of Michigan of the first collegiate course called rural sociology—this new president is whole-heartedly a country man. As for his recent presidency of the state college in Rhode Island, was it a short-cut, he wonders, or a detour? At any rate he thinks that he is back on the great agricultural highway at last.

It is Wednesday, the 20th of June, 1906. Another commencement. Having been elected to the presidency last January, he is here to-day as a guest of the College. It is a brilliant day outside, and brilliantly hot. Within the little chapel the invocation has been made by the highly regarded Mills; and now Liberty Hyde Bailey, distinguished as poet, teacher, humanitarian, ruralist expert, compiler of encyclopaedias, is giving an address upon the subject, "Leadership in Country Life."

The deep significance of the occasion, in terms of this address, is largely lost among his auditors. Before the platform sit the seniors, listless and limp. Many of them were up all last

night, dancing in the drill hall. For them the climax of commencement is already past. However they may feel, perhaps, in the future, they certainly do not have to-day any enthusiasm for the man whom Butterfield will later felicitously designate "the Dean of Rural Civilization." In fact some of them have been to Acting-President Brooks to protest against Bailey's appearing upon the program at all. "Why do you object to Bailey?" "Well, that textbook of his—it's dull reading."

And they haven't any enthusiasm for his subject. They are not rebellious in regard to it. Actually they are not even irritated. The protestations against the agricultural foundation of the College which have been successively breaking out and smouldering for over twenty years are for the moment quiescent. Howard Knight's campaign, like the one in Greenough's time, has spent itself. The reaction against action is providing a breathing spell. There are seniors who would like to see the name of the College changed, but there are not any who care enough about it to organize. If Bailey gets any pleasure out of talking about leadership in country life, it's all right with them. If he should prefer to discourse upon the processes of Etruscan excavations, that too would be all right. All things must sometime end.

And they are not excited over the presence upon the platform of an angular, rather slight young man of thirty-eight, who is soon to take up his duties as president of the College. Perhaps one or two of them notice the intentness with which he is watching the speaker; if so, perhaps they wonder, vaguely, of what he is thinking. The baseball team have been introduced to him, at Kingston; they said that he seemed like a good scout. But that he has a passion for agriculture, that for him the words of Liberty Hyde Bailey are a stirring shout, a battle cry, they do not guess. To a student body the arrival of a new president upon the campus is, for the moment at least, merely an inci-

dent; to seniors about to be graduated it is not even that. They should worry!

"This college stands as a protest against the idea that opportunity lies only in the city. . . . There is an opportunity for distinct leadership in the open country."

All right!

"Any person who will develop a simple and cheap and efficient mechanical laundry system for the farm home will find himself at once in the center of a new movement."

All right! All right!

The Governor, Curtis Guild, next upon the program, is mulling over his remarks. The customary compliment to the College, he thinks—"its triumph over early difficulties." Some reference to Walter Dickinson, whose memorial has caught his attention; for the Governor is a veteran himself. Something about the new era for agriculture. "The abandoned farms are being taken up."

The Governor is right. The inventive genius of America, applied to the rich resources of her boundless acres, has brought about a prosperity so sudden as to be for the present almost universal. The farmer, secure in his independence, has taken on again some of the romantic glory of the pioneer. Men with something to spend are retiring to the country. Men with nothing to spend are hopefully, even confidently, doing the same. "Back to the land" is the cry. The "strenuous life" of Roosevelt and the "simple life" of Wagner both seem to lie waiting in the friendly out-of-doors. David Grayson will next year publish *Adventures in Contentment*. An agrarian movement is under way. The rural-mindedness of Kenyon L. Butterfield in 1906 is neither the result of nor the cause of this movement, but it is triumphantly opportune.

That Butterfield is seeing farther and more accurately into the future than the Governor there is no doubt. But the fact re-

mains also that he is seeing there the thing which he most profoundly and supremely desires to see. It is by faith that he is a prophet of days to come.

But he is not insensible to the obstacles which lie in his way. He knows, for example, that his own fervor for rural life is not shared by any considerable number of the students at M.A.C. In fact it has not proved a recommendation even to all of the trustees. He has been led to believe that his insistence upon being given a mandate to make the College as nearly one hundred per cent agricultural as possible at one time threatened his election. But his clear purpose eventually prevailed, and he is eager to give to the institution a more positive policy than it has ever had before.

He has the feeling (one of his favorite phrases, by the way) that by coming to Amherst he has conclusively committed himself to an agricultural rather than an executive career. Just now he does not see the probable, indeed in the light of his temperament, the inevitable, executive developments ahead at M.A.C. He is aware, however, that the administrative methods which the dying Goodell turned over to Brooks nearly two years ago would not make a favorable impression upon a twentieth century business man. Goodell had, it is true, dissociated his office from the library, but in his personal room of the new headquarters in South College there is no telephone; and the only record he has of outgoing correspondence is, in case he has happened to dictate, the shorthand notes of his part-time stenographer. Butterfield has chanced to remark that after an interview it is his practice to provide for all concerned a memorandum of the conference; and he noted the startled look in the eyes of the professors to whom he spoke. If he could have seen the cluttered desk from behind which Goodell for twenty years administered the College, he would have shuddered. He is himself most meticulous in matters such as this.

He is aware, too, that the past two years of interregnum have been a severe strain upon institutional morale. In connection with the disturbances and rebellion of the class of '05 Brooks has experienced most of the disintegrating handicaps of an acting president. He found himself forced by faculty legislation, of which he was excusably suspicious, to apply to the recalcitrant seniors disciplinary measures of which he had never approved. And the trustee resolution, commending the action of the faculty and adopting the antithetic policy of the executive all in one imperial sentence, is symbolic. Brooks must be glad to turn the reins over to a new driver.

His experience in trying to run an organization without full authority, however, has led him to view with some apprehension his appointment as director of the Experiment Station in the new régime. Immediately upon Butterfield's election and his own appointment he wrote to the new president about the matter. "The director of the Station should not be responsible to, nor subject to, the direction of the president of the College." He did not mention the thing which particularly worries him, the possible misappropriation of station men for the classroom. But Butterfield had also suffered some illuminating experiences in divided authority. His reply was immediate: "I cannot for a moment agree." Eight days later the trustees voted: "The Experiment Station shall be regarded in all respects as a department of the College, and the director shall be responsible to the president." Regardless of the merits of the question, this settlement, prompt and specific, meant the establishment of a recognized headship, and the possibility of a progressive leadership. Butterfield, listening to Bailey's ordination sermon for him, and conscious of the compliments which he intends to pay sincerely to Brooks, at the alumni dinner, is nevertheless thankful that he met that first issue squarely and gained a verdict.

Bailey is bringing his appeal to a close. "I want you to build

castles in Spain. Build them high and wide and grand. I want you to dream your dreams and to see your visions."

And in the heart of the president-elect, a young man with a dream and a vision, there stirs the ardor of a high resolve.

APRIL 1911

The spring comes back to Amherst
To foot it on the green;
Full many a lucent emerald
Upon her breast is seen;
She walks the dusk in Amherst,
Gypsy, but a queen.

—WATTLES.

Standing upon the porch of a little, white cottage, Butterfield notes that even in the bleak untidiness of April the Williams campus is good to look at. Across a broad expanse of highway and lawn are the palatial lodges of the fraternities. Upon the crest of the hill is West College, upstanding and austere and reminiscent of well over a century of undergraduate give-and-take. Nearby in colonial stateliness stands the presidential residence, where for nine years Paul Chadbourne made his home.

Here and there through green-tinted branches of elms he can see, high up in the sky, the Purple Hills. Can M.A.C. be made irresistible to a man whose heart is here?

The door is quietly opened. Butterfield, looking searchingly from under pursed brows, is memorably impressed by the eyes of his host—large eyes of greyish blue, which seem almost to expand and to raise the rugged eyebrows above. In a man so large they give a sense of candor and of calm. It is this impression he gets in the inevitable first instant of appraisal.

"This is Professor Lewis, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I am Mr. Butterfield, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College."

The two men shake hands and go in.

Butterfield is looking for another "Daddy" Mills. For over twenty years Mills has been a member of our staff. Goodell secured him to teach English, but very soon made him treasurer of the College as well. Everything which Goodell lacked in the way of clerical assistance, Treasurer Mills lacked too. In 1907 Butterfield, who had brought Fred Kenney on from Michigan to organize our finances, asked Mills to serve as dean instead, and as head of the newly created Division of Humanities. Mills is a gracious gentleman and a thorough teacher. Incidentally he is a Williams man. But he is seventy-two years old and at present on leave because of ill health. His work is nearly over.

Of the twenty and more men whom Butterfield has under consideration for this position, Lewis is the most colorful. He came to this country as a child from a little grey village in Wales. In 1892, after a drab adolescence in a mill city, he appeared upon the campus of blue-blood Williams as a freshman. His assets were notably these: the small sum of money saved from his boyhood earnings, a crafty and muscular right arm, and a profoundly earnest idealism. These proved to be adequate so far as Williams was concerned. In 1897 he became "news"

as the ranking pitcher in the National Baseball League, under contracts which exempted him from working on Sunday. Now in 1911 he is assistant professor of public speaking at his alma mater. He is a democrat with the "d" in both upper and lower case: in upper case in that he has recently made a sensational, albeit unsuccessful, run for Congress against the established Berkshire "interests"; in lower case in that he has always looked askance at Fraternity Row.

"What do you know about me?"

So Butterfield explains that it was Owen Lovejoy, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, who knew Lewis at Columbia and first suggested the appointment. Since then he has himself investigated variously. His secretary, Ralph J. Watts, has "scouted" among the Williams undergraduates. This afternoon Butterfield has been talking with a few of Lewis' associates: President Garfield, in his beautiful home on the hill, and Lewis Perry, soon to accept the headship of Phillips Exeter. He has a feeling that Lewis is just the man he wants.

"But I don't know a thing about agriculture." This is, if possible, an understatement. Lewis' war-garden in 1917 will be a tiny ray of humorous light in a period of gloom.

Butterfield, however, ardent ruralist that he is, primarily is after a *man*. He knows very well that "teaching comes from teachers rather than from subjects, and inspiration from men rather than from books." He has plenty of respect for technical expertness, but not without personality. In view of the Eugene Foss régime at the State House, he has no objection to a popular Democrat just now. He has been scouring the Middle West, looking for the kind of man he has in mind. He knows, too, that it is infinitely easier to investigate a candidate than to dismiss an incompetent.

When Butterfield came to Amherst in 1906, he found there what Bowker once called "an undisciplined faculty" of less than thirty full-time teachers. More than half of them were gradu-

ates of one or the other of the Amherst colleges. Everybody knew too much about everybody else. Everybody spent too much time thinking about everybody else. They were good fellows, and capable. Some of them were star performers. But their idea of teamwork was to grab the ball and run. Goodell's gradual collapse in health and the two years *ad interim* in part explain this deterioration in morale.

By the end of the current year Butterfield will have more than doubled the teaching staff; and he will have decreased, not only the proportion, but actually the number of local men. Moreover his colleagues have already caught something of his own enthusiasm and faith; even those who are irritated by his notions or his methods have felt his fire. By setting into operation projects of all kinds—physical, social, intellectual, religious, professional—he has got everybody at work, sometimes even breathlessly so. It may not be scholarly, but there is always something going on. Moreover he is being generous in the matter of salaries and equipment. A new day is at its dawning —the day, if you please, of industrious amiability.

He is pretty well pleased with his 1911 appointments. They are coming through nicely. Altogether there are seventeen new men engaged for full-time teaching. Twenty years later eight of them—Crampton, Gage, Graham, Harrison, Hicks, Julian, Machmer and Peters—will still be here. Machmer will then be dean. Some of the others will still be pleasantly remembered in Amherst: poor Harmount, dying in line of duty; Willard Wattles, the poet; the gifted and absent-minded Sprague, who before his death will have become dean and acting president of Rollins College; George Story; McLean.

And these men are coming from everywhere. That pleases him. Only two, Peters and Yeaw, are graduates of M.A.C. And Peters has been for ten years in Idaho and Berlin, while Yeaw is returning from the University of California. The others, too, are coming from distant parts: South Carolina, Ohio, Michigan

(there is habitually an appointment from Michigan), Kansas, Mississippi, Iowa, Wisconsin, Canada. A secretary of the State Board of Agriculture may mutter, as he does, "Too many Westerners." Butterfield doesn't care. He knows what he is about.

And Lewis looks good to him. He likes his apparent self-possession, his thoughtfulness, his easy manhood, his gentleness. The boys will like him too. He tells Lewis about his dream for M.A.C., a college for common people, for eager boys from humble homes. He dwells upon the human aspects of his campaign for a better and happier country life. Always the pioneer, he stirs the imagination of this man who was himself so recently an immigrant boy from Wales.

In the fall of 1911 Edward Morgan Lewis will take up his duties in Amherst as assistant professor of English and assistant dean. In the fall of 1912, on the 8th of November, the trustees will designate him acting president of M.A.C.

"I don't know a thing about agriculture."

Who cares!

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17 JUNE 1911

I'll get ye. . . . Yuh cawn't fule me; yuh either know it or yuh don't; yuh either get a ten-spot or a zero. . . . There yuh

go—hook, bob and sinker-r-. I could prove to you fellers without a shadder uv doubt that the moon is made of green cheese. . . . Rub it out.

—"BILLY."

"Strike one."

Butterfield is sitting among his agrarians upon the bleachers of Pratt Field, watching a baseball game. It is the 17th of June 1911. Across the diamond the Amherst fans, in shirt-sleeves and spiritual anxiety, flash back the sunlight of the western sky. These boys, astray from the traditions of their forebears, Hitchcock and Stearns, and for that matter, Clark and Goodell, exhibit a conscious and cultivated nonchalance in the presence of their country cousins from the other end of town. But, everywhere about the president of M.A.C. his own undergraduates are much too excited to cheer although abundantly able to yell. For an Amherst batter is opening the second half of the ninth, and Aggie's ahead.

Only a minute or two ago the horses attached to the M.A.C. players' barge broke loose and added to the hubbub. Well, there will be more than *that* breaking loose if we manage to win.

"Ball one."

Ed Williams is in the box and pitching a beautiful game.

"Ball two.

"Foul ball; it's strike two."

Then crack! A low hit over third. Every one's up. Our Tom McGarr in the sixth drove out a ball just like this, just like it. And he got a home run; the only run of the game. The ball rolled out among automobiles, which, being privileged vehicles still, are parked too close to the diamond. And Tom beat it to the plate. And now another home run, for Amherst this time, and tying the score.

"It's a foul."

The next ball is a fly to Chick Davies in left. Chick catches

it, and one hazard is passed. Chick will be reporting to Connie Mack of the Philadelphia *Athletics* as soon as he finishes college. Well, there's one man out.

The Amherst shortstop is up. Of the three hits Amherst has made off Ed Williams to-day, this man has made two. Careful there, Ed; play him safe. But he grounds out to Covill at second. Two down. We will tear up the village to-night.

Another man up; pray heaven, the last. There he is. A ball. A strike. Another ball. Another strike. A foul. There is a close decision over here by first base; the Amherst supporters are booing the umpire. Three balls. Another foul. Hurry up, hurry up! And he walks.

This isn't so good. Still with two men out—but, Jiminy, what's that? It's a line drive to Covill, who fumbles (the only error of the game); and there are two men on base. Steady, boys; take your time.

Batter up! It's the catcher. A hit means a run.

"Strike one." That's the stuff!

Gosh, there's that runner on third. 'Twas a nice little steal. But if the other steals second, why, a hit means the game.

"Foul ball; it's strike two." He hasn't gone yet. Time pauses for occasions like this. So do hearts. There comes the ball. There's a thud in the glove of the catcher. The batter is out.

Far out in right field a young man turns and runs for the trolley on Northampton Road. He is on his way back to Michigan, having recently had a very interesting conference with our board of trustees. His boyish face is aglow. His name is Hicks.

. . . . .

Late evening. The campus has been lovely to-night. The seniors have strung hundreds of Japanese lanterns about the '82 fountain and along the walks. They have erected an evergreen

arch as a festive entrance to the grounds. The sophomores have converted the drill hall into a Japanese garden for the commencement promenade. And the campus is lovely even without adornment upon an evening in June.

But the President, rather recently established at Hillside and looking down over "a certain valley" from his porch, is far from at ease. His victorious undergraduates are parading the town. He can hear the swell and the dying away of their variegated din: the pulse of the band, the bang-bang-bang of blank cartridges, cheering, snatches of song, cat-calls and yells. The chapel bell, of course, has also done its clangorous bit. The President naturally does not object to all this; as a display of spirit and as an emotional outlet it has a place in college life. But he knows to what violent ends such orgies of irresponsibility sometimes arrive. He does not forget that there are citizens resident in the town of Amherst. On his desk in the library are his notes for to-morrow's baccalaureate sermon: "The College Man and the Community." He has a feeling that that phrase, "the college man and the community," would be utterly meaningless to these college men of his, right now.

In general he is proud of his students. They are alert and virile young fellows, and rapidly increasing in number. They still think of the presidency as a sitting upon the lid, but they seem to respect and to like the present sitter thereon. They approve of his leadership, too, and to a rather surprising degree have come to accept its agricultural objective. They are becoming rural-conscious, if not indeed rural-minded. They are beginning to think of the country as a proper place in which to live, at least for the other fellow, and they are rather glad to be associated in some dignified, and perhaps indirect, way with this increasingly honorable movement back to the farm. Some of them see themselves as rural leaders. The recently opprobrious *Aggie* is creeping back, even into the college songs.

Butterfield has had his troubles with these boys, but progressively less. The odd classes have always bothered him more than the even ones. This class of 1911 has staged an agitation act, in fact a considerable drama, in which the villain was the dining hall. Butterfield, following his customary policy of keeping boys busy and making them responsible, suggested that they investigate the situation scientifically and even take a hand in the management. The dining hall will be always a problem, because students will always be more fastidious about what goes into their stomachs than about what goes into their heads, but as a disciplinary crisis this 1911 uprising pleasantly vanished. There had been a student senate since Goodell's time, an ineffective and fluttery experiment. Butterfield immediately reorganized this body, and gave it authority over underclass relations, substituting a supervised program for promiscuous hazing. After five years his administrative policy is beginning to show results.

He has tried very hard to establish a personal contact with the undergraduates. With the increasing enrollment it is, of course, impossible to know any number of students in an intimate way. But he meets the student body in chapels and talks to them with considerable frankness about the problems and the possibilities of the institution. Every one of the seniors he invites to Hillside for dinner during the spring. It is his habit to give the campus an annual slogan; this year it is "Balance." He is inclined to be optimistic in regard to his relationship with the undergraduates, to think of 1911 as the last of his hurdles. But to-night 1911 are out on a rampage, and, like Falstaff, he "would 'twere bed-time and all well."

Almost every living being is an incipient pyromaniac, and before these boys disperse they are going to want something to burn. The College has never been able to supply sufficient inflammable rubbish to satisfy this recurrent hunger for fire. So,

three weeks ago, after a victory over Tufts, the students burned the bandstand by North College. In the early '90's our band gave weekly concerts in it, and for years it has been used for class day exercises. But it's gone now.

Just south of the swamp which will soon become our athletic field, there is a little red barn. There is hay in it, and about three hundred dollars' worth of board track, stored for the summer. It is a rather unsightly building, and ripe for the match.

Suspicion has often attached to the burning of barns at this college. When Clarke's barn burned in 1894 and when Brooks's barn burned in 1905, it was generally believed and officially implied that fire-bugs had been at work. Not students, of course. Some ne'er-do-well in the village, perhaps—with an unholy passion for flame. A barn makes a beautiful blaze, he may have reflected, and these barns at the College are nobody's property. Boston will foot the bill.

Anyway, ever since the bandstand went, Butterfield has not felt comfortable about the little red barn. He knows that students have talked about burning it, and these seniors on the eve of commencement are almost without the law. He has spoken to the president of the retiring Senate in anticipation of a possible celebration to-night, stressing the sanctity of property. But this young man was last year a ringleader in the dining hall disturbance and the President cannot feel that his assurances mean security. "Would 'twere bed-time" again!

Well, next year's seniors are an even class. He is half-consciously making his plans for them. Still hoping for the best to-night, he is preparing for the worst. Anyway it is great fun—this building up a college, particularly an agricultural college. And Amherst is an incomparably enjoyable town. And how friendly every one really is, even those juvenile undergraduates! It's a good world.

From across the campus he hears a sudden crescendo of cheering. In the deepening darkness there is a sudden flicker of light. It is the little red barn.

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4 JUNE 1912

The diploma of an institution of education does not exactly pass as current coin of the realm. It is more like a promissory note.

—CALVIN COOLIDGE TO THE CLASS OF 1918.

The gubernatorial veto!

Governor Foss is sure that the College is spendthrift. He thinks that his lawmakers have been spellbound by the maneuvers of Trustee George Ellis, the ardor of Director Hurd, the quiet persistence of Butterfield. After a special appropriation bill had been cut by the Legislature from $380,000 to $125,000, he insisted upon still further reduction and finally signed it at $80,000. Since then a maintenance bill calling for $250,000 has been sent up for his signature. He has declined to sign. To-day, the 4th of June, "the hottest June 4th in sixteen years," it is back in the General Court. A two-thirds vote in both houses is necessary to override the Governor's veto. It is a day ripe with omen.

To appreciate the Governor's point of view one should look at the Extension Service program of William H. Hurd.

Hurd and his department have been on the campus for only three years. Their function, that of carrying education to the farmer's very barnyard gate, is not in itself a novelty. The State Board of Agriculture has been doing something of the sort for a long, long time. In 1860 it printed 40,000 copies of a bulletin on grass culture, and it was conducting farmers' institutes during the Civil War. But Hurd's enthusiasm is such that he threatens to usurp the field and to magnify it into something of unpredictable province.

With the exception of the Myrick-Brooks "Better Farming Special" demonstration train in 1906, the College itself had done virtually nothing along these lines when Butterfield became president. In his inaugural address he said that extension teaching was "the immediate need in agricultural education." He wrote to the impending Hurd in 1909: "I should like to see this department developed so that we can be spending on it $30,000 or $40,000 a year." In 1911 Hurd calmly presented to the trustees a budget for $80,000.

He could argue a need, and persuasively. The need was before them. Not yet had the first county bureau been established in Massachusetts. The State Board had never been equipped to reach the great body of farmers. Scientific agriculture had so far stirred up little more than suspicion throughout the countryside. It looked like another gold brick. For example, last season there was a pruning demonstration in the village of Littleton. Up in the tree was one of Peep Paul's ground-gaining halfbacks, Bill Munson, doing the job in Sears's most approved manner. "If that fellow were up in my tree," a farmer remarked with emotion, "I'd shoot him."

Still the $80,000 staggered the trustees. They gulped and voted for fifty. Even this, and comparable Butterfield items for

other departments, staggered the Governor. He sent a special message to the Legislature, warning them among other things that their agricultural college was actually going liberal-arts under their very noses. "Less than half of the teaching staff," he said, "are employed directly upon agricultural topics."

Then the hearings began. There have been seven this spring. The Committee on Agriculture recommended some cuts. It allowed Hurd $45,000, however, which, after all, was a fifty per cent increase over last year. A few days later Hurd appeared before the Committee on Ways and Means. He talked to them for a few minutes. He showed them a map of his campaign for the Commonwealth. His spirit and his statistics were equally irresistible. This committee promptly restored the missing $5,000 to his budget.

Representative Ellis guided the bill through the Legislature. The Governor vetoed it. "The College," he said, "is to all intents and purposes an independent body, supported by the state treasury but not subject to the ordinary procedure as to state supervision." This sage observation by a Democratic governor in a state nominally Republican, a state tremendously impressed by Butterfield's leadership back to the land, was allowed to find its way into the records unregarded.

So at 2:25 on a sweltering Tuesday afternoon the M.A.C. president hears his $250,000 maintenance bill reported back into the Senate. Before luncheon it triumphed in the House. The vote stood 182 to 32. But the Senate is traditionally conservative. And a two-thirds majority is necessary. There were several speeches in the House. There is only one in the Senate. *The Springfield Republican* will report it to-morrow as follows: "Mr. Coolidge of Hampshire spoke briefly for the bill." The vote is being taken. The bill has been passed. The vote is unanimous.

In his office on Chatham Street Bowker writes to the Presi-

dent. "We are on the top wave of popularity," he says, "and on that account we have grave responsibilities as well as dangers."

Responsibilities and dangers! It isn't all fun growing up.

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16 JANUARY 1913

Is it ghosts that walk in Wildwood,
Or only living trees,
That shimmer past beneath the stars
And touch us with the breeze?
This tender, frail beseeching,
This presence tremulous—
Is it man to earth outreaching,
Is it earth that yearns to us?

—JOHN ERSKINE.

About the dimly lighted lobbies of the old Draper Hotel in Northampton young men "from the Aggie" are milling. There may be a couple of hundred of them. Or three. Or even four. All of the late afternoon trolleys from Amherst have been crowded to the steps with them. Those who aren't in the hotel at this moment have just gone out or are just coming back. Some of them have suitcases, hurriedly packed. Most of them are wearing their best overcoats and hats. They light innumer-

able cigarettes, and throw them away half-smoked. Jammed up against the wall is a boy eating a sandwich.

It is Thursday, the 16th of January, 1913.

The confusion and smoke are thickest about the telephone booth in the corner.

"What does he say?"

"I don't know. Stop pushing."

A committee, composed of as many as can get their heads into the booth, are in conference with the President.

"Hello! President Butterfield? We're a group of students over here in Northampton. We'd like to know whether the doctors are going to quarantine the College."

"What does he say?"

"Says No. Everything to go on as usual. Says we'd better go back."

"Going?"

"Gosh, I don't know. I guess so, maybe. Since they aren't going to box us up there. What do you think?"

The occasion for this flight across the River is scarlet fever. It has swept down upon the campus with a suddenness so great as to stun and then to alarm. Yesterday all was as usual. This morning twelve cases were reported at the College. Rumor said that we might add another twelve to those. And we did. Dr. Morse of the State Board of Health has arrived upon the scene and has been in consultation with Dr. Haskell and the college authorities. Two cases are in the Amherst College infirmary, but now the Kappa Gamma Phi fraternity house in back of Mount Pleasant has been converted into an isolation hospital and the sick boys are being removed to it in an isolated hack. A freshman, Raymond Chamberlain, later to be killed in the World War, has volunteered and been given general charge of the building. He has had the disease and is thought to be immune. The Kappa Sigma House has become a detention ward. There are twenty-five boys with suspicious throats or records

of exposure cooped up in that. Every boy in the Draper Hotel is uneasily aware of something which may at any time develop into a symptom. Still the exodus from Amherst is not hysteria; it is simply an instinctive movement of escape. No one quite knows what quarantine may mean, but it sounds bad.

Still the word from the President is reassuring. Of course the State doctor could not very well have declared a quarantine even if he had wished to, not with almost the entire student body out of reach. Prexy's promise, however, is trustworthy, and his conversation gave no indication of panic. Perhaps, since we are already over here, it might be a good night to call on "the girl." See you later then. So long!

. . . . .

Friday and Saturday—long days! And now Sunday. There was a thunder shower last evening, just to punctuate the traditional January thaw, but this morning is crisp and clear.

The epidemic is at least a recordable fact. On Friday morning there were twenty-one indubitable cases at the College: a teamster, an instructor, and nineteen students. And the cases are severe. Professor Mackimmie has visited the boys in the hospital and says that many of them are deathly sick. The village will later have even more sensational figures to report: six cases in a single family in Cushman, six cases in another family, in another family four. In Sunderland four children in a single family will have died within a week. The disease has assumed a frightfully virulent form. The contagion on the campus has been traced, with reasonable certainty, to imported milk, for some of it came from a farm where there had been several cases of scarlet fever, two of them fatal. Of course the milk is now being pasteurized, and as no new cases have been reported at the College since Friday, every one hopes for the best.

The people in Amherst are thoroughly alarmed. Schoolrooms and books are being fumigated. The North Amherst school is closed for three weeks. Some of the churches have discontinued Sunday School. The Woman's Club has postponed its annual guest-night party. There are no movies. Certain excitable landladies have actually turned student lodgers out of their rooms; Hicks's home is crammed full of such refugees. It isn't much fun.

To Butterfield, getting into touch with the parents of stricken boys and sitting up all night with Watts in the South College office, the situation is fraught with tragic possibilities. Upon Hicks, the young health officer so recently put in charge of our department of physical education, the strain is even greater. It will be over two weeks before he gets out of his clothes at night. Personal concern for the boys, some of them desperately sick, coupled with official concern for the institution, makes the experience a nightmare.

For the students, too, there is, at least, disquietude. There has been little for them to do except wait, and worry. There have been no classes since Thursday. A scheduled dance has been, of course, postponed. Also a hockey game with Amherst, and a Roister Doister appearance in North Brookfield. There have been rumors, and assemblies, and more rumors. The faculty have voted to resume class work on Monday, and to provide every consideration for students who seem to have suffered from the interruption. So, deprived even of moving pictures, the undergraduates mark time. Still the rifle team beat Princeton 954 to 944 yesterday, a score which would indicate steady nerves. And Dr. Morse is greatly impressed by the way the campus has seemed to resist further inroads of the disease; he says it is a real compliment to the health condition of the College.

But at 5:30 this morning Warner Burt died in the fraternity hospital. Every student looks hauntedly into the eyes of another

and passes the word along. Death is always an ogre to youth. And Warner is gone. Who next? When a man is in trouble, he thinks of his home. So they.

"I'm going to get out of this place."

"I too."

By night they are gone—not all, but a very great many. They "scampered like partridges," Fred Sears writes in his diary. A clerk in the village remarks, "Napoleon's retreat from Moscow had nothing on this."

The campus to-night is as still as a sickroom. Draper Hall in the morning will be without its customary din. A second boy lies dying. Two more must go. Twenty-five cases in all, and four of them fatal. A college may shelter its students from life, as the cynical say of it. But it cannot, not always, from death.

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25 APRIL 1913

I like to see it lap the miles
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks,
And then, prodigious, step
Around a pile of mountains.

—EMILY DICKINSON.

Approaching train-time at the Boston & Maine station! Friday morning, the 25th of April, 1913. It's going to be a warm

day. At the Bay Road Fruit Farm the peaches are out in full bloom.

The platform is crowded with students. There are, perhaps, five hundred of them. The habitually tardy are just arriving, a little short of breath as they hurry down from the bridge. There are no suitcases in sight. It is early in the morning professorially speaking; even the students, accustomed to chapel at 7:30, have had to have breakfast a little early to-day. The dining hall has been glad to coöperate. That big, genial fellow by the scales, almost a head taller than the rest of the crowd, is Fred Griggs, master of ceremonies. Not much happens among the students in 1913 without his guiding hand.

Yes, spring is in the air. The ball team plays the University of Maine this afternoon. Chick Davies will pitch it to victory, six to one, allowing Maine but three hits and getting two himself. The seniors are beginning to think about commencement. The college paper this week carries two communications and an editorial protesting the faculty's unwillingness to appear upon that occasion in academic regalia. Like Levi Stockbridge, the President is opposed to aping the older colleges, particularly in ways that are obviously inappropriate. He may have noticed an agronomy class of seniors in cap and gown ludicrously trailing a tractor up and down a newly ploughed field on the college farm.

Some of the boys are shaking hands with Edminister. He has just received word that he is to be on the international rifle team.

"Hey there, he's coming."

In a carriage, driven smartly down the little hill, are President and Mrs. Butterfield.

"Come on, fellows, a long yell for Prexy! A long yell for Prexy! Make it good."

Butterfield is leaving this morning for Europe. Woodrow Wilson has appointed him, one of seven, on a commission on

agricultural coöperation and rural credit, the so-called United States Commission. The Governor has also appointed him to represent Massachusetts upon a much larger commission, The American Commission, created by private interests to study the same problem. He will sail on the *Saxonia* from New York. Upon the same boat will be two members of his faculty: Cance, his professor of agricultural economics, who goes as an assistant to the United States Commission; and Fernald *fils,* who, carrying on his father's excellent work in systematic entomology, is to make a study of American wasps in European collections. From the reports of the two credit commissions will eventually emanate the Federal Land Bank Act of 1916.

Butterfield is in great demand for service such as this. In 1908, along with such men as Gifford Pinchot, Walter Hines Page and Liberty Hyde Bailey, he was a member of Roosevelt's Commission on Country Life. In 1918 he will be made one of three directors to organize and carry on the vast educational program in the American Expeditionary Forces, and will subsequently be decorated by the government of France. In 1921 he will be a member of a small group sent out by the American Foreign Mission Boards to make a survey of their educational undertakings in China. In fulfillment of each of these appointments he will have been away from the campus for several months and will come to be criticized by certain of his trustees; and yet in each instance his contribution will undoubtedly have added distinction to the name of the College.

This demonstration at the railroad station is a complete surprise. He has assumed that anything of this character was amply provided for last Monday evening. At that time he and Mrs. Butterfield gave a little reception, at Hillside, to the senior class. It was a pleasant party. Dud French played upon his violin, and Joe Cobb sang a baritone solo. Dean Lewis gave readings. After the boys had made their proper and formal adieus, they reassembled upon the lawn outside and cheered the

Waugh

KENYON L. BUTTERFIELD

President until he stepped out upon the veranda. Thereupon they presented him with a loving cup, on which was inscribed his slogan for the year—"Quality." That was an appropriate and a gracious gesture, and enough. So this gathering now—well, it touches him deeply.

It is nearly two years since the burning of the little red barn. As Butterfield surmised, that was his last hurdle. To-day he is triumphantly "Prexy" in the hearts of his students.

Noisily the little train puffs and coughs and rattles its way into the station. The President bids a reticent good-by to Mrs. Butterfield and climbs on board. The boys are singing. He notes that the song is one of the new ones, by Griggs:

> "Sons of old Massachusetts, devoted sons and true,
> Aggie, old Aggie, we'll give our best to you."

"All aboard!"

The brakeman's call is not so perfunctory as usual. Somehow the singing by these collegians has broken up for the moment the emotional encrustations about his heart. His train is suddenly a chariot. There is adventure in the April air.

And on the back platform stands Prexy, with wet eyes, waving his hand. The train begins to move. Distance slowly steals him away.

The mist on the meadows is white in the sunlight. A bluebird dips from a telephone wire.

"Well, that's that."

"All right! Let's go hit the books."

3 DECEMBER 1913

And a great wind strode with me into town,
With a great shout that might have been my name,
And all the stars behind me as I came.

—DAVID MORTON.

Assembly!

Some assemblies aren't so bad as the others. This one is still in the making.

It is the 3rd of December, 1913.

The platform in the old stone chapel is full of celebrities, not the colorless celebrities from the outside world, but the kind of celebrities we know something about and can really admire. There is Dean Lewis. And Curry Hicks. And "Kid" Gore, last year's diminutive quarterback, who is now coaching freshman teams. And Det Jones, president of the Senate. And Chick Davies. Men like these! Yes, this assembly has some possibilities.

Lewis thinks so too. It is a pleasure to come before these students with something in which both he and they enthusiastically believe. In a dreamy mood he listens to the singing of a football song. Then he calls the meeting to order.

He refers with a trace of emotion to "the absent chief." We must carry on to-day without him. He would like to be here. We have a bit of his spirit in the year's slogan, "Boost Old Aggie." Well, that is why we are here this afternoon. We are here to boost old Aggie in a real and a practical way.

If the undergraduates are not noticeably responsive, they are nevertheless awake.

"We are here to provide this college with an athletic field which shall be worthy of her teams."

That makes them sit up.

If Lewis doesn't go into a description of the present field, the two or three acres just west of the chapel, it is because he does not need to. It is true that when Clark did some clearing and grading there in 1877, a less fastidious student body declared that it was "an almost perfect ball ground." But standards change. Thus to-day, when a visiting shortstop overthrows first base, or a runner all but gives out on the up-grade to second and third, or a left-fielder loses an easy catch among the maples, the Aggie rooter is embarrassed for something to say. He knows it's the fault of the field. Moreover there is no room for bleachers, and no opportunity for gate receipts. It is nothing more or less than a backyard lot.

And Lewis makes no reference to the agitation in the '90's. The facts were these. In 1892 Brooks, representing interested alumni, secured from the trustees permission to build an athletic field on college land south of the Plainville road. Some money was pledged, but there was an industrial panic in 1893, and these pledges were never collected. The following year a student editor plaintively remarked: "To-day the land is as it was then, covered with scrub pines and underbrush—practically speaking, a barren waste."

After one or two other false starts Brooks went to the trustees again in 1902, saying that the alumni group had reincorporated, had sold nearly two hundred $10 shares, and would like the strip of land north of "the pathological laboratory." This proposal went smilingly into committee, and was seen no more.

When Butterfield came, he gradually made it evident that he did not approve of an athletic field built and controlled by alumni. If intercollegiate athletics were to experience the purification which they certainly needed, the college administration must have a free hand. At any rate he tackled the problem *de novo,* and has now persuaded the Legislature to purchase,

after incredible difficulties of one sort and another, adequate and convenient lands along the east of Lincoln Avenue. They are rough and boggy, but at least they are there. And now they are ours for the making.

Lewis warms up to his theme. This man who used to pitch for the Boston Braves has a certain tenderness for the boys who wear the Letter. He tries to show what a new athletic field will mean: a place for varsity teams to practice, an opportunity for larger numbers to take part, a ball ground where we can unapologetically defeat our rivals. And he turns the meeting over to Det Jones.

Det explains that we are going to need about $10,000 to put that field into shape, that the students can hardly expect the alumni to subscribe unless they have done so themselves, that they are invited to offer not only money but labor in draining and grading, and that this meeting is called to give them the chance to sign on the dotted line. He introduces Curry Hicks.

The boys like to listen to Curry. He talks with a certain Rooseveltian earnestness and directness that are almost eloquence. But they are ignorant of the glowing background out of which he is speaking to-day. For Hicks has come to our campus, pledged to revamp the whole athletic program as it has existed here in the past, and as it has also existed in almost every other college in the country. He stands for reform.

Butterfield was delighted with Hicks's first letter relative to his possibly coming to M.A.C. He hurried out to Michigan to talk with him, and came back more happy than before. For here was a young man ardently and definitely dedicated to ideals which Butterfield himself had entertained but had hardly dared to believe that he could put into effect.

For example, Hicks said that athletics means games; it doesn't mean gym work. In 1911 every gymnasium in the country was lined with dumbbells and Indian clubs and wands—

dull implements of exercise. It was Chadbourne who said, years ago, "I would rather a man should spend an hour in only digging out a stump than in rolling over in a shed and calling it gymnastics." And Hicks and Butterfield agree that this organized moving about should have meaning.

Then there is the seasonal coach. He may not approve of unsportsmanlike playing, and subsidized players, and ringers, and tramp athletes, and direction from the bench, and cribbing to insure eligibility, and the other unethical practices so prevalent in American colleges during the first decade of this century. But he cannot consistently oppose them. For his job, and his chance of another one, depend upon victories. Hicks said with heartening emphasis that he would come to M.A.C. only on condition that all varsity coaches should be full-time members of the teaching staff and paid by the College. By 1918 this significant innovation will have taken place.

There was one thing more. Hicks claimed that the reason for all our athletic activity was not publicity and not sport; that it was physical education and must be so regarded. Hence it is the duty of the college to provide such activity for those boys who really need it, which means nearly all of them. Varsity games are, of course, essential to arouse and maintain undergraduate interest, but the only justifiable program is "athletics for all." He therefore demanded assurance of sufficient staff and equipment to make that an approachable ideal. It will be nearly twenty years before he can claim to possess them, but Butterfield is in perfect agreement with him and doing everything he can to bring them about.

It isn't implied that Butterfield and Hicks were the only two men in the world thinking along these lines. Hicks's predecessor, Dr. Reynolds, came to M.A.C. largely because he was another. Reynolds introduced some minor sports, but somehow failed to establish either himself or his ideas among the stu-

dents. Butterfield and Hicks are ahead of their generation not so much in ideals as in faith. They are ready to put principles to the test of practice.

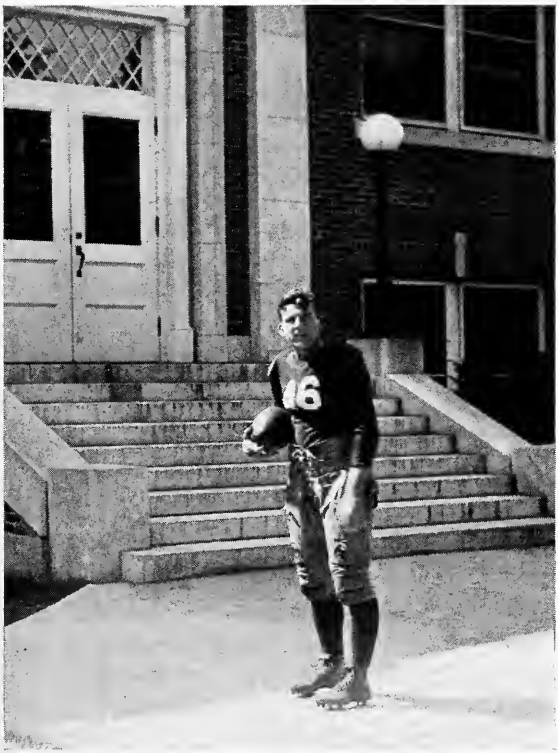
And Hicks is optimistic, to-day, for his department. For one thing the trustees last June recognized a new athletic board which he and Butterfield had brought to life from the dead ashes of a committee dating back into the previous century. This board, composed of student managers, alumni representatives, faculty members and the President *ex officio* is to be appointed annually, with power, to supervise the athletic activities of the College. This means an open-above-board and official control on the campus. There are to be no opportunist or conflicting policies promoted by sophomoric alumni. Even the substantial fund which Brooks assembled for the field will not be disturbed; there are too many strings attached to that. Eventually it will be used to purchase books for the department's library. No, this college is going to run its athletic program without let or hindrance in accord with the high idealism of its president and Curry Hicks.

So, of course, Curry speaks earnestly. Effectively, too. "Before your pledges are counted," he says in substance, "I shall be on my way to Chicago to launch this campaign among the alumni. I want to be able to say to those alumni in Chicago, and wherever else I go, that every man in college, every man, has pledged something, if it is only a dime, to this enterprise. I am counting on you."

Curry goes out, to a round of applause. "Kid" Gore takes the floor. "You freshmen, I've got just a word for you. My class is the freshman class among the alumni. It's the class of '13. Last June we pledged one thousand dollars toward this field. We challenge you to do as well."

They will. They will do better.

In Chicago next morning Hicks opens a telegram. The



Waugh

CAPTAIN LOUIS J. BUSH

National High Scorer, 1932 Football Season.

pledges have amounted to $2,611.05 in cash and a thousand-odd hours of labor. The message concludes:

"The undergraduates are with you. Go to it.

"The Kid."

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3 JUNE 1915

The State is our class room.

—BOWKER.

Room 440, the State House, in Boston. Thursday, June 3, 1915. The trustees are met in session extraordinary. Wilfrid Wheeler, secretary of this board and of the State Board of Agriculture, calls the meeting to order, and asks William Wheeler, class of '71, temporarily to take the chair. The meeting is called for the purpose of passing upon the President's pet project, and thus by implication upon the President himself.

Wilfrid Wheeler has introduced, in the Committee on Extension Service, a motion to terminate the work "in civic betterment and community organization" now being carried on about the State by Professor Morgan under the head of rural sociology. The committee have referred the matter to the entire board of trustees, without recommendation. And here it is.

The sore tooth about which the doctors disagree has three roots. Perhaps an X-ray picture of the roots will help us to understand the soreness.

As has been noted before, the basic idea of extension work is not new; in fact it is almost too old for historical record. One hundred and twenty-three years ago an organization called the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture recommended farmer assemblies for professional improvement. Sixty-two years ago Hitchcock of Amherst advocated what he called "farmer institutes." In 1854 Charles L. Flint, our Flint, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, published the first of its annual reports upon rural progress. In 1863 the Board conducted, in Springfield, the first of its winter institutes, with Loring, Flint and Agassiz on the program. In 1869 it conducted a summer institute upon our campus farm. For the rest of the century the Board continued its ministry to the farmers of the Commonwealth, frequently using professors from the College, but by no means dependent upon them. The same thing was taking place in other states. Butterfield, for four years was superintendent of farmers' institutes in Michigan. Thus by 1900 the state boards of agriculture had brought into being and were faithfully carrying on educational programs of a practical type for the American farmer.

At this point we become aware of root number two. The agricultural colleges have also entered the field. As the custodians of expert knowledge and the recipients of public funds they felt that they owed every possible service to the farmer. And the popularity of the institutes, to say nothing of Chautauquas and university extension in other fields, made an expansion of collegiate activities very alluring. In this movement Butterfield has been conspicuously a leader, really *the* leader. Certainly it was he who suggested and at last secured the establishment of extension service on a par with teaching and research in the deliberations and organization of the Association

of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, eventually to become the Association of Land Grant Colleges. At three of its meetings he urged, in various capacities, the privilege of the frank. In 1904 he pleaded for "a vast enlargement of extension work among farmers." In 1906 he defined its immediate province, "just so far as possible, all phases of extension teaching now performed in other ways." It was inevitable that the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, with educational traditions and programs of its own, should welcome him to the presidency of the state college with reservations.

Their apprehensions were speedily justified. With his positive genius for organization, Butterfield immediately set out to provide M.A.C. with a full-fledged department of extension. If Hurd's $80,000 budget in 1911 staggered the trustees, it irritated and probably angered the State Board of Agriculture. Moreover in 1908 Butterfield, reporting from the Committee on Extension to the association with the interminable name, urged the propriety of federal appropriations, and subsequently continued to urge it in high places. In 1914 Congress passed the Smith-Lever Act, by which each state was to receive $10,000 at once, and subsequently larger sums, for extension work at the land grant colleges.

So to-day Wilfrid Wheeler sees the educational program of his board of agriculture rapidly being supplanted. He is still spending about $2,500 upon institute programs, and stresses the fact that his speakers are usually not theoretical specialists, but practical farmers. But the counties are building educational bureaus now; he can see the handwriting upon the barns. Actually the Board is doomed and in the impending reorganization of our state government will be absorbed and disappear. He can hardly be blamed if he looks, as Ellsworth, his predecessor, looked, upon the magnification of Butterfield's extension work with jaundiced eyes.

The third disturbing root is what the boys call "rural soc."

"Settlement work among the farmers" is Wheeler's way of referring to it. Uplift!

Now rural sociology is the Joseph among the children of Butterfield's fertile brain. Very largely it is indeed his very own. In the course which he gave at Ann Arbor, almost the first of the sort ever given, he christened it and gave it this name. The department he has created at M.A.C. is indubitably first and foremost. Rural sociology is Butterfield's unique and outstanding contribution to agricultural education. But even if it had not been so personally his own, he would still have been its champion. He has always cared more about the farmer than the farm, more about the spiritual values than the material ones. "Minimize machinery; magnify men" is one of his many slogans. When he talks of the farm problem he is thinking only incidentally about making the proverbial two blades of grass to grow; primarily he is thinking about the farmer's relations with wife, with neighbor, and with God.

Yes, uplift!

Butterfield cannot understand any one's sneering at a word like that. Uplift, of course. What else is a college for? He has never left any room for doubt as to his devotion to rural sociology. He wrote to the trustees about it prior to his election: "The College should emphasize the social phases of agriculture." He told the public about it in his inaugural address: the farm problem, he said, "is social as well as scientific." In his annual report last January he recommended as his ultimate goal "a school of rural social science."

His having introduced rural sociology into extension work was simply a matter of routine.

There is still a minor factor in the present crisis. Professor Eyerly has recently resigned from the resident teaching staff, and the chair of rural sociology is therefore for the moment empty. There are trustees who would not be broken-hearted if it were to remain so indefinitely.

"Mr. President, just what does this man Morgan do anyway?"

"Well, he is a sort of adviser for local community organization." And Butterfield presents, once more, the instance of Hardwick. In Hardwick Morgan has secured the removal of an old unsightly blacksmith shop, the erection of new horse-sheds, the modernization of town accounts, a plan for promoting public health, a new census, the union of two anaemic churches, and a varied recreational program. He has made the citizens see and feel the need for such things, and then has suggested ways and means to bring them to pass. When a specialist is needed, he brings him in. "This," says the President, "is the most advanced agricultural work being done in the world."

Butterfield goes into the subject "at length." He explains what is to him the philosophy of agricultural education. He shows its development, both in this state and in others. He multiplies examples of Morgan's success and gives evidence of his popularity. He speaks with greater earnestness, with greater care, than the trustees have ever heard him speak before. How general among them disaffection is, he does not know. Three years ago, at the time of Morgan's appointment, they actually voted him down, but were later persuaded. Of Bowker he feels sure, and of certain others too. But Bowker admits that "in his rural sociology he is ahead of his board, and must educate them, as well as the public, up to his ideals." Whether he can command a convincing vote of confidence remains to be seen. Of one thing he is certain, however: failing of such a vote, he is through at M.A.C. He will resign. He hasn't said a word of this, but it is a settled decision in his mind.

As it happens, he has received what is virtually an invitation to become the president of his own alma mater, that other M.A.C., in Michigan. No formal action has been taken, but he has every reason to believe that it awaits only his acquiescent nod. Curiously enough both of his great predecessors, Clark and

Goodell, enjoyed a similar approach from this same institution. The trustees know all about the Michigan offer, for it has been freely aired in the newspapers. Butterfield has in his file scores of letters from alumni and friends, begging him not to go. Ellis, for example, has written, and, referring to certain differences of opinion, has said, "If it would make it any easier for you, I should be quite willing to withdraw as a trustee." To which Butterfield replied, "I should hate to have the responsibility of a board of trustees that always agreed with me." He meant that, too, but this rural sociology matter is very close to his heart. They've simply got to stop kicking his dog around.

"Gentlemen," he concludes, "Professor Morgan in his work in stimulating and directing the rural community building movement is doing what I regard as perhaps the most significant constructive rural work that is being undertaken in this or any other country."

There is a pause. Some one suggests that Butterfield and Watts, his secretary, might properly withdraw. They do so. From behind the closed door they can hear Bowker's voice, speaking with emphasis. Then, almost immediately, they are asked to return. A resolution is read to them: "that it is the sense of the trustees that extension work in civic betterment and community organization—should be continued." The vote was all but unanimous.

And forthwith there is also elected a new resident professor of rural sociology. His name is John Phelan.

And after a little, with happy heart, Kenyon L. Butterfield sends word to Michigan that he's not upon the market—yet.

4 FEBRUARY 1916

Aggie men are gathered
To cheer old Bay State on.

—GRIGGS.

The smoke begins to curl from uncounted cigars. The green furnishings of the banquet room in Young's Hotel grow mellow in the lifting haze. The paintings, too, take on an added grace in their Victorian frames.

The Boston alumni are assembled, to bask in an annual renewal of college spirit and to pay a tribute to their president who didn't go to Michigan. The hall is well-filled. Ten years ago, in this very room, he met for the first time with a group of our alumni. So this is a decade anniversary. It is the 4th of February, 1916.

Harlan Worthley's quartet has been singing; it is a good quartet. And now a stranger has come into the room and is being escorted to the speakers' table.

"Who's that fellow?"

"He? Oh, no one much. Lieutenant-governor."

But it seems that he comes from a thousand Amherst College men in the Copley-Plaza, bringing their greeting. He does so, briefly, meticulously, without enthusiasm. Both his voice and his face are astringent. His name, as it happens, is Coolidge.

Well, the post-prandials are under way. Some one by the name of Willard Scott is unreeling jokes at breakneck speed. The crowd are becoming hilarious. This man Scott is funny just to look at. His face is sepulchral, his body tall and lean to the point of caricature. They say he's a parson.

The next speaker is Sumner Parker, recently appointed state leader of county agricultural agents. His subject is "Some Experiences with a Massachusetts Village." When Morgan was

instigating his rural-sociological innovations in Hardwick, Parker was living there, manager of the Mixter Farm. Classes in cattle judging always went up to Mixter's to try their skill among his notably rugged Guernseys. Parker is telling, from the point of view of a resident, the story of Hardwick's renascence. George Ellis listens intently, remembering the trustee meeting last June and how Bowker backed the President. For Bowker is dead, and Ellis is slated to speak of him presently, to pay, if possible, some fitting tribute to that grand old man of the class of '71.

But the feature of the program to-night is K.L.B.

The toastmaster, Herbert C. Bliss, '88, a blue-ribbon class secretary, is standing again, this time with shining silver in his hands. It is a loving-cup, and he presents it, with affection and honor, to Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield—"Prexy."

The crowd break out into singing something that sounds a little like *Tipperary,* with words that seem to be, "We're glad you didn't go to Lansing." And as they sing, they rise. They give him a great ovation.

And Butterfield takes the floor.

A little heavier than he was ten years ago. A little grey about the temples. And yet in the very pink of his leadership. And at the very height of his career.

If he is proud of his presidential decade at M.A.C., he has a right to be. He took over a struggling little college, which certainly did not know its own mind, and out of it made a compact, well-organized, aggressive institution with a definite purpose and will. Assembled statistics tell a good deal of the story. The four-year enrollment has jumped from 228 to 668, the winter school attendance from 38 to 150, the number of instructors from 27 to 72, the total staff from 48 to 175, the courses of study from 68 to 275. The so-called permanent improvements in the plant have amounted to a million dollars. Our annual budget for maintenance has increased fourfold. Never before

since the time of Colonel Clark have we had a president sufficiently sure of himself and his cause to challenge a legislature with increases like these. Never before in the history of the College has there been a president with such a gift for organization. Butterfield has been a builder; the building is proof.

Moreover he has established the primacy of agriculture throughout the whole institution. He glories in the fact that M.A.C. is the only college in the United States devoted exclusively to agriculture. He has stamped the trade-mark of ruralism upon every department, upon every employee, upon every course. His chemistry is "agricultural chemistry"; his economics is "agricultural economics"; his journalism is "rural journalism"; his proposed domestic science is "rural home life"; there is even a course in "rural literature." He asks the trustees to approve a new course in "rural improvement," and because some of them think that it is another assignment in Uplift, there ensues a terrific debate. Actually the course is to be one in landscape architecture.

And the public respond. The agrarian movement is still growing; the pendulum will soon be swinging in the other direction, but not just yet. If Butterfield had wished to hoodwink the Legislature into generosity, he could not have chosen a more seductive way. The undergraduates, too, have accepted agriculture as their manifest destiny. Butterfield is able to say that nearly eighty per cent of the graduates of his decade are agriculturally employed. Many of them are white-collar men, it is true: soil chemists, entomologists, agricultural teachers, extension workers. But a great many of them are actually dirt farmers, and most of the others talk expectantly of retiring to a little farm "by and by." The undergraduates do object to the fact that every guest speaker at the College, regardless of his own background and dominant interest, feels it incumbent upon him to talk to them about agriculture, but in the main they are caught up by the prevailing enthusiasm. "*Aggie* is now a term

of affection," observes the campus newspaper. The Roister Doisters offer a substantial prize for the best rural drama, and the winner, T. Carlton Upham, will one day have a play produced on Broadway.

Thus in a friendly and even ardent atmosphere the President warms up to his theme. "I would rather," he says, "be president of an agricultural college than of any other institution, and I would rather be president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College than of any other. . . . The fact that I am still here means that I am here for business."

As Butterfield sits down amid prolonged applause, there appears in the doorway a sudden and resplendent display of gold braid.

"It's the Governor coming."

It is. As Governor McCall comes into the room, the crowd again jump to their feet. He motions them back into their seats, and impressively begins to speak:

"President Meiklejohn and collegians," he premises.

"My name is more rural than that," Prexy says like a flash.

If the Governor is embarrassed, he counterfeits nicely. Of course every one guesses that he has just come from the Amherst banquet in the Copley-Plaza. With graceful apologies he goes on with his greeting:

"This is truly a great day for the town of Amherst. To-day I have signed a bill making it no longer necessary for your sister college to have seven ministers on her board of trustees, and another bill appropriating about $350,000 for you."

And the Governor goes.

There is no more formality now. Evan Richardson, '87, a fine fellow and loyal, who always has a son or a daughter at Aggie, is asked to respond. Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, physician *par excellence,* is elected president of the club for the coming year. No one wants to go home. But the meeting, like all meetings, be they happy or otherwise, eventually comes to an end.

And as Butterfield climbs into his bed, he can still hear in dim echo, the voices of exultant alumni, singing something that sounds a little like *Tipperary,* but really trying to say,

"We're glad you didn't go to Lansing."

So is he.

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23 MARCH 1916

The little town of Amherst,—
How peaceful still it lies!

—WATTLES.

College Hall! Over fifty years ago Colonel Clark stood in this building, urging the citizens of his town to invest money, lots of it, in an agricultural college. It was war-time then.

It is war-time now. The fighting is far from Amherst, but the sound of the guns grows more ominous day by day. It is the 23rd of March, 1916.

Outside the night is cold; the air is snowy. Inside the Amherst College mandolin club, impeccably dressed, are playing a newly popular Hawaiian melody. In the wings the glee club of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, similarly dressed, are awaiting their turn.

On the shredded fields about Verdun young men, just like these, are dying like rats. Soon these boys, too, will be moving toward France. The concert to-night is for the Red Cross.

We do not talk of the war, however. We try not to think of it. And we push along the industries of peace with feverish concern. To-day has been Polish Farmers' Day upon our campus; we had a hundred and fifty guests from up and down the Valley. And to-day, in Boston, Chairman Gleason of our Board of Trustees has been presenting before the Ways and Means Committee a six-year building program which will require well over a million dollars. The work of the College goes on.

For example, this concert to-night.

This concert, the first joint concert we have ever had with Amherst, is in some ways a compliment to the class of 1913. They were the class to bring singing to its own. Of course the undergraduates always sang, after a fashion. In 1874 a glee club from the College took "an extended tour to the far-famed town of Barre." In 1879 we had a coach from Belchertown. In 1896 our director was Professor Bigelow of Amherst College, the man who has been coaching our glee club this winter, the man who will be coaching an *Iolanthe* chorus in 1932. In 1906 Brooks suggested that the improvement in student morale was due to an improvement in campus music. But 1913 were the pioneer glee-men among us. For four years they entered the interclass singing contest originated by Ralph Watts in the name of 1907, each time with a new song by Fred Griggs, and always they won. They discovered George Zabriskie's choir director and brought him all the way from New York City to coach our club. They left us an appealing melody for senior chapel. Oh, yes, the singing to-night, in a sense, is a tribute to them.

That is Frank Anderson's medley, the one being offered right now. Frank Anderson wrote a good half of the score for *Pluto's Daughter* last June. *Pluto's Daughter* was surely a triumph:

forty-five men in the cast, twenty musical numbers, two hundred rented costumes, scenery from a Boston studio, librettos on sale—the whole thing, from beginning to end, initiative, ingenuity, composition, direction, an undergraduate product. Jim Nicholson, the moving spirit of the enterprise, found himself so pressed by his various duties, not excepting studies, that he had to announce daily office hours in the college newspaper, in order to carry on his theatrical affairs. And the crowd who attended *Pluto's Daughter* in the Academy of Music, Northampton, declared it "as good as a Tech show"—the last word in praise.

Frank Anderson is manager of the musical clubs this season. He has provided a six-concert Boston trip and as many more dates in the Valley. He has had to handle over a thousand dollars, and will have enough left for a banquet. But this year the musical club manager is not wholly alone in his undertaking. He is a member of the Non-athletic Activities Board, and as such is subject to the supervision of a faculty guide. Butterfield has just created this board along the lines of the one for athletics. It is made up of student managers, alumni and faculty, with Machmer as chairman and a physics instructor, Harold Robbins, as general manager. It is expected to furnish a certain stabilization, particularly in regard to finances, and a certain training, particularly in the instance of managers. So far it is functioning well.

The Sword of Ferrara!

Harlan Worthley's solo has brought down the house. Harlan is generous with encores, but, as *The Amherst Student* will in fairness report, no amount of generosity can satisfy to-night's audience when Harlan is singing.

The sextet from *Lucia!*

"The best number of the first half of the program," the *Student* will say. And this also is ours. The glee club are singing the chorus, and the orchestra playing. And it's making a hit.

Never have a glee club from our College sung as this one now. Never. But let us not forget the occasion.

For fifty years the sons of Lord Jeffrey Amherst have looked meaningfully at the sons of Colonel Clark, and the sons of Colonel Clark have looked meaningfully at the sons of Lord Jeffrey Amherst. The gang spirit which divides every village school into "up-streets" and "down-streets" has been mischievously abroad in our town. "Dungies," the Amherst boys would chant; "Intellects," the Aggies would ironically reply. In the '80's, when the Amherst boys strolled northerly upon Sunday afternoons, they carried horns to toot across the Aggie campus; and the infuriated residents of North College would rush out to drive them home. Now, when the students of both colleges meet, as they frequently do, on the last car from Hamp, every man tightens his belt. Not since 1907 has there been a football game between Amherst and M.A.C.

All right then; this isn't just another concert. This is a contest.

And from our very first number the crowd have been for us. With each fresh appearance our credit and assurance have grown. For the first time in history our boys have come to cultural grips with these casual and elegant cousins, and with surprise and delight they have sensed the fact that laurels are theirs. Now, half delirious with success, they are singing their way to new heights.

Swords out for Charlie!

There are tenors, and good ones, among the sons of our Colonel, but Harlan Worthley, to-night, is their prince. His singing has sweetness and ease; abandon, precision, *éclat*.

"Swords out for Charlie!"

And he's only a lad. Pan in conventional black! His head is thrown back. There's the trace of a smile on his face. And all about him are the other young gods—all of them taller than he, all of them tuned to his lead, all of them singing his solo part,

not with lips but with radiant eyes, and then, undirected so far as the audience see, swelling into the chorus with volcanic and rapturous joy.

Swords! Swords!

"The greatest ovation of the evening," the *Student* will say. Well, in view of the source of that comment, the phrase will suffice.

So Harlan Worthley and his mates "do their bit" among the ghosts of College Hall.

And after the war is over, and the boys, some of them, have returned, Harlan will do another "bit" for Alma Mater. As an alumni member of the Non-athletics Board, he will suggest a name for it—a name to meet Sid Haskell's caustic criticism of the old one: first, that it is at best a negation; and, second, that it is gratuitous advertising for the board's greatest competitor. So for *Non-athletics* Harlan will suggest *Academics*. And Academics it thereafter will be.

APRIL 1920

O maid of impertinent manners,
O damsel of insolent mien,
You come like an army with banners,
Triumphant, exultant—a queen;
As cool as the wind o'er the prairies,
As fresh as the blossoms of May,
You're full of astounding vagaries—
O Girl of To-day.

Your costume is scanty, O goddess:
A slip with a shoe-string begirt
That boasts nothing much of a bodice
And flaunts rather less of a skirt;
The imbecile stuff of your hose is
Sheer silk of the thinnest of thins,
Whose gauze half conceals, half discloses,
Your shapely young shins.

—FROM "THE AGGIE SQUIB."

In Stockbridge Hall, stronghold of agriculture, to the far north in the main hallway, there is an office. Its number is 112. It is from this office that Charles H. Patterson, whose Falstaff will be a lingering presence upon this campus, is quietly bringing to pass from the memories of rural journalism a major in languages and literatures. The little room is as generously ventilated as a tennis court; so within it, right now, one can hear the professor lecturing earnestly, probably upon Lord Byron, in the adjacent classroom, Number 113. And from 111 there comes also the voice of Professor Prince, eloquently engaged with the intricacies of sentence structure. In the midst of this aesthetic

hubbub, a young instructor sits in the office, reading themes. As it happens he is also faculty manager of the campus activities still known as "non-athletic," and as such is in charge of dramatics. It is April, 1920.

There is a rap upon the door, and four undergraduates enter. They are only juniors, and yet all four of them have served in the armies of the United States. Two of them were overseas. One of these two, Don Davidson, will next year, as part of our semi-centennial celebration, recreate upon the stage the martial personality of Colonel Clark.

"We wanted to see you about the commencement play," remarks Jack Smith, one eye already upon his future in Hollywood.

"The Witching Hour?"

"Yes, that's right. Well, we don't know how you will feel about it, Prof, but it's something about the co-eds."

The ladies are with us at last.

For over half a century M.A.C. has been a college for men. And yet all of this time it has been theoretically, and sometimes actually too, co-educational. There was a girl enrolled as early as 1875. She belonged, however, to what was called The Select Class, a group of special students. The class of '96 was the first to enjoy, for a short time only, the refining influence of a *bona fide* co-ed. Either in anticipation or alarm the trustees in 1894 passed a vote "that the President be authorized to arrange for special courses for women students." The need for such courses, however, was hardly pressing, and it was not until eight years later that Goodell announced a two-year course for women. Two young ladies took advantage of this unique educational opportunity. Meanwhile an occasional feminine enrollment in the regular courses was tending to arouse a sense of insecurity in manly breasts. The class of 1903, with a single girl, discussed the situation editorially in its *Index,* and found a

ray of comfort in the possibility of a greater number of elective courses. In 1905 there were graduated two girl bachelors, and one girl master, of science. Anything might happen now.

During the agrarian exuberance of the Butterfield era, and particularly after the social and industrial reappraisals which came with the war, the feminine encroachments continued, and soon no class was really complete without a girl to serve as secretary. As the number of co-eds increased Butterfield began to look out toward Henry French's pine trees and to dream of dormitories along the pleasant hillside. In 1914 he wrote of what he had in mind—"a woman's college of agriculture and rural home life." The next year a sorority was formed and recognized. In 1919 Miss Edna Skinner joined the staff, to be head of a department of home economics and adviser of women. The need of a dormitory was imperative. Butterfield wrote to Lewis from France, "I hope you get the women's building, but for goodness' sake don't let it get located off the hill. We must look ahead thirty years instead of three and realize that we shall have a big women's college there sometime." To which Lewis replied, "The women's building will go up on the hill, if I have to carry it up there myself." But somehow or other it is to be down by the Experiment Station; and within sight and sound of Patterson's office, men are working to-day upon Abigail Adams Hall—"the Abbey."

Yet even amid these evidences of official favor and manifest destiny Jack Smith refers to "the co-eds" in a tone that suggests both the surreptitious and the bold. The truth of the matter is that among the self-sufficient young males upon the campus these girls are about as popular as another sister. Indeed with broad, straight highways leading "over the river" and "over the mountain," the co-eds have not won the standing even of necessary evils. Both the undergraduates and the alumni have been airing their apprehensions as to the softening effect of coeducation upon that susceptible old reprobate known as "col-

lege life." Of course the girls can hardly be persecuted, thrown into the pond; but by gentlemen's agreement they can, and must, be ignored.

But Jack and Don and George Edman and Carl Bögholt, art-driven to desperate means, have guiltily agreed to a great renunciation. They proceed to explain with feverish detail a situation which for their hearer requires no explanation at all. The instructor has been looking forward, hopefully, to some such interview as this, but has known very well that his part must not be that of suggestion, but rather of reluctant consent. As he listens to the boys' nervous and half-defiant exposition, he struggles to suppress a smile.

This play, *The Witching Hour,* the boys explain, is a good play. It has got some great scenes; that one, for instance, in which Brookfield, the high-minded gambler, brings to bear upon the villain his extraordinary powers of mental control: "You . . . cannot . . . shoot . . . that . . . gun." But it's an intellectual play, a serious and dignified play. And there's the woman, the ingénue's mother, whom Brookfield has all these years so reverentially loved. "Cripes, Prof, you can't find a fellow who could handle a part like that." Jack's own favorite rôle is exhibition dancing in feminine attire. Jack ought to know.

The difficulty is obvious enough; so also is the remedy. But there is still that something else. The Roister Doisters are one hundred per cent male, and they have their traditions. They are ten years old, and traditions grow quickly in college.

The society was founded by Lawrence Dickinson and a group of his classmates of 1910. They founded it male. There had been drama, upon the campus before—a little of it. These founders had themselves essayed it, for pecuniary purposes. They had even used a co-ed, once, although the heroine of the play was interpreted by a football husky in partial disguise. But when on January 10, 1910, they organized, they naturally

excluded those of lower caste. Immediately they went on tour and, under the guidance of George Zabriskie and Miller Jordan, they furnished robust and collegiate entertainment far afield. Their name, The Roister Doisters, borrowed from a famous and early English comedy, was an inspiration. But when, about this time, having substituted *The New Boy* for *The Bachelor's Honeymoon,* they publicly announced that "the cast as chosen for the first play will remain intact," they engendered the suspicion that they were not allowing themselves to be oppressed by any severe ideals of art.

And now in 1920 the Roister Doisters are still social and still masculine. They have just presented *Nothing but the Truth* and the boys in girls' parts were "a scream." The Aggie Revue is still a fraternity stunt night and too Rabelaisian an offering for co-eds or faculty wives. But Jack Smith and his colleagues have now picked a play of distinction, and they wish to present it in the spirit in which it was written. So, with becoming embarrassment, they blurt the thing out:

"Prof, you know there are three women in this play. Three. Well, as it happens, there are three girls in the senior class. Get it? They'll all be gone next year. We could publish the fact that this isn't to be a precedent. But why couldn't we, just for this once, ask those three girls to take the parts?"

Grave deliberation. Of course, if it isn't to be a precedent. "You fellows would have to bear the brunt of this."

"We will."

"All right, then; let's take a chance."

In the unformed mists of the future there are co-eds awaiting their rôles: a Lady Teazle, a Viola, a Lady Macbeth, a Miss Kate Hardcastle, a Margaret Dearth, a Peg-o'-my-Heart. In 1931 a co-ed will be president of the Roister Doisters. And long before that time a brilliant girl, one Mary Boyd, will be editor-in-chief of the college newspaper. And when, in 1933, a girls' debating team will take off by airplane in search of opponents,

Sears

ROSALIND

as acted by Shirley McCarthy, 1933.

it may be said that the last citadel of Academics will indeed have fallen.

The instructor knows, in 1920, that this will happen. So do the boys. Each knows that the others know. But with unsmiling faces they go through with the ritual which the occasion seems to demand.

"This isn't a precedent."

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19 APRIL 1921

I know a trail on Toby.

—WATTLES.

Patriots' Day, 1921! There was a fall of snow yesterday, but the ground is beginning to dry. Up on Mount Toby, in deep woods not far from Roaring Brook Trail, fifty of the faculty are gathered with axes and looks of high courage. Thirty of them, including the President, have come from Amherst on the Central Vermont; the others have reached the foot of various trails by automobile. They are here to build, upon the tract of 755 forested acres purchased by the College five years ago, a log cabin for the Mettawampe Club.

Choppers have been here before them, felling the needed trees, but there is work enough left. Simply lugging the logs to

the camp site is no contemptible chore. Then clearing, and grading, and fitting the logs, and giving advice, are all of them notable feats. By midday the beans, hot-dogs and coffee are a dainty and delectable fare. Professors, aglow with exertion, nurse their blistering members and wish that their students could see them now.

The Indians knew this mountain as Kunckquachu, but as early as 1714 the settlers were calling it Toby. Tradition says that they named it after the first white man to climb it, "one Captain Toby . . . from a neighboring settlement, I think it was one of the Brookfields." There was a Toby in Brookfield, the records bear witness, "the Indian of Mr. Samuel Marshfield's"; and a Tobe in Hatfield, a negro; the white Captain Toby of legend is still to be tagged. In 1849 President Hitchcock of Amherst with a group of Appalachian-minded students renamed the hill Mettawampe. He took this name from an old deed which he assumed was the record of the sale of the mountain to the white men; actually it seems to have referred to lands immediately to the north. It is assumed that Mettawampe was a Nonotuck, but at the time of this deed there was a Quaboag of the same name, trading and raiding near Brookfield, "one of the shrewdest and bravest plotters and warriors of the war." Both captain and Indian are, therefore, elusive. Moreover the people of Sunderland resented bitterly the academic liberty which Hitchcock had taken with their mountain, and in town meeting assembled they repudiated the name he had chosen; but when our faculty organized an outing club in 1907, they unearthed it and made it their own.

The Mettawampe Club are more wampish some years than others, but always upon a Saturday in December they plod over Mount Toby, and then with wit, laughter and song, dine in the regions beyond. Frequently they assemble at the rambling tavern in Montague. The formula for post-prandial entertainment is this: if you can't get Waugh, try Sears; if you can't get

Sears, try Waugh; Clark Thayer will help with the music. Soon the formula will be disturbed by the comedy genius of Doran, and the sachem ritual of Charles Henry Thompson. But anyway, in years to come, those taking the annual hike will call at the cabin we are building to-day, for doughnuts and coffee and a turn at the fire.

Mount Toby is, of course, a beautiful playground; but for our naturalists it is also a laboratory, and its purchase was in keeping with our best traditions. Preëminently it is a forest. Clark's tree plantings, native and exotic, and his sap experiments which led to praise from Agassiz, were pioneer work in scientific forestry. The Fernow lectures in 1894 were, according to their distinguished author, "perhaps the first attempt to present systematically a whole course of technical forestry to a class of students in this country." Butterfield is offering a forestry major. But Osmun goes to Mount Toby for orchids, Gordon for pudding stone, Alexander for insects, and Waugh for photographs. It belongs to us all. In 1923 the precarious crow's-nest at the summit will be replaced by a steel lookout, which will be dedicated before eight hundred people on Columbus Day. This date will likewise mark the revival of the Mountain Day which Maynard and Stone used to provide in the '90's to the honor, and sometimes the confusion, of science.

So during an afternoon which grows constantly longer Butterfield's fifty foresters stumble and sweat and yet somehow lay steady foundations in the name of a dead and all but forgotten Indian. Mettawampe, all hail!

6 JUNE 1921

So I am at home again, and think it will take an earthquake in addition to a war to get me away again. Here I live. After wandering, this valley is my home, this very hillside, these green acres. . . . Here may I be quiet, and think and love and work. Here, when I lift up my eyes, I can see the fire smouldering in the Bush; I can hear from the clouds a Voice.

—DAVID GRAYSON.

The 6th of June, 1921! In Stockbridge Hall the first class really to complete the course in what will soon be known as The Stockbridge School of Agriculture are holding their commencement exercises. Senator Ladd of North Dakota has just delivered an appropriate address. Butterfield is presenting the eighty-nine certificates. John Phelan overflows a large chair and looks on with smiling eyes.

It is almost exactly three years since the state Senate suggested a two-year course in practical agriculture, and Butterfield asked Phelan to give up his chair in rural sociology and establish it. Phelan is devoted to the President; he says that before he met Butterfield he had not realized that a man could work for another with never a thought of his salary. Whatever Butterfield wants him to do, he wants to do. And yet he cannot forget that there have been other and ill-fated two-year courses at M.A.C.

For Goodell had such a course in 1893. There were twenty-three members that year. The trustees looked them over and voted *not* to call them The Wilder School of Agriculture. The four-year students also looked them over, and, without voting, began to call them Shorthorns. And sometimes, it is to be feared, they called them less innocent names. For although they

were glad to use them upon athletic teams, still they felt that these vocationalists were enjoying all of the amenities of college life without enduring their share of its intellectual discomfort; and they further felt that "the Shorthorns" were likely to bring Alma Mater's uncertain scholastic fame into disrepute; and they told the trustees that the two-year course was the cause of "our loss of *esprit de corps* and the consequent languishing condition of the institution." And, thinking such things, they were sometimes considerably off the standard pink of courtesy. This two-year course lasted for two years. In 1895 it was abandoned.

But in 1902 Goodell tried it again. He had an arrangement with Simmons College, and only girls were eligible. The first year there were two; the second year, one. In 1906 this course was likewise abandoned.

So Phelan, in 1918, took time to think it over. Of one thing he was certain: it should be something more than an administrative feeler and something more than a political gesture. "If I tackle this thing," he told Butterfield, "you understand that I propose to make a go of it."

He is "making a go of it." He is in charge of the other short courses, too, and he is "making a go" of all of them. In the current catalogue he has been able to report the following enrollments: two-year course, 277; vocational poultry course, 19; winter course, 112; summer session, 322; unit courses, 74; making a total of 804. Quite a good many of these students are disabled veterans of the World War, and their presence has done much to establish the project. But no one questions but that the director of short courses is "making a go of them."

Required of all two-year students is a six-month placement training, six months of farm work under observation, sandwiched between the first year and the second. To meet this requirement the freshmen have been away from the campus ever since last April; only the graduating class remain. As they cross the platform in white trousers and dark coats, eighty-nine of

them, they are a personable and a heartening group. Phelan recalls how they first arrived on the campus, a robust class of nearly two hundred, and found here a mere handful of upperclassmen, a remnant of the not much larger handful who had enrolled in the new course the previous December and by virtue of a priority of only three months in actual residence were entitled to govern. The incongruity of such authority as this was rather too much for the newcomers; rebellion against it, they observed, was as simple as walking around. Phelan apprehensively called them together and explained to them the mysteries of campus traditions. He asked them to help him establish and maintain such traditions, for the good of the school. And they did. "It was," he remarks, "the finest example of student response I have ever known."

Well, they like Phelan. As long as he is director, each class will dedicate its yearbook to him. Oh, yes, there already is a yearbook, *The Shorthorn*. This class of 1921 have provided most of the ways and means of campus life. They have at present three fraternities and one sorority. They have a glee club and athletics. Last Saturday their baseball team defeated Deerfield Academy 4 to 1. That same evening the class, under the direction of Professor Patterson, presented a play called *Too Much Johnson*. To-night they are having their prom.

Of course, the four-year men are looking on askance, much as they did in the time of Goodell. Beneath the pettiness of their complainings there is still some semblance of justification. It is always well that the integrity of trade-marks be maintained; they think that the trade-mark "M.A.C." is getting blurry. But really this two-year course is not a menace but insurance. For already under Butterfield and Phelan it is abundantly filling the need for practical training in agriculture, and when, under Thatcher and Verbeck, it has achieved a trade-mark of its own, the way will be clear for both college and school to realize whatever intellectual destiny each may deem most expedient.

Thus out of Phelan's triumph on this 6th of June there may be seen emerging two new and promising names on the roll of education: The Stockbridge School of Agriculture, The Massachusetts State College.

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12 JUNE 1921

And now we build a structure that will keep
Alive our dead who in the Argonne sleep.

—WATTLES.

Tardily, because of the war, the College is observing its fiftieth birthday.

Well over seven hundred alumni have returned. Among them are twelve of the thirteen living members of the class of '71. It is a different college, in appearance, in spirit, in prestige, than the one they visited in 1896. On the old ball ground by South College there is an enormous tent, in which guests of national distinction spoke to a huge crowd on Friday, "Citizens' Day," and in which Butterfield has this morning delivered a baccalaureate address upon the characteristic subject, "The College and the Commonweal." The incidental music for the various meetings is being furnished by a group of five sophomores under the leadership of Bob Fuller, a very unusual group who play to-

gether every week for four years, and never, jazz. Gore's ball team defeated Amherst yesterday by the score of 4 to 2. Colonel Clark and his associates in 1871 have been reincarnated, in the play *John Epps,* by the Roister Doisters. It is June at its greenest, and bluest, and hottest—Sunday, the 12th, in 1921.

South of the old stone chapel, now exclusively a library, there stands a new building, intended to meet certain recreational needs of the undergraduates. There are offices in it, for such organizations as the Senate and the *Collegian.* There is a spacious lounging room, the walls of which will for years be brightened by art exhibits secured and arranged by Professor Waugh. There is an auditorium for meetings and rehearsals and dances. There are bowling alleys, a barber shop, a student store. And in one dimly lighted and beautifully appointed room, a room carefully set apart from daily living, there are engraved above a fireplace the names of fifty-one men of M.A.C. who gave their lives in the Great War. Above these names there is a sentence which Butterfield borrowed from a granite stone erected among the white crosses of a little cemetery in Allerey, France, in memory of the first American soldier to die in the local hospital. It reads, "He ventured far to preserve the liberties of mankind."

We are gathered this afternoon, upon the green, to dedicate this building.

Dr. Joel Goldthwait, himself decorated by the British government, is speaking of the College's contribution in the war. Nothing which he, or any other man, can say is comparable in eloquence to the fifty-one silent names in that memorial room. Moreover statistics blur. Still let us see.

It was early in 1917 that Butterfield called to the attention of the Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety the importance of food supply. Thereupon the committee was expanded to include a Committee on Food Production and Conservation, with Butterfield as its chairman and John Willard, later to become

director of our Extension Service, as its executive secretary. This committee, working hand in hand with the agricultural college and other agencies unnumbered, stimulated enormously the food resources of the Commonwealth. By the 1st of June ninety-five per cent of our students and fifty-five members of the teaching staff had been released for emergency work, largely along these lines. In hundreds of neglected lots there appeared community gardens. The county farm bureaus purchased and distributed fertilizer and glass jars in carload lots. Official estimates of the increase in acreage challenge credulity.

Indicative of the spirit of the time are the student subscriptions to welfare work. In 1917 our undergraduates raised for this purpose $4,500, nearly twice the sum pledged for the athletic field four years before. In 1918 the students and the faculty together contributed the sum of $7,575.

But the demand of war is primarily men, and men we eventually gave. We had thought of them merely as boys until then. They were swayed by no romantic illusions, these lads. They knew well enough what kind of a war it was. They faced it eye to eye, but not with joy. A rally was held one day in Stockbridge Hall, and after the safely aged adults had had their say of duty and of glory, Dave Buttrick, president of the college Senate, was asked to respond. He said quietly that the students were "thinking it over," and so saying, sat down. Oh, yes, indeed, they knew.

But they were restless nevertheless—uneasy to go. And they went.

There were 1,304 of our Aggie men in uniform. Of these 446 held commissions, and 454 went overseas.

In terms of the reading public the most conspicuous in service was Daniel Willard, chairman of the advisory committee of the Council of National Defense.

As for the College, by the time of the armistice it was largely a training camp. The Experiment Station and the Extension

Service carried on, it is true, fighting the war with food. But Hurd was in Washington now. Butterfield, Cance and others were starting for France to bring into being there the A.E.F. University. One of its units, a farm school under the direction of Herbert Baker, '11, was located at the little village of Allerey, from which the memorial room inscription came. Waugh was in charge of the occupational therapy work in an Army hospital. The government had established a Student Army Training Corps upon our campus, and the undergraduates who were physically fit were literally "in the army now." French Hall, with certain other campus buildings, became a barracks. The Kappa Sigma house became a girls' dormitory. Student organizations, except the *Collegian,* ceased to function. Boys were uniformed, inspected, marched into classes.

But now, in 1921, all of this has begun to seem like a dream. Even the bereaved parents, standing in front of this building, reading from its eastern façade "We will keep faith with you who lie asleep," even they are strangely and unbelievably calm. In the sunlight of this June afternoon their anguish has somehow mellowed into a proud and tender sadness.

There are others upon the speaking program—Lindsey, Evan Richardson, William Wheeler—but it is Lewis whom we shall remember. His name is not engraved upon the cornerstone, but the alumni can read it there. Whatever pre-war criticisms there may have been of "the Dean," whose standards of scholarship were held responsible for ruinous inroads upon certain class enrollments, they are forgotten now. For it has been Lewis, variously supported by Atherton Clark and Spaulding and Munson and others, but still primarily Lewis, who has stood before the undergraduates and the alumni and made them feel that to share in this memorial to Aggie's dead was a high and especial privilege. And the generosity with which they have given, in view of their limited number and means, is a tribute not only to the dead, not only to Lewis, but also to themselves.


HE VENTURED FAR TO PRESERVE
THE LIBERTIES OF MANKIND
AMOS FRANCIS HAMBURGER '08
DEXTER EDWARD BAILEY '10
LOUIS CARMEL BROWN '10
HALLIDAY SPENCER SMITH '10
EDWARD ARTHUR LARRABEE '11
ALTON PALMER WOOD '11
WARREN FRANCIS FISHERDICK '12
WILLARD HARRISON HASEY '13
ROBERT BAKER HUTCHISON '13
HAROLD WILSON HYLAND '13
RALPH THOMAS NEAL '13
CHARLES MARSH STREETER '13
FRANCIS WELLINGTON WHITNEY '13
JOHN WATLING BRADLEY '14
ROBERT HENRI CHAPON '14
SAMUEL ROPLOVITZ '15
RAYMOND CHAMBERLIN '16
KENNETH BRADFORD LAIRD '16
CHARLES HENRY CLOUGH '17
WALTER IRVING CROSS '17
ALFRED AUSTIN FARWELL '17
WARREN TIMOTHY HARRIS '17
WILLIAM WALLACE THAYER '17
ROBERT CLAYTON WESTMAN '17
CHARLES RAYMOND WILBER '17
THOMAS EDWARD CARTER '18
DAVID OLIVER NURSE EDES '18
HAMILTON KNIGHT FOSTER '18
ROBERT PATTERSON IRVINE '18
FORREST DEAN JONES '18
ARTHUR VICTOR PETIT '18
BROOKS WOODWORTH '18
EDWIN PRINCE COOLEY '19
ELSTON ALMOND DAY '19
THOMAS WHITTY DESMOND '19
LAURENCE WASHBURN GAY '19
JOHN RAYMOND MOORE '19
ERNEST FRANCIS SEXTON '19
WILFRED LIVINGSTONE WOODSIDE '19
WARREN SIDNEY HATHAWAY '20
IVAN ANDREW ROBERTS '20
RALPH ROSS MCCORMACK '21
TRUEMAN EUGENE KILE '21
INSTRUCTOR
WINFORD ALPHEUS ALLEN
GRADUATE STUDENTS
ERNEST LANGFORD DAVIES
JOHN ELMER MARTIN
UNCLASSIFIED STUDENTS
PAUL TEN HAGEN BUCK
WILLIAM PATRICK FITZGERALD
CARROLL EDWARD FULLER
JOHN FARRAR GILES
EDWARD ASA HOOKER

In Memoriam

For there were 1,896 pledges. The boys still in college have promised no less a sum than $26,000. The total amount of the pledges is $151,295. Not all of this money will be collected, but all that is needed will be. It's a proud record.

The appeal of the fifty-one names is to Lewis a deep and a moving one. In spite of his present drift into executive channels, he is still temperamentally "of the cloth." He is at his best in the intimacy of fireside chat and in the dignity of public prayer. To-day, as he speaks before this Memorial Building, it is as though he were standing upon holy ground. His words are the beating of a thousand hearts. And they tremble into poetry. "Henceforth there will be a sepulchre in our garden," he says. "Every good garden has a sepulchre in the center of it. God has so willed it."

A sepulchre in our garden!

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14 JANUARY 1924

A certain legislator, visiting Amherst to investigate the College and unexpectedly impressed by what he was seeing, turned suddenly to his guide and said, "Now Professor, who . . . whom does all this belong to anyway?"

—A NEWSPAPER SQUIB.

Monday, January 14, 1924, at the State House!

An almost-beyond-endurance hearing is being enacted before

a committee of fifteen, a Committee on State Administration. Of those representing the College the field captain is Sidney B. Haskell, Brooks's successor in the Experiment Station. For ten years Haskell was on the teaching staff, and his super-Socratic course in agronomy was an educational experience which no purposeful student, regardless of major, could afford to miss. In presenting the Station's grievance to-day, he is not likely to leave his meaning vague.

Butterfield is not here. He has feared that his presence might lead the discussion into general administrative problems and hence away from Haskell's particular protest. Butterfield has become a storm center in the State House. But even in his absence there is tension in the committee room. Let us go back a little and recapitulate.

In 1910 the trustees appointed a committee "to consult with the attorney general for the purpose of ascertaining what steps are now necessary to be taken to insure that the Massachusetts Agricultural College will be considered by the Legislature as a state institution in the legal interpretation of this term but that the affairs of the institution shall be managed solely by the Board of Trustees." This action bespoke a maximum of support and a minimum of control. It acknowledged that in the then quasi-official status of the College there might be some question whether it was really a state institution at all. The trustees had become aware of peril ahead, between the Scylla of neglect and the Charybdis of overattention.

During the next few years two factors combined to dramatize the dilemma. One was Butterfield's Alexandrian ambition for the College. The other was the growing attempt at the State House, illustrated by the creation of a commission on economy and efficiency in 1913 and a supervisor of administration in 1916, to systematize and centralize the State's business. It was inevitable that these two forces, both of them admirable, should find each other more and more inconveniently in the way.

It was not until after the war, however, that the passage of certain constitutional amendments brought matters to a head. One amendment provided that no state money should go to institutions not under public control. This was really aimed at parochial schools, but the College, sensing insecurity, succeeded in rushing through, in 1918, "an act to dissolve the corporation of the Massachusetts Agricultural College and to provide for the maintenance of the College by the Commonwealth." Another amendment directed the General Court to consolidate all state activities into twenty departments, and the Legislature of 1919 quite reasonably placed the College in the Department of Education. The commissioner of education was Dr. Payson Smith.

It must not be thought that prior to 1919 the State House had been negligent in oversight, or the College evasive. Quite to the contrary. Indeed as early as 1868 two hundred legislators came to Amherst by special train, and amid flying flags and ringing bells rode imperially behind the Cataract Engine Company to their investigation. Less spectacular but more efficient, of course, have been the various committees which almost annually have inspected the plant. The Butterfield program eventually made the State House more college-conscious than ever before, and investigations multiplied. There was one in 1911 by the Committee on Ways and Means; another in 1913 by The Commission on Economy and Efficiency; another, reporting in 1918, by the Seelye Commission on the Investigation of Agricultural Education; another in 1921 by the Massachusetts Farm Bureau Federation; and another in 1923 by The Commission on Technical and Higher Education. It was in 1923, also, that Butterfield, in emulation of Colonel Clark, staged another memorable field day for the entire Legislature upon the college campus. Almost invariably the College has enjoyed favorable reports and immediate advantages from investigation, but the Seelye report sounded a note of warning

by saying that the College "will probably prove one of the most expensive institutions that the State maintains if it is to repay the State for its investment."

This post-war period has been a trying time for Butterfield. The agrarian boom is over; the sharp drop in attendance at agricultural colleges all over the country indicates that. On the other hand, costs of living are still soaring and make faculty salaries seem even more meager than usual. Butterfield reports a turn-over of nearly half his entire staff during 1919 and 1920. He misses Hurd. He has written to Governor Calvin Coolidge, "Our staff as a whole is thoroughly discouraged and even demoralized." But his strategy, like Clark's, is always to attack, and in 1921 he announced "a big program for forging ahead," and asked for general maintenance, an increase of $260,000, of which $80,000 was to be for "travel, office and other expenses."

Meanwhile the whole administrative relationship with Boston has been becoming more and more difficult. In a government reliant upon various checks and balances the whole process of appropriation is an elaborate game, in which the departments are expected to keep their resources up and the State House proper is expected to keep expenses down. Thus the former, anticipating a cut, pad their budgets, and the latter, assuming such padding, reduce without remorse. Under circumstances like these it is natural that the State House so-called should come to look with distrust upon not only departmental requests but also departmental expenditures, while the departments should tend to regard all State House interference as either arrogant or political. Thus suspicion hovers malevolently about the gilded dome.

The Commission of Administration and Finance, which in 1922 took over Tom White's duties as Supervisor of Administration, represents an attempt to control the State's business from a single office. It may be unnecessary; it may be unwise; it may be a deliberate choice as among evils. But it is undoubt-

edly an honest effort to insure for the taxpayer a fair return for his money.

From the standpoint of the College, however, it reeks with red tape, it subordinates the judgment of those at least in a position to know to that of the obviously uninformed, and it virtually robs the trustees of any excuse for existence. One can see the whole difficulty most clearly in the affairs of the Experiment Station.

Three years ago Haskell complained to the President: "I am more and more being held accountable as to method rather than as to results."

It is perfectly natural that Homer Loring, chairman of the Commission of Administration and Finance, should insist upon dealing directly and exclusively with the heads of the twenty state departments. There is, however, a startling incongruity in the director of a research laboratory having to do all of his business through the office of a commissioner of education. It irks Haskell, too, that he cannot have some reference to the Experiment Station upon his letterheads; what is a letterhead for! It infuriates him, after his request for thirteen new positions has been pared down to two, not to be permitted to say which of the thirteen these two shall be. It almost amuses him to have to have permission from the governor himself in case he needs to go outside the Commonwealth on public funds. For example, not long ago he received an emergency call to Winsted, Connecticut, to consult with the experts of that state upon a sudden and virulent outbreak of a tobacco disease called Wildfire. His project for this trip, involving perhaps four dollars, had to pass through the hands of the president of the College, the commissioner of education, the governor, the commission on administration and finance, the governor's council, and back again by substantially the same route. That sort of efficiency is burlesque.

But Haskell's real grievance has to do with the printing of

station bulletins. The Commission sometimes delays authorization until the bulletin is out-of-season. It objects to publishing the author's name. But, worst of all, it assumes the right and the ability to determine whether a particular bulletin should be issued at all. This is the bitter nub of the trouble.

So this gray Monday Payson Smith, as official head of the department concerned, presents the case. For the most part Smith has been both reasonable and tactful in his unhappy relation to the College. He believes that the system of centralized control of state activities is essential and for the most part working out well. He would not be willing to see it wrecked simply because it functions badly at Amherst. On the other hand, he realizes that Butterfield and Haskell are suffering more than inconvenience and humiliation. He tells the Committee to-day that Haskell has a case. "There should be nothing which might be called censorship. The persons in charge of the research work at the Station are familiar with their subjects while those outside naturally are not." The trustees have drawn up a bill exempting our station publications from the editorial oversight of Loring's commission. Smith asks that this bill be recommended.

White admits that when he was Supervisor of Administration he declined to print a bulletin on onion marketing. He says that it was full of charts which no farmer could understand. Then . . .

Homer Loring comes in. He gives the impression of being always in a hurry. Loring says that he inherited this controversy. Still he is pretty much out of patience with the College. He has told Haskell that if the people didn't want the law under which he is working, they would never have passed it. Within a fortnight he has said for publication that M.A.C. "needs financial control and supervision just as much as any other state institution"; that "what Dr. Butterfield really argues for

is a private treasury filled from the public funds." Loring has been trying conscientiously to do a difficult job, and he's touchy.

Of course he admits the suppression of the onion bulletin. He has said, socially and whimsically, that he never sees Haskell without smelling onions. There have been other suppressions, too; although not many. But there was Harlan Worthley's bulletin, entitled "The Biology of Trichopoda Pennipes Sab. (Diptera Tachinidae)—a parasite of the common squash bug." Of what conceivable use is that, Loring demands not implausibly, "to the squash growers of Massachusetts"? That bulletin is intended for entomologists, Haskell explains. It is a scientific document. It represents months of research, and unless it is made available for the profession, the work which it summarizes will have to be done all over again by some one else. It will help the squash growers of Massachusetts all right, but not directly.

Well, here is a bulletin about Paris green. What is this good for? "The use of Paris green for spraying has been practically done away with." Loring has an agricultural neighbor whom he is frequently quoting—a practical man, it would seem, with positive views. Haskell says that the hearing is not for the purpose of disagreeing about particular bulletins, but rather to examine a principle. Is the Commonwealth going to make a part of its permanent policy this "censorship by untrained laymen"?

"Our job," says Loring, "was to advise on what was necessary printing and what was not. It was a question of business judgment on the one hand and the desires of the professors on the other." He says that he is saving the State, from all sources, some $150,000 on printing.

Certain trustees—Ellis, Bowditch, Wheeler—speak. Wheeler says that White, while he was supervisor, once put the whole question in a nutshell. "It's a pretty tough job for me," he said, "to have to run the College down here without knowledge of its

needs, and it's a pretty tough proposition for you to have to run the College without the power to meet its needs." Does White remember saying that? Yes, he thinks that he does.

The hearing ends, as hearings usually do—inconclusive. But when John Chandler and Griggs, as officers of the Massachusetts Farm Bureau Federation, call upon the Governor next month to urge the passage of the Experiment Station Exemption Bill, the Governor, pouring proverbial oil, will tell them that there will "be no further trouble." It isn't a spectacular victory, a knock-out; but Haskell wins.

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29 JUNE 1925

"This coat is too tight for me; I can't hook the collar," announced a freshman to the official tailor of the Aggie army last Monday. "It clings perfectly," countered Sergeant Lee. "Next."

—FROM "THE COLLEGIAN."

Reveille!

Four-thirty a.m., in Waterbury, Vermont. The 29th of June, 1925.

"Oh how I hate to get up in the morning;
Oh how I'd like to remain in bed!"

The lonely guard, pacing the cavalry picket-line, breathes

a sigh of relief. Daybreak at last! Beneath his feet the sod of the fairgrounds sucks in and out the residue of yesterday's rain. It was a rain, too. At Bethel one of the trucks spent a good share of the morning stuck fast in the mud. But to-day will be different. From cool, almost frosty meadows of mist Camel's Hump rises triumphantly to the south. In the bushes the white-throats are singing.

There are other sounds, however, among the pup-tents. The cadets are getting up. Heads emerge, checking up on the weather. Even "Slip" Loud is in action. Spirits warm in response to the sun. There is cheerful and irrelevant cursing. Contented complaints. Much ado about nothing. Then a dolorous wail—one of the indignities which in the name of youth a man is proud to have forgiven:

> "It ain't goin' to rain no more, no more,
> It ain't goin' to rain no more."

It isn't. The sky is filling with Mediterranean blue. At noon the troop will mess at Fort Ethan Allen.

It takes a stormy day to make another clear. Alkie, the cook, stands by his tent in the pre-war race track, and, observing the sod dikes about his range, remarks that yesterday was just such a day—stormy. Yesterday, too, President Calvin Coolidge drove urgently from Swampscott to the village of Plymouth, where his octogenarian father, upon whom our twenty-seven cadets had called three days before, was going through the crisis of an emergency operation. It is not recorded that their call was too much for him.

Along the picket-line the horses are becoming uneasy, tossing their heads at each other and saying, army-fashion, "When do we eat?" Every horse has a number, a name, and a reputation. Sometimes there is a correlation. Number 57, for example, is Heinz. But Slip Loud is not reconciled to Number 8's being Dolly. She gave him a broken nose in the riding park one day.

Another of our troopers will never forgive Dolly for having lost him, maliciously as it would seem, on a night ride. Dolly is no name for a horse like that. This beautiful creature here, King Tut, is the captain's mount. The sergeants, Gain and Cronk, know the horses quite as intimately as they know the men.

But the men, too, are making their appearance along the picket-line, grooming their horses a bit for the day. There is Don Williams, ranking cadet. A horse will be named after him by and by. Other boys here at Waterbury are to be accorded the same distinction: Ted Grant and Al Mann. Suddenly and smartly the guard salutes. The commanding officer is making his rounds. His name is Hughes. He is straight, and supple, and immaculate. His smile is disarming. His voice is caressingly soft, from the South. He merits distinction among the many fine fellows detailed to M.A.C. by the War Department, because this long ride from Amherst to Fort Ethan Allen, apparently the first of its kind to be undertaken by an undergraduate unit, was his idea. It is manifestly fitting that he should be in charge.

The horses, exasperating though some of them are, have still been a humanizing factor in the military work. It is five years now since they came, sixty of them, many in various stages of disability; and with them have come a sportsman interest in drill, and a social seeking after country roads, and polo, and horse shows (the first one in 1923), and night rides (the first one booked for next spring). The students who make up the cavalry are upperclassmen, and for upperclassmen, since 1907, military has been elective. The boys take up this training, including the six weeks in summer, partly in consideration of some one hundred dollars a year and the privilege of an ultimate commission in the Officers' Reserve, partly perhaps for the sake of a natty uniform which actually fits, but largely because of the horses. This hike to Fort Ethan Allen is really a lark.

Cavalry is something new at the College. In the early days

the basic course was in infantry tactics, with some artillery practice for juniors and seniors. There were a couple of cannon, Napoleons, which for years constituted one of the most alluring features of our entire college course. These went to the Spanish War, however, and never returned. So for about twenty years our military unit was one hundred per cent infantry. But now we have horses. A military excursion from Amherst is not in itself entirely novel. In 1877 Colonel Clark reviewed his soldiers in camp on Mount Toby. In 1880 the battalion marched in Boston, helping to celebrate the settlement of that town; in 1896 it took part in a prize drill, in Boston again, and acquitted itself with notable, although not the highest, distinction. But this two hundred mile ride over the hills of Vermont is something unique.

Five-thirty, chow!

By six-fifteen the men are ready to go. Their saddle-bags are packed, and their blanket rolls. Some extras of baggage will come along in the trucks. The camp-ground has been policed. The lads, in forest green, are on their mounts, and, two by two, start briskly down the road.

The day is still unspoiled. A farmer's dog is driving cows down to the pasture bars. The Winooski River flows gently toward Champlain. To the north Mount Mansfield lifts high its wooded head. The sun feels good on the backs of the riders.

On to Fort Ethan Allen!

"It ain't goin' to rain no more, no more;
It ain't goin' to rain no more."

13 JUNE 1927

In far places,
Beyond the fields of Amherst,
Are those who, dreaming of her, love her still.

—FAITH PACKARD, '29.

In the building which he himself legislated in 1913, Lewis is bidding good-by to the class of '27 and to his friends in Amherst. He has conferred eighty-six degrees of various kinds, has spoken feelingly of the thing we call loyalty, and has announced his successor. His work for this college is done.

His administration has not been an easy one. He has told the alumni that it seems to him "far harder to steer an institution through a period of contraction and reaction than to guide it in unhampered growth."

The understanding relative to the publication of experiment station bulletins was advantageous, but left still unsettled the fundamental question of control. Boston argued that both by law and by logic every state institution should be administered from the State House. We argued that this particular institution was too untypical and too delicate to be administered efficiently from so great a distance, and by a commission which is almost essentially political.

In the spring of 1924 Butterfield resigned to accept the deferred presidency in Michigan. If this position had not presented itself, he still would have resigned, to accept another, albeit less attractive, offer. He took Phelan with him. Later he sent for Willard. In going he allowed himself the luxury of a parting shot at Boston: "For nearly five years I have been compelled to work under a system of state house control which, as applied to the College, I regard as wholly unsound in principle,

in practice highly detrimental to efficiency and true economy, as well as seriously discouraging to my co-workers on the staff. . . . I have no desire to hide my satisfaction with the prospect of relief from a situation that has become almost intolerable."

Lewis, now almost as a matter of habit, became acting president. He might probably have had the presidency at this time had he not pressed the point that no man should be asked to accept it under prevailing conditions. In his second annual report he said: "During this year of administration I must frankly state that I have seen my judgments and recommendations as an executive overruled or set aside. I have seen important printing arrive too late either for effective use or for any use at all. I have seen requests for salary adjustments of a delicate and urgent nature questioned and refused. I have seen travel requests of an important and obligatory character rejected." And he summarized the situation in Butterfield's own phrase "almost intolerable," only without the "almost."

Such declarations as these indicated, of course, a state of mind, a certain jumpiness at both ends of the Massachusetts Central. And yet it is true that the attempt to centralize and simplify the administration of the College had led into new and baffling indirections. Too many cooks were not only spoiling, but spilling, the broth. The objection at the College was largely to the Commission of Administration and Finance, because therein lay the control of the purse and with it a control of personnel and policy. However such control was so staunchly intrenched in the new system of supervision as to defy dislodgment. There remained, however, the possibility of eliminating the complication inherent in the requirement that all negotiation must be second-hand, by way of the Department of Education. Indeed Payson Smith himself was on record as saying that "the Commissioner would welcome a complete detachment of the College from the Department of Education," and would

"take the initiative in proposing such legislation as the trustees agree is desirable."

Legislation, then, seemed to be the next move. So Lewis and a committee of ten alumni and trustees referred our petition to the General Court. Griggs, who was a member of the Legislature, drafted a bill. It did some violence to the established principle of centralized control, but there were enough friends of the College to secure its passage, and on May 6, 1926, Governor Fuller, with doubts as to its consequences, appended his signature. It amended the Consolidation Law as follows: "Nothing in this chapter shall be construed as affecting the powers and duties of the trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College as set forth in chapter 75." The Commission of Administration and Finance still retained authority in all matters of expenditure, as in the case of all state departments; but the amendment at least restored to the trustees a direct contact with the guardians of the people's wealth.

The following month Lewis became president.

That was last June. Now he, too, is going. He has a host of friends, many of them in greater Boston. His administration in Amherst has been serene. But he carries the scars of fifteen years' campaign, and he feels them when the wind is cold. The invitation to the presidency of the University of New Hampshire is alluringly to fresh woods and pastures new. His attachment to M.A.C. is genuine and deep, but he feels that he must go.

There is an unexpected stir upon the commencement platform. The veteran trustee, George Ellis, is speaking. The stillness of the crowd is electric. He is presenting the retiring president, Edward Morgan Lewis, for the honorary degree of doctor of laws. "In recognition of his high scholarly achievements and distinguished service to the Massachusetts Agricultural College!" There is an approving roll of applause. The recipient is visibly surprised and moved. Henry Fernald, director of the

Graduate School, confers the degree. Charles Peters adroitly supplies the hood.

For the first time in its history this college has conferred an honorary doctorate.

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23 OCTOBER 1929

. . . to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life.

—THE MORRILL ACT.

. . . to teach subjects relating to agriculture and mechanic arts so as to promote liberal and practical education. Its curriculum may include other scientific and classical studies and shall include military tactics.

—THE COLLEGE CHARTER.

"We have brought in a copy of to-day's issue of the *Collegian*—in case you might want to do something about it."

The speaker is Lauri S. Ronka, chairman of The Agitation Committee. He is accompanied by Lewis Lynds, editor of the *Collegian,* and Paul Smith, its prospective business manager.

The scene is the President's office in the tower of South College. A long mahogany table runs the length of the room and

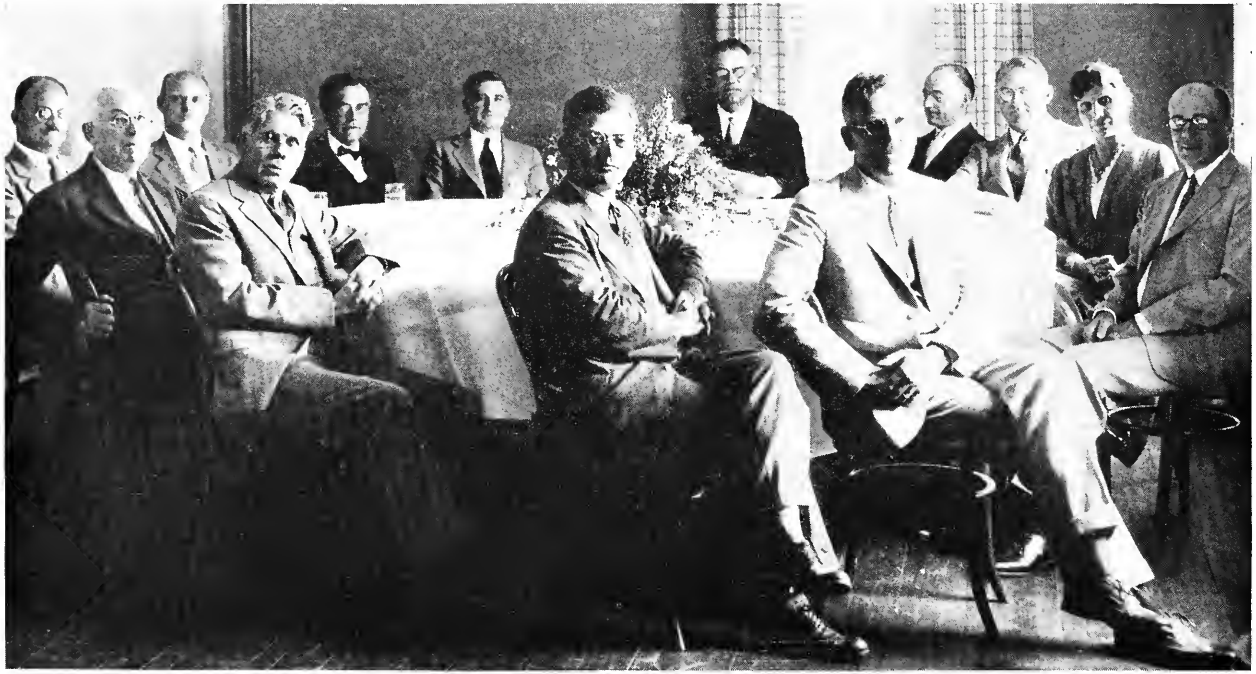
abuts the executive desk. A fireplace has become immaculately official, from disuse. From the windows behind the desk one may look out upon the parade ground where football teams may still sometimes be seen, and beyond, toward the Holyoke Range and Tom. It is Wednesday afternoon, the 23rd of October, 1929.

Ronka sits at the left of the long table, facing the desk. His colleagues take places at its right. The President is reading Lewie's leader, rapidly.

President Roscoe W. Thatcher—people notice him quickly, then look a second time. There is something about his appearance—the titan body, the deeply lined but open face—that suggests the Nebraskan prairies where he spent his youth. If hogs had brought four cents a pound in '95, instead of two-and-one-half, he says that he would probably be there, farming, yet. As it happened, however, the hard times made a chemist of him, a chemist of national reputation. He came to Amherst two years ago, in 1927, having been director of the state agricultural experiment stations of Washington, of Minnesota, of New York, and for four years dean of the Department of Agriculture at the University of Minnesota. And he is making a good impression, particularly upon his staff. They like his genuineness, his courage, his horse sense, even his occasional bluntness. He has made them see their college and their jobs in a new and better light; they have stopped whining and are beginning to whistle. "A college that belongs to the people of the state," he observes, "eventually becomes what the people of the state really want it to be." The alumni like him, too. Boston likes him. The students, remembering Lewis, are not yet quite sure.

For example, there is this matter of the name of the College. The editorial in the current *Collegian* relates to that.

The scope of the College and its name—for sixty years this grinning ogre has lurked behind our peace. In general the older men of M.A.C. have gloried in our difference from the other



THE THATCHER CABINET

From the left: Rice, Kenney, Van Meter, Gordon, Mackimmie, Machmer, Hicks, Thatcher, Verbeck, Hawley, Sievers, Miss Skinner, Munson.

colleges within the Commonwealth, and the younger men have sought to wipe that difference out. Almost anything one pleased could be read into the wording of the Morrill Act, but the aim of the doughty senator from Vermont was certainly to provide collegiate opportunities for the so-called lower classes. He said in Amherst, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his famous act: "The design comprehended not only instruction for those who hold the plow or follow a trade, but such instruction as any person might need . . . and without the exclusion of those who might prefer to adhere to the classics." As for our Massachusetts founders, they purposed an agricultural college. There is no doubt about that. But as to what should constitute the scope of such a college, they did not know. And by the time that Levi Stockbridge had got his practical courses really organized, the contending forces of liberalism and vocationalism were already beginning to take the field.

One of the earliest bugle calls of liberalism came, quite naturally and yet surprisingly too, from the Amherst College weekly, in 1871. "A majority of the students at the M.A.C.," it said, "are not farmers' sons who, on returning whence they came, intend to devote themselves to agriculture. Facilities are offered, and improved by many, for becoming practical engineers, surveyors and chemists. The representatives of the M.A.C. are entitled to courteous and decent treatment from the older and larger colleges."

By 1874 the occupational surveys of our alumni had begun, and from that day to this such surveys have never failed to bring comfort of some sort to whichever group conducted them. Clark used them to defend his vocationalism, already under fire. In his last annual report he said, referring to his trustees and to the name of the College: "Notwithstanding the unpopularity of the word *agricultural,* they have not asked to have it stricken out as has been done in Ohio and Pennsylvania."

In the '80's, however, the campus definitely undertook to

change our name. The '85 *Index* was published as of "The Massachusetts State College"; President Greenough in his annual reports referred invariably to "the State College"; the commandant in 1888 printed general orders under the same unlawful name. But the trustees, thinking no doubt of the aged and absent Wilder, voted "that footnotes in the catalog of 1885 indicating that the study of agriculture could be optional or elective, be erased." The alternative for juniors, by the way, was Latin.

In the middle '90's the re-namers were at it again. A committee of trustees, appointed in 1895, struggled with the problem for two years and gave it up. Only the rugged eloquence of Levi Stockbridge deterred the alumni, back for commencement in 1897, from a resolution to change. Cutter, '82, circularized a group of our more prominent men and found eighteen in favor of the change of name, and twenty opposed. Even Bowker was thought to be, for a while, among the liberalists, and in 1899 there was printed a protest against his reappointment as trustee on the score that he "has recently said in public that the College was wrongly named, that agriculture ought to be restricted, and if he could have his way, he would do away with it altogether." Of course, the authors of this document were seeing red; the name that Bowker had suggested was The Massachusetts College of Applied Science and Agriculture.

In 1901 the students became articulate again. By a vote of 115 to 4 they pledged themselves to expunge the unwelcome word from public view. They changed the name of their paper from *Aggie Life* to *The College Signal.* Pins, stationery, commencement programs, even the stone marker by the 1901 class tree, all carried the more acceptable letters M.S.C. But Goodell, whose sympathies were doubtlessly with his boys, could not forget the founding of the College, and declared that its name should not be changed while he was president.

By 1907 the undergraduates, alive to the Butterfield boom,

had notably shifted ground. The *Signal* said: "By far the greater proportion of Aggie's loyal alumni have attached a reverent and beautiful sentiment to the name *Aggie,* a sentiment which it was audacious and heartless to ever ask them to give up." In 1914 the paper was saying: "Since 1901 the study of agriculture has rapidly grown out of the stigma which the students at that time thought attached to it." There was talk of restoring the paper's former name, the bucolic *Aggie Life.*

But the ardor for ruralism did not survive the war. Butterfield brought back from Europe his newly-begotten *World Agriculture,* and found the home-folks unimpressed. Still he resumed his desk in old South with unabated zeal. "The College was started as an agricultural college, is to-day an agricultural college, and I hope may be forever maintained as an agricultural college." But he admitted that he had "been obliged constantly to broaden our definition of agriculture." It was true. Like a presiding genius he had been one, perhaps the principal one, to observe and to foster the evolution of the term: from mere production, the pork-bearing hog on the hoof, to include marketing; thence to include rural social welfare; and now the whole kaleidoscopic problem of food supply. But even this expanded definition of our province was not enough to assure a hearty backing for the College, and Butterfield knew it. Early in 1924 he asked that the College "be allowed to broaden the scope of its work somewhat beyond the fields of agriculture, country life and food supply," and he outlined the immediate steps. But he did so reluctantly, sadly. This compromise of his institutional ideal, perhaps even more than the administrative tangle in Boston, gave wings to his going to Michigan.

Lewis, who during two of his three years at the wheel was only an acting president, held the whole matter in abeyance. But Thatcher has known from the day of his arrival that this was to be an immediate challenge to his administration. Already thoroughly familiar with land grant colleges, he discussed

the problem in his inaugural address. He noted some significance in the fact that our faculty were that day making their first appearance in academic cap and gown. He said that it was the purpose of the Morrill Act "to put within the reach of those who were not then able to acquire it, an opportunity for the same educational privileges that members of other classes of society enjoyed." But the work of the College was to him much more important than its name. "In the past, at least, its name has been no handicap."

For two years he has been studying the situation, coming to realize, a little unwillingly perhaps, that the scope of the College and its name were inextricably bound up together. That he has moved with deliberation is in itself ample evidence that deliberation has been essential. There is temperamentally nothing timid about this man. Personally he has come to favor a change in the name; but he knows very well that the farmers of the State have not, that very many of the Butterfield alumni have not, that some of his trustees have not, and that members of the General Court have not. And when the change does come, he wants it a clean break, not a ragged and festering one. Moreover the national Bureau of Education is making a survey of the land grant colleges, to define, or perhaps redefine, their place and purpose. The report of this survey will almost certainly help to justify a change in name. Anyway he would like to wait for it.

In the progress of a revision of the course of study, a revision which he has initiated and brought to pass, ruralism has given way to science. Thatcher is a scientist to the finger tips, and yet he has approved a considerable extension of the curriculum along humanistic lines. The metamorphosis of Butterfield's course in Rural Literature may serve as a symbol: it is now listed as a "social science"; it is actually a study of Chaucer. It cannot be said that the Thatcher revisions give the liberalists any just grounds for complaint.

Still these three boys sitting in his office this afternoon represent a chronic impatience which cannot be ignored.

In the spring of 1928 *The Massachusetts Collegian,* erstwhile *The College Signal,* began stirring up the embers of 1901. Three seniors, members of its editorial board, contributed a series of communications in favor of an immediate change in the name of the College. Upon a vote of the student body, Adelphia, the senior honorary society, presented to the trustees in June a petition to this effect. This petition was read, and carefully filed.

In the fall the *Collegian,* persuaded that the President was sympathetic to the movement, allowed its cannonade to subside. Not so Kongo. Kongo was a name, the origin of which is not for publication, adopted by a considerable group of upperclassmen residing in North College. Uncomplimentary things were sometimes said about them, particularly among the custodians of our athletic destiny. Well, it must be admitted that Kongo was sometimes graceless, and often non-conformist, and variously noisy; but it loved the old College and had no inclination to let a perfectly good issue die for want of attention.

So the *Collegian* found that it had a rival, a gypsy sheet called *Mass Action.* This organ had several objectives, most of them legitimate, but the greatest of all was a new name for the College. The two editorial voices furnished a little campus entertainment at each other's expense, but soon came to an understanding for the sake of the common cause.

The Kongo committee, now accredited by student government, next undertook in the persons of Messrs. Ronka, Jensen, Crowley, Devine and Robertson, to present a petition signed by 453 undergraduates to His Excellency, Governor Fuller. But the Governor, on the very eve of retirement, declined to accept it; so they presented it, accompanied by a bombardment of fourteen telegrams from campus organizations, to the trustees instead. The trustees mentioned the now familiar land grant college survey, but were obviously trying to be friendly.

One of them, however, felt impelled to indulge a philosophic observation. "This will all blow over in a little while," he said; "it always has." Five petitioners registered that remark with rigid jaws; and each one muttered grimly to himself, "We'll see."

So the committee reorganized, preparing for a long campaign. Ronka was still chairman. Meetings were held at midnight in his room. Jensen was a zealous, almost a fanatical, lieutenant. Lynds and Smith were *Collegian* members. There were others: Herbert Allen, Fred Troy, a little later Dan Darling. They called themselves The Agitation Committee. They were pledged to endure.

A fortnight ago Thatcher had this committee in. He said that he understood that they were themselves presuming to have a bill introduced into the Legislature, that the bill was already drawn up, that legislators had been solicited to support it. Yes, that was the case. There was frost in the air. Something was gained, however, when the President learned, apparently for the first time, that this Agitation Committee was authorized to agitate by both Adelphia and Senate. He proceeded to explain his apprehension regarding this legislative enterprise. There was still the forthcoming report from Washington. Moreover there was also Hicks's gallant campaign for a new physical education building, a campaign in which the President was also taking a very active part. Word had just come from Boston to the effect that the Legislature could be depended upon to match, dollar for dollar, as much as we could raise ourselves. A squabble now over the college name would be at least inopportune. Then, too, the bill, any bill, must be maneuvered; and influential backing at every step must be assured. It would never leap the several hurdles merely on its merits. The boys must wait.

The argument regarding Hicks's building seemed reasonable to them. They felt, although they themselves had received very

little support from the powers athletic, that after all every one was working for Alma Mater.

Then Fred Troy asked a question. In response to this land grant college survey, how were our students reported in terms of curriculum majors? The President didn't know. How could they find out? He mentioned an official in Washington. Jensen wrote down the address. That evening he mailed a letter.

All this was two weeks ago.

To-day president and agitators are met once more. As the President reads the submitted copy of the *Collegian,* the rest of the edition is being doggedly guarded by Jensen in the Memorial Building. Jensen has plans. The President does not notice a communication by Phillip Whitmore, alumni trustee, condemning the undergraduate program; nor communications by Jensen and Troy condemning compulsory vocationalism. He is engaged with Lynds' editorial entitled "Justice."

Its exposition isn't very clear. It quotes a newspaper report of a statement the President has made once or twice in chapel, to the effect that since considerably over half of the institution's total budget and personnel is devoted to agricultural service, the present name cannot be called a misnomer; and that there is "nothing to be gained and much to be lost by a public campaign off the campus" at this time. The boys seem to resent the presentation of the President's case in the press which they are told is not open to theirs. Then the editorial quotes the Washington reply to Jensen's letter. *All* of the students at M.A.C., it says, are being reported as majors in agriculture. The boys have jumped to the conclusion that the President is not playing fair.

Actually the Washington correspondent was referring, not to the land grant college survey, but to annual reports instead. The blanks provided for these offer an opportunity to indicate some of our students as "majors," but not a great many. So the clerks

have for years treated them perfunctorily and classified all of the students as "agricultural college." These are the facts. But the misunderstanding has gotten beyond facts; it is tearing at faith.

The President rises abruptly, dropping the offensive sheet upon the desk—visibly hurt. He is already harassed by the disease which will dictate his resignation in 1932, a disease which becomes demoniac on occasions like this. It is plain that the boys will wreck their own program, to say nothing of his. "This statement is ill considered," he says, "and should not be circulated." He would like to suppress the issue, as Goodell once succeeded in doing, but he is much too wise to order that now.

Nor is it an easy hour for Ronka and Lynds. They, too, have been hurt, have been angry. And they are still grim, but apprehensive. There are long silences, eloquent ones.

The President rings for Dean Machmer, and the Dean also reads what Lewie has had to say about justice. The Dean is frequently very close to the undergraduates; his judgment is usually good. He agrees at once that suppression is out of the question. Well, what then? Anything?

"I'd like to show this to Hawley," the President says. Hawley, his dependable secretary, was himself an undergraduate ten years ago. The editorial is read once more. "Justice!" How much more there is to justice than the will to be just! Bob stands at the window, his eyes in a cloud. Knowing and loving his chief as he does, he feels that this thing is an outrage. But what is to be done about it? "If our office should give Mr. Lynds a formal reply, something to publish, . . ." he says.

The President nods. "Let the papers go out."

. . . . .

The time to act will arrive a little earlier than Thatcher foresees. In 1930 a questionnaire will indicate two-thirds of reply-

ing alumni ready to change. Ground will be broken in June for Hicks's new building. The report of the land grant college survey will not yet be at hand, but a proposed referendum likely to commit the General Court to the establishment of a state university in Boston will have made it highly imperative that our claim to recognition as a liberalized college be instantly pressed. Thus on November 10th the trustees, persuaded by the President's excellent recommendation, will vote to ask for a new name, The Massachusetts State College, and on the 15th of April, 1931, their request will be granted.

There will be no demonstration, no ringing of bells, no rejoicing in Kongo. North College will have become by that time, quite prosily, a freshman dorm. There will be no paying of tributes to illustrious workers. But "Prexy" and the Agitators will smile at the news, and call it a day.

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20 MAY 1932

Amity Street goes silently down
The old-time path to Hampton town;
Curving and wide, airy and still,
On the sunny side of the westward hill;
Tall elms cast their flickering shade,
Orioles sing there unafraid,

Gold and scarlet the maples burn
Each year when the frosts return;
But every season it's easy to greet
Good friends and true on Amity Street.

—GEORGE MEASON WHICHER.

And leading out of Amity Street, only a stone's throw from the colonial homestead in which Eugene Field spent his boyhood, is Sunset Avenue. And on Sunset Avenue, a stone's throw from the corner, is the Victorian what-not built and loved by Goodell, and now, a few months ago, purchased by Robert Frost. And a little farther along Sunset Avenue is the modern residence of the man who has become the country-man's Plato, David Grayson.

There are other houses on Sunset Avenue. One of them is the home of Curry Hicks, and from it there have just emerged two young trustees—Whitmore and Griggs. It is Friday, the 20th of May, 1932.

This morning, upon the fifth anniversary of Lindbergh's incomparable triumph over the Atlantic, Amelia Earhart has hopped off to show that a woman can duplicate his flight. This afternoon Mel Taube's baseball club have beaten Hamilton on Alumni Field. This evening the cavalry cadets will gallop out into the darkness for a fourteen-mile night-ride under sealed orders. It is a day on which to take a sportsman's chance.

Whitmore and Griggs have been spending most of the afternoon in South College, where Thatcher and the Ellis committee of trustees have resumed the unwelcome task of finding a new head for the institution. The committee were not without candidates. Far from it. Fifteen letters of nomination were read. There was also a list of fourteen, held over from a previous meeting. Some of the more attractive candidates are men more or less known to the faculty. Whitmore and Griggs went over the ground carefully during supper at Draper Hall. Why wouldn't

THE GOODELL HOUSE

Purchased 1932 by Robert Frost. Drawing by Rodger Chamberlain.

it be a good idea to sound out a few members of the staff about these men. They mention four or five whose judgment they respect. One of them is Hicks.

So they have been talking with Curry, and here they are. Sunset Avenue seems very lovely to them in the dusk of an evening in May.

"That house is Ray Stannard Baker's," Whitmore remarks.

"I haven't seen him," Griggs replies, "since as a student substitute carrier I sometimes delivered his mail."

"I see him often. At the Harvest Club. He's salt of the earth."

"Wouldn't he have a slant on some of these candidates?"

"Why, of course. Let's go in."

They are, therefore, presently seated in a room of innumerable but orderly books. The author is delighted to see them. He is always delighted to see people. That is sometimes a handicap to writing, but it gives to his books their flavor. Mrs. Baker is charming too. Of course these guests represent a college which has become very dear to both of them.

So the four of them talk president for a while, confidentially, very freely. And Baker knows of several men to whom it might be well to write of candidates. He would be glad to do so personally. The subject is dropped.

Griggs wishes something said about the adventures of David Grayson. He isn't a farmer, as Whitmore is, but he knows the Grayson essays like a ritual. Baker is smiling wistfully. He began writing those essays for relaxation, and he still writes them largely for relaxation. Meanwhile he is engaged upon an exhausting and scholarly biography of Woodrow Wilson, a book which, like the other Baker books, will probably never reach the hearts of the people as the Grayson books have done. "Do you know," he remarks, "I am sometimes a little jealous of David Grayson."

Something is said of the Baker home. To westward are the

garden, the orchard, the bees and the Berkshires, all of which this Baker-Grayson loves. He sprays the fruit-trees, hives the bees, himself. Mrs. Baker grows the flowers.

"Can you stand a little reminiscence?" he inquires.

"Back in 1910 we came to Amherst to visit the Butterfields. We, too, belong to the Michigan clan, you see. At that time they were living in a house across the street. I remember getting up in the morning and looking out of our bedroom window upon what seemed to me the loveliest spot in the world. The valley was soft in a meadow of mist. Beyond it was Mount Warner, and beyond that the hilly horizon. There was hardly a house here then. But as I gazed upon the knoll lying before me, I said to Mrs. Baker, 'This is the place we have been looking for. This is the site for our home.' We came that year to live in Amherst, and soon after purchased these acres. And here we built our house."

The trustees have forgotten all about their search for a president. So has their host. And yet were it not for the earlier talk on the subject, he would probably never have said, "By the way, I have a brother who would make a good college president."

Instantly the two trustees are back on the job.

"What's that?"

And Baker, the most unassuming of men, is biting his wayward tongue. "I am not suggesting him," he adds, "for M.S.C." This is perfectly true; he didn't think of his brother at all in terms of the local vacancy. But his guests have picked up a scent and are keen for the run. "Who is he?" they ask; "And where is he now?"

"His name is Hugh. He is Dean of the College of Forestry at Syracuse."

"Tell us some more."

"Well, he's fifty-three or -four, country-bred like myself. He has degrees from Michigan State, and from Yale, and from the

University of Munich. He has been in the Forestry Service. He has taught at Iowa State, Pennsylvania State, Syracuse. He has held executive positions with the American Paper and Pulp Association and the United States Chamber of Commerce. That's about all."

"What does he look like?"

Mrs. Baker finds a picture in a Michigan magazine. The face is clean-cut, manly, distinguished.

Although swelling with excitement, the young trustees reassume an air of the world. The conversation drifts into odds and ends. Soon they leave.

Their host, thinking no more of the matter, will a few days later be startled to read in the papers that his brother, Dr. Hugh Potter Baker, has been offered the presidency of the Massachusetts State College. On February 1, 1933, he will have taken over its arduous duties.

"Well," as David Grayson has somewhere remarked, "it's a friendly world—and full of business."

5 AUGUST 1932

. . . across the quiet pond
A murmur stirs and whispers and is gone;
The north star shines on Toby.

—WATTLES.

Midsummer!

On the parade ground by South College are the tents of Camp Gilbert. This camp, named for an alumnus who since 1919 has been the Commonwealth's commissioner of agriculture, is maintained for three weeks every summer for those boys and girls who have gained distinction in 4-H club work during the previous season. It is the evening of August 5, 1932.

The group have just come up from their usual camp-fire in the nearby ravine—an enchanting spot by moonlight, with the brook's cool chatter, and the note of a late-season wood thrush among the embowering trees. The nightly camp-fire is itself impressive. The silent descent by the shadowy path; the bit of ritual, during which the chieftains take their places and the fire is lighted; the stunt rivalries between the two tribes, the Wachaka and the Nakwisi, with the antiphonal ending, "We're glad that you won" and "You've made the best better"; the quiet hour with its message; then singing, *Follow the Gleam*—all this, for those who have known it, is a lingering memory.

But to-night, the eve of breaking camp, there is another, a final meeting—the candle-light service. On the most northerly western bank of the college pond, the young people, arriving from their more intimate gathering in the ravine, find a considerable group already waiting. There are dozens and scores of guests.

The tall, spare figure of George Farley, for the past sixteen

years state leader, can be seen near an unlighted fire. With him for the moment are two upstanding youths, a boy and a girl, elected a year ago to be the Spirits, the exemplars in conduct, for this camp of 1932. There have been similar spirits in former years, sixteen of them in all. Fifteen of these are here to-night. They have come with other former campers, some of them from across the State, to renew a happy association with Amherst and to catch again the inspiration of this ceremony.

For this candle-light service is in every aspect symbolic. In general, it stands for the achievement of the more than eighteen thousand Massachusetts club members in 1932. It suggests to the initiated the zeal and guidance of county extension workers, not only in club work but in all phases of agricultural leadership. It calls to mind this season's slogan: "Do more and more with less and less." It reminds the older onlookers of towering, elemental "Bill" Hart, who introduced club work into this State twenty-four years ago. Next summer the young people will celebrate a silver anniversary by building upon the campus, largely with their own earnings and their own hands, The Farley 4-H Clubhouse. There has been a fourfold enlargement of the Extension Service since Hurd captivated the Foss Ways and Means Committee to the tune of $50,000. The club work is only a part; but it is an ingratiating part and it stands for the whole.

The exercises are beginning. One of the 1932 camp Spirits, the girl, is telling a story: how the early Indians borrowed fire from a volcano and bore it in running relays to their village. And as she speaks, lo, the fire actually appears, in the distant darkness beyond the pond. Nearer and more distinct it grows, until the last of the runners, the boy Spirit of 1932, stumbles breathlessly into the circle and applies the torch to the waiting wood.

Farley is displaying a candle now, significant in that it was used at a national 4-H Club gathering in Washington last year. For the Massachusetts ritual has spread to faraway camps. He

lights it from the fire, and puts into the hands of the Spirits of 1932 other candles, lighted from this one. With these the Spirits kindle four smaller and surrounding fires. The central fire stands for the nation, the others for state, county, community, home. They stand also for the four famous H's of club work: Head, Heart, Hand, Health.

Erect in standards there are eight other candles, a pair for each H. The Spirits, going into the audience with flashlights, bring back into the flickering circle ten now-to-be-honored campers: the Spirits for next summer's camp, and boys and girls chosen as most truly representative of each of the four H qualities. The Spirits of 1932 give lighted candles to their successors, and these light the eight candles of the representatives of the H's. The newly knighted candle-bearers distribute tiny candles, now, throughout the crowd.

The evening has grown perfectly still. The last drowsy bird has forgotten to chirp. The dark shadows and water become dotted with flame. And now from the manifold lights, with their magic and mystery, there is music, young voices strongly but quietly singing, singing a song of their faith, *Follow the Gleam.*

Then taps!

2 JUNE 1933

Souls that have sailed the ocean where no shore is
And yet have found their searchings not in vain.

—ELLSWORTH BARNARD, '28.

It might be any Friday evening in term time during the last dozen years. It happens, however, to be the 2nd of June, 1933. Out-of-doors the gardens of Fearing Street are urgent with spring. In the M Building tender couples are nestling their way through the last informal of the season. In Springfield our college orchestra is giving a program by radio. Examinations will begin on Monday.

In an unpretentious and somewhat cluttered study a group of boys are met to spend one more evening with a favorite teacher. By six of the last seven classes he has been formally voted *the* favorite teacher. His name is Torrey.

Torrey is both a scientist and a mystic. Thus his textbook in botany and his lectures are unique. He cares more about a meaning than a form, more about the boy than the fact. He is often impatient and sometimes erratic, but he is ardently in earnest.

How these Friday discussions came into being no one remembers. Somehow like Topsy. They have never had a name or an enrollment or a program. They are philosophic, metaphysical, religious. They are disturbing and stimulating. They challenge the mind with doctrines of cycles, and with fourth, yes, even fifth and sixth dimensions. They have the flavor of the Orient, the breath of solar spaces.

There is always a text, so to speak. It may be from Emerson, the *Bhagavad-Gita,* the *Upanishads,* or *The Book of Matthew.* The fourth gospel greatly attracts the leader, but seems to him

too profoundly difficult. After the reading there are three hours of analysis, argument, speculation. The boys forget themselves, absorbed by a contemplation of the heights, and the depths, and the glory, and the pain of life. Then, with the universe fairly humming in their ears, they go quietly out into the evening.

. . . . .

There is sudden disturbance along Fraternity Row. The fire trucks sweep down the street, to the tumult of rapturous cheers. O boy, but this is the life!

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28 JUNE 1933

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

—FABER.

"To-day we are met to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of The Amherst Movement, and to pay honor to its great prophet, President Kenyon L. Butterfield."

With these words John Sherley, president of The New England Town and Country Church Commission and organizer in 1913 of the first county farm bureau in Massachusetts, calls to

order a conference of rural social workers. It is a lovely 28th of June, 1933. The conference is at Ocean Park, a restful little Baptist village among Maine pine trees and looking out over the tranquil but symphonic sea. It is twenty-one years since Butterfield conducted upon the college campus the first of a series of summer schools for rural ministers, and thus brought to a focus certain forces which have come to a conscious unity under the name The Amherst Movement.

There are present to-day men who had a part in the early meetings in Amherst, and they speak with eloquent sincerity.

Sherley says that so unchurchly an enterprise as The Eastern States Exposition can actually be traced back to these schools for country clergymen.

Dr. Warren H. Wilson describes his surprise and delight in 1909 when, having shepherded a considerable flock of Presbyterian ministers to Amherst, he found that they apparently had no inclination to slight the program. He says that ministers sometimes try to play hookey at a conference. But Butterfield had made this one so novel, so varied, so definite in objective that no one was willing to miss a minute of it.

The historical address, however, is made by the Rev. E. Tallmadge Root. He says that these early Butterfield programs illustrated what their author had already been saying since 1903; namely, that rural renascence must be simultaneously agricultural, educational and religious. The systematic effort to correlate these three phases is what constitutes The Amherst Movement. There have been tangible results: interdenominational surveys and conventions, similar summer schools at other agricultural colleges, a country life department in the Massachusetts Federation of Churches, and the New England Town and Country Church Association. But the enduring thing, after all, is the underlying idea.

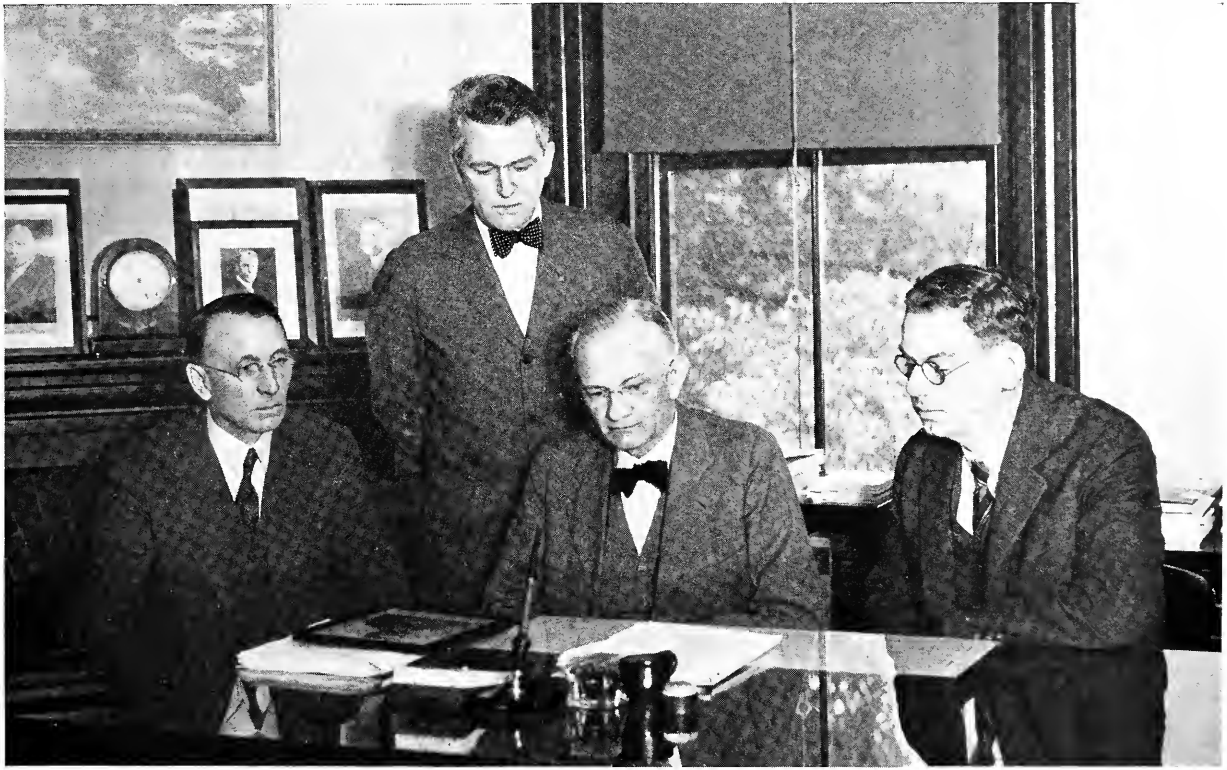
All of the speakers throughout the day refer with love and esteem to their absent leader, desperately ill in a Springfield

hospital: "the consummate amateur in religion," "one of the few men of real genius with whom I have ever been in touch," "the spokesman of the New England spirit," "a great teacher and organizer of teaching." There are resolutions, of course. And Butterfield has sent a message, characteristic of the man: "I challenge the rural church," he says, "to fresh and enlarged activities."

This group of rural workers at Ocean Park are not apologetic, or disheartened, or intellectually sappy. So they take up the Butterfield challenge with the gray realism of their children, but with the faith of their fathers too. The Amherst Movement in 1933 is still a proud and living purpose. Its prophet may lie sick in a Springfield hospital, but his soul goes marching on.

EPILOGUE

An attempt has been made in the foregoing pages to suggest the personalities, the moods, and the programs which together make up the story of this College. But what of its contributions to mankind, justifying an investment of millions of dollars, an investment of years of devotion? What of the new pioneering which Butterfield proclaimed even in his last baccalaureate in Amherst? Unhappily an appraisal of such contributions is fraught with hazard if not presumption.



PRESIDENTS ALL

Lewis Baker Butterfield Thatcher.

That the College has been a pioneer, and an explorer too, in the field of agricultural education, is surely not saying too much. That some, and perhaps a good many, of its contributions have really been, by virtue of priority or effectiveness, outstanding, is also true. But every attempt to catalogue and to evaluate these has led only into conflicting claims and hence uncertainty.

The confusion as between what might be called nominal and actual priority is a case in point. For example, Lindsey's feed inspection law seems to have been, by a few days, the earliest in the United States; but after all it was a compromise affair, and Lindsey succeeded in getting a really effective one, only after one or two other states had done so. Our priority was thus but a nominal one. On the other hand, Goessmann's fertilizer inspection law, although antedated twenty-five years by a law in Maryland, seems really to mark the beginning of successful legislation of this type, and thus its priority, although obviously not nominal, still stands as actual.

In the same way Butterfield designated departments in several fields probably before any other American college had done so, but in view of the fact that other colleges were in some cases giving earlier or more extensive instruction than we, our claim to priority must be considered largely nominal. On the other hand, although he himself had already taught rural sociology in Michigan and had had a share in extension teaching there, his development of both of these departments at Amherst was so notable as to give us a reasonable claim to actual priority.

Of course Stockbridge's effort to give creditable agricultural courses without chart or compass, and his fertilizers, and his theories of mulch, were pioneering. So were Clark's botanical exhibits, both under and outside of glass, and his observations of the growing squash and the flow of sap. Goessmann's endeavor, both direct and indirect, to apply so-called pure science to soil and crop was a memorable one. Surely the men who went

to Sapporo, introducing into the East, American farming and Christian faith, and into the West, certain Japanese grains—surely these men were pioneers.

We have claimed to have discovered the gypsy moth. More accurately it was the moth who, to our sorrow, discovered us. None the less it was Fernald, the elder, who more than any one else staked out the new field of entomology in the world of science. Meanwhile Stone was paving the way toward the preservation of shade trees, and Waugh was soon bringing landscape art into the realm of formal instruction.

Butterfield was a frontier-minded man. His greatest, although not most tangible, contribution lay in building the ideal of coöperation into community life. How many organizations, particularly rural ones, owe inception to him, can only be guessed; they range all the way from our campus athletic and academic boards to The Country Life Association of America. His interpretation of the country problem, too, was far-reaching in its influence.

Of the men whose contribution has been almost entirely in the classroom—such men as Mills and Hasbrouck and Mackimmie and Torrey—what indeed can be said? Their names are written upon hidden hearts, in sweet and sometimes secret places. Their fame will endure.

The story of this College is after all simply a story of men and women; audacious, imaginative, persistent in purpose, seeking a light. Their days have been great in themselves, but greater in promise. Their works have come down to us—a heritage, yes, but a challenge. Their story is ours.

"We take up the task eternal, and the
burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers, O pioneers!"

NOTABLE NAMES

An anonymous, but eminent and representative, jury of twelve have selected from a group of seventy-eight nominations of alumni in classes prior to 1900 the following names as bearing most truly the mark of distinction:

William Henry Bowker, '71

William Penn Brooks, '75

Joel Ernest Goldthwait, '85

Joseph Lawrence Hills, '81

Charles Sumner Howe, '78

Herbert Myrick, '82

Charles Sumner Plumb, '82

Winthrop Ellsworth Stone, '82

William Wheeler, '71

Daniel Willard, ex-'82

FOUR-FIGURE BENEFACTORS

BY ENDOWMENT

Leonard M. and Henry F. Hills	1867	$10,000
Governor William Claflin	1874	1,000
Mary Robinson	1874	1,000
Whiting Street	1878	1,000
William Knowlton	1883	2,000
Elizur Smith	1887	1,315
Charles L. Flint	1888	1,000
Henry Gassett	1888	1,000
T. O. H. P. Burnham	1893	5,000
Alumni and friends	1894	5,685
Anonymous	1901	5,000
Louisa S. Baker	1909	6,000
John C. Cutter, '72	1909	1,000
Henry E. Alvord	1914	4,000
William R. Sessions	1918	5,000
Wilbur H. H. Ward	1922	100,000*
Bay State Agricultural Society	1924	10,000
Family of Frederick G. Crane	1924	25,000
Porter L. Newton	1924	25,000
Charles A. Gleason	1926	5,000
Admiral George H. Barber, '85	1927	5,000
Mrs. Ellen Pomeroy Moore	1928	1,500
Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs	1929	3,000
Lotta Crabtree	1932	460,000*
William Wheeler, '71	1932	10,000

* Not administered by the College.

BY GIFT

Amherst College friends	1864	$25,000
Amherst citizens	1864	50,000
Nathan Durfee	1867	10,000
Isaac D. Farnsworth	1873	1,500
Levi Stockbridge	1877	1,000
William Knowlton	1877	2,000
William D. Russell, '71	1910–31	7,147
William Wheeler, '71	1910–30	5,492
John B. Minor, '73	1910–30	1,960
Joel E. Goldthwait, '85	1910–31	7,875
John R. Perry, '93	1910–28	1,043
Alumni, students, friends	1914	6,448
Atherton Clark, '77	1920–30	1,570
Sandford D. Foot, '78	1920–30	7,505
John E. Wilder, '82	1920–30	2,550
James T. Hutchings, '89	1920–28	1,307
Newton Shultis, '96	1922–30	5,480
Alumni, students, faculty, friends	1922	98,000
James H. Ritchie	1922	1,000
Charles W. McConnel, '76	1923–29	1,300
Cornelia Warren	1923	21,000
Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture	1924	1,000
Massachusetts 4-H Clubs	1929	1,100
Massachusetts State Grange	1929	1,150
Mrs. James J. Storrow	1929–30	6,400
Arthur H. Dakin	1930	1,000
Clinton F. Goodwin, '16	1930	2,417
Nathaniel I. Bowditch	1930	1,000
Winthrop M. Crane, Jr.	1930	5,000
Z. Marshall Crane	1930	5,000
Joseph A. Skinner	1930	2,500
Ernest M. Whitcomb	1930	25,500
Alumni, students, faculty, friends	1930	48,000

A CHRONOLOGICAL SUPPLEMENT

The chronological arrangement of this material should not mislead the reader as to its scope. It simply supplements the information in the narrative, and is similarly covered by the index.

	Equipment	*Event*
1864	campus: 310 acres, 5 sets of buildings, $34,999.50	
1866	quarry, $500	
1867	South, $30,000 boarding house, $8,180 chemistry laboratory, $10,360 Botanic Museum, $5,180 Durfee Plant House, $12,000 Durfee holdings, 73 acres, $8,000	tuition $36
1868	North, $36,280 second boarding house, $8,000 24 scholarships provided by agricultural societies	
1869	farm house, $4,000 Chestnut Tree Ridge Barn, $10,000 addition to laboratory, $20,000	*Index*
1870		tuition $54 *M.A.C. Weekly,* a department in *The Amherst Record,* 1870–72 Edward Everett Society, 1870–76
1871	legislative grants: $50,000 increase of permanent fund to $350,000	senior *Register,* 1871–76 Goessmann's report on sugar beets trustees empowered to fill their own vacancies Social Union (society & library)
1872	Crouch barn burned 8/10	171 students
1873		tuition $75 *Marmion*—the 1020-lb. hog
1874		Congressional investigation of land grant colleges Associate Alumni
1876		Stockbridge acting president

	Equipment	*Event*
1877	a greenhouse	
1878		Experiment Station established locally
1879		tuition $36 D G K *Cycle,* 1879–1907 College Shakespearean Club
1880		Flint resigns, 3/12 Stockbridge elected president, 3/12
1881		Peabody president of Univ. of Ill.
1882	grant: $4,000 for repairs Bangs triangle, at entrance to campus—a gift	
1883	grant: $10,000 & 80 scholarships for each of 4 years plant house burned, 1/23 Drill Hall	Greenough elected president, 7/5 Goodell acting president
1884	North renovated, $6,000	tuition $80 class prayer meetings instituted by '87
1885	stone chapel (library), $31,000 laboratory renovated South burned, 2/4, & rebuilt Hillside, $11,500	French dies, 11/29
1886	grant of '83 made perpetual campus connected with town water West Experiment Station, $15,500	New York Alumni Club Clark dies, 3/9 Goodell succeeds Greenough, 6/21 Wheeler first alumni trustee
1887	College leases 50 acres to Experiment Station	Fernald's report on *Orthoptera of New England* 11 replacements on board of trustees, 1885–87 Alvord president Maryland Agri. Col.
1888		Hatch Station pays Mass. Station $5,000 annually for chemical analyses 123 of 278 living graduates in agricultural pursuits

	Equipment	*Event*
1889	grant: $5,000 labor fund $5,000 maintenance insectary, $1,200 Station dairy barn	Brooks lays 27,900 feet of tile drainage Flint dies, 2/26
1890	2nd Morrill Act: $20,000 annually for M.A.C. East Experiment Station, $12,000	entrance standards raised from 50% to 65%
1891	Station barn burned, 4/5, & rebuilt	Clark house burned, 9/11 Goodell on sick leave Fernald acting president
1892	plant house renovated electric lights in Drill Hall land near Clark Hall, $2,525	Perry's football team scores 200 points
1893	the pond	Alvord president Oklahoma Agri. Col.
1894	Ridge barn burned, 6/9 Brooks's barn, $33,000 stable, $5,000	
1895	mathematics building $1,200 damage from wind storm, 9/11	winter short courses experiment stations consolidated, 4/16
1896	Clark estate, 20 acres, $4,500	whist tournaments
1897	running water in North College	Lindsey's feed inspection law, 3/5
1898		class ('99) honor system interfraternity conference
1899	Paige Laboratory, $22,500 20,000 books in library	a senate admission by certificate free tuition for U.S. citizens
1900	grant: $8,000 to cover depreciation in stocks	
1901		state dairy law a recorded pond party, 11/11 terms replaced by semesters Brooks's *Agriculture*

	Equipment	*Event*
1902		W. E. Hinds, Ph.D. varsity basketball C. H. Fernald relinquishes $1,500 of his salary to permit a new position in his department
1903	central heat and light Draper, $35,000	junior electives
1904		*Grand Prix* for exhibit at St. Louis Fair Phi Kappa Phi, 5/13 Stockbridge dies, 5/2
1905		Goodell dies, 4/23 Brooks acting president until 6/30/06, when Butterfield reports for duty
1906	maintenance appropriation: $108,-696.55 Adams Act, increasing station funds eventually $15,000 annually Wilder, $37,000 dairy building burned	Station becomes "Mass. Agri. Exp. Sta." a rope-pull across pond cranberry substation in Wareham asparagus substation in Concord
1907	Clark, $70,000 barn rebuilt, $41,000	Mass. Conference on Rural Progress, 10/2–5 summer school Divisions of: Humanities, Horticulture, Agriculture Department of Agricultural Education
1908	French, with New Durfee Range, $34,000 North renovated fire in new barn, 8/15 Rifle Range, 20 acres, $500	graduate school Departments of: Floriculture, Physical Education, Rural Social Science, Pomology, Agronomy "some fifty" new courses Warren H. Manning's plan for the campus stock judging team high school day
1909	Westcott lot, $2,250, & Allen lot, $500, Lincoln Ave. Baker lot, 5 acres, Plainville Road, $2,500 more Rifle Range, 26 acres, $500 3 barns in dairy group	*Signal* becomes a weekly entrance requirements raised to prevailing collegiate standards Theta Nu Epsilon, 1909–13 Kappa Gamma Phi, 1909–28

	Equipment	*Event*
1910	Fernald, $80,000 apiary lot, $1,726 Charmbury lot, $450, & Loomis lot, $415, Plainville Road Alumni Field, $5,868 Harlow farm, 30 acres, E. Pleasant St., $3,284 Wareham, 15 acres, $16,300 Louisa Baker lot, Pleasant St., $5,636	farmers' week *Farming Special* (trolley), 4/14–16 varsity debating team fruit judging team Paige acting dean, 1910–11 Goessmann dies, 9/1
1911	Fisher Laboratory, $12,000 Grinnell Arena, $10,000 West Station renovated Newell land, 62 acres, Plainville Road, $2,800	Polish farmers' day Theta Chi, 12/16
1912	Flint, $75,000 apiary, $3,000 Draper addition 40,000 books in library	free tuition restricted to Mass. students beekeepers' & apple-packing schools Sigma Phi Epsilon, 4/27 Lambda Chi Alpha, 5/18 Caldwell on Olympic Track Team field agent in Barnstable County most popular majors: pomology (25), landscape (18) Flint prize winners: Dan Yang Lin & Woon Yung Chun
1913	grant: an increasing maintenance for five years	trustee recognition of Athletic Board, 6/17 Kappa Epsilon, 2/1 (Commons Club 1913–21) Alpha Sigma Phi Hampden County Improvement League
1914	Smith-Lever Act ($10,000, increasing to larger sums, for extension) French addition	*College Signal* becomes *Massachusetts Collegian* Adelphia mid-winter alumni day, 1914–27 *War Cry,* 1914–15 President Sato (Sapporo) visits M.A.C. Washington asks for 20,000 copies of Hart's *The Redirection of the Rural School*

	Equipment	*Event*
1915	infirmary, $15,000 Stockbridge, $210,000 Owen lot, 27 acres, $5,000, & Tillson farm, 70 acres, $2,950; both E. Pleasant St.	Alumni Field Academics Board Delta Phi Gamma, 1915–30 *Squib,* 1915–24 School for Library Workers 211 freshmen M.A.C. has more federal entomologists than any other college
1916	Lexington land, 12 acres, $4,800 (sold 1924) Mt. Toby, 755 acres, $30,000 Dickinson lot, 6 acres, Lincoln Ave., $7,850 Hawley-Brown lot, ½ acre, E. Pleasant St., $675 microbiology building, $62,000 rural engineering shop, $12,000	three term plan (by intention four) A.A.A.C.E.S. graduate summer school at M.A.C. market garden substation, Lexington
1917	Angus lot, 8 acres, E. Pleasant St., $800 Kappa Sigma lot, Lincoln Ave., $4,200	Caswell's *Brief History* (M.A.C.) Library's *Bibliography of the College* Alpha Gamma Rho, 4/28
1918	Station building in Lexington power plant renovated, $54,500	award of Academics medals
1919		World Aggie Night, 10/25 Memorial Building banquet, 5/23 year course in poultry husbandry & in rural engineering Lewis acting president Patterson acting dean, 1919–20 Women's Student Council Stockbridge: Kolony Klub, A T G, S C S
1920	Abigail Adams, $127,400 cavalry barn	college honor system Allan L. Pond, our "finest sportsman," dies, 2/26 ex-President Taft at M.A.C., 11/7
1921	Memorial Building, $117,500	Lewis acting president Alumni Committee (H. J. Baker, ch.) investigates College Newell-Gore nine wins 13 out of 17 games pen of Rhode Island Reds increase production from 114 to 199 in 10 years 194 disabled veterans enrolled

	Equipment	*Event*
1922	chemistry building burned, 9/6 Brooks farm, 60 acres, north of campus, $15,000	inter-church student secretary
1923	Waltham land, 55 acres, $21,000 (gift)	Maroon Key U.S. Forestry Exp. Sta. located in French Hall, 1923–32 this year's catalog offers credits for campus activities
1924	Goessmann, $300,000 rural engineering shop addition, $15,000	Greenough dies, 12/4 Marx-Gore football team beats Amherst, 17–7 market garden substation moved to Waltham
1925	Purnell Act ($20,000, with increasing annuities, for economic research) cavalry barn burned, 9/3, & rebuilt	College buys *Revelation,* second to grand champion at International Live Stock Exposition Samuels-Gore basketball team beats Dartmouth, "undefeated leader in Intercollegiate League" co-ed glee club
1926	Wareham substation burned & rebuilt, $9,000 calf & quarantine barns, $11,200	interfraternity sing home-coming day tuition $60 (Mass. residents) Sniffen wins broad jump, New Eng. Intercollegiates, 22′ 8¼″ cross-country team beat Amherst 15–50 & run home from Pratt Field without resting *She Stoops to Conquer* in modern dress
1927		Dad's Day, 11/12 short course for greenkeepers Thatcher formally inaugurated, 10/28 seed inspection law, 11/1 Schappelle wins three distance runs against Tufts in a single afternoon K O Club
1928	Homestead, $7,500 Fisher Laboratory addition, $8,000 Q T V lot, Lincoln Ave., $12,000 Wareham lot, $800 Capper-Ketcham Act ($20,000 for extension)	the name *Stockbridge School of Agriculture* Thatcher's divisional major course of study Outing Club *Twelfth Night* in Arena *Alta Crest Ringleader* grand champion National Dairy Show

	Equipment	*Event*
1929		five year course in landscape architecture seniors' honor course given by Torrey departmental honor work
1930	horticultural manufactures laboratory, $70,000 abattoir, $14,000	freshman election of major groups Extension Service sends 163,000 bulletins to 37,000 people in response to requests Tercentenary Celebration exhibit in Boston & Springfield
1931	physical education building, $287,500	Sigma Beta Chi Lambda Delta Mu Alpha Lambda Mu debating team "goes south"
1932	incubator capacity of poultry plant: 12,000 eggs 90,000 books in library	Phi Zeta over 7,000 at Horticultural Show, 11/11, 12 Holstein herd win U.S. Production Contest, with average of 16,059 lbs. milk & 564 lbs. butter fat Prince gives Washington bicentennial address, 6/1
1933	Farley 4-H Clubhouse, $2,500 $100,000 for Power Plant enlargement	tuition $100 for Mass. students; $220 for others semesters again M.S.C. 12; Amherst 0, 6/10 *As You Like It* in ravine Waugh receives 2 honorary doctorates enrollment: graduate school 127 college 853 school 238 Baker inauguration, 10/6

SOURCES

The narrative is documented, by episodes, in the following pages. Although it has been presented by means of red-letter days and suggestive details, still no statements of fact, important or trivial, have been made without what has seemed to be dependable authority. Some liberty has been taken with phrasing in order to put into direct quotation certain observations which were made by the speakers accredited and under the circumstances described. Unaccredited remarks are fictitious. For all interpretation, particularly delicate in reference to recent events and living associates, the author must accept responsibility. As in his statement of fact he has tried to be accurate, so in his interpretation he has tried to be judicial. He is indebted to many collaborators, and in the source item designated "Conference" gratefully acknowledges their assistance. Those whose names are starred have edited the episode concerned in substantially its present form. Trustee Frederick D. Griggs, George E. Emery and Ralph J. Watts have read the entire manuscript in proof.

Amherst! (Page 1)

A History of Agricultural Education in the United States, A. C. True.
Brief History of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, L. B. Caswell.
A History of Amherst, Carpenter & Morehouse.
Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson, M. D. Bianchi.
John Epps, Rand.
"The Beginnings of College History," M. F. Dickinson, 1907, Annual Report No. 45.
"Address on the 25th Anniversary of the Morrill Act," C. G. Davis, M.S.C. Collection.
"Historical Sketch," F. Tuckerman, *Index* 1921.
"Historical Sketches," F. H. Fowler, *College Signal:* 1/29/08, 3/11/08.
Hampshire & Franklin Express: 4/22/64, 4/29/64, 5/6/64, 5/13/64, 1/20/65, 4/14/65.
Amherst Record: 3/3/80.
Letters: President Stearns to M.A.C. trustees, undated, Treasurer's file. Bowker to Frank Gerritt, 10/9/11, President's file.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, F. H. Fowler*, C. H. Thayer.

Bonded! (Page 6)

A History of Amherst, Carpenter & Morehouse.
"The Beginnings of College History," M. F. Dickinson, 1907, Annual Report No. 45.

Hampshire & Franklin Express: 2/10/65, 5/12/65, 5/19/65.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, F. H. Fowler*.
Note: All that is definitely known of Clark's response is that it was "a neat and spicy speech, recounting some of the obstacles encountered and overcome."

Hillside and Ridge (Page 10)

A History of Amherst, Carpenter & Morehouse.
Trustee Minutes: 11/29/64, 2/1/65, 8/3/65, 10/13/65, 11/1/65, 12/27/65, 1/2/66, 5/2/66, 8/1/66, 9/19/66, 10/9/66.
Annual Report, No. 3 (1866), No. 4 (1867), No. 5 (1868).
Hampshire & Franklin Express: 4/7/65, 10/26/65, 1/11/66, 9/20/66.
Springfield Republican (weekly), 10/20/66.
Aggie Life, 1/22/02.
French's Resignation, 9/29/66, Treasurer's file.
Reports by Richards, Vaux & Olmsted, M.S.C. Collection.
"Address on the 25th Anniversary of the Morrill Act," C. G. Davis, M.S.C. Collection.
Marshall Pinckney Wilder Memorial, M.S.C. Collection.
Letters: Daniel Chester French to Ada M. Chandler, undated, copy M.S.C. Collection.
Judge French to Major B. B. French, 5/14/65, 10/1/65, 11/1/65, property of Mrs. W. M. R. French.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, F. H. Fowler*, Susan Hills Skillings*, Mrs. D. C. French*, Mrs. W. M. R. French*, Prentiss French*, Waugh*.
Note: The Davis quotations are taken from his Morrill Act address in 1887.

Clark (Page 17)

The Story of Paul Ansel Chadbourne, E. H. Botsford.
"The Relations of Botany to Agriculture," Clark, 12/9/72, M.S.C. Collection.
"William Smith Clark," D. P. Penhallow, 1907, M.S.C. Collection.
"Mary Smith," *Songs and Other Verse,* Eugene Field.
Trustee Minutes: 11/18/63, 11/7/66, 2/6/67, 5/1/67, 8/7/67.
Annual Reports: No. 4 (1867), No. 5 (1868).
Hampshire & Franklin Express: 11/15/66, 8/8/67.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, F. H. Fowler*, M. E. McCaffrey, Sec. Univ. of Wisconsin.

Open at Last! (Page 20)

Henry Hill Goodell, Calvin Stebbins.
Kathrina, Dr. J. G. Holland.
"William S. Clark," Rev. G. M. Rowland, 1912, M.S.C. Collection.
"The Old Guard," Bowker, Annual Report No. 45 (1908).
Stockbridge's first college lecture, M.S.C. Collection.
Annual Report, No. 5 (1868).
Sketch, John M. Tyler, *College & Alumni News,* 1907.
Amherst Record, 6/23/86.
Hampshire & Franklin Express: 9/5/62, 8/15/67, 10/3/67, 10/10/67.
Memorandum, Nathan Gillette, President's file.
Letter: Bowker to Mills, 10/21/08, President's file.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, F. H. Fowler*, William Goodell*, E. E. Thompson*, George Leonard*.

First Commencement (Page 23)

Marshall Pinckney Wilder Memorial, M.S.C. Collection.
Emily Dickinson—Friend and Neighbor, MacGregor Jenkins.
Index, 1872.
Annual Reports: No. 9 (1872), No. 17 (1880).
Trustee Minutes, 8/8/71.
Register, 1871, M.S.C. Collection.
Amherst Record, 7/19/71.
Sketch, John M. Tyler, *College & Alumni News,* 1907.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, F. H. Fowler*, E. E. Thompson*, George Leonard*, E. H. Redstone.

The Regatta (Page 29)

The First Regatta of the National College Rowing Association, M.S.C. Collection.
John Epps, Rand.
"Athletics," G. H. Allen, 1912, M.S.C. Collection.
The Regatta Record, 7/17/73, M.S.C. Collection.
College Signal, 2/28/11.
Index: 1871, 1909.
Amherst Record, 6/23/86.
Boston Post, 7/22/71.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, F. H. Fowler*, George Leonard*, E. E. Thompson*, M. B. Kingman.

Phi Sigma Kappa (Page 32)

Charles Anthony Goessmann, Tuckerman, Lindsey, Wellington.
Phi Sigma Kappa—a History, Rand.
The Signet of Phi Sigma Kappa, March 1923.
Amherst Record: 3/9/73, 6/22/04.
Conference: Brooks*, J. B. Lindsey, Mrs. H. D. Fearing.

Clark's Squash (Page 35)

Amherst Record: 9/2/74, 9/16/74, 9/30/74, 10/7/74, 10/14/74, 10/28/74, 11/18/74.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, J. L. Hills*.
Note: The October 7th record is obviously incorrect.

The Stockbridge Formulas (Page 37)

"A Farmer's Journal," 1842–45, Stockbridge, M.S.C. Collection.
"Levi Stockbridge," Bowker, *College & Alumni News,* 1904.
"Levi Stockbridge," 6/17/13, J. L. Hills, M.S.C. Collection.
Amherst College Catalogues: 1843–45.
A reply to "a practical farmer," undated, Stockbridge, M.S.C. Collection.
Letter: Bowker to Goodell, 1/19/86, President's file.
Conference: Brooks*, J. L. Hills*, C. H. Thayer*, Lindsey*, F. S. Cooley, George Cutler.

Sapporo (Page 41)

Report on the Clark Memorial (in Japanese), 10/28/22, illustrations.
History of the Hokkaido University (in Japanese), excerpt translated by Mori.
The Semi-Centennial of the Hokkaido Imperial University, 1927.
A Memorial, 4/10/14.
Annual Report, No. 15 (1878).
A Tribute to Clark, Goodell, *Proceedings of the Academy of Arts and Sciences,* Amherst College Collection.
"Reminiscences of Dr. W. S. Clark," Masatake Oshima, *The Japan Christian Intelligencer,* 4/5/26.
"Sapporo Agricultural College," William S. Clark, 2nd, *Amherst Graduates' Quarterly,* February 1922.
"William S. Clark," Rev. G. M. Rowland, 1912, M.S.C. Collection.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, Butterfield*, Brooks*, J. L. Hills*, Kingo Miyabe, Shosuke Sato.
Note: Clark's speech of satisfaction over his gospel teaching has been attributed to his deathbed, and to the time when he was "about to leave Japan."

In the Red (Page 46)

Henry Hill Goodell, Calvin Stebbins.
Trustee Minutes: 5/9/72, 5/22/72, 4/10/73, 1/10/78, 10/30/78, 1/9/79.
Annual Reports: No. 7 (1870), No. 15 (1878), No. 16 (1879), No. 24 (1887).
Amherst Record: 11/6/78, 11/27/78, 2/5/79, 3/5/79, 3/19/79, 4/16/79, 4/23/79, 6/23/86.
Springfield Republican (weekly): 1/3/79, 1/17/79, 5/16/79.
"Levi Stockbridge," Bowker, *College & Alumni News,* 1904.
"An Address to the Trustees of M.A.C. from the Associate Alumni," 1/13/79, M.S.C. Collection.
Diary, J. L. Hills.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, J. L. Hills*, H. J. Wheeler*, F. H. Fowler*, Dr. J. A. Cutter, George Cutler, C. S. Plumb, C. S. Howe.

"Give it to Amherst" (Page 51)

America of Yesterday, J. D. Long.
Annual Report, No. 27 (1890).
Trustee Minutes: 5/9/79, 7/15/86.
The Signet of Phi Sigma Kappa, March 1923.
Amherst Student, 1/17/80.
Amherst Record: 11/27/78, 5/14/79, 5/21/79, 1/21/80, 3/3/80.
Springfield Republican (weekly): 5/17/78, 3/21/79, 3/28/79, 4/11/79, 5/16/79, 5/23/79, 1/9/80, 2/13/80; (daily) 3/24/16.
Boston Herald, 4/10/79.
Boston Transcript, 3/1/79.
Boston Globe: 4/9/79, 4/10/79, 4/12/79.
Boston Post: 3/13/79, 3/31/79, 4/2/79, 4/9/79.
"An Address to the Trustees of M.A.C. from the Associate Alumni," 1/13/79, M.S.C. Collection.
"The Elms of '71," Bowker, 1913, M.S.C. Collection.
Conference: Atherton Clark*, H. L. Clark*, William S. Clark, 2nd*, Dr. J. A. Cutter*, C. S. Plumb*, J. L. Hills*, H. J. Wheeler*, F. H. Fowler*, Dr. G. E. Stone, George Leonard.

THE WASHINGTON IRVING GAZETTE (Page 57)

Washington Irving Gazette, 1/20/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Washington Irving Society Minutes, 1/20/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Index: 1880, 1918.
Amherst Record, 6/16/80.
College Monthly, Vol. 2, No. 8, 1888, M.S.C. Collection.

"Early Days of College Shakespearean Club," C. A. Peters, M.S.C. Collection.
Conference: C. S. Plumb*, J. B. Lindsey*, H. J. Wheeler*, Dr. J. A. Cutter*, C. S. Howe, Waugh.

Chadbourne (Page 62)

The Story of Paul Ansel Chadbourne, E. H. Botsford.
Dictionary of American Biography (Chadbourne).
Trustee Minutes: 1/16/82, 1/27/82.
Associate Alumni Minutes, 2/3/80.
Annual Reports: No. 17 (1880)—No. 20 (1883).
"A Few Reminiscences," J. A. Cutter, *College Signal,* 5/15/07.
Obituary address, A. B. Bassett, *Alumni Record,* 1883.
"The Dedication of Stockbridge Hall," Bowker, *Collegian,* 11/2/15.
"Herbarium for Sale," M.S.C. Collection.
Springfield Republican: 7/7/80, 8/6/80, 9/16/80, 9/24/80, 11/5/80, 11/10/80.
Springfield Republican (weekly): 9/12/79, 10/10/79, 5/7/80, 1/6/82.
Massachusetts Ploughman, 3/3/83, M.S.C. Collection.
Letters: Chadbourne to Long, 2/4/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Noyes to Chadbourne, 1/18/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Flint to Chadbourne, 1/27/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Stockbridge to Chadbourne, 1/27/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Chadbourne to Noyes, 1/17/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Wilder to Chadbourne, 1/26/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Long to Chadbourne, 1/27/82, M.S.C. Collection.
Conference: G. E. Stone*, E. H. Botsford*, J. B. Lindsey*, H. J. Wheeler*, Miss Elizabeth M. Chadbourne*, Dr. J. A. Cutter.

Triumphant in Death (Page 69)

Index, 1884.
Trustee Minutes: 1/11/83, 2/9/83.
Annual Report, No. 20 (1883).
New York Observer, undated, obituaries by Dr. S. I. Prime, Williams College Collection.
Massachusetts Ploughman, 3/3/83; also an undated item; M.S.C. Collection.
Springfield Republican (weekly): 9/1/82, 11/17/82, 1/5/83, 2/9/83, 2/23/83.
Unidentified news story, Williams College Collection.
Letters: T. E. Major to Mrs. Chadbourne, 2/24/83, M.S.C. Collection.
Mrs. Chadbourne to M.A.C. students, M.S.C. Collection.
Dr. Dana Woodbridge to Prof. Franklin Carter, 3/2/83, in possession of Miss Chadbourne.

Conference: G. E. Stone*, E. H. Botsford*, J. B. Lindsey*, H. J. Wheeler*, Miss Elizabeth M. Chadbourne*.
Note: Butler's last speech was really spoken at a trustee meeting, 4/12/83.

Greenough (Page 74)

Clyde Fitch & his Letters, Moses & Gerson.
"Class of '87," F. H. Fowler, M.S.C. Collection.
'78 Class Book, M.S.C. Collection.
Index: 1881, 1885, 1886.
Amherst Record: 4/2/84, 6/18/84.
Cycle, 1890, M.S.C. Collection.
College Signal: 3/8/05, 3/22/05, 4/19/05.
Annual Report, No. 21 (1884).
College Catalogs, 1872, 1878.
Trustee Minutes, 3/24/05.
Faculty Minutes: 2/17/05, 3/6/05, 3/21/05.
"The Old Guard," Bowker, 1907, Annual Report, No. 45.
Conference: F. S. Clark*, G. E. Stone*, J. B. Lindsey*, H. J. Wheeler*, F. H. Fowler*, J. L. Hills, Butterfield, M. B. Kingman, F. S. Cooley, C. S. Howe, W. A. Munson, Brooks.

The New Barn (Page 81)

Old Aggie, F. A. Merrill, 1898, M.S.C. Collection.
Henry Hill Goodell, Calvin Stebbins.
Aggie Life: 3/9/92, 6/19/94.
Amherst Record: 6/20/94, 6/27/94.
Springfield Republican, 6/20/94; also undated items among Stockbridge notes, M.S.C. Collection.
Annual Reports: No. 31 (1893), No. 32 (1895).
Conference: F. S. Cooley*, C. A. Peters*, Brooks*, J. B. Lindsey*, G. E. Stone*, Dr. William Goodell*, A. S. Kinney*, Miss Gertrude Stratton*.

Goodell's Masters of Science (Page 86)

Aggie Life: 4/22/96, 4/10/01.
Amherst Record: 6/17/96, 6/24/96.
Springfield Republican, 6/18/96.
Trustee Minutes: 1/14/75, 1/12/88, 6/16/96, 6/20/11.
Annual Report, No. 30 (1893).
College Catalogs: 1876, 1892, 1893.
"Entomology & Zoology at M.A.C.," 1911, M.S.C. Collection.
Tree Talk, 1905, M.S.C. Collection.

Address at Dedication of Stockbridge Hall, Bowker, *Collegian,* 11/2/15.
Conference: F. S. Cooley*, C. A. Peters*, Brooks*, J. B. Lindsey*, G. E. Stone*, Dr. William Goodell*, A. S. Kinney*, Miss Gertrude Stratton*, P. H. Smith.

Walter Dickinson (Page 91)

Henry Hill Goodell, Calvin Stebbins (Goodell's memorial to Dickinson).
Encyclopaedia Britannica (Spanish-American War).
Annual Report, No. 36 (1899).
"Capt. Walter M. Dickinson," Lindsey, *Index,* 1900.
Aggie Life, 11/30/98.
Springfield Republican, 7/1/98.
Conference: Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Lindsey*, Dr. William Goodell*.

Football (Page 94)

"Acquainted with the Night," *West-Running Brook,* Robert Frost.
History of Football, M.A.C., H. M. Gore.
Aggie Life, 10/16/01.
College Signal: 11/6/01, 12/11/01, 12/9/03.
Index: 1902, 1905.
Unidentified press items, Gore's scrapbook.
Letters: J. E. Halligan to Gore, 1/?/25, 1/15/25, Gore's scrapbook.
Conference: W. A. Munson*, H. M. Gore*, M. F. Ahearn*, J. E. Halligan*, Waugh*, Dr. William Goodell*, Hicks*, F. C. Pray, F. S. Cooley.
Note: One alumnus, whose testimony, if he would allow his name to be published, would command universal respect, has protested against the imputation that players of this period were "dirty" or umpires partisan. Unhappily he is to date wholly alone in that charitable contention.

Butterfield (Page 100)

Index, 1908.
Who's Who in America (Butterfield, Bailey, Guild, R. S. Baker).
Trustee Minutes: 3/24/05, 1/19/06.
College & Alumni News, 1906.
Springfield Republican, 6/21/06.
A college greeting to Boys' & Girls' Club members, 1915, M.S.C. Collection.
Letters: Brooks to Butterfield, January 1906, President's files.
Butterfield to Brooks, 1/11/06, President's files.
Conference: Waugh*, Butterfield*, Brooks*, R. J. Watts*, Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Pray, E. F. Gaskell.

Lewis (Page 105)

Amherst Graduates' Quarterly, Vol. 6, No. 4.
Index: 1907, 1913.
Trustee Minutes, 11/8/12.
College Catalogs: 1906, 1912.
Memorandum by Butterfield, President's files.
Letter: Bowker to Lindsey, 2/12/15, President's files.
Conference: Waugh*, R. J. Watts*, Lewis*, Butterfield*, Mackimmie*.

The Little Red Barn (Page 109)

College Signal: 2/8/10, 2/22/10, 3/8/10, 9/22/10, 9/27/10, 5/30/11, 6/20/11.
Aggie Life: 3/14/00, 5/15/01, 6/18/01.
The Cycle: 1892, 1900.
Springfield Republican: 6/17/11, 6/18/11, 6/19/11.
Index: 1916, 1917.
Annual Reports: No. 32 (1895), No. 43 (1906).
Conference: Butterfield*, Hicks*, Griggs*, L. S. Dickinson*, F. C. Sears*, A. F. MacDougall*, Mackimmie*, E. R. Williams.

The Foss Veto (Page 115)

A History of Agricultural Extension Work in the United States, A. C. True.
The Inauguration of Kenyon L. Butterfield, M.S.C. Collection.
Acts and Resolves of Massachusetts, 1912.
Annual Reports: No. 44 (1907), No. 50 (1913).
Trustee Minutes, 11/3/11.
Forty-eighth Commencement, 1918, M.S.C. Collection.
Springfield Republican: 3/15/12, 3/28/12, 4/9/12, 6/5/12.
College Signal, 6/18/12.
Boston Herald, 6/6/12.
Letters: Butterfield to Hurd, 4/30/09, President's files.
Bowker to Butterfield, 6/6/12, President's files.
Bowker to H. S. Carruth, 12/16/14, President's files.
Conference: Waugh*, R. J. Watts*, W. A. Munson*, Butterfield*.

Scarlet Fever (Page 118)

Annual Report, No. 51 (1913).
Signal: 1/21/13, 2/4/13.
Springfield Republican: 1/18/13, 1/19/13, 1/20/13, 1/22/13, 1/24/13.
Amherst Record, 1/22/13.
Amherst Graduates' Quarterly, October 1911.
Board of Health Records, 1913, Amherst Town Hall.

Diary, F. C. Sears.
Letter: M. W. Richardson (State Board of Health) to Butterfield, 2/8/13, President's files.
Conference: Butterfield*, Waugh*, R. J. Watts*, F. D. Griggs*, Hicks*, Mackimmie*.

BON VOYAGE (Page 122)

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson, Bianchi.
Springfield Republican, 4/26/13.
College Signal: 4/22/13, 4/29/13.
Diary, F. C. Sears.
"Agricultural Coöperation and Rural Credit in Europe," a report, 1914, M.S.C. Collection.
Conference: Waugh*, R. J. Watts*, F. D. Griggs*, Butterfield*, A. F. MacDougall*.

Alumni Field (Page 126)

"Restoration," *Nocturnes and Autumnals,* David Morton.
Trustee Minutes: 7/22/02, 6/17/13.
Aggie Life, 11/28/94.
College Signal: 10/20/97, 12/9/13.
Index, 1879.
Springfield Republican, 12/4/13.
Amherst Record, 5/24/82.
Gore's telegram, Athletic files.
Conference: Waugh*, Hicks*, R. J. Watts*, Butterfield*, Mackimmie*.
Note: Mr. Morton once told our students in assembly (1/13/26) that he had written "Restoration" the previous week in the neighborhood of our campus.

"Rural Soc" (Page 131)

Proceedings of The Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations: 1904, 1906, 1908, 1909, 1910.
"The Inauguration of Kenyon L. Butterfield," M.S.C. Collection.
Trustee Minutes: 6/17/12, 6/3/15.
Minutes of the Trustee Committee on Extension, 3/16/15.
Minutes of Seelye Investigation Commission: 11/29/16, 12/7/16.
Annual Reports: No. 49 (1912), No. 52 (1915).
New England Farmer, undated, in possession of Dr. William Goodell.
Letters: Butterfield to Clark Seelye, President's files.
Bowker to J. B. Lindsey, 2/12/15, President's files.
Ellis to Butterfield, 2/16/15, President's files.
Butterfield to Ellis, 2/17/15, President's files.
Madison Bunker to Butterfield, 2/11/15, President's files.

Conference: Butterfield*, Waugh*, R. J. Watts*, A. F. MacDougall*, N. I. Bowditch*, Frank Gerrett.
Note: The Butterfield quotations are borrowed from other utterances made at about this time.

Butterfield's Decade (Page 137)

Springfield Republican, 2/5/16.
Collegian: 1/25/16, 2/8/16.
College Signal, 2/17/14.
Commencement address, Butterfield, 1916, M.S.C. Collection.
Conference: Butterfield*, Waugh*, S. R. Parker*, R. J. Watts*, Mackimmie*.

Swords out for Charlie! (Page 141)

Amherst Graduates' Quarterly, August 1917.
Collegian: 3/16/15, 4/27/15, 6/1/15, 4/11/16, 6/20/16.
College & Alumni News, 1906, M.S.C. Collection.
Index, 1923.
Washington Irving Gazette, 11/20/74, M.S.C. Collection.
Cycle, 1896.
Amherst Record, 11/12/79.
Springfield Republican, 3/24/16.
Amherst Student, 3/27/16.
Diary, F. C. Sears.
Conference: Waugh*, H. E. Robbins*, R. J. Watts*, Butterfield*, Worthley*, L. S. Dickinson*, J. L. Hills.

Co-eds (Page 146)

Squib, March 1923.
Collegian, 4/28/20.
Index, 1903.
College Signal: 6/22/09, 10/18/10, 1/9/12, 5/7/12, 10/29/12.
Trustee Minutes, 12/20/94.
Annual Report, No. 52 (1914).
College Catalogs: 1875, 1892, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1920.
Letters: Butterfield to Lewis, 3/24/19, President's files.
Lewis to Butterfield, 4/17/19, President's files.
Conference: Miss Skinner*, G. W. Edman*, L. S. Dickinson*, Mackimmie*, Butterfield*.

Mount Toby (Page 151)

History of Montague, E. P. Pressy.
History of Forestry, B. E. Fernow.

History of North Brookfield, J. H. Temple.
Aggie Life, 10/18/93.
College Signal, 11/27/07.
Collegian, 12/5/16.
Hampshire & Franklin Express: 6/22/49, 11/16/49.
Diary, F. C. Sears.
Annual Reports: No. 11 (1874), No. 54 (1917), No. 61 (1924).
Conference: Waugh*, R. J. Watts*, R. P. Holdsworth*, H. P. Baker*, A. V. Osmun*.
Note: The author has been unable to verify his reference to the negro Tobe of Hatfield.

The Stockbridge School (Page 154)

Adventures in Understanding, David Grayson.
Shorthorn, 1921.
Trustee Minutes: 6/19/94, 6/18/95, 12/31/95, 1/2/06.
Annual Report, No. 56 (1919).
College Catalogs: 1893, 1903, 1904, 1920.
Letter: Phelan to Butterfield, 7/19/18, President's files.
Conference: Verbeck*, Mackimmie*, Phelan, Butterfield*.

"A Sepulchre in our Garden" (Page 157)

Massachusetts Agricultural College in the War.
Index, 1923.
Annual Report, No. 56 (1919).
Lewis' Dedication Address, 1921, M.S.C. Collection.
Conference: Waugh*, Lewis*, Butterfield*, R. J. Watts*, Mackimmie*.

Consolidation (Page 161)

Experiment Station Record (editorial), March 1918.
Amherst Record, 2/27/68.
Boston American, 1/4/24.
Boston Transcript, 1/14/24.
Boston Herald, 1/13/24.
Collegian, 1/17/24.
Trustee Minutes: 9/30/10, 9/15/23.
Annual Reports: No. 56 (1919), No. 57 (1920), No. 58 (1921), No. 60 (1923), No. 61 (1924).
An unidentified press note, President's files.
Memorandum, 5/16/24, President's files.
Letters: Butterfield to Coolidge, 8/7/20, President's files.
Smith to Butterfield: 12/29/20, 4/29/21, President's files.

Haskell to Butterfield: 4/8/21, 4/20/21, 5/12/21, 3/23/23, President's files.
Butterfield to Smith: 5/21/21, 1/11/24, 2/12/24, President's files.
Loring to Haskell, 10/4/23, President's files.
Conference: Butterfield*, R. J. Watts*, F. D. Griggs*, W. L. Machmer*, S. B. Haskell*, Lewis*, Payson Smith*.

Fort Ethan Allen (Page 168)

Aggie Life, 6/17/96.
College Signal, 5/29/07.
Index: 1879, 1923, 1925.
Springfield Republican: 6/19/25, 6/29/25, 7/5/25.
Collegian, 10/24/16.
Conference: D. C. Sullivan*, Capt. Hughes*, Sgt. Frank Cronk*, Sgt. J. A. Warren*, Hicks.

An Amendment (Page 172)

Springfield Republican: 6/14/25, 6/14/27.
Trustee Minutes: 9/10/25, 6/1/27.
Minutes of conference of certain trustees, 10/29/24.
Annual Reports: No. 63 (1926), No. 64 (1927).
College Catalog, 1927.
Butterfield's resignation, President's files.
Conference: R. J. Watts*, F. D. Griggs*, Lewis*, Payson Smith*, W. A. Munson*.

"State" (Page 175)

The History of Agricultural Education in the United States, A. C. True.
College Catalogs: 1884, 1931.
Annual Reports: No. 11 (1874), No. 16 (1879), No. 21 (1884), No. 22 (1885), No. 58 (1921), No. 61 (1924), No. 66 (1929), No. 68 (1931), No. 69 (1932).
Trustee Minutes: 10/9/85, 12/31/95, 1/4/98, 6/11/28, 1/9/29, 11/10/30.
General Order, 1888–89, Military Office.
Amherst Student, 10/28/71.
Aggie Life: 11/17/97, 2/2/98.
College Signal: 11/6/01, 2/5/02, 11/27/07, 2/17/14.
Massachusetts Collegian: 11/2/27, 2/29/28, 3/7/28, 4/11/28, 9/25/29, 10/2/29, 10/23/29, 10/30/29.
Index: 1885, 1899, 1931.
Boston Globe, 6/19/27.
Springfield Union, 12/22/28.

Protest against Bowker, President's files.
Butterfield's Baccalaureate Address, 1921, M.S.C. Collection.
Conference: Thatcher*, W. L. Machmer*, R. D. Hawley*, L. S. Ronka*, H. W. Jensen*, F. S. Troy*, H. D. Darling*, C. S. Cleaves, H. E. Clark, E. Barnard, F. S. Cooley, Butterfield.

Bakers (Page 185)

Amherst Record, 7/29/31.
Springfield Republican, 5/21/32.
Minutes of Trustee Committee: 5/2/32, 5/20/32.
Conference: R. S. Baker*, H. P. Baker*, F. D. Griggs*, P. F. Whitmore*.

Camp Gilbert (Page 190)

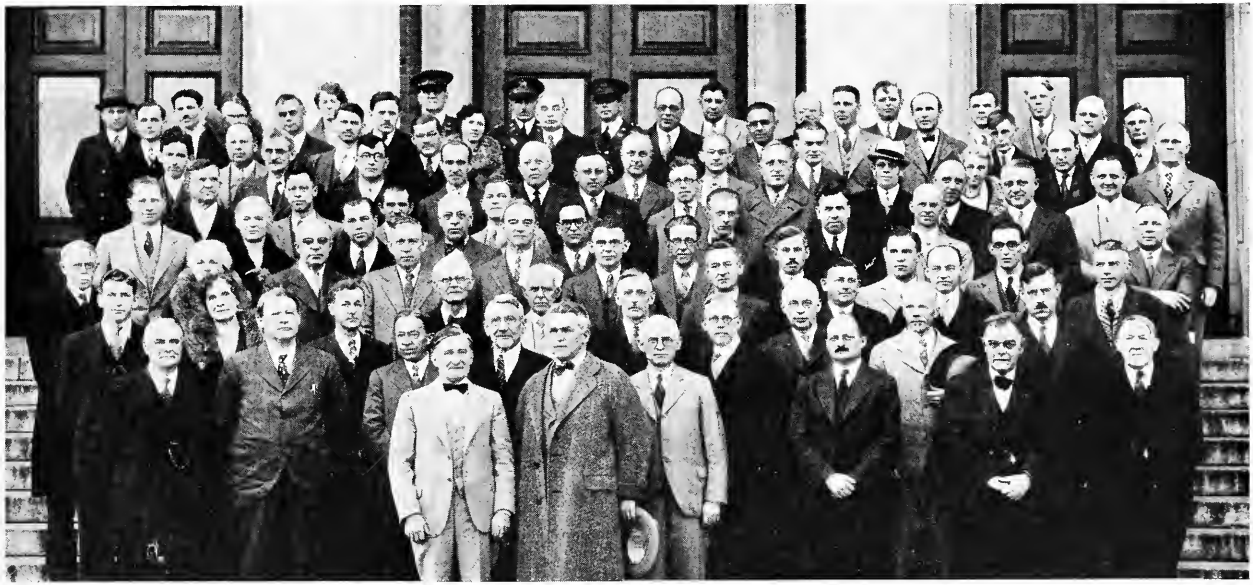
Massachusetts Agricultural College in the War.
Annual Report, No. 70 (1933).
Conference: Farley*, E. F. Hopkins, Louise MacDougall.

Torrey (Page 193)

Index: 1927, 1928, 1929, 1931, 1934.
Collegian: 6/10/32, 5/31/33, 6/9/33.
Amherst Fire Department Records.
Conference: Waugh*, E. Barnard*, F. S. Troy*, Torrey*.
Note: The false alarm referred to actually took place June 10th and not the 2nd.

The Amherst Movement (Page 194)

Conference: J. A. Sherley*, W. H. Wilson*, E. T. Root*, Mrs. Hilda Ives*, Butterfield*.



THE BAKER FACULTY

KEY

1 Baker
2 Machmer
3 J. B. Lindsey
4 Waugh
5 W. A. Dyer
6 Gunness
7 V. A. Rice
8 Pet[illegible]
9 Mac[illegible]ie
10 [illegible]erson
11 [illegible]an
12 Powers
13 Parrott
14 Sievers
15 Fr[illegible]
16 Brad[illegible]
17 [illegible]
18 [illegible]
19 [illegible]
20 Alderman
21 Gordon
22 Archibald
23 Torrey
24 Miss Jefferson
25 Serex
26 Clark
27 Hawley
28 Taube
29 Radcliffe
30 [illegible]
31 [illegible]
32 [illegible]
33 [illegible]
34 C[illegible]e
35 [illegible]ander
36 [illegible]ist
37 [illegible]
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40 [illegible]
41 [illegible]
42 [illegible]uarve
43 Fawcett
44 Hughes
45 Munson
46 Rand
47 Banta
48 Markuson
49 Foord
50 Tague
51 Pushee
52 Roberts
53 Prince
54 Cance
55 [illegible]
56 [illegible]
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65 [illegible]
66 Miss Morse
67 Blundell
68 Fessenden
69 Fraker
70 Newlon
71 Chamberlain
72 Osmun
73 Lentz
74 A. H. Lindsey
75 Boutelle
76 C. H. Thayer
77 [illegible]
78 [illegible]
79 [illegible]
80 [illegible]
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82 [illegible]
83 [illegible]
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85 Foley
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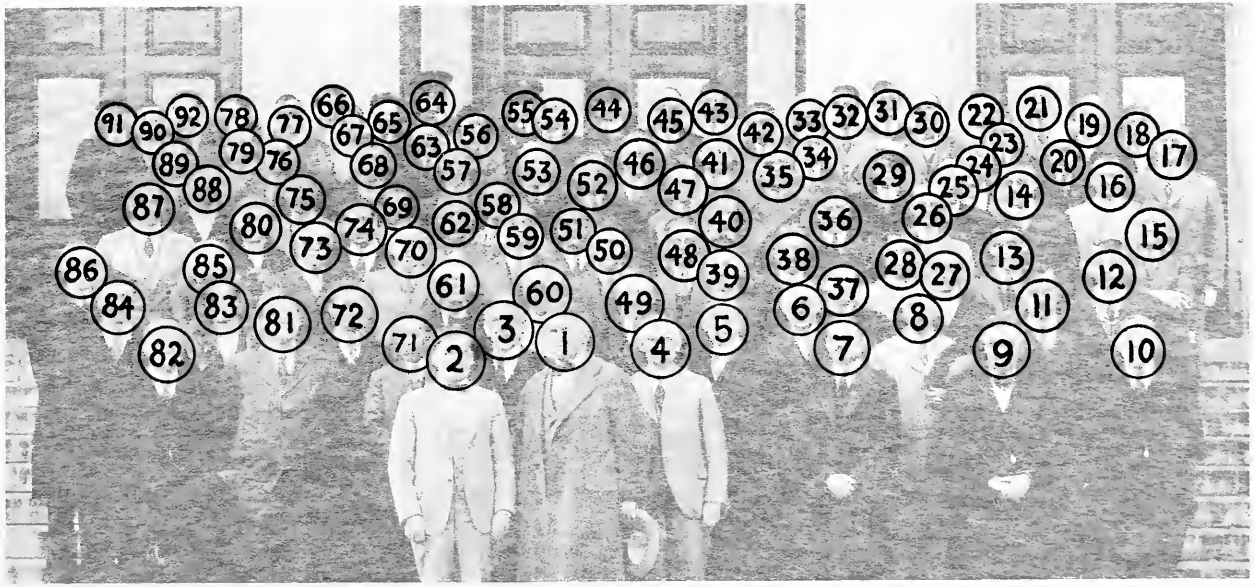

THE BAKER FACULTY

KEY

1 Baker
2 Machmer
3 J. B. Lindsey
4 Waugh
5 W. A. Dyer
6 Gunness
7 V. A. Rice
8 Peters
9 Mackimmie
10 Patterson
11 Julian
12 Powers
13 Parrott
14 Sievers
15 Frandsen
16 Bradley
17 Cutler
18 Kellogg
19 Van Meter
20 Alderman
21 Gordon
22 Archibald
23 Torrey
24 Miss Jefferson
25 Serex
26 Clark
27 Hawley
28 Taube
29 Radcliffe
30 Rozman
31 Hicks
32 Vondell
33 Lowry
34 C. C. Rice
35 Alexander
36 Lindquist
37 Hubbard
38 Sweetman
39 Beaumont
40 Ross
41 Lanphear
42 Sanctuary
43 Fawcett
44 Hughes
45 Munson
46 Rand
47 Banta
48 Markuson
49 Foord
50 Tague
51 Pushee
52 Roberts
53 Prince
54 Cance
55 Watkins
56 Miss Briggs
57 C. L. Thayer
58 Goding
59 Welles
60 Sears
61 Chenoweth
62 Harrison
63 Snyder
64 Romeyn
65 Warfel
66 Miss Morse
67 Blundell
68 Fessenden
69 Fraker
70 Newlon
71 Chamberlain
72 Osmun
73 Lentz
74 A. H. Lindsey
75 Boutelle
76 C. H. Thayer
77 Dickinson
78 Miss Foley
79 Glatfelter
80 Miss Hamlin
81 Shaw
82 Armstrong
83 Miss Skinner
84 Haddock
85 Miss Knowlton
86 Morse
87 Williams
88 Glick
89 Foley
90 French
91 Davis
92 DeSilva

PERSONNEL INDEX

This index includes: all trustees (T); all full-time members of the instruction staff (Inst); members of the Experiment Station staff who rank above laboratory assistant (Exp); professional members of the Extension Service (Ext); administrative officers; and some others, mostly in the classifications Secretarial Service (Sec) and Labor Roll (L R), who have been in the employ of the College for twenty years or more. Dates of employment are as of December 31st of the years indicated. The doctorate appears with the names of those holding it while in residence. In the case of alumni, the class is given. For further information consult the annual catalogue bulletins in the College library.

Clark, William D., Inst 1912–19
Clark, Dr. William S., President 1867–78
Cleaves, Daniel L., Inst 1901
Cole, Frederick E., '20, Ext 1923
Cole, William R., '02, Ext 1919—
Collins, Herbert L., '22, Inst 1922
Colt, Henry, T 1863–86
Combs, Clarence C., Inst 1927–28
Comstock, Laura, Ext 1913–20
Connor, Michael, "Doc," L R 1883—
Cooley, Fred S., '88, Farm Supt. 1890–95; Inst 1893–1906
Cooley, Roy B., Ext 1919
Coolidge, Gov. Calvin, T 1918–20
Coons, Samuel, L R 1912–13; Inst 1914–16
Cooper, Herbert P., Inst 1918–19
Cornish, Lt. Lester W., Inst 1889–91
Couhig, Philip H., '25, Inst 1926
Cox, Gov. Channing H., T 1921–24
Crampton, Dr. G. Chester, Inst 1911—
Crane, Gov. W. Murray, T 1899–1901
Crawford, John A., '20, Ext 1924
Creeley, Thomas L., T 1908–09
Cressy, Dr. Noah, Inst 1873–75
Cubbon, Dr. Miles H., Inst 1926–32
Cummings, John, T 1872–84; Treas. 1879–82
Cupery, Dr. Martin E., Inst 1925, 1929–30
Cutler, Dr. Frederick Morse, Inst 1926—

Dacy, Arthur L., '02, Inst 1918–21
Damon, E. Farnham, '10, Ext 1915–18
Damon, Samuel C., '82, T 1895–1908
Davies, Esther S., Exp 1927–30
Davis, Arnold M., '31, Ext 1931—
Davis, Charles G., T 1863–85
Davis, Dr. William H., Inst 1922—
Dean, A. Lawrence, Inst 1919
Demond, James H., T 1880–1908
Derby, Llewelyn L., Sec 1916–19; Inst 1921—
De Rose, H. Robert, Exp 1927—
De Silva, Dr. Harry R., Inst 1932—
De Vault, Samuel H., Exp 1917
Dewey, Davis R., T 1909—
Dickinson, John W., T 1876–93
Dickinson, Lawrence S., '10, Supt. of Grounds 1913–29; Inst 1921—
Dickinson, M. Fayette, T 1904–12
Dickinson, Lt. Walter M., '77, Inst 1892–95
Dillon, John C., Farm Supt. 1870–75
Doane, Helen E., Ext 1928–31
Dodge, Allen W., T 1863–77
Donaldson, Ralph W., Ext 1928—
Doran, William L., '15, Inst 1915–16; Exp 1923—
Douglas, Gov. William L., T 1905
Drain, Brooks D., Inst 1918–30
Drain, Harry D., Inst 1916–18
Draper, Gov. Eben S., T 1908–09
Draper, James, T 1887–1906
Drew, George A., '97, Inst 1902
Dunbar, Delmont T., Inst 1927–29
Duncan, C. Robert, Inst 1908–17
Dunlap, Dr. Glen L., Exp 1928–31
Durfee, Nathan, T 1863–75; Treas. 1865–75
Durkee, L. Leland, '26, Inst 1926–29

Edwards, Dr. Alfred C., Exp 1916
Eisenmenger, Dr. Walter S., Exp 1931—
Ellert, Fred C., '30, Inst 1930—
Ellis, Benjamin W., '13, Ext 1914–15
Ellis, Dr. George H., T 1900—
Ellsworth, J. Lewis, T 1903–12
Elwood, Philip H., Ext 1913–14
Ely, Gov. Joseph B., T 1931—
Emery, George E., '24, Sec 1929—
Eyerly, Elmer K., Inst 1909–13

Farley, George L., Ext 1916—
Farrer, Dr. Clayton L., Inst 1926–31
Fawcett, Clifford J., Ext 1921—
Fellers, Dr. Carl R., Exp 1926—
Felton, F. Ethel, Sec 1911–15; Exp 1916—
Fenton, Michael, L R 1893—
Ferguson, Richard H., Ext 1914–15
Fernald, Dr. Charles H., Inst 1886–1909; Exp 1888–1909; Director

Graham, John C., Inst 1911—; Exp 1914—
Grannis, Frank C., Inst 1930
Graves, William B., Inst 1874–80
Grayson, Emory E., '17, Inst 1919–23, 1927—
Green, Charles R., Librarian 1908–20
Green, Dr. Henry S., Librarian 1921–23
Greene, George O., Inst 1903–04; Exp 1904
Greenhalge, Gov. Frederic T., T 1894–95
Greenough, James C., President 1883–85
Gribben, Ray L., Inst 1907–10
Griffiths, Francis P., Exp 1928; Inst 1929
Griggs, Frederick D., '13, T 1928—
Grinnell, James S., T 1878–99
Grizzle, Olga, Inst 1921
Grose, Laurence R., Inst 1920–29
Grover, Cora B., Sec 1914—
Guba, Dr. Emil F., '19, Exp 1925—
Guild, Gov. Curtis, T 1906–07
Gunness, Christian I., Inst 1914—; Exp 1928—

Haddock, Jay L., Inst 1930—
Hadwen, O. B., T 1879–85; Treas. 1884–85
Halliday, Raymond, Inst 1924–26
Halligan, Charles P., '03, Inst & Exp 1906
Hamlin, Margaret, Inst 1918—
Harmount, William L., Inst 1911–16
Harrington, Charles L., Inst 1881
Harrington, Dr. Elmer A., Inst 1920–23
Harrington, Wellesley C., Ext 1931—
Harris, Roy D., Inst 1920–23
Harrison, Arthur K., Inst 1911—
Hart, William R., Inst 1907–22
Harwood, Joseph A., T 1886–95
Hasbrouck, Philip B., Inst 1895–1923; Registrar 1905–23
Haskell, Sidney B., '04, Exp 1904–05; Inst 1905–15; Director Exp. Sta. 1920–27
Haskins, Henri D., '90, Exp 1890—
Haslett, Henry E., Ext 1918–19
Hatch, Walter H., '05, Inst & Exp 1905
Hawley, Robert D., '18, Ext 1920, 1922–25; Sec 1926—
Haynes, Mrs. Harriet J., Ext 1914–15, 1920—
Hays, Dr. Frank A., Exp 1922—
Hazeltine, Burt A., Inst 1913–18
Hecht, August G., Inst 1917–18
Heller, Charles S., Inst 1910
Helming, Vernon P., Inst 1933—
Helyar, John P., Ext 1926–27
Henninger, Roswell W., '17, Ext 1917–18
Heron, Major Gordon J. F., Inst 1930
Herr, Mrs. Annette T., Ext 1926—
Herrick, Louis R., Inst 1902–06
Hicks, Curry S., Inst 1911—
Hicks, Mrs. Curry S., Inst 1919—
Hill, Frank A., T 1894–1902
Hill, Mrs. Grace E., Matron 1930—
Hills, Henry F., T 1865–78
Hinegardner, Dr. Wilbie S., Inst 1927
Hinshaw, Dr. William R., Exp 1927–28
Holcomb, George N., Inst 1905–08
Holden, Richard L., '17, Inst 1919
Holdsworth, Robert P., Inst 1930—
Holland, Dr. Edward B., '92, Exp 1892—
Holmes, Arthur D., Inst 1907
Hood, Egerton G., Inst 1915–19
Hopkins, Elizabeth F., Exp 1927
Hosmer, Frank A., T 1910–17
Howard, James T., Exp 1909—
Howard, S. Francis, '94, Inst 1899–1911
Howe, Elmer D., '81, T 1892–1923
Howe, William F., Ext 1918–27
Hubbard, Major Eustis L., Inst 1927–29
Hubbard, S. Church, Inst 1921—
Hughes, Capt. Dwight, Jr., Inst 1923–26, 1931—
Humphrey, James E., Exp 1888–92
Hunting, Nathan J., '01, Inst 1905–06

Marshall, Dr. Charles E., Inst 1912–26; Director Graduate School 1912–26; Exp 1918–25
Marshall, Mrs. Maud, Matron 1928—
Marston, George, T 1863–77
Marston, George A., Inst 1933—
Martin, Capt. George C., Inst 1905–14
Martin, George H., T 1903–08
Martin, George W., Inst 1916
Maynard, Samuel T., '72, Inst 1873–1901; Exp 1883–84, 1887–1901
McCall, Gov. Samuel W., T 1916–17
McFall, Dr. Robert J., Ext 1920–26
McGeoch, Charles R., '25, Inst 1928–30
McKay, Frederick B., Inst 1909–10
McLaughlin, Frederick A., '11, Inst 1911–29, Exp 1930—
McLean, John A., Inst 1910–15
McNutt, John C., Inst 1915–19
Mellen, Richard A., '21, Sec 1921–25
Merkle, Frederick G., '14, Inst 1914–19
Merrill, Lt. A. H., Inst 1872–74
Metcalf, Leonard, Inst & Exp 1895–96
Michels, Charles A., Inst 1921–25
Mighell, Ronald L., Exp 1927—
Miles, Dr. Manly, Inst 1882–85; Exp 1883
Miller, Samuel F., Inst 1868–70
Mills, George F., Inst 1889–1913; Treas. 1891–1906; Head Division of Humanities 1907–10; Dean 1907–13
Monahan, William C., Ext 1918–32
Montague, Enos J., '15, Farm Supt. 1918–29; Inst 1925–29
Montague, George, Inst 1875–79; Treas. 1876–78
Moon, Frank F., Inst 1910–11
Moore, Frank C., Inst 1918—
Morgan, Ezra L., Ext 1912–19
Morley, Mrs. Ruth D., Ext 1929—
Morris, Lt. Charles, Inst 1878–80
Morse, Fred W., Exp 1887–88, 1910—
Morse, Miriam, Inst 1932—
Mortensen, Harry T., Inst 1925
Mortimer, Edmund, T 1914–20
Morton, Orion A., Ext 1912–15
Moser, Roy E., Ext 1931—
Mueller, William S., Exp 1931—
Muller, Richard T., Inst 1921–27
Munson, Willard A., '05, Director Extension Service 1926—
Murdock, Dorothy W., Ext 1921–23

Nash, Ethel H., Ext 1914–16
Neal, Robert W., Inst 1906–19
Needham, Daniel, T 1868–94; Treas. 1883
Nehrling, Arno H., Inst 1914–16
Neill, James M., Inst 1920
Nelson, Dr. John B., Inst 1924
Newlon, John B., Inst 1919—
Nicholson, Alfred, Inst 1926
Nodine, Earle H., Ext 1919—
Norman, Alvah J., Inst 1910; Ext 1910–11
Norris, Helen M., Ext 1917–20
Noyes, George, T 1880–86

O'Donnell, Bridie E., Sec 1908, 1911—
O'Donnell, George P., T 1913–14
Oleson, Grunow O., Ext 1926—
Osmun, A. Vincent, '03, Inst 1903—; Exp 1914—
Ostrander, John E., Inst 1897—; Exp 1897–1927

Packard, Faith E., '29, Inst 1929
Packard, Ransom C., Inst 1927—
Page, Mrs. Esther Cooley, Ext 1927—
Paige, Frank E., Treas. 1886–90
Paige, Dr. James B., '82, Inst 1890–1921; Exp 1906–21; Chairman Division of Science 1911–12
Parker, Henry W., Inst 1870–78
Parker, Laurence H., Inst 1919–22
Parker, Sumner R., '04, Exp 1904–05; Ext 1915—
Parmenter, George F., '00, Inst 1900
Parmenter, Robert B., Ext 1930—
Parrott, Ernest M., Inst 1929—
Parsons, Clarence H., '27, Inst 1928, 1931—; Farm Supt. 1931—
Patterson, Charles H., Inst 1916–32
Payne, Loyal F., Inst 1914–20
Peabody, Selim H., Inst 1871–73
Peacock, Walter M., Inst 1915–18

Shufelt, Capt. James V. V., Inst 1921–23
Shumway, George F., '25, Inst 1925
Sievers, Fred J., Director Exp. Sta. 1928—; Head Division of Agriculture 1928–29; Director Graduate School 1930—
Sims, Dr. Newell L., Inst 1920–25
Skinner, Edna L., Inst 1918—; Adviser of Women 1918—; Head Division of Home Economics 1928—
Smart, Harold W., Inst 1923—
Smith, Bernard H., '99, Inst 1899
Smith, Frank A. Cushing, Ext 1915–18
Smith, Henry E., Inst 1912–15
Smith, Dr. Payson, T 1916—
Smith, Philip H., '97, Exp 1898—
Smith, Ralph E., '94, Inst 1894–1902; Exp 1895—
Smith, Richard W., '21, Inst 1921–26
Snedden, David, T 1909–15
Snell, Dr. Ebenezer S., Inst 1867
Snyder, Grant B., Inst 1922—
Southwick, André A., '75, Farm Supt. 1876–78
Southwick, Benjamin G., '12, Ext 1918
Southworth, William S., T 1863
Sprague, Dr. Robert J., Inst 1911–20; Head Division of Humanities 1911–19
Stearns, Winfred A., Inst 1883
Stedman, Phineas, T 1863–88
Stewart, Lloyd L., Inst 1917
Stockbridge, Dr. Horace E., '78, Inst 1883–84
Stockbridge, Levi, Farm Supt. 1867–69; Inst 1867–79; Acting-President 1876; President 1880–81
Stockwell, James W., T 1899–1902
Stofflet, Donald E., Inst 1931
Stone, Dr. George E., '86, Inst 1893–1915; Exp 1895–1915
Story, George F. E., Ext 1911–14
Stout, Gerald J., Inst 1926–28
Strahan, James L., Inst 1919–24
Strahan, Mrs. Julia G., Inst 1920
Stratton, Gertrude E., Sec 1888–1906
Street, Orman E., Inst 1925
Stuart, William M., Exp 1930
Sumner, Capt. Edwin M., Inst 1926–31
Sweetman, Dr. Harvey L., Inst 1930—

Taft, Levi R., '82, Inst 1883
Tague, William H., Inst 1929—
Talbot, Gov. Thomas, T 1874, 1878
Taube, Melvin H., Inst 1931—
Taylor, Lewis W., Inst 1922
Tenney, Benjamin F., L R 1911—
Thatcher, Dr. Roscoe W., President 1927–32; Exp 1933—
Thayer, Charles H., Inst 1919—
Thayer, Clark L., '13, Inst 1913, 1919—
Thayer, Weston C., '18, Inst 1920–24
Thelin, Guy A., Inst 1920–23
Thies, Wilbur H., Ext 1924—
Thissell, Paul E., Inst 1921–23
Thompson, Andrew S., Inst 1915–17
Thompson, Charles H., Inst 1915–30
Thornton, William M., Inst 1907
Tiedjens, Victor A., Exp 1923–29
Tillson, D. H., Farm Supt. 1882
Tompson, Harold F., '05, Inst 1907–09, 15–23; Exp 1919–23
Torrey, Dr. Ray E., '12, Inst 1919—
Totten, Lt. C. A. L., Inst 1875–77
Tower, Alfred L., '14, Inst 1920
Towne, Carroll A., '23, Inst 1927–28
Troy, Frederick S., '31, Inst 1931—
Tucker, Marion L., Ext 1922–25; Inst 1926–30
Tuckerman, Dr. Frederick, '78, Inst 1883
Tumey, Malcomb E., '23, Inst 1925
Turner, Olive M., '08, Sec 1913—
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Tuttle, Alden P., '28, Inst 1930—
Tuttle, Eudora, Ext 1917

Upton, Glen E., Inst 1920

Van Horn, Stanley, Inst 1917–19
Van Meter, Ralph E., Ext 1917–22; Inst 1923—; Head Division of Horticulture 1932—
Van Roekel, Dr. Henry, Exp 1926, 1929—

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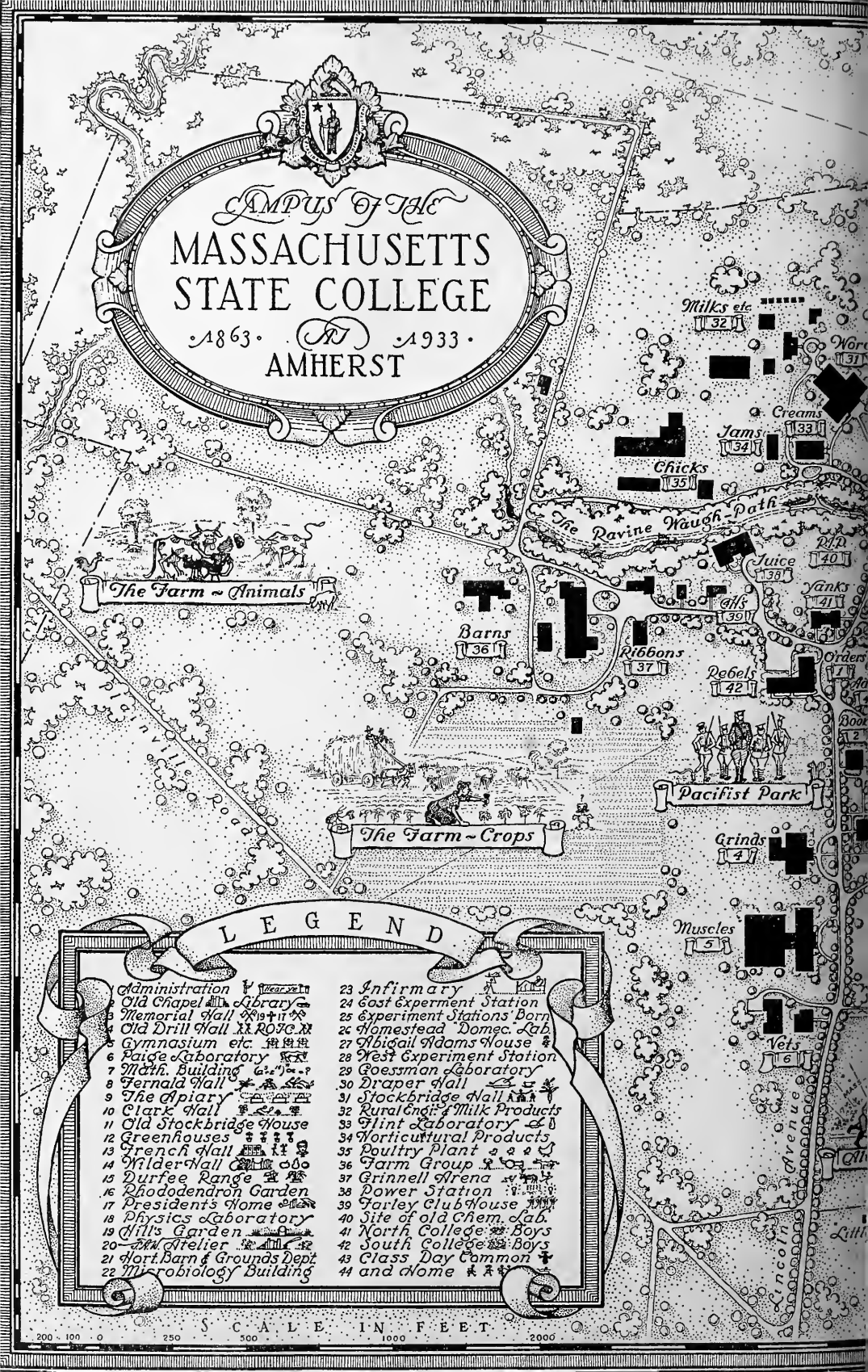
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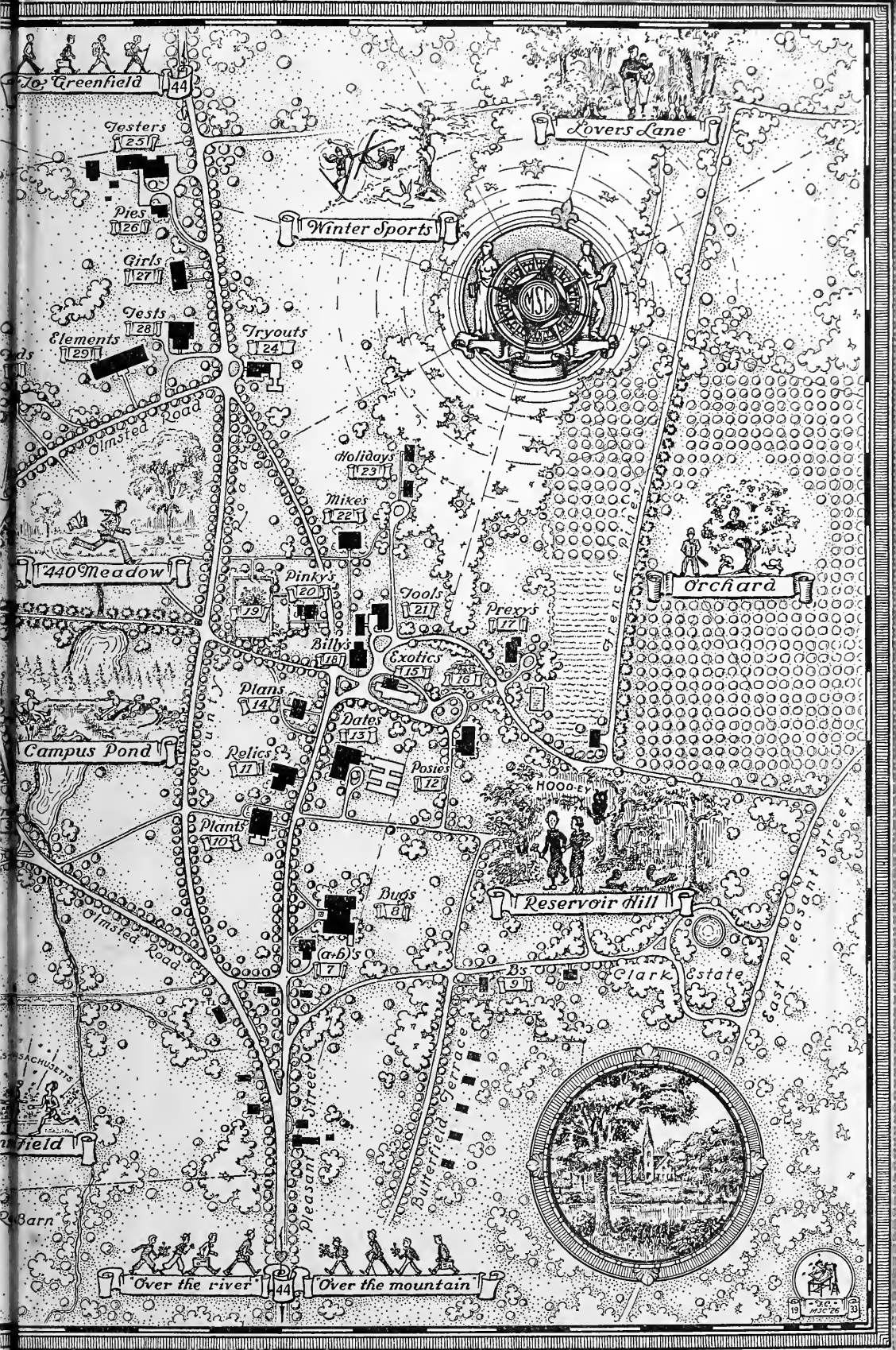
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