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Bates College

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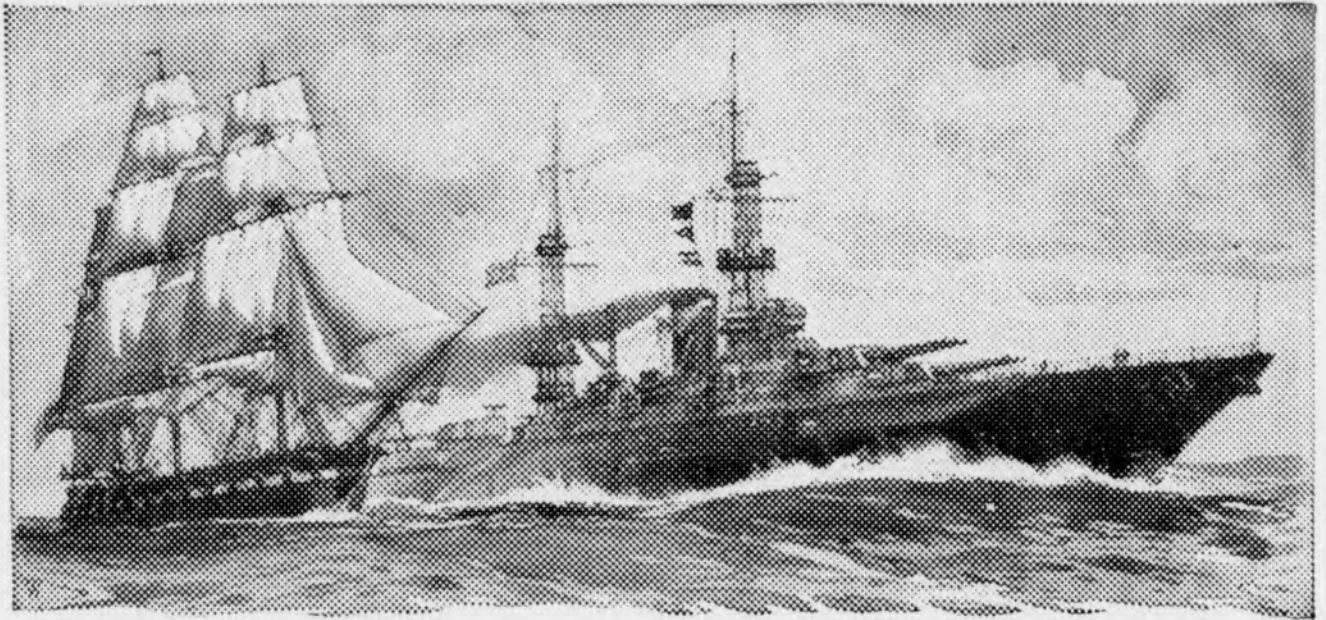
1919

4 Dec. 1919

The
BATES STUDENT
MAGAZINE



BATES LIFE
NUMBER



The "Constitution" of To-day—Electrically Propelled

THE U. S. S. "New Mexico," the first battleship of any nation to be electrically propelled, is one of the most important achievements of the scientific age. She not only develops the maximum power and, with electrical control, has greater flexibility of maneuver, which is a distinct naval advantage, but also gives greater economy. At 10 knots, her normal cruising speed, she will steam on less fuel than the best turbine-driven ship that preceded her.

The electric generating plant, totaling 28,000 horsepower, and the propulsion equipment of the great super-dreadnaught were built by the General Electric Company. Their operation has demonstrated the superiority of electric propulsion over old-time methods and a wider application of this principle in the merchant marine is fast making progress.

Figures that tell the Story of Achievement

Length—624 feet
 Width—97 feet
 Displacement—32,000 tons
 Fuel capacity—a million gallons (fuel oil)
 Power—28,000 electrical horsepower
 Speed—21 knots

Six auxiliary General Electric Turbine-Generators of 400 horsepower each, supply power for nearly 500 motors, driving pumps, fans, shop machinery, and kitchen and laundry appliances, etc.

Utilizing electricity to propel ships at sea marks the advancement of another phase of the electrical industry in which the General Electric Company is the pioneer. Of equal importance has been its part in perfecting electric transportation on land, transforming the potential energy of waterfalls for use in electric motors, developing the possibilities of electric lighting and many other similar achievements.

As a result, so general are the applications of electricity to the needs of mankind that scarcely a home or individual today need be without the benefits of General Electric products and service.

An illustrated booklet describing the "New Mexico," entitled, "The Electric Ship," will be sent upon request. Address General Electric Company, Desk 44, Schenectady, New York.

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FOREWORD

This issue of the magazine is a distinct innovation. It is founded upon a booklet, **Life at Bates**, prepared by the Spofford Club last June, and is printed in order to give the student body an opportunity to enjoy the good things they left us, together with new material which seemed equally important.



Corner of the Campus

VOILÀ BATES 1864—VOICI BATES 1920

Growth is a curious and wonderful phenomenon whether it be of a plant, of a child or a college; although it comes about so gradually that we cannot appreciate it unless we take the time to stop and measure that which is, beside that which has been. So we, as we look back over the short space of sixty years, look almost incredulously at the modest beginnings of our Bates College.

A State Seminary, opened by Professor Oren B. Cheney, September 1, 1857, in an unfinished building which was later to become our Hathorn Hall was the first stir of the life which was to be Bates. The red brick building known now as Parker Hall was then the only dormitory and with a partition dividing the north from the south side was used for both the boys and girls. There were separate walks and separate entrances, tho tradition does not tell us whether

masculine feet were forbidden to stroll over on the southern side.

The campus in those far-off days did not show the lines of beautiful elms and maples so characteristic of today; it was desolate-looking enough—a stump-strewn cowpasture with a marsh in the rear.

Our chapel bell, which sounds so heartless in the early morning and at the beginning of recitations, and so joyful at the end of an hour, and after an athletic victory, was given us early in our history by a man named Jack Davis. It is said



Hathorn Hall

that he was famed as stingy, but that Principal Cheney's eloquence persuaded him to give \$500 for a bell which he was assured would say "Jack Davis, Jack Davis" as it summoned the students to classes.

After petitions by the students and long, hard work on the part of President Cheney the charter which made the Seminary into a college was granted in 1864. The College was named for Mr. Benjamin E. Bates, one of the founders of

Lewiston, who gave first \$25,000, and later \$75,000 to help establish the school.

Many were the jeers cast at the "college for niggers and women", for Bates was one of the pioneers in co-education. The first women at the college, indeed, did not stay to graduate, so strong was the feeling against their presence. We should remember the name of Mary Wheelwright Mitchell, who established co-education by graduating in the third class.

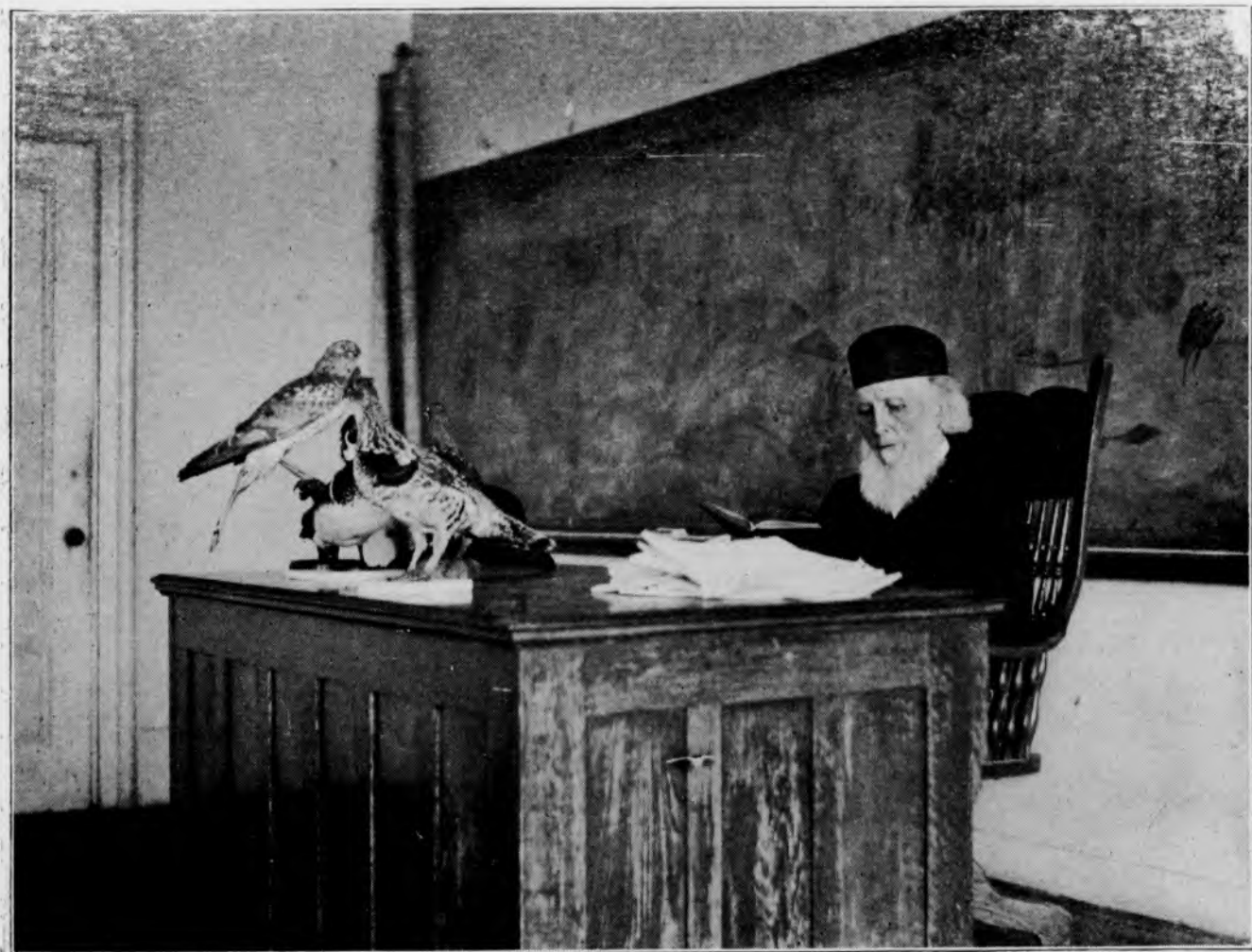
Throuout her history Bates has been fortunate in having professors who were thoroly unselfish in their whole-hearted loyalty. "Uncle Johnnie" Stanton came to us early



Chapel

and in his breadth of insight, kindly optimism, and unswerving devotion was invaluable. Professors Hayes, Stanley, Angell, and Rand were other workers in the earlier days. Even today, tho the names read differently, the same spirit rules over the faculty at Bates. Our beloved President Chase, himself a graduate in the second class of the college, took up the work when President Cheney laid it down, and because of his un-failing effort the college stands where it does today.

Look over the campus, now. Rows of beautiful trees veil our sixteen buildings. A chapel which has no superior in all New England, library, science buildings, and a wonderful new Chase Hall which is a perfectly appointed club house and social center; tennis courts and athletic fields for both the men and women; who can picture the rough cow-pasture with modest buildings? A registration of nearly five hundred, a faculty of about forty, with new courses continually being added,—this is the Bates College of today.



Professor Stanton At His Desk

YE OLDE TIME YARNS

To the casual passer-by who peers at the College curiously from the windows of the Figure Eight, the campus looks very quiet and dignified. The rows of elms and maples stretching away from the road half conceal Parker and Hathorn Halls, the two oldest College buildings. This serene and dignified air which Bates has acquired, is, however, quite deceptive. For more than fifty years, the rollicking student life has gone on underneath those trees; and every nook and corner of the campus, from Lake Andrews to Mount David, could tell various and sundry stories of gray-haired professors, grinning youths swaggering around in garnet sweater, and sweet young things with an earnest expression and a thirst for knowledge. Many of the pranks of days gone by have been mercifully forgotten; but wherever there is a gathering of Bates graduates, someone is sure to start a flood of reminiscences by beginning with a chuckle: "Say, do you remember the time—?"

Is there a single student or graduate who has not heard about the sad fate of the Lewiston farmer who used the campus as a woodlot? When the boys looked out of Parker Hall one morning, they saw to their dismay a good sized load of wood reposing serenely in the middle of what is now the girls' athletic field, from its point of vantage seeming to assure them that they would have no more football for awhile. Respectful requests that the farmer remove his property met with no results whatever. At last, the boys decided the case called for action. One dark night there was a most unprecedented amount of activity on the campus. The next morning, the astounded faculty, who had started out peacefully to classes, beheld the whole campus fairly bristling with cordwood. The hollow which used to be out in front of the chapel, the steps of Hathorn, the roof of Parker—no place had escaped decoration; a whole forest had taken root in the night and was sprouting everywhere. Needless to add, activities on the athletic field were resumed.

If we are tempted to think that Parker is a perfect pande-

monium nowadays, we ought to have been around here in the good old times of President Cheney. That worthy gentleman was particularly averse to the blowing of horns; and when one day the whole of Parker went around tooting lustily, he was indeed aghast. A frantic descent upon the offending dormitory brought results indeed; the whole orchestra fled to the roof. One innocent looking youth, overtaken on the stairs with one hand behind his back, was pressed into service by the irate professor, and urged to come up on the roof and aid in the capture of the offenders. Then followed a game of hide and seek around and behind the chimneys, in which pursuers and pursued performed some truly remarkable antics, punctuated freely by long and cheery blasts from the shelter of the chimneys at moments when the President least expected them. The results of the pursuit are lost in the mists of long ago. Those were indeed stirring times.

Are things, or aren't they? Sometimes they are, and then again they aren't. It all depends. Once upon a time certain strenuous activities in Parker had resulted in smashing all the windows on the north side. Professor Hayes, on a chance excursion to that side of the dormitory, discovered things that sent him hurrying to faculty meeting, there to tell the tale. By one of those mysterious but not infrequent chances, news of the proceeding leaked out and reached the culprits, who thereupon resolved on firm measures. A man was hired to come up from down town that very evening; and all night long might have been heard the subdued clink of glass and the scraping of putty, as window after window appeared in its accustomed place. When on the next day the boys were summoned before the bar of justice, there to answer for their sins, they declared most earnestly, that, to the best of their knowledge, there wasn't a single broken window in Parker Hall. Inquiring glances were cast at Professor Hayes who stoutly asserted that, even tho he was near-sighted, he guessed he could tell when he saw a broken window. Finally, someone suggested that the only way to settle the dispute was to make an investigation. Accordingly, a solemn procession, sternly

bent upon inquiry, filed around the farther side of the hall, there to discover rows and rows of shining windows, each without crack or flaw. With mystification on the part of the faculty, and suppressed glee among the boys, the court of inquiry thereupon dissolved. It is rumored, however, that Professor Hayes never discovered that his eye sight was, upon occasion, not altogether a handicap.

Uncle Johnnie! What Bates man or woman has not heard scores of stories of his quick wit and his quicker flashes of temper? We love to remember the time when a certain young fellow, now a highly respected judge, sat in the Beloved Professor's "math" class, pondering deeply over the explanation of a problem which had just been presented by another student. Finally he ventured to inquire whether there wasn't some other way to solve the problem. Uncle Johnnie, suspicious of the motive behind the question, bent stern and calculating eyes on the questioner. "There, there, Mr. Smith," he snapped, "anyone could get down to the ground from this classroom (on the second flood of Hathorn) by jumping out the window, but it wouldn't be the best way to do it!" With a somewhat crestfallen air, Smith hastened to explain that he had asked the question in all good faith. His woebegone appearance touched Uncle Johnnie's heart, a thing not difficult to do, as we know so well. "There, there, Mr. Smith," he remarked soothingly, "there there! Didn't mean a word I said! Didn't mean a word of it!"

Sometimes it seems as if all the picturesque incidents took place when the College was young; but some of us realize that things are happening every year which, when sufficiently trans-figured by lapses of time and memory, will take their places in history beside these olden exploits. Who of us doesn't take away from Bates a whole collection of treasured yarns, which will serve as topics of conversation for many a winter evening to come? Our grandchildren will be told many a startling story, introduced by: "When I was in college,—by the way, Jimmie, Bates is the best college I know—when I was in college—!"

OUR HONORARY SOCIETIES

One of the most important days of the life of the college was May 29, 1917, when the Gamma chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was formally installed at Bates.

The little gold key of Phi Beta Kappa stands for scholarship the world over, and its owner possesses an honored introduction to educated people everywhere. The installation of a chapter here recognizes a prevailing high standard of achievement and gives to the college the right to award this much coveted emblem to the students of particular merit in the senior class, the number not to be above a certain proportion of the class. This privilege is an invaluable asset to the college.

Delta Sigma Rho is our other honorary society of national reputation. This organization stands for merit in debating, and Bates is the only college in Maine to possess it. Members of the varsity debating teams have the privilege of membership.

JORDAN SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

In 1910 a small group of men interested in science formed the Jordan Scientific Society—named in honor of Dr. Lyman G. Jordan, who has done so much to put the science departments of Bates on a firm and solid foundation.

With a membership limited to thirteen Seniors and five Juniors nominated for scholarship by the heads of the departments of biology, chemistry, forestry, geology, mathematics, and physics, it has come to be an honor society prized next to Phi Beta Kappa among those men interested in science.

This society is governed by student members; meetings are held twice a month, at which members give original papers covering research or investigations which they have made in some field of science. During the last year, through the coöperation of American and Canadian manufacturers, slides and moving pictures were shown in the following subjects:

Operation of a By-Product Coke Oven, The Manufacture

of Vaccines and their Use in Disease Prevention, Use of the X-Ray, The Manufacture of Paper, The Refining of Sugar, Dangers of the House Fly, The Cottrell Process of Electrical Precipitation and Fixation of Atmospheric Nitrogen. Members prepared papers on these subjects and used the films as illustrating material. Students and faculty are always welcome at these meetings when they come with members.

Such men as Professors Cram and Chaplin of Bowdoin, Professor Hutchins of Worcester Polytechnic, Mr. W. S. C. Russell, Bates, '95, and this year Dr. H. E. Williams of the S. D. Warren Paper Co., have addressed the society.

The exhibits of the different work in science carried on at Bates, which this society holds, have come to be one of the events of the year, not only at Bates, but in Lewiston and Auburn as well. Each department plans to put on the best exhibit possible; this rivalry coupled with the coöperation of American manufacturers made the exhibit of 1919 the best ever held in this State by any college or scientific society, and one of the best in New England.

MEN'S MUSICAL CLUBS

The Bates Musical Clubs hold a very important place in our college life. Probably next to athletics there is no activity in which the fellows take a keener interest than in the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. Thanks to the brilliant leadership and skilful management of these clubs, Bates has achieved great success along musical lines and has been able to send out every year a musical organization whose concerts would compare favorably with those of any college or university in New England. Indeed, the concerts have been of such high calibre that Bates Musical Club has already established a name for itself, not only thruout Maine, but thruout New Hampshire and Massachusetts as well.

Do not be surprised that we cannot a recent picture of the club. Circumstances arising from the war rendered it impossible last year to carry out many of the accustomed activities of the college. The Bates Musical Club



Men's Musical Clubs

was one of the many organizations that suffered. With the return to more normal conditions, however, it is expected that this year will prove one of the finest years in the way of musical activities that the college has ever known. Under the capable training of our two leaders, Mr. Smith and Mr. Woodman, assisted by our musical director Mr. Goss, there is no limit to the success that the clubs may achieve.

The Bates Musical Club will start their season this year with a series of eight concerts in Maine, beginning in Westbrook on the twenty-sixth of December and ending on the third of January in Skowhegan. This trip will in all probability be followed in the Easter vacation by a series of concerts in Massachusetts. As a climax to our season's program, there will be held a joint concert of the Men's and Women's Musical Clubs in the City Hall here in Lewiston.

THE GIRLS' GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS

During the past year the Girls' Musical Clubs have been very active, and have furnished much entertainment for audiences both at the College and in surrounding towns. In the early spring the Mandolin Club and the Glee Club combined and gave in Hathorn Hall a very successful concert which proved to be a genuine delight and treat to those present. The selections were very pleasing and showed the result of much careful drill and preparation.

The Mandolin Club has been exceptionally popular this year. It has played more than ever before for many different social clubs and festive gatherings at various places throughout the two cities, and has become quite noted for its remarkable talent. Evidence has surely been given of efficient management, much enthusiasm, and an eager willingness to give pleasure to others.

The Glee Club, while not as active, has been thoroughly awake to its opportunities, and under the direction of Mr. Goss has shown much ability and afforded much pleasure to those who love music.

These two clubs would do credit to any institution, and

the College has every reason to feel satisfaction in the result of their efforts.



Women's Musical Clubs

CHASE HALL

Come on down to Chase Hall. What, you have never been in Bates' newest building? You really must come immediately. Seeing that edifice is an experience that can not be missed. No, we will go around to the Campus Avenue entrance instead of entering by Bardwell Street, for the main entrance itself is really worth seeing. It is quite wide, as you see, symbolic of the breadth of the spirit and sportsmanship that is developed within.

We might, of course, look over this first floor now, but let us go down stairs first and then work up. Oh, you need not fear because of that rumbling and crashing which rises to our ears as we descend. It is not the "easy descent to Aver-nics" that we are following; we are merely coming near the

bowling alleys. Much easier, indeed, would it be to descend to the lower regions than it often would be to get a chance to roll a string sometimes during the day so busy are they kept. The alleys seem a trifle warped, 'tis true, but then why be critical and try to pick flaws?

I suppose that now we had best go back a step or two and visit the pool room. Oh! No! Those little black caps with the red buttons are not uniforms which are required by all who enter here. They belong to the tired, overworked freshmen, who seek this means to restore their shattered nerves. Yes, indeed, those five pool tables are nearly always in use, and the billiard table isn't neglected at all.

We might as well wander back to the main room. That surely is some fireplace, isn't it! With those big settles drawn up beside the really enormous hearth, and the smaller tables



Chase Hall

scattered around, it takes small stretching of our imaginations to make ourselves believe that we are back in the great hall of some ancient castle. Suppose we go along up stairs to the first floor again. These two doors at the foot of the stairs? Oh, they lead to the janitor's room and to the room where the wood is kept. There is no excuse for cold feet around Bates, now. There is wood enough there to keep the "home fires burning" all winter.

This room right here at the head of the stairs is the writing room. We have two of "three Rs" here anyway, for this room opening off the writing room is the reading room. Here are all the latest daily papers (no week old number lying around), and the magazines are supposed to be here, but they are now scattered over the main hall where the men have been perusing the contents in the leisure moments.

This room here is the main hall. Isn't it magnificent? Another big fireplace, not quite so large as the one down stairs but of very good dimensions nevertheless! Don't those chairs look comfortable, tho? Just try them. I'd never envy a king his throne when I had such chairs as those to lounge in. How do you like the long, settle-like, cosy benches? (That really is not the best word to apply to them, tho; it sounds too uncomfortable.) Of course that is no machine-gun nest up there in the corner. It is the room where the "movie" machine is operated. You see we have an extensive course in co-education here at Bates. Class work occurs three Saturday evenings a month. Often "movies" take the place of the lectures common to other courses. Don't the curtains harmonize well with the rest of the room! They are a little somber perhaps, but possibly that effect is only to tone down our exalted spirits.

There is Professor Gould's office on the left. Up ahead are the "Y" offices with Harry Rowe in charge. Out here is the College Store. The Board for the Promulgation of Education at Bates College is reported to have delegated a committee to investigate the rumor that the candy counter is doing a much more thriving business than the book and supply

counters. There is the kitchen in the corner, across the corridor. Completeness is our motto.

Our tour should include a peek at the second floor. There at our right is the large assembly room. Sometimes the "Y" meets there, also the faculty; that is hallowed ground! The music room is there in the left-hand corner. When we hear that the Glee Club and other musical organizations meet there, we can suspect why the Figure Eight cars ramble on down Campus Avenue at twice their former speed. This next is the Debating Room. The radiator can soon be taken out of it, I suppose, for the room will not need steam for heat.

Before we leave let's slip up this corridor with the Alumni rooms opening on it from each side. Look in this corner room. Doesn't it look comfortable and "homey"? We can't help wishing for the time when we'll be Alumni and can come back to enjoy one of these rooms for awhile.

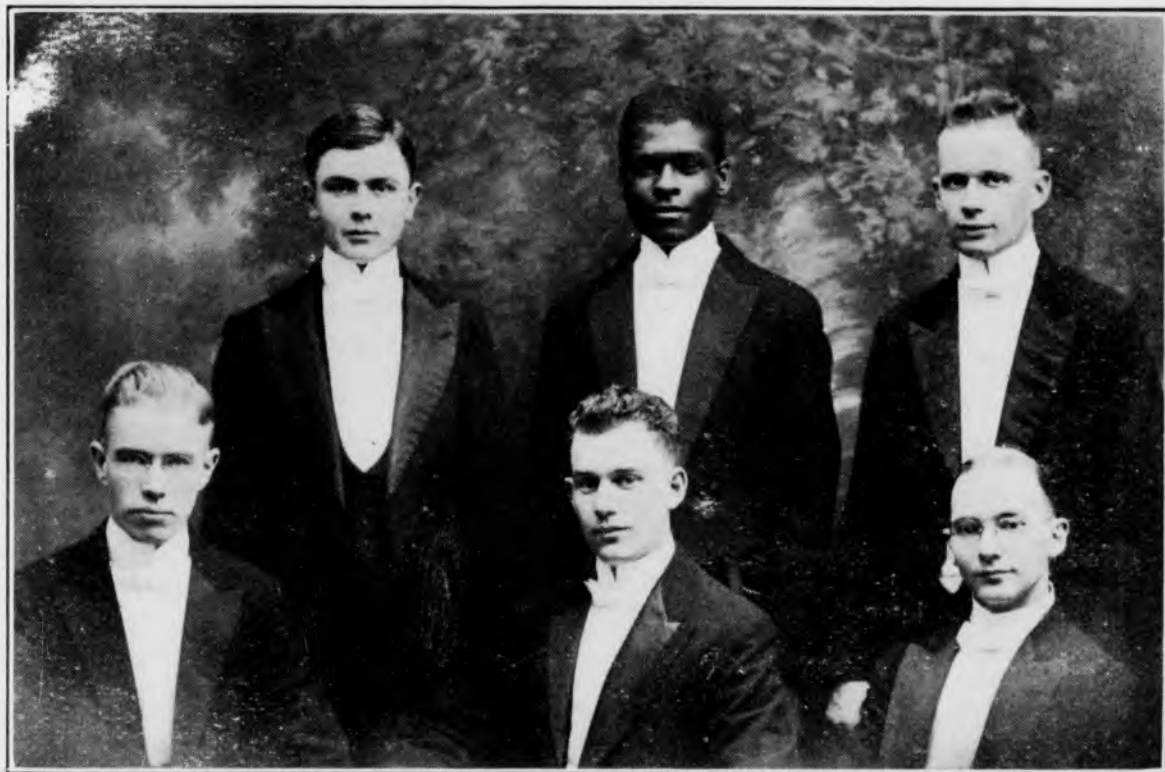
Of course it is just the building we need. Perhaps we do not all realize it just now, but it is Bates, for as important as the classroom work is in judging the merits of this college, just so important at least are the social and recreational facilities of the college. The jolly, informal good times for which Chase Hall stands create the strongest bonds of loyalty and good fellowship.

PRO AND CON

Debating! What a thrill lies in that magic word for the argumentative student. Discussion becomes his athletic field where powerful muscular development and great endurance take second place to quick wit and clear brain. Here rivalry may be just as keen, and opportunity for real sportsmanship as great as that which the baseball or football contest offers. Bates, long recognizing the value of this intellectual sport, has given to debating no mean place among student activities.

Even in the old Maine State Seminary days many forensic contests were held. To Professor Stanton is given the honor of organizing the first debate held in the College, in 1865, the

members chosen from all classes. Some years later the Sophomore Champion Debates were organized, and have since become an annual spring event of great undergraduate interest. In recent years, when practicable, both men and women have had separate teams. Six members and two alternates are chosen thru vigorous competition, to form opposing sides. Live topics, discussed from every angle, result in the intellectual broadening of every student engaged. In 1919 was inaugurated the Freshman Champion Debate, an exercise which will no doubt become permanent. The Forum, composed of



Debating Team

thirty women and men, holds fortnightly discussions and debates.

In 1896 Bates won her first intercollegiate contest in argument. Since that time she has been victorious in thirty-six out of forty-six contests, including two victories in 1919, one with Clark at Lewiston, the other with Tufts at Medford. Debates have been held with Clark, Colby, Colgate, College of the City of New York, Boston University, Trinity, Tufts, and the Universities of Vermont and Maine. Two international discussions with Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, resulted in victories for Bates. For the present season Bates will meet

Cornell University at Ithaca and Trinity College at Lewiston. Members of the varsity teams are eligible to the honorary debating fraternity established at Bates in 1916, the Delta Sigma Rho.

Besides the training afforded Bates students in public speaking thru debating, excellent opportunities are open in other intercollegiate contests held from time to time. In state and national, Peace and Prohibition, oratorical battles, Bates has maintained a most creditable position. Thru excellent coaching of Professor Robinson, the Freshman and Sophomore prize declamations, the presentation of original Junior and Senior orations, and the delivery of Commencement parts, become thoroughly enjoyable annual events to the College and its friends. In these and many other ways the Bates student obtains training that becomes a valuable asset, one which stands him in good stead when he passes from the campus to the hard, work-a-day world.

AN EAVESDROPPER IN THE GIRLS' GYM

Long shadows began to gather in the girls' gym. Somewhere from the regions above, the faint clatter of dishes and the enticing smell of cooking food proclaimed the nearness of the dinner hour. Thru the open windows could be heard the light laughter of co-eds and the late-afternoon chirping of the birds.

The Baseball Bat, in his corner of the gym, suddenly stood erect.

"If I only could travel," he mourned, "If only I could visit Wellesley or Vassar or Smith, for instance. People say they are much finer than we are here."

The Basketball answered from his corner.

"Are you still discontented? Why don't you get the Tennis Racket and Hockey Stick to tell you about them; they have both been there."

"Yes, indeed," spoke up the Tennis Racket promptly, "we have been there; but really, my dear friend, there is hardly a bit of apparatus anywhere that they haven't here. Look

about you—see the vertical and inclined ropes, the rope ladders, the booms, the horse, the box, the flying rings, the window ladder, the clubs, and the dumb-bells. Why, I could scarcely imagine anything else.”

“Yes,” said the Hockey Stick, “there are more girls there, of course, but I’ll wager there are none with better spirit than our Bates girls. They are so interested in athletics here, too. Why, every time they play off their interclass hockey, basketball, baseball, tennis, and what not, matches, there is as much enthusiasm almost as if they were intercollegiate games.

“Did you see the basketball games this year?” asked the Basketball. “I never saw such clean, hard fighting in my life. And it’s the same girls, too, who were so pale and timid when they first came. They’re certainly the pluckiest little sports.”



Women's Athletics

“What about that basketball banquet?” asked the Tennis Racket.

“Oh, that was surely the event of the season. They had it over in Cheney House dining room, you know, and all the girls who went out for basketball at all, could go. There were toasts and after-dinner speeches, too. I’ll wager that night had a place in their ‘mem’ books all right.”

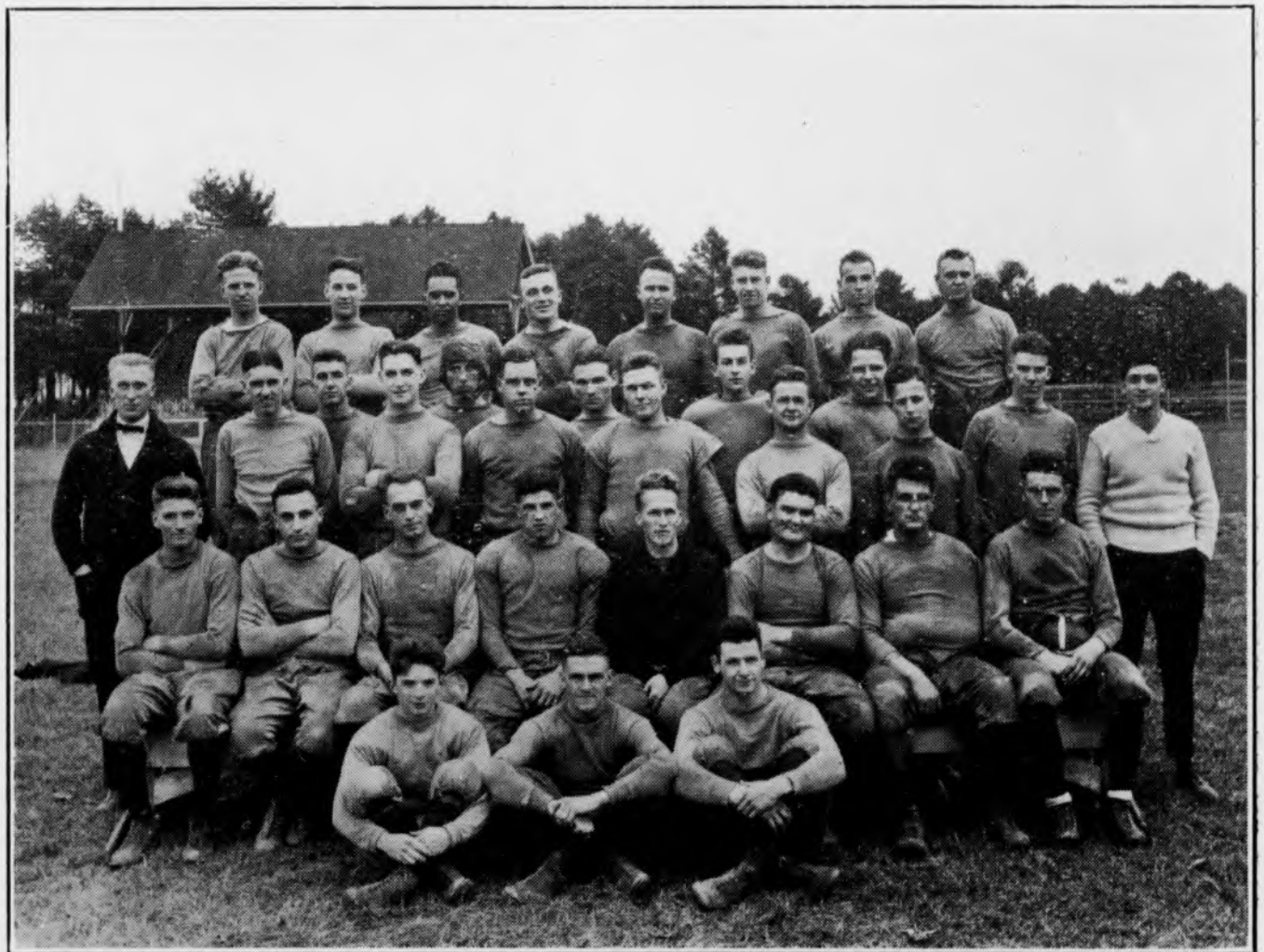
“I think one reason they like it so well”, said the Hockey Stick, “is this system of giving them a stripe for each team

they make, three stripes giving them the right to wear their class numerals, six stripes a B. W., and twelve a B. W. C. (Bates Woman Champion). Some of them even get the individual cup which twenty-four stripes gives them. Those who make the class teams in basketball get jerseys. I've heard the girls say that means a lot to them."

"It's a good deal owing to the Physical Director, Miss Niles, you know," said the Basketball, "she seems to be thinking about what she can do for the girls all the time, and they just **adore** her."

"Come, come, Mr. Baseball Bat," said the Tennis Racket, "do you mean to say that you want to leave Bates and go to a bigger place?"

"No, I did not say so. I was just wondering if their facilities were any better; but now I am convinced that Bates is the best little old college anywhere, and I wouldn't leave for anything."



Football

MEN'S ATHLETICS

Athletics at Bates in these reconstruction days are taking on new interest. The unsettled conditions of the past three years have had a decidedly dampening effect upon sports in every American college. During this fall a new enthusiasm and determination to make this year a record one in athletics as well as in other fields have possessed the members of Bates College.



Baseball Team

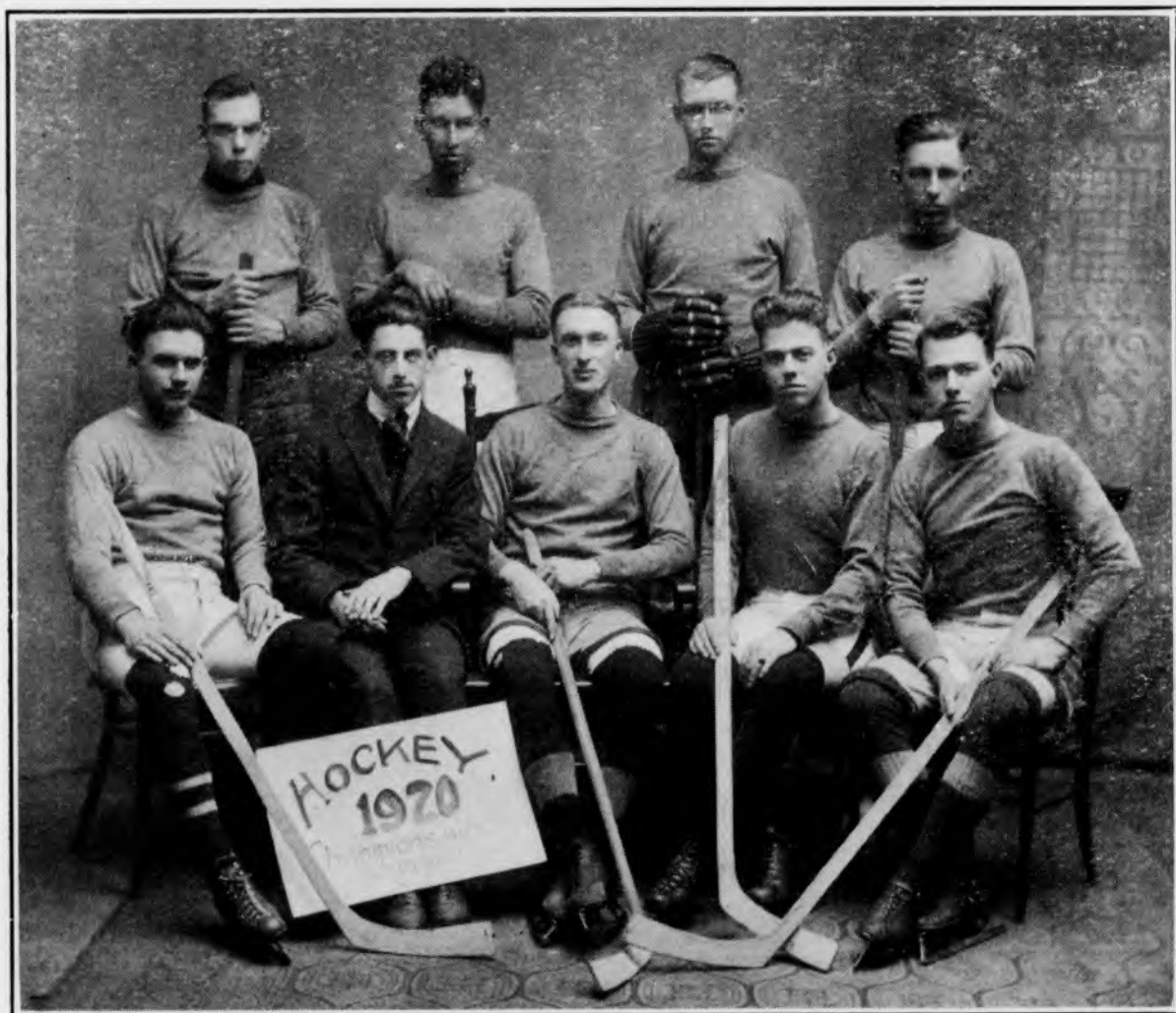
Bates has had an athletic career of which she need not feel ashamed and a spirit of sportmanship worthy of any New England college. Altho she has failed to win a host of championships, her average stands well with that of other Maine colleges, and her record of second places in state championships greatly exceeds that of her last places.

This year in foot ball, altho we were tied for third place, the feeling was general, both in college and out, that the Gar-

net team was of a much better standard than her standing showed. A quotation from the **Lewiston Sun** will illustrate the general opinion of the eleven: "Bates has practically won each of the games her eleven has played in the state series, and with the slightest break of luck in her favor would have won them. The public's sentiments were entirely with the Garnet team this fall in this part of the state and they have been backing the fighting eleven strong."

Bates came up another notch in her cross-country standing this fall. For the first time in the history of state cross-country she holds the individual champion of the state. Raymond Buker, twin brother to Captain Richard Buker, won the meet at Waterville on November 7.

This winter the College plans for two new varsity sports, basket ball and hockey. Basket ball has not been officially played at Bates for many years. Hockey has gradually pushed its way forward; the students expect it now to mater-



Hockey Team, 1920

ialize into a varsity sport. Up to this time, class hockey games have been played, and a few games with outside teams including Bowdoin and Maine in the winter of 1917.

Track prospects are surely promising this year. We have men in college who are well up in the class with Holden, Blanchard, and Woodman, Bates men who hold state record on the track. Bowdoin also has three men who hold track



Garcelon Field

records. An intercollegiate indoor meet in Portland is planned for this winter. This will be the first meeting of this kind in the state. In the spring comes the outdoor state meet, to be held at Bates, a meet promising the closest competition and greatest interest.

For five successive years Bates has won the championship in tennis. The Purinton brothers were responsible for this remarkable record. On-coming members of the College promise to continue this leadership, one of them a young brother of the Purinton duet.

In the state baseball series of last spring Bates finished second. In the spring of 1920 she will undoubtedly have the strongest aggregation in years.

Bates athletes have believed early and late in the spirit of sportmanship and have carried that spirit into every contest. Alumni far and near have commended the institution for this attitude in her athletics. President Sills recently wrote Dr. Hartshorn a letter commending the Bates eleven for their gameness and clean playing. We are proud of our reputation for hard fighting, for clean playing, and for real athletic sportsmanship.

FORESTRY AT BATES

The department of Forestry at Bates, which has hitherto been undergoing the necessary steps of organization is now beginning to arouse an attitude of interest thru-out the student body. Although this department is as yet too young to be placed on an equal basis of importance with our Biology or Chemistry departments, in all ways it is deserving of the high reputation for quality which our Bates institutions have earned for themselves.

Perhaps it would be well to interest ourselves with a few facts pertaining to this department.

Bates is the only college in New England giving the degree of B. S. in F. Instruction began in the courses qualifying for this degree in the year of 1917 with a one hour course for freshmen. The next year a course was added for sophomores which gave credit for three hours each semester. This year the department offers two three hour courses for juniors, extending thru-out the year, and next year intends to offer three courses for seniors.

The freshmen and sophomore courses are fundamental, aiming to give a specific idea of forestry and provide the student with a working knowledge that he may be well-versed in the principles of forestry as applied to New England.

The dendrology course offered this year for juniors is in charge of W. H. Sawyers, A. M. All members of the class re-

port him as exceeding his former reputation for efficiency gained in the biology laboratory. It has been said that even the wily "graftiness," of the nursery man fails to hoodwink Professor Sawyer. He discerns an imposition on nature with the same degree of nonchalance that he maintains in leading his class through the deepest ooze of Garcelon bog. Forest protection, catalogued for seniors, is being given this year in order to secure the services of State Forester, Forrest Colby, who, for three years has operated the best state fire protection system in the east. He will begin his work at Bates about January first and will continue it for about three months. Until that time Professor Grose is conducting the research work on harmful forest insects. Through Professor Grose's endeavors many a valuable reference has been brought out of the darkness of Coram's basement to bask in the warm sunlight of the forestry reference shelves. Upon completion of the course in fire protection given by Forester Colby, Professor Grose will continue with the study of fungi.

At the end of the junior year there will be a six weeks' camp on the 14,000 acres of timber land at Alfred. This is the timber tract given to the college by the founder of the department, B. C. Jordan, and is made up mostly of white pine, generally accepted as the best second growth timber tree. At the present time the selection system is used for operating the forests, the operators culling each lot about once in twenty years. A minimum diameter limit of 10 inches is maintained thru-out the operation and enough trees left at each cutting to provide for the next crop. The forest is now being cut for the third time. The work at this Bates Forest Camp will consist of Forest Surveying (estimating by scientific methods), milling, and forest management.

The senior courses will undoubtedly go on as catalogued for next year. It is expected that another instructor will be added to the department next year making three instructors directly concerned with forestry at Bates.

As the forestry department has grown at Bates so has the Forestry Nursery on the campus. This nursery has al-

ready attained such size that its verdant reflections overshadow the nearby hall. Designed to yield about 8,000 three-year old trees a year, ready for field planting on the campus and at other places, the nursery now contains a total of about 18,000 trees the most of which are white and Norway pines. Each year are added a few species from all parts of the world, as far as they are adaptable to this climate. The aim of the department is to develop an arboretum, or tree collection, containing finally all trees and shrubs that will grow in this locality. Already white firs and yellow pines, both from the Rocky mountains, bid fair to adorn the outskirts of our campus. There are also in the nursery a few elms from the seeds of the Stanton elm. Austrian pines were planted but refused to grow. Another attempt is to be made, however, after the ratification of the peace treaty, in the hope that they will feel more kindly toward us.

Altogether, as every forestry student will tell you, the forestry course is one of the most interesting and promises to be one of the most valuable departments of the college.

A WORD TO THE FRESHMAN

(By one who has been there)

During your college career you will find that there are things in a course that are not in a curriculum. Upon your attitude toward these extra-curriculum activities will depend in large measure the success of your efforts in the academic world.

If your motto is "Never let your studies interfere with your college work," you will find Bates a delightful place—for about three weeks. In strict confidence I must admit that the faculty of the college is narrow-minded on the subject, and has a most unaccountable aversion to the doctrine set forth in the motto.

If you regard these outside activities as a means of aiding in your mental or physical development, or as a means of relaxation from intellectual hard labor, you will find Bates a still more delightful place. Furthermore, in this case the sen-

sation will last infinitely longer, and you will have the faculty's good will, which is comforting at times. More than this, you will be an academic success, and a little later you will be president of the United States, and have your name listed with those of the immortals, along with Colonel House.

Seriously, though, if you are to be an all-around college man, you must have some interest outside your studies. If you are an athlete, you will be invited to take such an interest. If you are not an athlete, but have dreamed of coming to bat in the ninth, with two out and three on bases, and banging the ball over the center field fence; if you have dreamed of intercepting a forward pass and running ninety-four yards for a touchdown; if you have dreamed of just clearing the bar at five feet eleven,— you really ought to report to the coach. There may be some reason for the dreams—some reason other than mince pie. The coach can tell you.

If you talk too much, it is just possible that you may be able to turn your misfortune to some account. You may be a varsity debater in disguise. Debating is a very popular winter sport at Bates. If you have a mental picture of yourself as the famous war correspondent for the **Times**, the **Bates Student**, our weekly newspaper, will start you on the right path by giving you a chance to write something for publication about the sophomore-freshman tug of war. You are probably the logical candidate for the position of editor-in-chief, anyhow; therefore, you should get an early start in journalistic circles. The editor of the college paper has no inconsiderable influence.

If you sing, you may get an opportunity to appear in the college choir, or to travel with the Glee Club. If you perform on any one of several instruments of torture, you will be watched anxiously by the leader of the Mandolin Club and the manager of the Bates Band. If you are especially interested in science, French, German, Greek, politics, or music, you will find at Bates a club or society in which you may sooner or later acquire membership, and which will help you in the special study of the subject that appeals to you.

You will have an opportunity to hear several lectures during each year. Don't miss them; they are a part of your education. Lyman Abbott, George W. Cable, Booker T. Washington, William J. Bryant, and Henry Van Dyke have addressed Bates audiences.

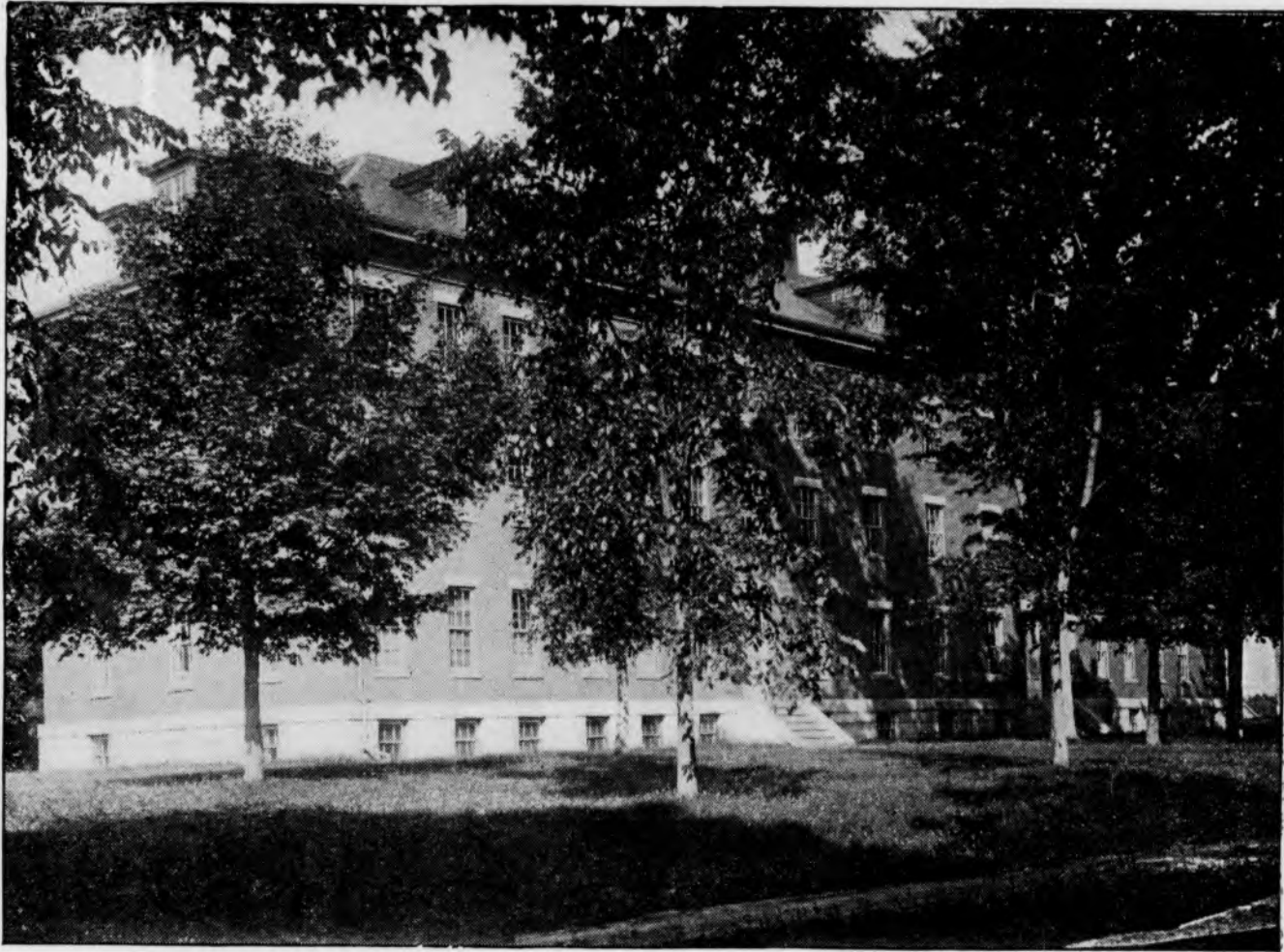
The building of Chase Hall was a great stimulus to the right sort of social life. The entertainment facilities of the college were doubled. There are also, of course, class parties, hall parties, snowshoe parties, corn roasts, and just parties. The important fact, to be sure, is that the best girls in New England are at present enrolled, or about to be enrolled at Bates. At least, that is my opinion. I am for them absolutely!

For you, most certainly, studies will be of the first importance. Plan to win a Phi Beta Kappa key. It will cost you four years of hard work, and \$7.25, but it is worth it.

DORMITORY LIFE—MEN

I have just been dragged out of bed by a man whom I have always considered a friend, with the vehement request that I write something for him about dormitories and dormitory life. The derivation of the word "dormitory," from the Latin for "sleep," would seem to indicate that the buildings in question were devoted to purposes of slumber. That, however, is only a partial truth. Sleeping is a minor activity.

At the present moment, for instance, there are four of us in the room, and not a single one of us is asleep. That one over there, sprawled all over the couch, studying Geology, is George. He is a model of concentration, and the pathetic strains of "How You Going to Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?" picked out on the mandolin for his benefit by Fish, are powerless to drag him from his profound absorption in the Fossils of the Cambrian Period. Spud, who is using my desk and my Math book in a frantic effort to prepare for a recitation next hour, apparently is more easily affected by music, and is evincing signs of mental distress. I can predict with considerable assurance that in about three minutes Fish and the



Parker Hall

mandolin will exit rapidly, since Spud weighs two hundred and plays football. Then we shall have calm, and I shall perhaps be able to write something about dormitory life, but you can readily understand that it is impossible under present conditions. Besides, Jess Willard has just come in to borrow the typewriter, and since it is his typewriter, I feel that he should be allowed to use it.

DORMITORY LIFE—WOMEN

A night at Whittier.—On second floor a group of freshmen are doing Latin, with girls on couches, chairs, and floor, and Latin dictionaries everywhere.

“Where’d we leave off? Here, Lois, its your turn to recite tomorrow, take the dictionary.—‘Cicero to his beloved Terentra.—’ Oh, that’s in the notes.’ A dozen different renderings are clamoring for recognition when the door opens.—

“Rae’s entertaining a man.”

All books fall to the floor. That announcement calls for action.

"Wind up your alarm-clock—I'll set mine at 7:45 and you set yours at 8."

"I'll stump you to go after my English book on the piano."

"It's a go."

Two innocent looking damsels go down stairs and stroll into the reception room. Of course the wicker divan is not visible from the doorway.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I just wanted my English book."

A blushing youth springs up and hands the important book to its owner.

All is quiet, or rather semi-quiet, for a brief space. An alarm clock goes off.

"Study hours, girls," comes the voice of the procter. The giggles and whispers are nearly subdued when another clock goes off. Some one accidentally drops a tin dipper and it clatters the full length of the stairs; but everyone is studying diligently when the procter's form appears in the doorway.

Did I call this a night at Whittier? Call it a night at Milliken, Frye Street, or Cheney, or Rand and you would only have to insert variations. Girls will be girls and the art of living in a dormitory is one of the most important courses in college.

MOUNT DAVID

"And what is that hill there?" asked the visitor.

"Hill!" you exclaim. "Why, that is Mount David," and you almost have a feeling of contempt for anybody who is so misguided as to apply the word "hill" to our dear college mountain. Mount David isn't so very high as far as actual measurement goes, nor is it so very large, but it rises up from the level ground surrounding it almost perpendicularly, certainly steep enough to make one, who is climbing it, pant for breath, and its top is crested with great rocks just as effective as a snow-capped peak; in fact, Mount David is a perfect min-

ature mountain, and to call it a "hill" is to slander its name and its traditions.

Mount David is so rich in memories and traditions! It has been connected in some way with almost every phase of the student's existence. He has searched its rocks for geologic



specimens, he has used it as a surveying problem, he has written Freshman themes describing it, he has strolled about its twisted path, tobogganed off its gentler slopes, studied on it, played on it, rested on it both physically and mentally.

Mount David is beautiful in the morning, especially on a spring morning. The violets appear very early there; and, if you look closely, you may find columbine. Standing on the top and looking down, you see a world of new green leaves and apple blossoms; every building below you is glorified by the distance and by the verdant loveliness surrounding it. There are a great many bird inhabitants of the mountain, and what with the sunshine, the songs of the birds, the newness of growing things about you, and the beauty of things below, if you don't feel some of the glory of spring entering your soul something is certainly wrong with you somewhere, you may take my word for it.

But don't always just visit Mount David in the daytime; see it by moonlight. Grope your way up over the mountainside; it isn't too sure a path; but at least you could not fall far; you'll stumble a few times before you reach the top, but that doesn't matter. You and the night and the mountain are far up looking down upon a world of twinkling lights, and the moon spills its splendor out upon the earth, making everything magically beautiful, splendidly mystical and unreal. Stars, clouds, shadows, and calm, that is Mount David by night.

However, all nights are not the same on the mountain. Many times from the top has shone the beacon of a huge bonfire built to celebrate some college victory. Throngs of boys bearing lighted torches climb the mountainside till it looks as if a swarm of huge fireflies were dancing to and fro over the mountain. The blaze of the bonfire burns red against the sky, but it always dies away, and the mountain is again left by itself alone with the night.

Whether we see it in the sunlight or in the darkness, no matter what our tastes or moods, we Bates people all love Mount David; it is a very dear part of our college life, and the mind pictures which we form of it go with us through the years.

WHEN WE DON CAP AND GOWN

A winding line of black-capped and gowned students is crossing the June campus. You wonder, and looking more carefully notice that the girls carry their heads a wee bit higher than even the high collars demand, that the boys are more than ordinary conscious of the flowing robes and swaying cap-tassels. Then you smile, for you know that it is Junior Ivy Day—that this class for the first time has donned cap and gown. All the Ivy Day speeches from “oration” to “proph-ecy,” all the toasts from “faculty” to “co-eds” are finished; and the Juniors are on their way to plant their Ivy.



1920 Ivy Day Speakers

Next fall the class will return as Seniors; and on the first morning of the college year—perhaps to remind themselves of their dignity, perhaps to impress underclassmen—the cap and gown appear at chapel.

At the end of the year—the busiest, happiest year of college—with a feeling of mingled joy and regret the Seniors wear the cap and gown at their “last chapel” and at the solemn Baccalaureate service.

HEARD ON THE CAMPUS

In the springtime my hearing is always especially good. It may be that there are more sounds to be heard in the spring than at other times, or it may be that my hearing shares with nature a revival of life and force. Be it as it may, I hear much, ah! very much.

One bright May morning I started out to walk across the Bates College Campus. I am a stranger and this was my first visit to Bates. It was a very pleasant spot with its flower-dotted lawns, its beautiful trees with their lacy green leaves, and its stately buildings with their climbing vines. Passing to and fro on the campus I could see various youths and maidens walking about, their dress, faces, yes, even the binding of the books which they carried, all sharing the radiance and bright color appropriate to springtime.

As I remarked, I was walking across the Bates Campus. Through the open windows of one of the buildings I could hear plainly the strains of music, mingled strains, I should say, for, while from one window came the thrumming of a banjo, from another I heard masculine voices raised in mighty volume in lofty refrain.

"Shave and a haircut," rang out the tenor.

"Bay rum" thundered the bass, the mighty tones vibrating in my ears like the peal of a drum. (On further reflection I believe that drums do not peal.)

But to resume. Still there was more music. Far up in an upper story of this same brick building came the plaintive, mournful, heart-rending sound of a cornet, blown by some one apparently afflicted with deep melancholy and an intense love for an unfamiliar instrument. Far over in one corner a piano tinkled out the latest popular song. Truly the air was full of music. "A music hall, no doubt," I said to myself.

"No," said somebody overhearing my remark. "That is Parker Hall, one of the boys' dormitories." I passed on.

Suddenly I heard a clamor, a mighty pealing of a bell. "A fire!" I thought, but no, I soon learned that the bell for recitations was ringing. Hurrying youths brushed by me.

"An exam next hour," said one.

"I see where I die," remarked his companion mournfully. I stood aghast. Truly I had not realized that examinations were so deadly. I passed on.

Close by the recitation hall I saw a strange kind of small field chalked into squares. Two young men were engaged in hitting small balls over a net. "A real harmless enjoyment," I thought to myself.

"Love thirty," said one of the players. What could he mean? Did he love thirty? But that would be absurd.

"Deuce," said the other player a moment later. I waited to hear no more. Surely the present generation is growing profane. I passed on.

I now approached the college library. On the steps were various students, variously arranged in various attitudes.

"I will love you forever and ever," said one.

"It must not be. Love like ours can never die," said another.

"Aren't they making their feelings a little public?" I said to myself.

"They are practicing for the Greek Play," explained the instructor. I passed on.

A group of girls passed me.

"Yes, I'm going with John," said one. "John says, and I said and he said, etc."

"I really don't agree with that theory of philosophy," said another. "Now take, for example—"

"My mother has just sent me a box. We'll have a peach of a spread."

"You haven't seen my new hat yet. Yes, it's blue. I'm going to wear it to the game."

"I'd love to, but I've got to study. Oh! studying be hanged! I'll go!"

As I remarked, my hearing is acute, but I failed to get anything but these fragments of conversation. I passed on.

A youth and a maiden approached me.

He said "—"

She said "—"

As I remarked, my hearing is acute. I heard what I heard but I always deem it indelicate to record a conversation which even broaches upon the confidential. I passed on.

Far in the distance I heard voices, masculine voices this time.

"Good for you, boy!"

"A nice one, a pretty one!"

"Atta boy!"

"Come on now, another one, right here."

I pondered for some time on this conversation, until some one kindly informed me that over in yonder field the boys practiced baseball. I passed on.

I now walked down a row of noble trees. Two beautiful elms in particular attracted my attention.

"Bates campus is a pretty good sort of a place to be growing in," said one.

"It sure is, and I'm keeping right on growing," said the other.

As I remarked, my hearing is particularly acute. I passed on.

ALMA MATER

Here's to Bates, our Alma Mater dear,
 Proudest and fairest of her peers,
 We pledge to her our loyalty,
 Our faith and our honor through the years.
 Long may her praises resound,
 Long may her sons exalt her name.
 May her glory shine while time endures.
 Here's to our Alma Mater's fame.
 We have seen her battles bravely fought,
 Prowess and pluck upon the field.
 We have known defeat and victory;
 Bates men were never known to yield.
 Here's to the Garnet—Hurrah!
 Here's to the pluck that shall not fail.
 To our Bates and all she means to us,
 Here's to our Alma Mater—Hail!

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