









*Mrs. B. Scotland* <sup>Dup.</sup>

# **-THE-ECHO-**



NOVEMBER, 1909  
ALBANY, N. Y.



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## THE ECHO

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# The Echo

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XVIII

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 2

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## Literary Department

### The Fate of the Oyster Boat

The sun was just hiding itself behind a clump of bushes on the opposite hill and lights were already beginning to shine in several of the villagers' homes. The fisherman with whom I had been conversing had long since gone up the village street to his dwelling with his basket of fish on his bent shoulder, but still I sat upon the old wharf. The tide, which had been coming in all the afternoon, had begun its return journey, and I could hear the swish of the current as it whirled and eddied down among the



moss-grown piles of the old structure. A splash and then a ripple; a fish had sprung out of the water, only to fall back again and resume its course against the tide. On the opposite shore a flock of gulls had settled on the rocks for the night, while there came floating over the water, from somewhere in the crimson background, "Co Boss, Co Boss," and then followed the lowing of the cattle, welcoming their deliverer, for they were going to be driven home for the night. Soon I saw a man slowly wandering down the crooked lane which led to the wharf. As he drew nearer I recognized my old friend, the fisherman, who from his mutterings was evidently displeased at something. He looked up and saw me.

"B'ain't yeou hungry yit?" he queried.

"Well, I was just beginning to think of supper; but sit down. Out for an evening stroll?" I asked.

"Yep," he said, rather dryly. "Th' old woman, that's my Mary, got arter me fer spillin' a pitcher uv milk, so kinder thought I'd get out 'nd give her a chance to cool off."

He sat down on the edge of the old wharf in a meditative manner and pulled out of his coat pocket a much-begrimed old pipe. Then he fumbled in his trousers' pocket for a knife; the one he used in cutting up his bait. He dug away at his pocket as if unable to get at the bottom.

"Funny," he grumbled, thoughtfully. "Waal, waal," he said, "I mind now, th' old woman borrered it to pare the pertaters 'nd kep it. 'Y ain't got a knife, hev yeou?"

I gave him mine, which he received with great satisfaction. Again his hand went into a pocket and this time drew out a large piece of tobacco. Slowly he cut off little bits, remarking:

"Plug terbaccy is allus the best fer a powful good smoke."

He cut away at the plug until he decided that he had a pipeful. This he rolled and rubbed carefully between his great calloused hands until he had reduced it to a fine powder. Having gone through this operation to his satisfaction, he stuffed the tobacco into the bowl and put the stem between his teeth. Now began



another search that inspected minutely the contents of every pocket. What a collection of articles he hauled forth, only to put them back again, as he looked in vain for the desired article. Finally he gave up the search, and looked at me, his eyes full of anxiety. He rubbed his finger with a quick stroke across his pant-leg. I suddenly understood and tossed him some matches. After a few wheezy puffs, he lighted his pipe. Then at last he appeared to be contentment itself.

“Wonder whar th’ eyster but (oyster boat) is?” he casually remarked, between puffs, as he leaned forward and squinted out towards a stake and then up and down the river.

“Waal that Jonas Williams mought as well own th’ but.” It was the voice of a fellow-fisherman. We looked in the direction from which the voice came and saw a man leaning against a post with his back towards us.

“Thet yeou, Lyman Forrester?” my companior asked.

“Who’d yeou ’spose ’t was?” was the reply.

My friend winked at me, cautioning me not to be surprised at what followed.

“Whar’s the but tie up tew-night, at the wharf or out at the stake, Lyman?”

“Naow, Silas, ye’re tew all-fired smart fer yer boots. In the fust place, it’s none uv yer bizzness, ’nd in the secon’ place, yeou know as well as I dew whar thet Jonas Williams ties her up.”

“Gee, but yer touchy. Who be yeou, anyhow?” asked Silas, laughing.

This was too much for the new comer and he turned angrily about and strode off, vowing, “I’ll dew it shure’s my name is Lyman Forrester! Yes, sirree! I’m a-goin’ tew dew it!”

Silas immediately attracted all my attention. There he was as before, dangling his legs over the edge of the wharf, but roaring with a guffaw that stirred up every gull and fish-hawk within the radius of a quarter of a mile.

“W’an’t that great?” he cried again and again, as he slapped his hands together.



“Yeou see, it’s this yere way. Lyman Forrester and Jonas Williams they’ve got’n eyster but on shars. Lyman sez its gotter be hitched tew the wharf, ’nd Jonas sez it ain’t a-goin’ tew, becuz he’s a-goin t’ hitch it tew thet stake out thyar. Thars the but,” he said, pointing up the river, and his laughter began anew.

In the darkness which was beginning to obscure everything except the light in my friend’s pipe, we could see a large rowboat slowly approaching, in the stern of which a man was standing laboring with an oar. As he worked it from side to side, the movement was accompanied by a low creaking sound, while his body, swaying back and forth, took on something of a phantom-like appearance. From the bow projected a large number of oyster rakes. The boatman finally ceased his work, dropping his oar with a bang and clatter into the bottom of the boat, and as he drifted along he grabbed the stake opposite to us. After making the boat fast he began to untie a smaller boat, in which he intended to go ashore.

Silas, again bent on mischief, shouted:

“Hyar, thyar, Jonas Williams, Lyman sez fer yeou tew tie up at the wharf tew-night.”

“Waal, yeou jes’ tol Lyman now tew hol’ his breath till I dew,” came drawling back over the water. “Ef Lyman For—Ding it!” The drawl stopped suddenly. I looked across the water at Jonas and saw him forming a suspension bridge from the stake to the bow of the little boat. Unmindful of the position he assumed while talking to Silas, Jonas had got into a difficulty. The boat in which he was standing had gradually drifted with the tide away from the stake, while he still clung to the post with his hands. Jonas hung in this manner for a moment, all the time beseeching Silas to come to his assistance. But Silas was just then incapable of a rescue, for when he realized his friend’s predicament, he was seized with one of his fits of laughter and rolled over and over on the wharf. At this Jonas became provoked and began to swear at Silas. Suddenly there was a snap.

“Geewhil—” Jonas did not have time to finish; there was a



splash and a gurgle. The slender stake, unable to sustain Jonas, had broken and dropped him into the river, but he soon came spluttering to the surface and struck out for the boat, which he reached without great difficulty. He clambered in, while Silas, having recovered his equilibrium, taunted him with:

“Ef only Lyman could a seen yeou. Better tie up at the wharf arter this, Jonas. An’ say, y’aint wet, be yeou?”

“Naw. It’s dry daown whar I been.”

No further taunt on Silas’ part could bring another word from the disconsolate Jonas, as he paddled to the shore in his small boat. He soon reached it and jumped out, pulling his boat up the beach behind him. Then, throwing a coat over his wet shoulders, Jonas trudged off.

Quiet reigned once more on the old river, but my companion was bubbling over with laughter.

“Ef only Lyman could a seen Jonas! Won’t thar be a time when I tell the boys about it,” and Silas chuckled at the stir his story would make on the morrow. “Yeou niver heerd ’baout th’ eyster but, did yeou?” I shook my head negatively.

He grunted, took his pipe out of his mouth, and having emptied its contents by hitting the bowl against the palm of his hand, began, “Waal, I’ll tell yeou.”

His story was as follows:

Lyman Forrester and Jonas Williams were the best of friends, and when they heard that a man down the river had an oyster boat for sale, cheap, they decided to buy it on half shares and go into the business of raising oysters. “For,” said the prudent Jonas, “Ef we git tired of the but, we kin chop her up and sell the wood fer ’bout what we paid fer her.” They bought the boat, but the day of the bargain was the beginning of a continued wrangle between the two men. When they neared home with their purchase, the question arose as to where they were to keep her. Jonas Williams, who was a careful, painstaking man, proposed that the boat be fastened to a stake out in the river. Lyman Forrester, who was an easy-going individual, said that the boat should



be tied to the wharf. They argued the matter; but, both being stubborn, neither gave in. Jonas contended that the boat, if tied to the wharf, would rub and chafe all the paint off, and so the stake was the only place for it. Lyman said he didn't care about the paint and "wasn't going to bother" with a little boat every time he went out with the oyster boat; besides, he argued, it was rather ticklish business getting from one boat into another out in the middle of the river. Jonas laughed at this statement and said, "No danger at all; I've done it many a time and never yet tumbled in." Whenever Lyman used the boat, he tied her to the wharf, while Jonas in turn always fastened her to the stake. Finally affairs came to such a crisis that they refused to speak to one another, and this is how matters stood on this evening.

"But Lyman sez he'll fix the ole but sometime so's nobody can't find no fault," said Silas, in conclusion.

He jumped up with a start, saying: "Gee whittaker, m' Mary jest put th' light aout, 'nd I've been daown here forever so long. Lor' but there'll be a time naow."

He was evidently fearful of his wife's displeasure, having incurred it once that evening, for he started off abruptly without another word. I followed after him, for the demands of the inner man were becoming imperative.

The next morning, as I walked down to the post-office, I met Silas, who seemed to be in a great hurry.

"Jest ther pusson I've been a-lookin' fer," he cried. "Come daown to the river." He took me by the arm, as if he intended that I should go whether I would or not. He refused to tell me what he wanted, but insisted that I go. We soon reached the wharf, where we found a large assemblage of curious villagers, who were evidently amused at something.

"Look a here, and look a thar," Silas said, pointing with his finger to the places designated.

I looked, and to my surprise found that the oyster boat of the evening before had met with a mishap, for it was in two parts; one tied to the wharf, and the other to the stake out in the river.



Silas, having pointed out the havoc which the night had seemingly wrought with the old boat, beckoned to me to walk back to the end of the wharf, and here he explained matters in a mysterious undertone.

“Last night, arter I left yeou, I went home and went tew bed, but I cudn’t sleep no-haow. So I sez, ‘Silas, ’sposin’ we take our pipe and walk daown to the river ’nd see ef any uv the ship-pin’ has bruk loose?’” He winked, grinning at his joke on the commerce of the village, for the only vessels it could boast of were a small fleet of row-boats and a dilapidated old hulk, which in its day was a small fishing smack. “When we gets purty nigh hyar, whar we be naow, I sez, ‘everythin’ looks first-rate, but hist! What’s thet?’ I knew distinctly that I cud hear a saw goin’ fer all it wuz wurth. I got behin’ a post and looked daown onto the beach, and what on airth dew yeou ’spose I saw thar in the moon-light? Waal, thar wuz Lyman Forrester, sawin’ the ole but in tew. I kep’ quiet ’nd waited. Lor’! haow Lyman wud cuss when that ere saw wud strike a nail!”

Silas came near being seized with another storm of laughter, but, full of his subject, he managed to calm himself.

“Purty soon I heerd a crack ’nd then I saw th’ ole but tumble t’ pieces. Lyman, he began t’ laff, but not very laoud, cuz he didn’t want nobody tew hear him, but mind yeou I was a-watchin’ all the time. Byme-by, when Lyman cud stop laffin’ ’nd gruntin’ he tuk th’ little but that Jonas tumbled aout uv las’ night, ’nd towed one part, upside daown, aout thyar tew what wuz left uv th’ stake, whar he tied it, ’nd I heerd him sayin’, laffin’ like all the time: ‘Thar, Jonas Williams, ye’re ole but is tied t’ th’ stake ’nd the paint ain’t a-goin’ tew get knocked off’n her!’ And then didn’t he laff! Waal, he came to shore ’nd began to git a-ready t’ pull his part over hyar. Then I skipped fer hum, cuz I knew he’d be madder’n a hatter ef he saw me, ’nd yeou air th’ fust pusson I’ve tol’ baout it yit. Wudn’t I like tew see Jonas Williams this mornin’!”

“Tarnation!”



It was said in the deep bass drawl of Jonas Williams' voice. We turned and saw him, with a bundle of oyster rakes on his shoulder. These he had spent the evening repairing for the day's use. He was gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the wreck of the oyster boat.

"Goin' aout in th' but tew day?" asked Silas, with a tantalizing grin.

ISABELLA BIGELMAN.

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### Sketch of a Millionaire

He suddenly awoke to the fact that he was growing old. This was manifest in more ways than he could at first recount. It was not only that the small remnant of his once luxuriant hair had become snow-white, and that heavy, ineffaceable wrinkles everywhere furrowed his care-worn face; it was much deeper than this. A person may look old and live a comparatively long time after. It was the fact that while still in apparently perfect health his hands trembled from no apparent cause, and that he tired so quickly after only slight exertions. He could not walk far without a desperate feeling of faintness, which rest did not wholly overcome. His step, too, was somewhat tottering.

But, worse than all, his mind was becoming old. He no longer seemed to enjoy anything. His automobiles, of the finest make, were only instruments to get him somewhere, anywhere. It was all the same to him whether he was speeding over the lonely country road, along the picturesque driveway, or through the crowded mart, nowhere could he find any real pleasure.

The theater once afforded him unbounded delight, now he wondered how it could have even interested him, it was such an empty bauble, such a mere mockery of real life. He was disgusted with himself that he had not tired of it long before he did; but after all what was there that he had not grown weary of? Surely there ought to be something yet that he could enjoy a lit-



tle, but there was absolutely nothing that he cared for. Even his lordly mansion, the grandest for miles about, was only a place in which to rest; for even short periods of exertion tired him now, and he never seemed wholly refreshed.

He had begun early and toiled late in order to accumulate a vast fortune, but of what use was it all now that he had it? All of it and much more besides could not buy back for him even one day of youth. True, he had become a tremendous power in the financial world, and thousands of men stood ready to do his bidding, but what if they did, all of them together could not stay the sands of his life for even one hour.

The world's masterpieces of art were all about him, he had the softest and most elegant of reclining chairs, and velvet carpets gave back no sound to his footsteps. He had all that heart could wish so far as money could buy, but he had no happiness. Yes, he was growing old, and he realized that the end was very near.

G. EMMETT MILLER, '10.



## Editorial

### Alumni! Alumnae!

A special part in this paper belongs to you and we want your help in making the department up to date, well filled and interesting. It is set apart for the purpose of creating a greater interest and deeper sympathy among all the alumni and with students by keeping them in touch with each other and the college. We want to know where you are and what you are doing. Won't you send us a postal card now and then with a note about yourself or some other graduate of the college?

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### College Spirit

"Have College Spirit" has been the rallying cry for all kinds of college organizations. THE ECHO adopts it and raises its voice. "Have College Spirit," subscribe for your college paper, and write for THE ECHO. That a college student publication exists is regarded by many students as a matter of course. They are proud of its success; they would be embarrassed at its failure. But how far beyond mere pride does loyalty extend? Pride, unless well backed by willing endeavor and exertion to preserve, and, if possible, advance the standards already attained, is of little value. Let every student show "College Spirit" by doing something for the college of which he is a part. Make a grand endeavor and at least try to do something for THE ECHO. You can show "College Spirit" in no better way than in advancing the content and standards of your college monthly.



## Exchanges

### Enchantment

The south-wind shakes the linden-bells,  
 And, dropping softly from the trees,  
 They float, like mimic caravels,  
 In fleets of gold upon the breeze.  
 Fairies, convoying magic spells,  
 Must sail such perfumed ships as these.

GENEVIEVE JANET WILLIAMS, in  
*The Vassar Miscellany, May, 1909.*

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There are several clever plays in a recent number of *The Vassar Miscellany*. Will not this comment produce some dramatic attempts from S. N. C. students? THE ECHO would gladly welcome any material of this kind.

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We copy this, with some slight changes, from *The Normal Eye*: There is a sad little matter about which we somehow hesitate to speak. Should you think of it don't forget to address THE ECHO.

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*The Bulletin*, published by the State Normal School, Valley City, N. D., announces the opening of a new department of agriculture. This instance is typical of the utilitarian movement in education.

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Our exchanges may be found in the College Library, in the third section from the east door. They have been placed there that you may read them at your convenience. The *School Bulletin* and *New York State Educational Journal* for September have very attractive articles, which will undoubtedly interest you.



## College News

### Senior Notes

Several interesting class meetings have been held during the month, at the first of which the following officers were installed:

President, Roy C. Van Denbergh.

Vice-President, Genevieve Brooke.

Secretary, Ethel C. Lucas.

Treasurer, James Haupin.

Reporter, Alice E. Finn.

Class pins have been selected and the Seniors will soon be proudly wearing them.

We wonder why our president so stoutly refused to take the cooking course at the vocational school???

On Friday, Oct. 15th, the Senior class in Applied Psychology enjoyed a talk given by Mr. Glynn, principal of the vocational school in this city. We are greatly interested in the work of this school and appreciated the earnest address.

We were glad to catch a glimpse of our former classmate, Mrs. Clarence Schuyler, neé Alice Hill, on Saturday, Oct. 16th.

Miss Emily Hoag entertained her sister, Miss Pansy Hoag, of Nineveh, and Miss Ella Hind, of Windsor, during the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

We welcome the following students as new members of the class of 1910: Miss Gillespie, Miss Seeley, Miss Kitts, Mr. Wilson, Mr. McCormack and Mr. Sherwood.



### Junior Notes

On account of the resignation of Miss Ella Watson, we were obliged to elect a new class president. Miss Amelia Kartluke was chosen for the office.

Miss Elizabeth Bradshaw was elected secretary, to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Miss Phillips.

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### Sophomore Notes

Be on the outlook for the spelling match which is to take place between the Sophomore and Freshman classes.

The Sophomore class held its regular bi-monthly social meeting October 15th. A musical program was enjoyed, after which refreshments were served.

We are glad to welcome Florence Kellar into our class.

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### Freshman Notes

At a meeting of the Freshman class, held Monday, September 27, 1909, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Mr. Henry B. Steer.

Vice-President, Miss Grace M. Young.

Secretary, Miss Myra Young.

Treasurer, Mr. Hargraves.

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### The Y. W. C. A.

The first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held September 16th. Miss Pierce gave a very interesting talk on the meaning of the Association. A hearty welcome was extended to the many Freshmen present.

Wednesday, September 23d, Beulah Brandow conducted a "Bible Study Rally." Various members, who had previously attended Bible study classes, gave interesting reports on the help they had derived from such classes.



Miss Emily Hoag was the leader of a "Mission Study Rally," Wednesday afternoon, October 13th. One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the discussion of the benefits derived from the reading circles conducted in the college last year.

The Y. W. C. A. lunch room is open daily from 11.30-1.30. All are heartily urged to come early and stay late.

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#### Delta Omega Notes

We are glad to have Miss Ethelyn Hurst with us again. She is taking special work in English.

At the regular meeting of the Sorority held Monday evening, October 4th, at Miss Bennett's, a book-title social was enjoyed. Among the most clever representations was Miss Hurst's "Paradise Lost." Marshmallows and fudge were served.

On Saturday, October 17th, Miss Effa Vanderzee entertained the Sorority and friends at her home in Troy. All had a jolly time and lots of good things to eat.

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#### Eta Phi Notes

September 25th, at the home of Adaline Raynsford, the Sorority gave a stocking and handkerchief shower in honor of Miss Mabel Bryce, whose marriage to Mr. Walter Mackintosh took place October 19th. The Sorority girls dressed the bride-to-be as a washwoman and obliged her to take her gifts from the line, amidst much laughter.

Eta Phi entertained a few of her friends at a Baby Party Saturday evening, October 2d, at the home of Florence Keller.

Monday evening, October 11th, the Misses Burchard and Eaton entertained the girls in honor of Mrs. Eaton, of Norwich, who spent the week of the celebration with her daughter.



During the week of the Hudson-Fulton celebration Miss Osborn entertained Miss Gladys Flagler, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Trembley entertained Miss Lois Clarke, of Utica, and Miss Willcox entertained Miss Olive Seible, of New York.

Miss Agnes Stephens is visiting in New York and Philadelphia.

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### Kappa Delta Notes

Kappa Delta entertained friends Friday evening, October 1st, at a Hudson-Fulton party.

The Hudson-Fulton celebration proved an Old Home Week for Kappa Delta, the following persons visiting at the KΔ house: Mr. Schermerhorn, Miss Stillman and Miss Moon, of Poland; Miss Mussey and Mr. Milton Trumbull, of Johnstown; Miss Irene Thompson, of Toronto, Canada; Miss Dorothy Moorby, of Cossackie, and Mr. and Mrs. Chant, of Johnstown.

We were all glad to welcome to our ranks Miss Maud Burt, of Gloversville, and her sister, Miss Grace Burt, of Saugerties, for the week end, October 8th to 10th.

Miss Gallup entertained the house girls at a Hudson-Fulton supper at her home on Ten Broeck street Friday, October 8th.

Miss Elvira Stillman, of Syracuse University, entertained the KΔ girls with a musicale Saturday, October 9th, at the house.

Kappa Delta enjoyed the teas given by her sister Sororities, Delta Omega and Eta Phi.

The house girls spent a very delightful evening, Wednesday, October 20th, at the home of Miss Knapp, in honor of the birthday of her friend, Miss Louise Miller, of Tarrytown.

Kappa Delta and her friends joined Peary and Cook in a Polar expedition, Saturday, October 23d.



**Psi Gamma Notes**

Miss Viola Carmite spent the week end of October 8-11th with Psi Gamma girls.

Psi Gamma and her friends attended Proctor's September 25th.

Mrs. Clarence Schuyler (néé Alice Hill) was the guest of Miss Pawel over the week end, October 15-17th.

Psi Gamma girls were entertained at a linen shower given by Miss Pawel for Mrs. Schuyler, Saturday afternoon, October 16th.

Miss Jessie Cleveland acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Van Vranken and Mr. Jones, of Schenectady, October 16th.

The Sorority was entertained by the president Tuesday evening, October 23d.

The society entertained some friends at a masquerade in the college Friday evening, October 15th. Many of the costumes were very amusing and so puzzling that we hardly knew our best friends.

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**Phi Delta Notes**

Phi Delta held its first meeting of the year September 24th. The following officers were installed, with all due ceremony:

President, Mr. Conklin.

Vice-President, Mr. Miller.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Dabney.

Reporter, Mr. Rice.

After listening to a brilliant inaugural address by President Conklin, all the members joined in having a general good time.

At our next regular meeting plans for the year were made, and the members parted with high hopes of enjoying many good times during the year.

Phi Delta is greatly interested in the new athletic association.



# About College

## The Dedication of the New Buildings

(Owing to the fact that THE ECHO was already in press at the time of the dedication exercises, October 28th, all particulars, other than the following program, must appear in the December issue.)

### PROGRAM OF EXERCISES

William J. Milne, President of the College, presiding.

Prayer, Rev. James S. Kittell.

*Address*—the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, LL.D., Governor of the State of New York.

Music—1. Hark, the Trumpet Calleth (Buck), Temple Male Quartette.

Mr. Richard Reese, 1st tenor ; Mr. E. S. Van Olinda, 2d tenor ; Dr. John Hurdis, baritone ; Mr. Otto Mende, bass.

2. (a) Songs My Mother Taught Me, Dvorak-Smith.

(b) I Long for Thee, Hartel.

Temple Male Quartette.

*Dedicatory Address*—Hon. Andrew Sloan Draper, LL.D., State Commissioner of Education.

*Address*—Hon. St. Clair McKelway, LL.D., D.C.L., Vice-Chancellor of the Regents of the University of the State of New York.

Dedication Song, *Written by Elizabeth F. Shaver.*

Benediction, Rev. William Hermann Hopkins, D.D.



### Dedication Song

#### I.

All hail, Alma Mater, thou pride of our heart!  
 The shrine of true knowledge and culture thou art.  
 These buildings so stately, so fair to behold,  
 Retain the same spirit which dwelt in the old.  
 Thy sons and thy daughters from far and from near,  
 Who've left thy dear portals, as year followed year,  
 To-day have assembled in honor of thee,  
 Who, throughout the ages, beloved shalt be.

#### II.

Our tribute we offer with hearts full of praise,  
 And songs of thanksgiving in chorus we raise;  
 For thy present is happy, thy future is bright,  
 Thy name is far-reaching, undimmed is thy light.  
 Then hail, Alma Mater, we praise thee in song,  
 And with gladsome voices the chorus prolong;  
 For the hope of the past is fulfilled here to-day.  
 Oh, great be thy glory, and long be thy sway!

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Professor Sayles and Professor Risley returned to their Alma Mater, Colgate University, October 20th, so as to be present at the installation of the new president, Elmer C. Bryan.

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#### Obituary

On Saturday, September 25th, occurred the death of William Bayard Van Rensselaer, one of the trustees of the State Normal College. Mr. Van Rensselaer was born at Albany, N. Y., 1856. In 1879 he obtained the A. B. degree from Harvard College, and the following year studied law at the Harvard Law School. Since that time Mr. Van Rensselaer has been an active lawyer and banker of Albany. That Mr. Van Rensselaer was highly hon-



ored throughout the State, as well as in Albany, is proved by the fact that *Who's Who of New York*, '09, mentions him as holding the following offices: President Albany Savings Bank, Vice-President New York State National Bank, of Albany; Vice-President Union Trust Company; President Savings Banks' Ass'n of State of New York; Member Executive Committee State Normal College and Vice-President of the Hudson-Fulton celebration committee.

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#### **The Delta Omega Reception**

On Saturday afternoon, September 25th, the Delta Omega Society began the Sorority social gatherings of the college, by giving a reception to the faculty and students. The guests were received by the Misses Bennett, Fraser, Hurst and Van Derzee. Gold and white, the colors of the society, were found in the daisies which were everywhere in evidence, and which were given to the guests as favors. The music, which added greatly to the pleasure of the afternoon, was furnished by a stringed orchestra. Dainty refreshments were served by the girls of the society from prettily decorated tables in the reception room. The new college buildings furnish an ideal place for holding social festivities, and the members of Delta Omega are to be congratulated upon the pleasing manner in which they entertained their guests.

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#### **Announcement**

THE ECHO is indebted to Dr. Husted for the following item:

The Soldiers' Memorial Tablet committee are pleased to announce that arrangements have now been completed for the erection of a new tablet to replace that which was destroyed by the burning of our Willett street building. It will not be a "replica," but it will be substantially a duplicate of the former tablet, and will be placed on the east wall of the main college entrance hall. It will be "unveiled" at the Alumni Reunion, June, 1910.



**Miss Belding's Recital**

On Saturday, October 23d, Miss Elizabeth Belding entertained a number of her friends with a delightful musical program at her studio, at 85 North Allen street. Miss Belding, who during the past two years pursued a musical course at the Boston Conservatory of Music, rendered with rare artistic ability piano numbers from Wieniawsky, Paderewski, Rochmaninoff, Grieg and Rubenstein. The pleasure of the recital was greatly enhanced by the vocal solos of Mrs. G. D. Winne.

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**A Freshman's Letter to His High School Chum**

DEAR TOM:

I can't tell you how glad I was to receive your letter and to hear so much about things at home. Of course there has been lots going on here and everything is fine, but to be perfectly honest, old man, I'm just a little homesick. You can't appreciate the feeling if you've never had it, and as you will not mistake it for anything else when you do get it, I shall not try to explain it. Tom, do you remember that dirty little yellow dog that used to chase us every time we went down to the river, until we got so angry that we swore to shoot him? Well, Tom, if I could even have that ugly pup to pet for five minutes I'd be the happiest fellow in Albany. I'm that anxious to see anything or anybody connected with home.

Enough along this line, however, as I have much to tell you about college, and besides I don't want you to think that I am moping around like a girl, ready to burst into a flood of tears if I hear somebody next door playing "Home Sweet Home."

You know our buildings here are all new, and they certainly are fine. Still it is not the buildings connected with the institution, but the number of girls, that astonish me most. Why, Tom, I see more girls here in a day than I ever saw before in a month. There are tall girls and short girls, dark girls and light girls—I mean in complexion, pretty girls and—well, all sorts of nice girls.



It gave me sort of an uneasy feeling at first to be where there were so many fair maidens, but I am gradually getting over it. Still it takes a lot of nerve to be the only fellow in a class with 20 or 25 girls, all ready to giggle if you happen to make a mistake. Any fellow that can go through a quiz under these conditions and keep a level head is fitted for hunting lions with Roosevelt in Africa.

The first week I was here I happened to be going out of the main entrance one day at noon, and as I heard some girls coming back of me I stepped aside and held the door open for them to pass, but before they were gone another group appeared, and as I wanted to be polite to everyone, I held the door open for them, too. Well, Tom, they kept coming, and each group kept smiling a little more broadly at me, and I kept holding the door and getting redder and more embarrassed every minute. At last, after about 100 girls had passed, there came a group of girls followed by one of the Sophomore fellows, who stopped and, in the presence of some of his female classmates, delivered to me what he called "an appreciative criticism" on my noble conduct, and said that I might continue to use the front entrance (which is contrary to the Sophomore rules for Freshmen) if I repeated this special performance for five minutes every day. By this time I was so fussed and angry that I just bolted through the crowd and down the steps, followed by shouts of advice and laughter. Since then I have found it much more convenient to use the side entrance, as it is a shorter cut to the room where our lockers are placed.

Truly, the way of the Freshman is hard, and all things seem to work together to show him how little he does amount to, after all. When we were graduated last June, I thought I knew quite a lot, but during the past few weeks I have changed my mind. I am free to confess, old man, that I don't know anything. My estimate of my ability, judged by what I am expected to know, has been sliding down the scale every day, until at present I think I might possibly pass an examination for entrance into a kindergarten.

When I started this letter I intended to tell you something about



the great time we had during the Hudson-Fulton celebration here, but I'm afraid the letter would be overweight and I can't afford more than two cents for postage until I receive a letter from home.

Give my regards to all the fellows and tell them I am having the biggest time of my life (which will be true in more ways than one).

Your Old Chum,  
NOW A. FRESHMAN.

---

#### **An Athletic Association at Last**

All the college men assembled in Room 100 on October 15th and unanimously voted to form an athletic association. The election of officers followed, and the following men were chosen:

President, Mr. Van Denbergh.

Vice-President, Mr. McCormack.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Rice.

With such a well-equipped gymnasium as we now possess, the organization ought to accomplish something worthy of mention, and we are now anticipating the early formation of a good basketball team.

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#### **The Eta Phi Reception**

According to all reports the Eta Phi reception held Saturday, October 16th, was one of the great successes of the season.

It was rainy, but those who braved the inclemency of the weather felt more than repaid for going. On entering the large reception room in the basement, one felt suddenly transported to Japan. Dainty maidens in Japanese kimonos were fluttering here, there and everywhere, talking, not Japanese, but the gayest of S. N. C. chatter, softened by the strains of music coming from the rear of the room. Cherry trees in full bloom and the pink and white screens of cherry blossoms, arranged all around the cozy room, added to the illusion, while the tea table, with its frail Oriental china and spicy refreshments, gave the final touch.



### Organ Recital

On the afternoon of October 30th, the faculty and students of the college assembled at the First Reformed Church with keen anticipation of the musical treat which was in store for them. Prof. S. B. Belding delightfully entertained them with some of the choicest selections from the great composers. These were rendered in a style which was at once artistic and most pleasing. It is a rare pleasure that Prof. Belding gives us twice each year to hear the masterpieces of musical composition, and the audience which assembled testified to their appreciation of Prof. Belding's kindness. The following is the program:

Sonata in D minor.....	Guilmant
Overture—Poet and Peasant.....	Suppé
Kammenoi—Ostrow .....	Rubinstein
Variations on Scotch Air .....	Dudley Buck
Prelude in B minor.....	Bach
Overture—Wm. Tell. . . . .	Rossini
Love Song .....	Henseet
Thunder Storm (descriptive).	

Mr. Belding was assisted by Miss Harriet Fisher, violinist, whose solos were skillfully and artistically rendered.

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### Autumn Leaves from a Freshman's Diary

"How much water has flowed beneath the bridges since we two met," dear diary. I have lost all track of the days, but I think it must be about November, for the leaves are falling and everyone is getting a new hat—(mine is a three-cornered green one)—Fraulein (the girls in German class taught me to say that). Yes, I feel as though I had been hundreds of years, I was going to say thousands, but I guess that would be what you call hyperbole, and when I get time to look at myself in the glass I'm all puzzled and wonder if I'm the same girl that a year ago was dancing through



the autumn leaves, happy just to be alive and hear the wind roaring through the chestnut trees and feel it blowing the drizzly rain into my face. You see, then I never knew there was such a big world waiting for me, with so many, many things to be learned. Now to get my thought words straightened. I've done a great many important things this month, which are—1. I subscribed for THE ECHO. A Senior that talked just like the book agent that came to our house last summer told me all its advantages, until I just gasped and said I didn't see how I could get along without it. 2. I went to two Freshman class meetings. Our class is the nicest Freshman class ever organized here, we all think, and we have six men. 3 I got measured for the gym and I'm half an inch taller than my roommate. A Junior told me not to exult, though, because she'd heard of small people like her growing lots after they were Freshmen. 4. We enjoyed the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Peggy (that's my roommate) and I determined to see everything, so we attached ourselves to a bunch of Seniors and neither ate, slept or breathed much for three days. The first morning we went down to see the human flag on the Capitol steps. "2,000 young Americans joined together to form Old Glory," the Seniors said, but as I saw that great living banner waving there in the sunlight, I kept thinking of the song Rebecca, of Sunny Brook Farm wrote, "It's your star, it's my star, and all the stars together, that makes our country's flag so proud to float in the bright fall weather." I liked it, too, when they sang "I Wish I Had a Girl," after they had finished the national hymns, but that is the Freshman of it, so they say.

After we had seen the flag from all view-points, we went down to see the moving pictures of the military parade in New York. It was pretty good, but I liked Albany parades just as well.

In the afternoon we went down to the river to see the aquatic sports and the auto parade. They didn't amount to much, the Seniors said, but I thought we had sport enough running from Broadway to the river trying to see both parades at once, and, besides, I almost fell off my plank into the river watching a long



slim boat shooting around on the water, like a hurricane, making a noise as though it had six or seven autos inside of it.

That night there was a fraternal parade, which consisted of a lot of dressed-up people riding around on fancy wagons. I think there were some men with lanterns, too, but I was too tired to see it very well, and my roommate laughed at me because I was afraid of the Indians. I woke up, though, when we climbed up the Capitol steps to look at the City Hall and the decorations. It was wonderful, just like fairy land, with the lights, orange, blue and white, flashing at us one moment and gone the next, the gay banners all fluttering in the night breeze, and the happy, care-free crowds surging through the streets. The next day was a book packed full of history, history made up of brilliantly colored pictures of ships, of sailors dressed in bright hues, with orange banners drooping toward the shining water—just as it was in the chart that stood in the corner of the little old district schoolhouse. There were pictures, too, of colonial days, of a weather-beaten steamboat with a great wooden wheel churning on one side. Then there was the picture of war, of the soldiers in camp, the Boys in Blue on duty. I never would dare tell the girls that I felt all this, but I did, and you must never tell, dear diary.

That night we each took a newspaper and went to see the fireworks in Beaver Park. We two Freshmen were lost in open-mouthed wonder, but the Seniors squelched us, and said the newspaper bonfires at the end were the best part of the whole performance.

The next day we packed a lunch and went over to see Troy's celebration, and what a change! In Albany everybody was good-natured and happy and patriotic, with a thrilling quietness that made you know it was real. In Troy everyone was in a hurry, boisterous, crowding, enthusiastic and noisy. They were a little more original in their parades than we were, and the electric display, especially the Dutch mill and the Half Moon, were splendid but I like quiet, sedate Albany better.

Sunday we were very tired, but at night we went down to the



hall to hear Dr. Van Dyke speak. My roommate almost went to sleep, but I enjoyed that service more than any other part of the celebration. After they sang that hymn of Kipling's that I love so well it was all a dream and I was part of it. I floated along on the waves of poetry that now seemed to form the Hudson river, now moved like a mighty army of inventors and discoverers, then stopped and steadily fronted the stolid walls of the impossible, the unattainable, and slowly receded as a host of serious forces that utilized and preserved, the forerunner of a new age. Again I saw the Half Moon, this time floating up the Hudson "like an autumn leaf turned up at both ends," and the picture was still before me as I went out into the open air again. Then I rubbed my eyes hard and told myself over and over that I was a Freshman at the State Normal College in Albany, and the dream was past, and I remembered that I hadn't got my algebra examples for the next day. I've told you all this, dear diary, because you can't laugh at me if I am ridiculous, but truly, I have just begun to live and I must tell some one how it feels. Tay-toi-bunne amie (that means don't tell).



## Alumni Notes

### Obituary

DAVID H. COCHRAN, PH.D. LL.D.

President State Normal College, 1856-64.

Dr. Cochran was born at Springville, N. Y., July 28, 1828, and died at his home in Brooklyn, October 6, 1909. He was graduated from Hamilton College in the class of 1850. For two years he taught natural science at the Clinton Liberal Institute and for one year was principal of Fredonia Academy. In September, 1854, he was appointed "Professor of the Natural Sciences" in this institution, and on February 1, 1856, he was made its President. In September, 1864, he accepted the Presidency of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, a position which he filled with distinguished success until his retirement in 1899.

Dr. Cochran was President of the Y. M. C. A. of Brooklyn, honorary member of the Brooklyn Institute of Science and Arts, life member of the Brooklyn Historical Society, President of the Vivisection Reform Association and Vice-President of the American Humane Association.

An accomplished scholar, a successful and inspiring teacher, an able administrator, an ardent patriot, his influence will be perpetuated in the lives of the thousands of young men and women whom he trained and inspired to noble, useful living.

President Cochran's last visit to Albany was in June, 1900, when, at the unveiling of our Soldiers' Memorial Tablet, he delivered the principal address—a glowing tribute to "our fallen heroes," whose names it bore.

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### MRS. HARRIET R. COCHRAN.

Mrs. Harriet R. Cochran, widow of Dr. David H. Cochran, died at her home, No. 301 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, October 18th, after an illness of ten months.



## GENERAL AMOS S. KIMBALL

Brigadier-General Amos S. Kimball, who saw forty years' service in the army and was retired at his own request in 1902, died at his home in Washington, October 10, 1909. He was buried with military honors in Arlington cemetery.

General Kimball was born in Lawrence, N. Y., in 1840. He was graduated from the Albany State Normal School, but instead of taking up the profession for which he was trained, entered the army in 1861 as first lieutenant in the 98th New York Volunteer Infantry. In 1866 he was transferred to the regular army as captain. He served with General Sheridan in the Indian campaign in 1868-9 and was field quartermaster with General Miles in the Arizona campaign against Geronimo. In 1883 he was promoted to the rank of major. He became colonel in 1898. In the war with Spain he was in charge of the general depot of the quartermaster's department in Washington.

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**Married**

Miss May Elizabeth Wickens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wickens, and a graduate of the class of '03, was married on Saturday afternoon, October 16th, in Waterville, to Harold A. Conant, of Portchester, N. Y.

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Miss Mabel Ashley Bryce, class of '06, and a former member of the college faculty, was married, October 19th, to Mr. Townsend McIntosh. The attendants were Miss Harriet E. Ebel, as maid of honor, and four bridesmaids, Miss Rosamond McIntosh, Miss Madeline S. Carroll, Miss Adaline W. Raynsford and Miss Margaret L. Rodgers. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, upon the return from their honeymoon trip, will make their home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

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On Thursday, October 14th, Miss Florence Lillian Shaver, '07, was married to Dr. Walter Harry Waterbury, of Dolgeville. Upon the return from their honeymoon, Dr. and Mrs. Waterbury



will reside in Dolgeville, where Dr. Waterbury is practising medicine. Dr. Waterbury graduated from the Albany Medical College last May.

Miss Viola Carnrite, '08, was re-elected as a member of the High School faculty at Ravena for the coming year.

Miss Emma Reith, '04, and Miss Edna Rodgers, '05, are teaching in Nutley, N. J.

Miss Harriet Vanderpool has accepted a position in Rye, N. Y.

Miss Ruth Hall, '06, is a member of the teaching staff of the Ticonderoga High School.

Miss Elizabeth Myers, '08, is teaching at Middletown, N. Y.

Miss Marie Adsit is now engaged as instructor in Domestic Science at Chicago University.

Miss Elizabeth Wheeler has resumed her responsibilities as teacher of the second grade in Schenectady.



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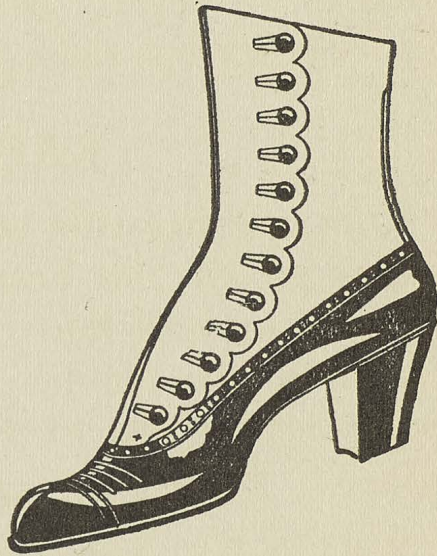
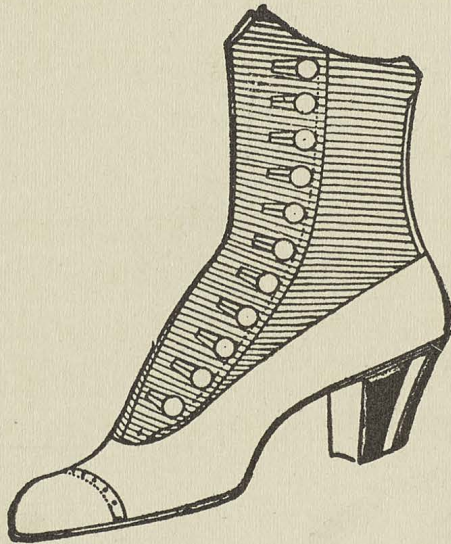
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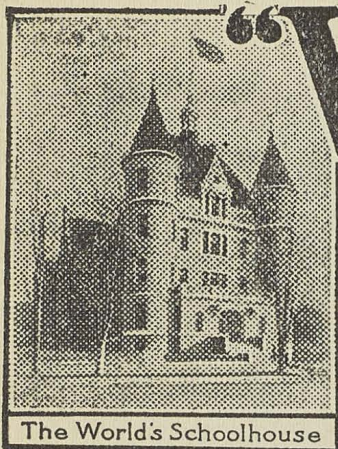
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