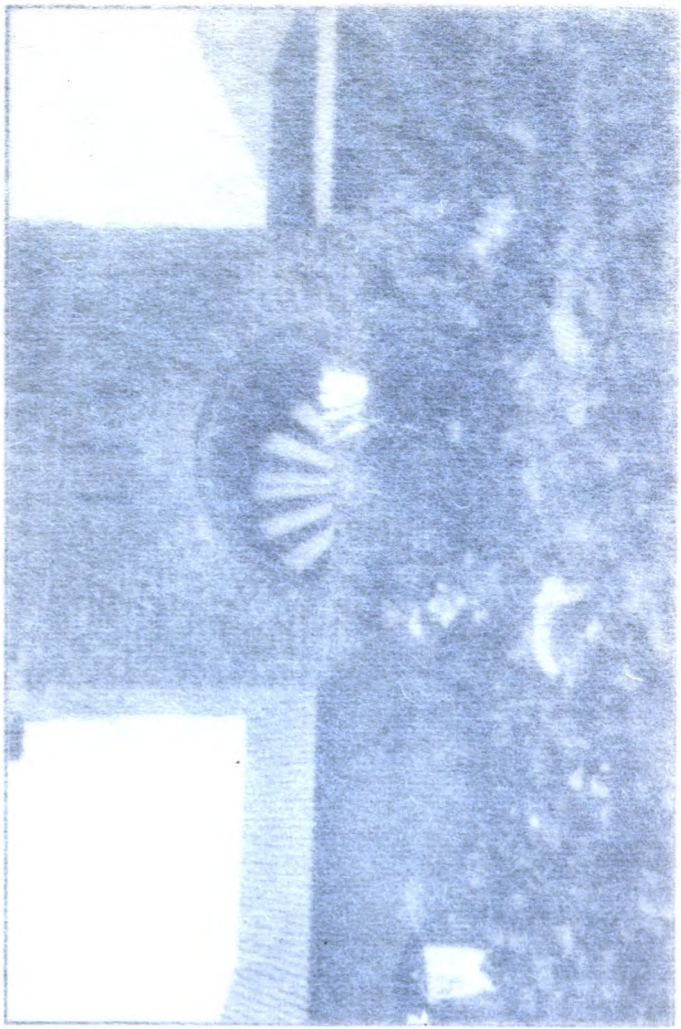
The First Year at Stanford

The English Club of Stanford University



The First Year at Stanford

Sketches *of* Pioneer Days *at* Leland Stanford Junior University

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FOREWORD

THERE was need that these articles should be written and collected into a volume. College generations pass but too quickly, and the rare flavor of those days of Stanford's earliest life can too easily be lost—not, perhaps, to those who shared the experiences, but to the sons and daughters of Stanford's later adoption. And the spirit in which these days were lived may have a wider public interest, some day, when the history of Western university life is searched in quest of its final significance.

Yet the papers we have collected are, from a larger viewpoint, limited in scope and unambitious in treatment; they will in no sense compete with the serious history of Stanford's beginnings that are still to be written. But, perhaps, for this very reason they may fulfil their own purpose the better. And so, with grateful appreciation for the help we have received from many quarters, and especially to those who have contributed the articles themselves, we send out our little volume, dedicated to Stanford men and women who share the spirit of those pioneer days as a common heritage,—as well those of the generations to come, as those whose part in them was immediate and personal.

EARLY DAYS OF STANFORD.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

IF I live to be an old man, I may some day write the true story of the opening years of Stanford University, in the fashion in which Darwin wrote the story of his life for his children,—as though I were an inhabitant of another sphere looking down on the affairs of this planet.

But I cannot do this now.* The days of struggle are too near, the long joint effort of the founder, the trustees, and the teachers to save the noble endowment for its noble purpose, the days of alternate hope and despair, the days of the sacrifice of cherished ideals on the one hand for the sake of saving still higher ones on the other. All that is still too close to me, and the men and women who took part in it are still too near and too dear; their work is not yet completed, and the story may not be written. And yet it is a most romantic story,—the bravest and most inspiring in the history of education, and it has in it one clear, dominant note, one *motif*, the loyalty of a woman to the memory of her husband and her son, her devotion to the lofty ideals

* November, 1904.

of helpfulness which were the flower and fruitage of a vigorous life.

I first heard of the Stanford University through the newspapers, from the notices half laudatory, half contemptuous, with which the American press welcomes every new project. A colored engraving of the proposed buildings attracted my attention, as also the rumors that Huxley, Bryce, and others of equal note had been tendered the presidency or its professorships.

Perhaps my own name was first connected with it in 1888. In the Yellowstone Park, Captain Boutelle, the commandant, was talking of Senator Stanford's plans. With the cheerful irresponsibility of an outsider, I told the Captain what I would do if I were in charge of a new university. "If you had charge of it, I would send my son there," said the Captain. He was as good as his word. At the opening, in 1891, Harry Boutelle was there, one of the pioneers. He was a fine, brave lad, one of the two Stanford boys who fell in the Philippines,—two out of the eighty-four who enlisted in 1897.

I was chosen president in 1891, mainly on the advice of President White. I had never met

Governor Stanford until he came to the University of Indiana to see me on the twentieth of March, 1891. He set forth his plans, his ideals in education, and his preparations for carrying them out. It was plain from the first that he was thoroughly in earnest, his wife equally so, and that he meant just what he said.

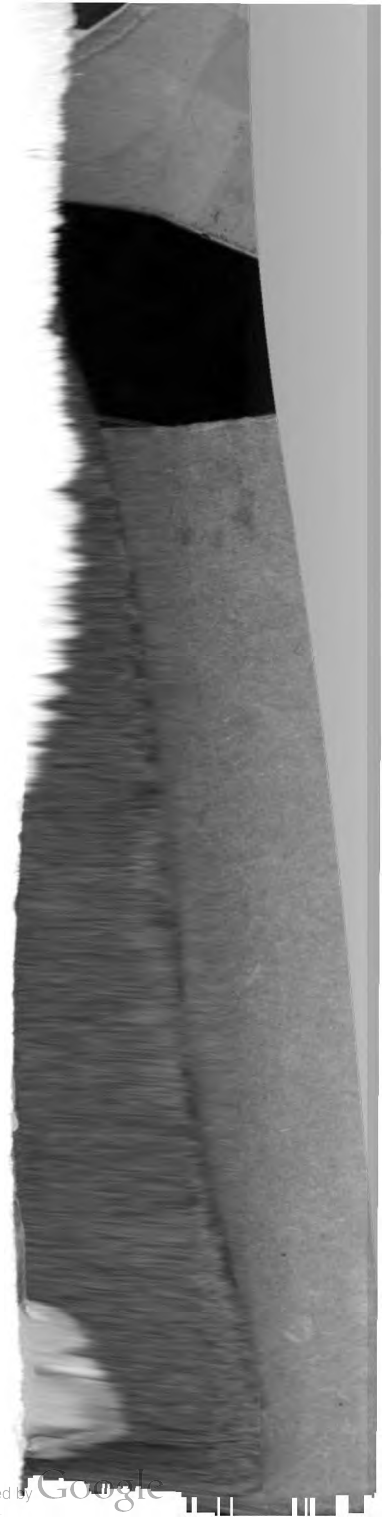
And so we began to choose the faculty and to get ready for the opening on October 1st.

At first fifteen men were to be appointed as teachers,—young men with their careers before them. They would suffice for the hundred or so freshmen we might expect, with the scattering advanced students who would follow the professors. No one encouraged us to look for more. The New York *Mail and Express,* for example, had an editorial on the folly of establishing another university in California. "It is about as much needed," it declared, "as an asylum for decayed sea-captains is needed in Switzerland. The professors for years will lecture in marble halls to empty benches." Our colleagues at Berkeley were most cordial, but they took the same gloomy view of the outlook. There were 400 students only at the State University, and the prospect of dividing this squad into two rival

squadrons was not exhilarating. But, strange to say, it did not work that way. On the opening day 465 students from everywhere the world over gathered at Palo Alto, and the number at Berkeley was larger than ever before. And this relation has gone on with the growth of both institutions. Whatever has made either better, has given a higher value to college education and has correspondingly strengthened the other. Now the pressure of higher education to the square inch is greater in California than in any other State. And still the students at Stanford come from anywhere and everywhere, and when they graduate they scatter out over the whole world.

The first need of the new University was clearly a secretary, for the correspondence after the second day, was literally enormous. As the secretary to President White, always accurate, quiet, cautious, and courageous, I had known O. L. Elliott of Cornell, and it seemed to me that he was the man. In two days he was on the ground, and then we began the search for the fifteen who should first bear the banner of education on the Palo Alto farm. "Jack" Branner, the most eminent of the younger geologists, a man I had long known and

trusted, was naturally called to look after Geology and Mining. The number of fifteen was raised to twenty. These were Anderson, in English, an old Cornell friend, called from the University of Iowa; Gilbert, Swain and Jenkins, former students, called from the University of Indiana, in Zoology, Mathematics and Physiology; Campbell, in Botany, a Michigan man, then in the University of Indiana; Howard of Nebraska, in History. Todd, in French, was drawn from Johns Hopkins; Griffin, in German, Laird, in Greek, and Barnes, in Education, from Cornell. Woodruff, another Cornell man, then in charge of the Fiske Library in Florence, was placed in charge of the new library. A Cornell man, Marx, formerly assistant professor in Cornell and at the time professor in Wisconsin, was chosen in Civil Engineering, and Gale of St. Louis, a graduate of the Institute of Technology, in Mechanical Engineering. Pease was called from Bowdoin to the chair of Latin; Sanford, a student of Helmholtz, from Lake Forest to the chair of Physics. In Chemistry the work was begun by Richardson, a student of Remsen of Johns Hopkins, then instructor in Lehigh. Wood from Oberlin and Harvard, in Physical Train-



ing; W. H. Miller from Johns Hopkins, and J. A. Miller from Indiana in Mathematics completed the list of men present as teachers at the beginning. Of these men, Branner, Marx, Gilbert, Campbell, Sanford, Jenkins, Anderson and Griffin are still with us. William Howard Miller, "First Dead of Stanford's Scholars," as he was termed in a fine sonnet by Prof. Sampson, did not live through the year; Richardson, sanest and most sagacious of teachers, died in 1902; Todd was soon called to Columbia; Swain became, in 1893, President of the University of Indiana and later president of Swarthmore College; Laird was soon called to Wisconsin, Wood to Columbia, and J. A. Miller to a full professorship in Indiana; while Woodruf became professor of law at Cornell.

As soon as the University opened more men were plainly needed. M. W. Sampson, A. G. Newcomer and E. H. Griggs were called as assistants in English, Sampson fortunately in time to coach the first football team and to write the first football song relating how "Kennedy kicked the goal." Amos G. Warner, of Nebraska, one of the noblest and most gifted of men, filled the chair of Economics until his lamented death in

"Escondite Cottage . . . was devoted to the President." *(See page 13.)*

1900. B. C. Brown came from Cornell to teach Free-hand Drawing, and at Christmas time John M. Stillman came from Boston to be Senior Professor of Chemistry. Elliott was made registrar and G. A. Clark, a student stenographer, rose in time to occupy his place as secretary.

In June the faculty appeared on the grounds. Escondite Cottage, the only house available on the grounds (and there was no town of Palo Alto), was devoted to the president. Here lived also the Elliotts, and the first entrance examination was held on the veranda at Escondite. Three students applied; one girl, Miss Longley, passed, but the two young men failed. The first student enrolled, F. J. Batchelder, came from Cornell as stenographer to Dr. Elliott. After ten years' experience in practical life he returned to college in 1903, taking his degree in Civil Engineering in 1904.

Richardson, who came out with the president and the Elliotts, lived in Menlo Park, and here one after another came the rest, Swain, Marx, Sanford, Gilbert, Anderson, and their families, the new houses on the campus being ready little before the opening of the college year.

In the winter of 1892, President White came from Cornell with his course of lectures on the French Revolution, and the Comstocks gladdened all hearts by their courses in Nature Study and their social evenings at home.

It was intended at first to admit only men until the projected large halls for girls should be completed. But the fear that if girls came in later than the boys they would be called interlopers was reason for preparing for both at the same time. Roble Hall was planned in June and hastened to completion in September. It was filled with girls before the plaster was out of the halls or the furniture in the kitchen.

It was Mr. Stanford's thought that the new institution should be highly specialized. It should have the noble provision for technical education characteristic of Cornell, and the encouragement to advanced study and research characteristic of Johns Hopkins. Its aim should be to fit men for usefulness in life, and for this an unspecialized general training would not suffice. He had no sympathy with the use of the college as a group of social clubs, nor did he wish to train gentlemen of leisure. A Stanford man should be one who knows something

thoroughly and can carry his knowledge into action. The principles of democracy were to permeate the whole institution. There should be democracy of men, democracy of studies, democracy in courses of study. The work, not the degree, should be the goal of effort. "*Die Luft der Freiheit weht,*"—"the winds of freedom are blowing,"—this word of Ulrich von Hutten quoted in some early address, and caught up as a motto by the students, found favor with him as with the rest of us. He asked that on the register we should print these phrases:

"The Beneficence of the Creator towards Man on Earth, and the possibilities of Humanity, are one and the same."

"A generous Education is the Birthright of every man and woman in America."

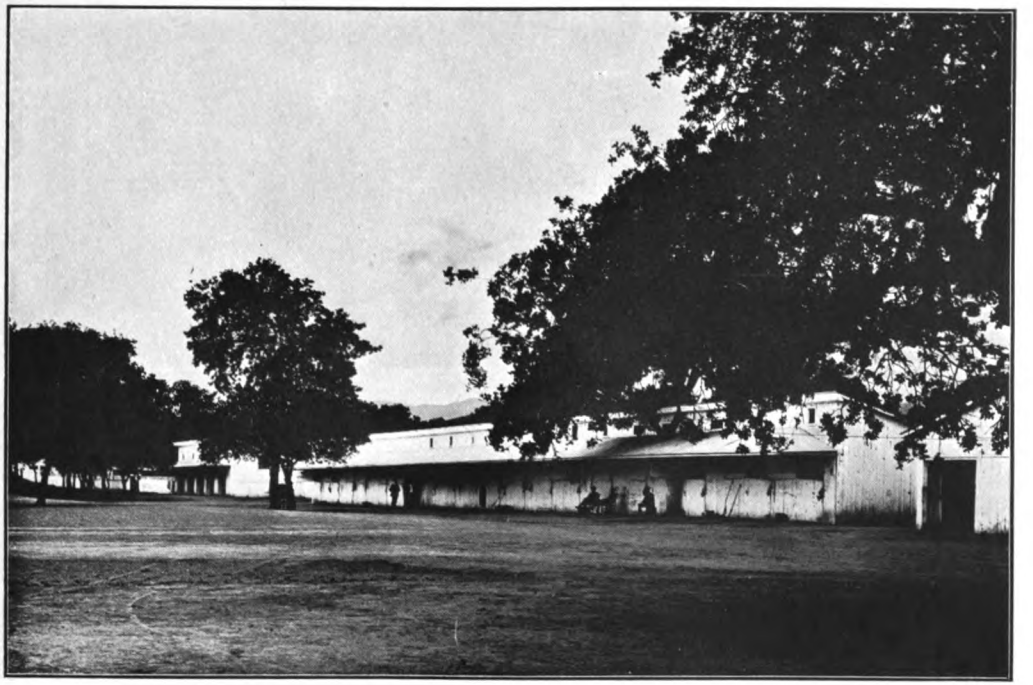
But we should be glad to substitute for these the sentence which marked the foundation of the University. After a sad night of doubt and distress after the death of his son, Mr. Stanford awoke with these words on his lips:

"The Children of California shall be my Children."

And so they are!

In 1892 came Albert W. Smith, Angell, Flügel, Murray, Dudley, Matzke, Thoburn,

Hoskins, Wing, Kellogg, Allardice, Goebel, Hudson, Lenox, Show, A. B. Clark, Fish, G. H. Marx, J. P. Smith, Price, McFarland, Symington and others, doubling the original number in the faculty. Since then many have come and gone, and others, still better, have come to stay. The alumni roll in the faculty has arisen until of the 115 in all, thirty-two are Stanford men. When President Eliot spoke at Stanford, in 1892, it was the Stanford boast that it was the only college which had "never graduated a man of whom it was ashamed." The alumni roll of twenty-nine, in 1892, has arisen to 1,912, in the year 1904; Stanford alumni are scattered the world over; I meet them in all conditions in life, but of them all there are not half a dozen the Alma Mater does not feel proud to claim. The Stanford man is a type of his own; fearless, democratic, self-confident. He believes in truth, he believes in himself, and everywhere and always, *ubique, omnes, semper,* he is loyal to Stanford.



"Things were different then at the stock farm." *(See page 19.)*

BEGINNINGS IN PALO ALTO.

ELEANOR PEARSON BARTLETT.

THE first impression I got of pioneer Palo Alto, or rather Menlo Park, for Palo Alto at that time was nothing but a yellow wheat field, with shadowy traces of real estate roads on it, was its expansiveness. We were set down on the Menlo Park Station platform in the blazing sun and dust of a midsummer day and then charged $2.50 by Jasper Paulsen to be taken in his jolting little car to Dr. Jordan's house, then Escondite Cottage, "and it would have been $3.00 if you didn't sort of belong to the faculty," said he. Jasper afterwards had a large and flourishing livery stable in Palo Alto, the predecessor of whichever one at the present moment isn't Bell's, and he always stood our friend, because, "You were the very first ones to ride in my car." Whenever he got a new surrey or span, up it came to Castilleja for us to try.

"We" were Miss Fletcher and I, and we'd come to start a girls' preparatory school under Dr. Jordan's protecting wing. But where should we start it? It was August 1st then, and the

college was to open in September. There was no college town, the "road" consisted of eight or ten frames of houses not yet even boarded in, and the surprised faculty that kept dribbling out from the East in altogether too punctual a fashion, were sadly seeking homes in San Jose, San Francisco, the Menlo Park Hotel, and even Mayfield. Where should we go? There was just one chance,—Adelante Villa, the tumbled-to-pieces, ghost-haunted, much be-cypressed spot, where the dense rose-vines kept out all sun, and never a glimpse of hills or yellow fields could you get, where the old flower-beds were choked with weeds, and the furniture fell to pieces as you sat on it, from very despair, and the lofty, old-fashioned rooms struggled to keep warm with tiny grates, and coal $13 a ton, hauled from Redwood.

Well, there we went on Wednesday, and by Friday we had a flourishing boarding house pending the opening of school, for all we could take flocked to us, even if we didn't have any blankets for several days, and only eggs and potatoes to eat. There were President Swain, of Indiana,—a big, hearty man, who was enough to make even mathematics a

popular department for a year, and Professor Anderson—I can see him now, stalking back over those baked fields every afternoon in his shirt sleeves—and two raw boys from Oregon, who had to be tutored for their entrance examinations—one of them was named Hoover, and you've all of you heard of him since, and the college stenographer, and as many more as we could cram in. The first thing we did was to buy "Jim." You knew him later, I'm sure, as he jogged sedately up the avenue, with Professor David Marx humming classic melodies behind; but then he was a spirited young thing, tried first by Dr. Jordan and found wanting, and every day I drove him in to the University through the stock farm. But the stock farm! I must stop a minute to dwell on the past glories of the place,—so busy and gay and immaculately clean, with the little colts trotting round in the kindergarten, and the blanketed trotters being walked up and down, and the Chinamen sweeping up every shred of eucalyptus bark, and keeping the trees whitewashed, and the Senator himself rolling round on his tours of inspection every morning in his red-wheeled chariot. Oh, things were different then!

And they were different, too, when you got to the University. You all know that only the Inner Quadrangle was up, with one or two of the shops and the chimney, the chimney whose glory is now downed forever by the arch and the church. But imagine no Row—to say nothing of rows—except the embryonic skeletons I've mentioned, and no roads or lawns. The main avenue was just being built. Sometimes I could guide Jim down its dusty length, full of pitfalls, and dirt-wagons, and find the gate at the end unlocked; but oftener I'd have to turn back, braving the dangers of driving up, over, and down the banks of earth that were going to make the curved roads around the lawns, try the outlet by the winery, and through the private grounds to the gate by the bridge, only to find it locked, too, if the Stanfords didn't happen to be "in residence" that day, and be obliged to turn Jim around once more, and thread my way again among gravel heaps and rollers, and piles of crushed rock, back past the row and out finally to Mayfield by the Escondite Gate, which wasn't locked in those days. For out I had to get by some way or other, as all the marketing had to be done; our washwoman lived at Menlo

Park and our grocer at Mayfield. And here I must stop again to pay a tribute to Mr. La Peire. He stood by us all in those days; may the faculty continue to stand by him always. No trouble was too much for him to take, no errand too weary, no bill too long for him to carry over when the dark days of the second summer came, just after the Senator's death, and no money was forthcoming.

When I wasn't steering Jim through these mazes, I was sitting in the college office, waiting for business. I had the desk that Mr. Clark has now, and very funny things happened in the office in those days; but they are not for me to tell. My own particular job was hard enough,—to get out of parents' heads the idea that our school was an integral part of the University and therefore free, which wasn't exactly our idea of it! But it wasn't strange they thought so, for the newspapers had filled the land with stories of a fairy spot where education was to be had free, from the kindergarten to the grave.

Well, September came and we turned out our boarders and began school, two weeks before the University. Over the trials of that first year,

I must draw a decorous veil, for the actors haven't yet sunk back far enough into the mellowing haze. It would all be very amusing, but too personal. But one thing I know the English Club will be interested in. All our pupils but two left at Christmas, and the reason the best one of them assigned was that she was getting intolerably poor instruction in English.

A strictly impersonal difficulty that can be mentioned was the ghost. We were ignorant of the fact that she "went with the place," when we took it, but not so our Spanish neighbors or our Mayfield day scholars, and so it gradually leaked out, and you know what that would mean in a family of girls, especially when one of them found she had been guilty of fiddling every day right on top of *the grave*. You see Mr. Stanford had bought Adelante from Judge C——, a San Francisco lawyer, who used it for a summer place. Now Mrs. C——, who was an invalid, loved the place, and as she grew worse and knew that that summer she could never leave it again alive, she begged from her husband that she might not have to leave it, dead. And he promised her that she should be buried beneath a certain live oak that she'd loved to sit

under when she was stronger. And he kept his promise, and planted a little cypress hedge around the grave and tended it with care. But a few years later he married again, and the second Mrs. C—— and her young lady daughters hated the sight of that little hedge from their library windows, and persuaded him to cut it down and pile it on the grave and burn it. *And the grave fell in!* And then the place got more and more lonesome and eerie, till they finally coaxed the old man to sell it and move away. But the body of the wife was left there to be forgotten. And with that the ghost began to walk, and she haunted the house and lightly swept through the halls and up and down the third-story staircase with its little gate across the top that showed where the nursery had been. And that was a very easy house to hear ghosts in, anyway, what with rats so daring that they raced from one end to the other at night and deposited bunches of grapes from the pantry all over the second story, to say nothing of a big mastiff who groaned at night and slept indoors.

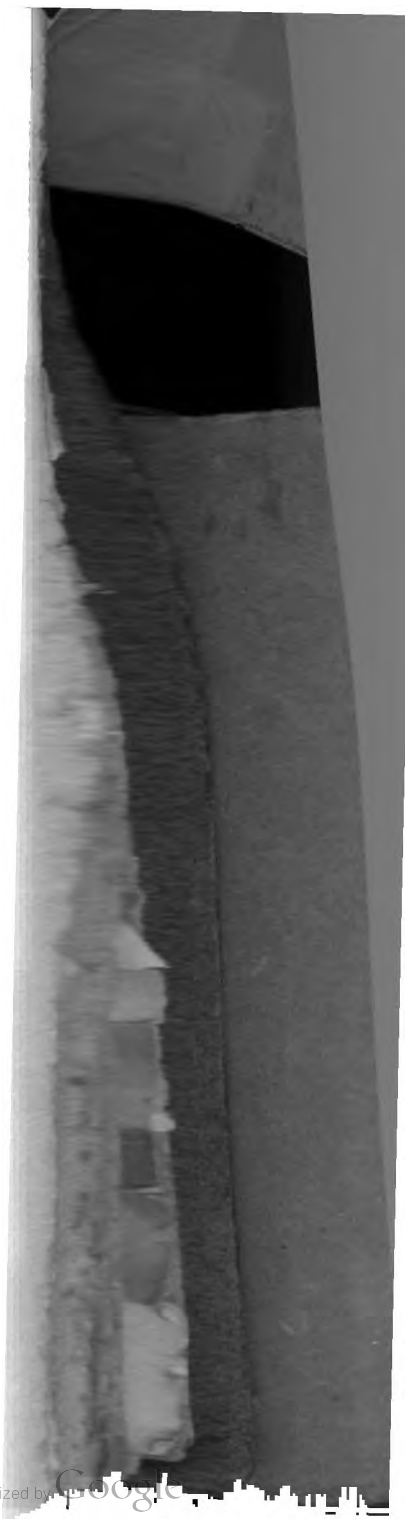
Well, the end of the year came, and it was evident that if we were to keep the school going at all, we must find some other place for it. So

we made up our minds to build. But where? There were three candidates for the site of the college town, all of them nothing but wheat fields crossed by roads that were only rough little adobe tracks, but were labeled with high-sounding literary names. In each of these one or two cheap houses had been put up, and that was all. Now, which of these three was to be *the* town? First, there was Palo Alto Park, as they called it then; at any rate that was near the railroad and boasted a flag-station and a little platform. Then there was College Terrace; that was near Mayfield, a very important consideration when keeping house must be considered. Lastly, there was University Heights, by far the most attractive of the three, topographically speaking. I suppose that most of you have never heard of it. If you go back to the hills over the old county road, across the footbridge and past Cedro Cottage, and then turn to your right on the county road, you'll soon see off to the left traces of real estate roads running across some fine rolling country with beautiful white oaks scattered sparsely over it, and in one place a group of pathetic, ramshackly houses (unless they've been repaired since I came away), where

three or four hopeful but hasty families had built, trusting in the University, that fabulous gold mine in the early days, which was believed to stand ready to hand out education, places, money, fairy chances of all kinds, with a real fairy godfather and godmother standing ready to wave the wand for every Cinderella and hand out a ring for every Aladdin. You cannot, any of you, imagine the rosy mist that floats around it all in those magic two years before the Senator died.

Well, by great good luck, we decided on Palo Alto Park and planned that summer to put up Castilleja Hall there, the same building that, altered several times, still serves as the Harker and Hughes School. The next question was what part of the wheat field was going to be "the choice residence section." In this we were guided partly by the fact that Mr. Hutchinson had just put up his house in the southwest corner, so we built close by and never regretted it, especially when the next year Professor Marx and Professor Smith came to share our block.

But Palo Alto that first year was a pioneer settlement, indeed. If I remember rightly, "down town" consisted of Parkinson's lumber



yard, with a tiny shanty for postoffice at one corner, Mrs. Yale's little thread-and-needle shop and Simpkin's little store. The Sunday-school assembled on benches under the big oaks by the station, and for week-days the dozen or less children went bumping over to Mayfield, driven by Theodore Zschokke in his old express wagon.

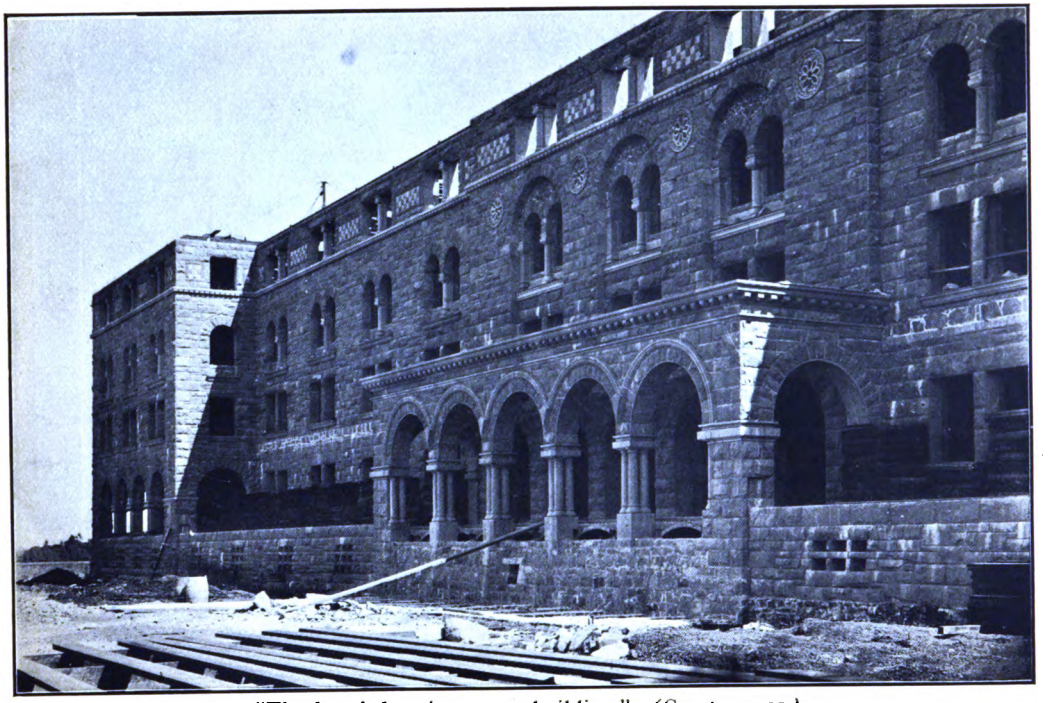
But my chief recollection is of the roads. You know what they are now, especially on the outskirts, but then! One dreary stretch of dust in the summer, and an unending chain of black mud holes in winter, with no sidewalks at all. The first sidewalk we had was constructed by voluntary subscriptions on the part of the property owners, and ran up Waverly Street, with a side branch off to us. Occasionally an absentee owner refused to pay, and it ambled across the street to some more public-spirited person on the other side, only to return a few yards farther on. It was a simple affair, just two planks following all the natural ups and downs, just too narrow for two persons, except under exceptional circumstances. I think all of us remember that walk, for it trained us to such expert wheel-riding. It was quite a feat to get from one end to the other, without succumbing to the mud on

either side, or to the crack that yawned fearfully between. But the dismal state of the roads was compensated for, as far as beauty went, by the trees that still shaded them.

Practically, perhaps, they did need to go. You felt more nearly inclined to admit that fact when you threaded your way in and out between them in a bus on a dark night, or rather had it threaded for you by a careless driver, especially if you found yourself brought to a sudden stop by the end of the pole's suddenly butting into an oak. But still they were lovely to look on and preserved the town from absolute commonplaceness, and I don't wonder that Professor Angell and Professor Murray made such strenuous exertions that they managed to keep the beautiful live oak in front of their houses.

I'm afraid all the memory of the rest of our first year in Palo Alto is too turbid for me to fish up anything else profitable from it. We were too busy with school to pay much attention to the town; and those were difficult days to keep a school in, especially when the months of calm came, and the windmills all stood still for weeks, and there were no water works. The one person who can tell you all about these times is

Mrs. Zschokke, who mothered and even fathered the infant town, and did more for it than all its trustees. By the end of the year, we had a miraculous growth of houses springing up everywhere, and a new postoffice, and a roof on the railroad station, and even talk of a temporary shanty for a public school. The pioneer days were over.



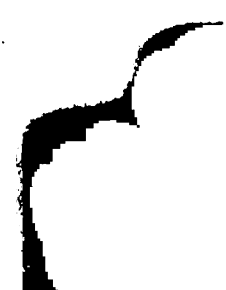
"The boys' dormitory was building." *(See page 31.)*

THE CORNELL COLONY AT PALO ALTO.*

ELLEN COIT ELLIOTT.

THE numerous members of the Stanford Faculty who hail from other colleges will hardly dispute the above designation as applied to the teaching force of the new University, for they have been bored to the verge of distraction by the rampant loyalty of the Cornell members; and, in view of the predominating tone, must have long ago surrendered any private enthusiasms of their own. The Registrar confesses that he has told how they do at Cornell until he blushes at the sound of his own voice in that connection. The Librarian's dramatic transports over "Ithaca, my Ithaca," breathe the passion of the exile. His chief victim for some time was a colleague, fellow-boarder at the Oak Grove Villa Hotel of Menlo

** This sketch was written in November, 1891, for the Cornell public, and was published in the "Cornell Magazine." With a slight revision it has been left in the main in its original form because it gives an idea of the early connection between Stanford and Cornell—a sentiment which, with changes of personnel and lapse of time, has largely faded out, but which was a real and picturesque element of "pioneer days."*



Park. This gentleman, being from Boston, scarce knew of Ithaca's existence, and when these vials of eloquence were opened, it was amusingly evident that his expression of well-bred resignation covered a wild desire to flee away and be at rest.

The Professor of German, the Professor of Pedagogy, the Professor of Civil Engineering, the youthful representative of the Greek department, even the President himself when discretion allows—these and many more chant a constant chorus in praise of the foster mother left behind. The home college has shown, too, a gracious and curious interest in us. When our appreciation takes the form of golden beckonings across country, Alma Mater lifts her eyebrows in some wonder to see the alacrity with which the children drop their toys and follow our Pied Piper gaily into the untried West. The charm of a magic pipe, the power of a glamour, the enthusiasm of the pioneer—who can explain? We can only tell you, Foster Mother, in sober words, some little of how it is out here, and at the end you will wonder still, for only by actual touch of it comes understanding.

The first to arrive—long, long ago, as far back as the first of July—were the President, the Registrar, and the Professor of Chemistry, with their families, they having traveled together overland. What a stretch intervenes since then! The first of July workmen swarmed through the buildings of the Quadrangle. The boys' dormitory was building; the girls' dormitory barely begun. Alvarado Row, now standing complete with its ten professors' cottages finished and occupied, was then part of an unbroken stubble field, the plans for its houses only just being drawn. The sun was shining warm and hot out of a metallic blue sky, and many Californians were overwhelming the newcomers with eulogies upon the climate.

During the journey from the East an astounding mail had accumulated in the Menlo Park post-office. We stopped for it as we drove from the station in Mr. Stanford's carriage, and the men brought it out by the armful and stacked it up on the floor of the carriage to the extent of a bushel or two. Everything demanded immediate answer. No offices being ready for use, the library of the President's home, Escondite Cottage, was the first work-room and, later on, appro

room in a brick building near by was utilized. After three weeks the Registrar's office in the Quadrangle received the President, the Registrar, and the Stenographer—who had meantime been imported from Cornell. Here toiled the vanguard. They had six roller-top desks standing around, but nothing else to speak of; and they were assisted in their labors by the carpenters tinkering at drawers, putting latches on the doors, and interminably currying the woodwork.

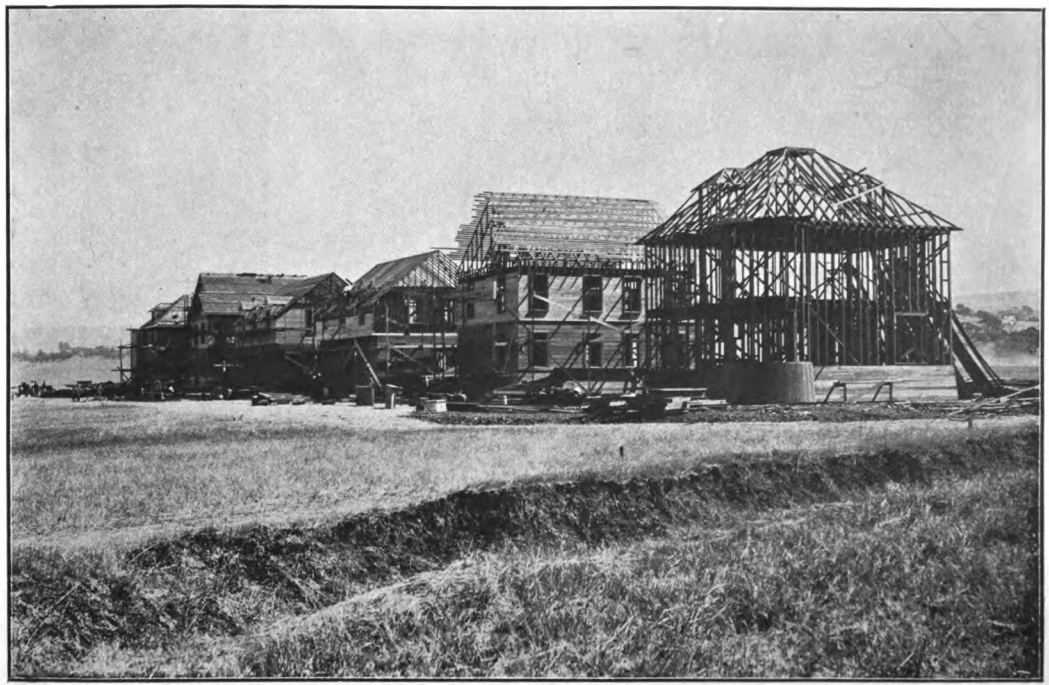
But the world whirls fast in California. Only a few days and ground was broken for the cottages; a little later and the great road leading to the station was begun; concrete pavements appeared in the Quadrangle; the Museum grew like a mushroom; the dormitories approached completion. One heard at last the murmur of the coming life—like the increasing hum of an approaching train. Piano agents came, desiring to furnish the University with their wares. Book-store agents looked over the ground with a view to establishing branches. Land agents busily boomed their property, and one of them generously offered the Registrar a commission on sales made through his influence. A detective came down to see if it would not pay him

to establish himself upon the campus, so as to be handy if needed after the students arrived.

The Faculty was to modestly number fifteen, and no more until the need for more became apparent; and so many teachers, from Maine to Australia, wrote earnestly desiring to be included in this magic number, that fifteen times fifteen of the very elect (to take them at their own valuation) could have easily been added to the pay-roll of the institution. The rumor had gone forth that "Mr. Stanford's School" was to include all grades, "from the kindergarten up," so, from the kindergarten up, they came fatuously seeking admission. California remembered crabbedly that the corner-stone of the University was laid years ago, and nothing had come of it all this time; so this show of beginning was regarded by many with skeptical, if intense, curiosity. Some grumbled because there was no preparatory department; some criticised the architecture; some hinted darkly that the whole project was only an intricate scheme to make more money for "the Senator." Some, indeed, welcomed the Easterners with hospitality and rejoiced at the impulse which the

new institution had even then begun to give to the schools in the State.

In August the Faculty began to arrive. In April they had been told that no houses were to be built at present, and professors might find homes in the boys' dormitory. They had accordingly adjusted their minds to the idea of boarding, and selling or storing their housekeeping effects, came up to the situation free and lighthearted and—so to speak—with their hands in their pockets. With surprise they learned that by a later ukase the doors of the dormitory were closed to the married estate, and further, with dismay, that in Menlo Park and Mayfield there was no place for the stranger. They tried to get board at these villages, they explored "the Ranch," they peeped wistfully into the clustered tents and shanties of the workmen on the Campus, only to realize finally that nobody would have them anywhere for love or money. Then, at last, with drooping courage, they turned to the only thing left, the ragged little string of skeletons getting into shape out on the flat and dusty plain south of the Quadrangle. Picking their way across the adobe—blistered into cracks by the summer heat and



"The ragged little string of skeletons . . . out on the . . . plain south of the Quadrangle."

(See page 34.)

drought, and sparsely grown with tar-weed above its gray stubble—clambering across lumber piles and the general litter of building, they proceeded to make a reluctant choice of a future dwelling.

Truly it is hard to tell why the thought of a year's boarding should have appeared so radiant and have died so hard. Now that we have been gently coerced into the places prepared for us and see the mountainous task of furnishing and settling behind us instead of before, we rejoice unfeignedly to be under roofs of our own.

About the time the skeleton cottages began to be clothed upon, and get their paint and windows and front steps, the faculty wives began to make trips to San Francisco to shop—for at the two adjacent villages you could buy little more than flour and pins, and it takes several thousand different articles to start a new home. More than once the children were left with their learned fathers at home (that is, in some such ephemeral refuge as the "Oak Grove Villa Hotel," at Menlo, or the hostelry opposite to it, which commanded our wonder because it had a *Sequoia gigantea* growing in the corner of the yard), while the mothers took the early train to

the city. A woman's memorandum was a truly comic document, for in view of the patient gentlemen-nurses left behind, one precious day must be crowded to its utmost capacity, and we had to buy from rugs and ranges down to brooms and mop-pails, and clothespins at four dozen for "a bit." A "bit" we naturally supposed meant a mere scrap, a contemptible nothing of a sum—say a cent—but we learned in these early shopping tours that contemptibleness is a relative term, and a sum of money which a Scotchman or a New Englander treats with respectful consideration becomes in this country a trifle too insignificant to be handed back in change. "I will take three-quarters of a yard," said I, buying ribbon. "You may as well take a yard—you will have to pay for it anyway," said the clerk. And I took the yard, puzzling as I went out to decide which had cause to blush, the clerk or I.

October first—the date of the opening—drew on. It was almost here before the first family got into its house, and while the stars looked in at the curtainless windows, slept happily on the parlor floor with a sense of vast relief to be at last at home. Our next neighbors had blankets,

we had mattresses. We divided up and achieved comfort.

Our help in settling was most episodical, for there was no one to be had save the occasional "working student," who might happen to inquire for work at the Quadrangle. He was good as far as he went, but usually when he was about half through moving a stove or opening a packing-case, the hour for an examination or an appointment would arrive and he would vanish away. Then the housewife would be left to sit upon the stairs and twiddle her thumbs while she surveyed the chaos and decided where she would have the furniture put when providence sent another boy along.

Outwardly all bravery, the inner soul of the pioneer is the theatre of mixed emotions. We confessed once in a while, and oftener we felt without confessing, that under that sky of cloudless blue, as day after day went by, our hearts perversely yearned for the patter of rain, that cactuses and palms and even a *Sequoia gigantea* in the fence corner could not begin to take the place of the little springing, running grass of our Eastern love. The dust—the most perfect dust in the universe, lying gray and powdery over

everything—"got onto our nerves," and we brazenly desired some old-time mud, for a change. In view of the ravages of the mosquito and a hopping plague less freely mentioned in polite discourse, we murmured reproachfully that the half had not been told. We stared across the road at the line of Menlo Park saloons and their fringe of doddering loafers day by day, and thought with sinking heart of certain trim elm-shadowed villages back East, and before the long summer was over we were many a time almost ready to hang our harps upon the willows and sing no more of our great undertaking.

This was the woman's outlook while we waited at Menlo. The men—bless them!—marched stoutly off each morning over the hot and dusty highway, swinging their lunch baskets and, for aught I know, carolling a lay as they went—marched the two miles to the Quadrangle, where still the long arcades were cluttered with barrels and boards and noisy with hammer and saw. It seems walking is not the custom out here. The Californian rides in his coach or stays at home—and considering the dust and glare shows his sense thereby. Our

"The long arcades were cluttered . . . and noisy." *(See page 38.)*

men could do neither, as it happens, and so they walked, and the native population called them "tramp perfessers." I have heard that when noon came, it was a pretty sight to behold this embryonic faculty eating its dinner out under the arcade, seated in a row on the curbstone. The lunches bundled out of the little baskets aforementioned were dreadful aggregations, and there never was enough, besides; but be sure a tiny bottle of sour wine was not forgotten by the most parsimonious landlady. This is significant, because most of these poor scholars had no taste for sour wine, and they were glad to have it to barter for large pieces of frosted cake brought by the stenographer from a miraculous boarding place, and so escape starvation. It is not claimed that the President ever succumbed to this bribery, but we do know that he was looked upon with envy, for he brought his sumptuous lunch from his own ménage—and ate it contentedly at the point of the jack-knife. The professor from Boston found it hard, and every day or so he used to flee to the city. He said he went on business, but when the Librarian cornered him, he owned up that it was "to get a cup of coffee." However, this apparently innocent

practice nearly ruined his reputation; for presently, among bills for University material sent from the city office to the President for auditing, there came one from a San Francisco restaurant bearing the simple legend:

"Leland Stanford Jr. University, Dr.,
"To one Terrapin Stew.....$1.25."

Suspicion at once fastened upon the man who went to the city "for coffee," and it was only with difficulty that he was able to clear himself of the charge of carousing upon terrapin stew at the University's expense.

So passed the summer away. And if you say the men were not homesick, even if the women were, I can cite you one dialogue I overheard myself once in the sad time at the edge of the evening. Two of them were standing on the hotel porch looking dispiritedly through the twilight at the train across the road noisily getting ready to start for San Francisco. Said one:

"Let's get on board and go home!"

And the other responded with alacrity:

"Any moment you please!"

But when, in September, the rest of the Faculty began to come in rapidly; when the Quadrangle buildings one by one grew silent and

the workmen disappeared; when registration day approached, then such excrescent regret as there was died forgotten and all work and interest rushed forward to the opening.

The people of the State were at last convinced that the University meant to begin in earnest on October 1st. They, too, awaited that date with eagerness, and, when it arrived, they came in force to "see the wheels go round." Report affirmed that "in the early morning the streets of San Jose and Santa Clara were alive with vehicles carrying people to Palo Alto." This has, perhaps, a slightly mythical sound; but sure it is that crowds poured into "the ranch" long before the exercises began, and carriages were tied to every available post, and bar, and fence, and tree. Trains ran up to the buildings on the freight switch and unloaded other crowds. Every one pressed into the "great bright Quadrangle," and massed before the platform erected in the south arch. The ranks of chairs were early filled and behind them the crowds patiently stood up. By half past ten about an acre of humanity waited thus for the exercises to begin, and numbers of people

who had failed to get within earshot promenaded the arcades and talked.

The sky was at its bluest, and the red tile of the low continuous roofs of the buildings glowed against it with a soft brilliance.

The buff stone walls, the orderly ranks of columns, the shadowed cloisters—the gray floor of the great court broken by its beds of greenest foliage—the two entrances gay with flags and flowers and the third an embowered alcove for the speakers—and over all the glinting radiance of the California sunlight. To right and left of the platform, pampas plumes and palms sprang fifteen feet up into the light. Below them palmettos and the delicate sprays of the bamboo encircled the rostrum's edge and were themselves encircled by long festoons of grapevine, with grapes in gigantic clusters drooping heavily. Overhead fluttered bright banners. Within the alcove fell the rich folds of the stars and stripes, and from its background the portrait of the boy Leland Stanford looked down upon the scene with serious eyes.

When Mr. and Mrs. Stanford appeared there was heard for the first time the University slogan:

"Wahoo! Wahoo! L. S. J. U.! *Stanford!*" Four hundred students seated together near the platform gave it down with immense enthusiasm. It was the lusty cry of the newborn—we smiled at each other and felt that the child had arrived.

The reporters, seated in a body in the little pen beneath the platform's edge, have given to the world a sufficiently detailed account of the exercises. The cameras perched precariously upon the roofs or mounted on stilts in the midst of the audience, have revealed to a continent the weighty fact that the representative of the Board of Trustees made his address under the shade of a parasol held over him by the President, while the President, when he spoke, was in turn protected by the Professor of Mathematics. Has the public also been told that when the proceedings were over and the favored guests had departed to take lunch at the Stanford residence, the crowd sat down in the cool arcades to eat its lunch and for dessert appropriated the decorative grapes from the deserted rostrum?

The month which has passed since then has been busy. The boys' gymnasium has gone up, more professors' houses are begun, Alvarado

THE EARLY HISTORY OF ATHLETICS AT STANFORD.

FRANK ANGELL.

(Some of the material in this article was taken from the Naught-Four "Quad," with the kind permission of the "Quad" editor, Mr. Isaac Russell. The personnel of the teams, the scores of the games, and other details of the intercollegiate matches, up to 1900, may be found in Sheehan and Honig's "Games of California and Stanford.")

COLLEGE activities, academic and athletic, are no exception to the rule that the age of human institution is to be measured not by the passage of calendar years, but rather by the number of generations of those whose impulses and desires have sought expression along certain broad and definite channels of action. Now, the span of a college generation is four years, and the time in which college traditions and usages may take on mellowness of age, and even the flavor of antiquity, lies within the range of the later memories of its more recent graduates.

So it has been at Stanford University; the pioneer class of the college—the first class to take the full four years' course—graduated in '95, and already in '97 and '98, one hears faculty and students alike speaking of these pioneer days as "the good old days" of the University.

If, however, the writer has a correct notion of the distinguishing attributes of a golden age, the early nineties deserve rather to be called the golden age of Stanford athletics, than merely and negatively "the good old days." Good old days usually mean days which are old because long past, and good because we don't know much about them which is bad — or indeed much about them at all. Their goodness is an æsthetic goodness due to the perspective of time. In the "good old days" of athletics at Oxford, the "gentlemen cricketers" wore a sober and dignified uniform of swallow-tail coats, long trousers and chimney-pot hats. Viewed through the perspective of time, this sort of thing has the elements of the picturesque, and so perhaps is good. But as regards the thoughts and emotional utterances of the young gentlemen of England, who had to wear this costume, the muse of history is silent or speaks symbolically in blanks.

Now the characteristics of a golden age may be summed up in the term "happy carelessness"; things come easily and go easily; no thought is taken of the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the good thereof. The machinery of carrying

out any and all plans, if it exists at all, is crude and simple; but, driven by the motive power of a buoyant enthusiasm, works out its ends. The executive part of Stanford's earliest Student Body organization consisted of Mr. Carl Clemens—the star half-back of the first Cardinal football team. Clemens was also manager of the team on which he played, and as recipient of the funds of the first big game, he became *de facto,* the first Student Body treasurer. There is no record to show that the Stanford athletic organization which was established in November, 1901, with Mr. Henry Timm as president, had any objections, or any reasons for objections, *to* this simple monarchial dispensation of its affairs.

In other ways there was no lack of the characteristics of the golden age; if any one wanted to form any kind of a club, dub it Stanford and play anybody, the Student Body made no objection and the faculty committees were silent. The Stanford Hockey Club had no official or bodily existence on the campus, but we learned from time to time through the papers that it had materialized in San Francisco. The Stanford Football Team was advertised to play a game with the Y. M. C. A., of San Jose, and played

it, though we had visible and tactual evidence that all of the Varsity and most of the second team were at that time on the campus. As each of the participants in this affair received $10 for playing *at* the game, the Faculty Committee on Athletics, considering that the age was becoming too pronouncedly golden, made inquiry—its first —into the amateur standing of this team, with the result of bringing to light the only professional football player ever graduated by the University.

This "professional" was Mr. Walter Rose, known at present in San Francisco chiefly as a young lawyer of much erudition and as an editor of a legal magazine. In college he was known as an able student and as a zealous theorist of football from the standpoint of the side lines. The San Jose game was one of the few occasions on which Mr. Rose was allowed to carry his theories out into practice, and when, after the game, his fellow students suggested to him that he return the $10, he declined, saying that he preferred to go ringing down the grooves of Fame as Stanford's only professional football player; he thought the reputation cheap at the price.

The managerial lot in those days was not a strenuous one; there was nothing of the keen desire to show a favorable balance which characterizes the manager of what we may term the Bessemer stage of our existence. Sometimes the manager made a report and more commonly he made none. He was usually chosen more for good fellowship than for financial ability. Of vouchers and auditors, of the publication of receipts and expenditures, and other devices of a coldly critical age he knew nothing, nor indeed was he called on in any way by the officials of the athletic association to justify his ways before man. Naturally such a state of affairs as this could not outlive the age of uncritical enthusiasm, and accordingly, in the spring of 1894, there appeared a full-fledged Student Body constitution providing for the customary officials and for an executive as well as an athletic committee. If a student of today who is elected to the athletic committee wonders at finding the committee packed with the general student officials, and possessed of little power beyond awarding sweaters and electing intercollegiate delegates, be it said to him that this is no effect of chance but a direct result of a

feeling prevailing among the students of '93 and '94 that the athletes had been carrying things with altogether too high a hand in the University, and that some one must be responsible in a responsible way for the receipt and expenditure of Student Body funds. The movement was in reality a revolution which resulted in the practical suppression of the old athletic association and the establishment of the present constitution and of the Student Body Treasurership, with Mr. H. C. Hoover, '95, as treasurer—a reformer to whom the Student Body is exceedingly indebted for starting it on the straight and narrow road of business-like methods in its business affairs.

It may be due to the softening perspective of time and it may be due to the kind of softening that comes with age, that the writer still looks with some fondness at the very early days when the question of dollars and cents did not cut so large a figure, to speak literally, in University affairs as they do in these times of big gate receipts and of expenditures, nor is he assured that business sharpness is a more desirable quality in a student than a careless generosity. Still, so long as the Student Body athletic busi-

ness mounts up into the tens of thousands of dollars it can be managed in no way save by business-like methods.

The early nineties were essentially the golden age of Stanford football; the football men had their own Intercollegiate Agreement beyond and above the general agreement, and they had their own brand of big "S" which neither track nor baseball might copy. In '92 and '95 they had Walter Camp in the flesh; and for that first historic Stanford-California football game of March 19, 1892, they had him in the spirit. For the Stanford coach of that season was Walter Camp's book of "College Sports," from which the Stanford men got their first lessons in interference. Woe to the manager in these days who does not foresee every difficulty and make every provision for both players and audience! But in the days of '92 it was regarded merely as a mysterious dispensation of Providence when both teams appeared on the old Haight Street grounds ready for the contest, but with no football—and none nearer than the thither end of far-off Market Street!

University sentiment as regards training rules had not crystallized in those early days. When

the catcher of the Varsity nine danced till four o'clock of the day on which he represented Stanford in tennis in the morning and baseball in the afternoon—both intercollegiate events—it was regarded as something in the nature of a joke. But the football men trained faithfully; in scholarship and social influence and character, the teams were above the average of the students, and if any prominent candidate on the gridiron showed a tendency to fall from grace, the team as a whole saw to it that he was in the straight and narrow path that led to bed at ten o'clock.

To the oft-repeated question: "Did not Stanford owe her early victories in football in great part to men of uncommon strength and native football ability?" one must answer unhesitatingly, "Yes." They were assuredly giants in those days. Looking back over the list of Stanford football heroes, there stand out preeminent the guards, Carle and Fickert, men of great speed and agility no less than tremendous strength; the halfbacks, Clemens and Frankenheimer, the latter perhaps more dreaded by Berkeley than any other man who ever wore the Cardinal; the ends, Claude Downing and

Spaulding, whose equals for speed and sureness we have not seen for many years; the plunging fullback, Cotton, who bucked the Berkeley line for one hundred and twenty-six yards in the '96 game, and the centers, Hazzard and Williams, the former of the '94 team and the latter of teams of '95 and '96. The amount of native football ability was as surprising to Eastern coaches as was the fact that but very few of the players had ever seen Rugby football before coming to college. But the stand for clean, straightforward football which Stanford maintained from the very first was due in part to the character of these early players and in part to the influence of Walter Camp—an influence which in some respects is yet operative at Stanford.

The writer still has a vivid impression of the first Varsity baseball practice he saw on the Stanford campus. On the ground now occupied by the Oval there were eight men, together with a bat and a ball. The practice consisted in great part in batting the ball far out into the standing wheat, and then sitting down while one man —always the same man—went and got it. On inquiry I found that the man who thus diligently retrieved the ball was the captain. All this

naturally enlarged my notion of the duties of a Varsity ball captain. Nevertheless, it was easy to see in the few brief intervals when the ball and the captain were not out in the wheat fields that the eight men were, in baseball parlance, "a rapid aggregation."

The first team to go up against Berkeley, in the spring of 1892, was captained by Charley Adams, '95, and had among other players, Newsom, now Professor of Geology, as catcher, together with four men, Sheehan, Harrelson, Russell and Lewis, who made the Varsity team four successive years. In the fall of '92 there entered college several more baseball men of first-class ability, so that the team of '93 seemed, and still seems, the strongest college team the writer has ever seen. The team won three straight games from the strong and heavy hitting Berkeley nine and went through the season undefeated save by the Oakland professionals. Up to '96 there was very little competition for positions in baseball; some years there was one place and some years there were perhaps two places that might be in doubt, but most of the positions were fixed, and usually fixed correctly, from the very minute the men stepped on the diamond.

In the interest excited by the big football games, Stanford's early success in baseball has been overlooked, but it was decided and complete. Not until the spring of '97 did Berkeley win the baseball championship. In the five seasons that the teams had been pitted against one another, Stanford had won ten games out of the twelve played. With the class of '95 there passed out of the University the only Stanford team that was probably capable of competing successfully with the very best Eastern teams; with a sure outfield and remarkable infield, including Harry Walton, whose superior as a catcher, amateur or professional, the writer has never seen; with first-class pitchers and the majority of the team heavy hitters, it is doubtful if one could make up from the Varsity nines of the last five years a team that could compete successfully with the nines of '93, '94 and '95. The fitting close to the athletic career of this remarkable team came with the '95 Senior-Faculty game, which the senior nine, made up substantially of Varsity players, won without effort, each Senior playing a different position every inning of the game.

All the available athletic material seemed in the early days of the University to take to football or to baseball; at any rate it did not take to the track. "Comparatively speaking," says Culver, '97, writing in the *Sequoia,* "there were no track athletics, no grounds, no Walter Camp, no anything except an occasional plan for cross-country runs or a hare-and-hounds chase," and he instances that the first public notice of any sport outside of tennis, football and baseball, was a statement in the *Sequoia,* November 9, 1891, that "in J. R. Whittemore we have one of the record-holders of the United States, he having swam the mile in 24:11 3-5."

Nevertheless, the first year at Stanford was the golden age of our track athletics, and it was without alloy.

In Stanford's first field day any kind of an event was included in which any man thought he excelled. A running and a standing hop, step and jump, a standing jump and throwing the baseball were included in this field day of May 28, 1892. The 16-pound hammer had only to pass over 71 feet 7 inches to win first place, and 5 feet and ½ inch was as high as the bar had to go to fully satisfy the winner of the high jump.

The hundred was won by C. C. Adams, the first Varsity baseball captain, in 10½ seconds; and the hundred and twenty-yard hurdles by J. R. Whittemore, the first Varsity football captain, in 18¾ seconds. There were in all eighteen events in which Adams won seven firsts and Whittemore two firsts and four seconds. The preliminary field day, held a month before, included a three-legged race of which the writer finds no record; the probability is that Adams and Whittemore ran it together.

But the golden age of Stanford's field and track men was brought to a sudden close at the end of the first year by the exacting demands of intercollegiate meets with Berkeley, and from then on for many years the path of the track men was as thickly strewn with thorns as cinders. With little support, moral and financial, from the Student Body, denied a big "S" by the football men, who asserted that track and field men did not "earn" an "S," obliged the first year to train on a trotting track of the Stock Farm—a long and dusty walk from Encina—forced to repair and maintain their own track when they got it, beaten by Berkeley in the first meet in '93, by a score of 91 to 35, they struggled on until, in

'96, on the old Olympic grounds, they tied the score—56 to 56. The next year, however, the tie was undone, as was the entire sporting element at Stanford by Berkeley with a score of 62½ to 49½; and the evils of betting in general, and of betting on a dead certainty in particular, became a current maxim of conduct at Stanford for a college generation. Stanford's chief reliance in this meet was Brunton, '99, who, as the writer can testify, had in practice repeatedly run the hundred yards in 9 4-5 seconds. But, overtrained and overworked by an ignorant professional trainer, Brunton went up to the meet a sick man; and the swiftest sprinter (in the writer's opinion) who ever ran on the Stanford track won but five points as against the sixteen that he had gained in his freshman year. In '95 there appeared for the first time on the list of contestants the name of Charley Dole, who in his day and generation was the mainstay of the Stanford team. In the meet of '97 Dole (probably Stanford's best all-round athlete) won first place in the high jump, the pole vault, and the two-twenty hurdles. But Dole passed out of college without seeing a Stanford track and field victory

over California. Nor was there such a victory till the class that as freshmen saw Dole's best efforts for the Cardinal was in the last quarter of its senior year—the class of '03. In fact, almost a decade of intercollegiate track and field meets had passed before it was realized at Stanford how futile was the policy of relying on a few stars to take first places and of neglecting the minor places of an event. When it was realized that a full team of men for each event had to be carefully trained, especially with a view to developing point winners for future meets, Stanford began to send out symmetrical teams, and the result of this policy was shown in 1903 in the first Stanford track and field victory over the University of California—the eleventh year of the intercollegiate contest.

In the hurry and rush of preparation for opening the University, things happened which were sometimes strange and sometimes inexplicable; to the latter class belongs the locating of the old asphalt tennis courts so that the afternoon sun could fall full in the face of the players on the east side of the nets and further so that the shadow of the old gymnasium could fall right athwart the courts at the time when they were

most used. But tennis began at Stanford on the asphalt pavement of the Inner Quadrangle and acquired impetus enough in the first year to rise to the dignity of an intercollegiate sport. In fact, despite the dazzling inequalities of the gymnasium courts there was more tennis playing at Stanford in 1891 and 1892 than there has been in any year since, so that in the first intercollegiate tennis tournament with Berkeley, which took place at Oakland in June of 1902 Stanford was represented by a team of nine players and won five of the nine events. In the spring of '93 there was no intercollegiate tennis, and in the fall the tennis men organized the Stanford Tennis Club outside of the regular athletic organization with S. B. Durand as President. Three years later the Executive Committee brought tennis into the general fold of sports under the control of the Associated Students. The best players who represented Stanford in these early years were Oliver Picher and L. R. Freeman—the latter winning the State championship after leaving college. Freeman also enjoys the unique distinction of being the only man who has ever won three Varsity sweaters in different branches of athletics. Taken all in

all, however, tennis has not occupied the position to which it is entitled. Too few students take part in the sport and too few of those who do play are developed at the University into skillful players.

The history of early boating at Stanford is the history of the formation of a myth and the growth of a tradition.

Somehow, in the fall of 1892, it became noised abroad that Senator Stanford was going to give a large sum of money to send a crew to the World's Fair at Chicago. It may be that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but a rolling story of endowment gathers in a University heavily compounded interest. As a grain of foreign matter dropped into a saturated solution of certain substances produces instant crystallization, so at the mere mention of a fund for boating, a boat club sprang into existence with constitution, by-laws and a full set of officials. Nor was there lack of more concrete development. With about $70 in the treasury, the management invested $27 in official stationery, and contracted for and erected a $400 boathouse on the shores of Lagunita, which a later and sadder generation paid for. The boathouse still stands on Lagunita,

"They erected a boat-house . . . on the shores of Lagunita." *(See page 64.)*

and is now in some measure fulfilling its original *raison d'etre;* but for several years a floating debt was about the nearest approach to a Varsity navy which it housed. Later on it was turned into a sort of annex to the "Camp"; a thrifty student "squatted" in it, put up a chimney and fireplace and rented rooms to men only a little less impecunious than himself. The story, however, that the board of trustees, or some member of the board is "going to do something for boating" is still a tradition of the University and still has gained believers.

Of the young women's athletics there is unfortunately little to be said. Except for two asphalt tennis courts, no provision was made for women's sports at the University. A Woman's Athletic Association was formed, with Miss Mabel Holsclaw as president; and, in order to give the new association an orthodox Stanford athletic cast, a Dole—Miss Marion Dole—appears as secretary. Under this organization a basket-ball team was formed, which played and won a match game with the women of Berkeley. But owing to the objections of the Faculty Athletic Committee to public intercollegiate matches for women, the team was practically disbanded,

and the athletic activity of women became confined chiefly to tennis. Later on hockey was added to the list of women's sports, but this, as a matter of modern athletic history, lies outside the domain of the present paper.

Along in 1899 and 1900 we began to have much rhyming and considerable oratory on the subject of the "Stanford spirit." Whatever may have been the characteristics of the Stanford spirit in those years, it was assuredly something different from the spirit that prevailed in the early nineties, when the students were too enthusiastically busy in accomplishing things to give rhyming or oratorical thought to the spirit that moved them. The fine, driving energy which was the main trait of the early Stanford spirit was too much taken up with action to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of reflection on its own value. But besides a tremendous energy in action, it must be acknowledged that Stanford had in its early years an uncommon number of very remarkable athletes in baseball and football. The writer is perfectly aware of the softening as well as enlarging effects of time on past achievements, but making all allowance for the time perspective, it must be said that while we

have had better football teams than those of '93 and '94, we have had none that equaled them in native, if untrained, football ability, while in baseball we have had nothing to approach the teams of '94 and '95. In track and field, while the spirit was more than willing, the flesh was weak. But whether in baseball, which we always won, or in track and field sports, in which we were invariably defeated, there was always present at Stanford in those early days an enthusiastic and hopeful spirit, which left no room for doubt of the successful issue of whatever the spirit was moved to undertake.

LETTERS HOME.

An account of life in the Dormitories during the first year.

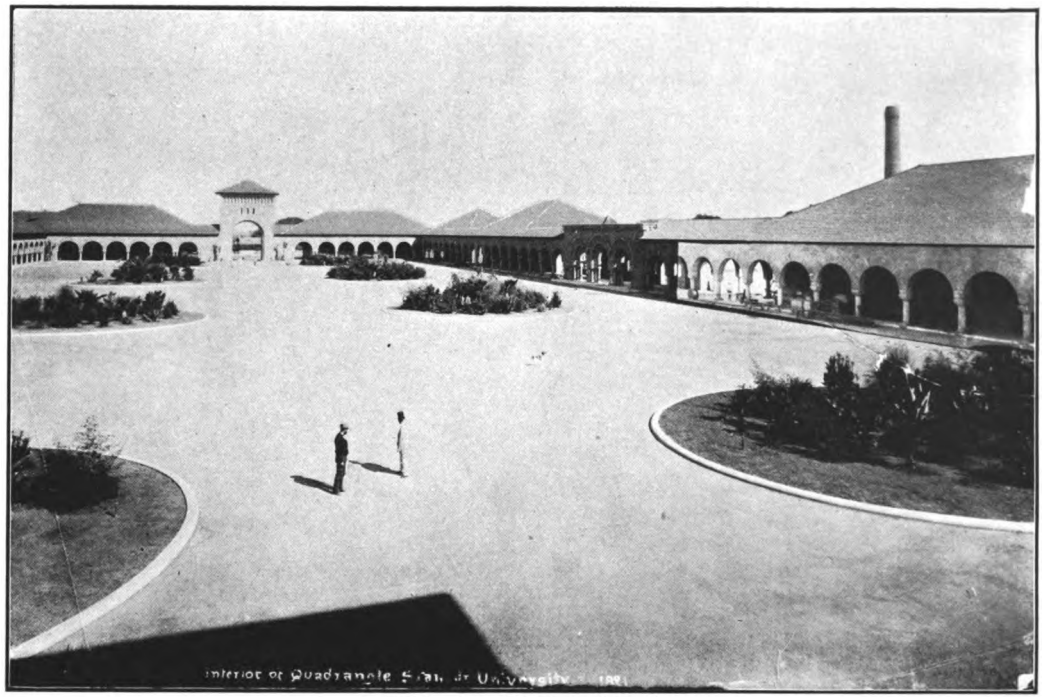
CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD, '95.

Dear Chum of mine, do you recall
When college had begun,
The gladness of that glorious fall,
And how we spent the "mon"?
The days of cheer, the days of beer,
The days of '91.

Dear Maid of mine, do you recall
When first my heart you won,
There were no lights in Roble Hall,
But oh, such loads of fun?
The days of dark, the days of spark,
The days of '91.

Dear Major Prof, do you recall
The night, at set of sun,
We met when each had made his haul
Where vineyard pathways run?
The days of scrapes, the days of grapes,
The days of '91.

Dear Pioneers, today, when all
The four years' thread is spun,
The freshman follies we recall
We would not have undone,
Those days when youth came seeking truth,
The days of '91.



Inside the Quadrangle, 1891.

IN a recent *Quad,* one who writes of Encina's place in Stanford life illustrates his text at the outset by noting that a recent issue of a London paper had given a picture of Encina Hall and under it the words, "View of Stanford University." As befits the extended perspective of the pioneer, I shall go still further back for the same illustration, perhaps, to the real source of it, for all we know, —finding it in the San Francisco *Call* of October 2, 1891. There appears a similar picture of Encina (showing the original roof over the porch), labelled, "The University," and more than that, a companion picture labelled "An Interior View," showing the inside of the original Quadrangle.

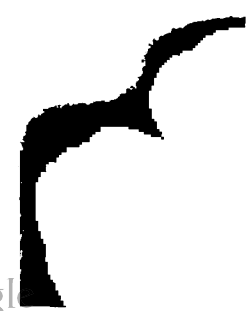
It is the interior view, certainly, that I am asked to give in an article on "Life in the Dormitories During the First Year." To properly execute that commission, I have gone, not to the press, with its inaccurate pictures, not to my own memories with their blurred outlines and faded colors, but to contemporary records, those very stones of straight history, two packages of "letters home."

These lie before me on my office desk, in a great metropolitan building, miles and years away from the scene of their writing. As I read them over, by one of those coincidences that are the heaven-sent food of the imaginative memory the steam comes clanking into the radiator near the window, a janitor goes down the hallway with broom and cloth, and, as at a mysterious signal, a hush comes upon the busy street outside, leaving no more noise than would be made by the fellows playing ball below my window,—almost quiet enough to let in the call of the meadow-lark from the pasture fence. Presto! The big building is Encina; half a mile away, at the end of the unshaded walk, beyond the bare, sloping space in front of the low Quad, above the spreading beauty of the Ninety-five Oak, is Roble; and in both places, by the magic of this moment, these letters are being written again!

Who are you, that you should look over my shoulder? Who am I, indeed, that I should let you? I did not write these letters home, nor did anyone belonging to me, but the letters are mine to review, by the grace of the English

Club's committee, and for authority or excuses it is there you must apply.

The letters and the University begin together. Jack (whoever he may be, internal criticism alone may help us to guess) writes to his father (for money), to his mother (for love), and to his high-school chum who went to work (for fun). Jill (her identity is more baffling, unless you have kept track of such things) writes to her father (for money), and to her mother (for the sake of the family). There are occasional letters to a younger sister, valuable more for the clues afforded as to Jack than for light upon the shadowy history of the time. The bundle of Jill's letters is much larger than Jack's; the hand is larger, the details more elaborated, and the dates follow one another in orderly procession, seven days apart. They are the votive offerings of a year's Sunday afternoons. Jack's are irregular, haphazard, called forth by the force of a new experience or the realization of the lapse of time. Both series of letters contain unintelligible matter, especially in the beginning, names not found in the Registrar's book, cruces that for lack of other inter-



pretation must be taken as facts of home, not debatable and none of our business.

Jack's letters to his father are fewest in number and will be considered first and disposed of, as they deal but faintly with the objects of this investigation. They give most satisfactory evidence of the earnest work done by the pioneers at the beginnings of student history. Dr. Jordan's theory that the opening of a new university draws to it the pick of the best men entering college that year is amply sustained by these brief letters to an anxious parent. (Yet in the earliest of Jill's letters she says, "Most of the boys here are surely very wild.") Incidentally Jack gives data as to the expenses in those earnest days.

"Board is $20 a month," he writes, on the opening day. "We pay it in on the first of the month to Bert Fesler, the master of the Hall. He has his office in a room at one side of the lobby, to the right as you come in the front door. We get our mail there, standing in line, and also candles. There are no electric lights yet, though it is all fixed for them. I would like to have brought that bronze lamp from home but they don't allow lamps here. It's pretty hard on the eyes, studying by candle-light, but I won't let a little thing like that block me. Dr. Jordan says many great men have got their education

by this light, including Lincoln. I would like my money, sure, before the end of each month."

In his next letter, two weeks later, the lights have arrived.

"It is fine to have them. They come on about 5 now and go out at 11:30. I try to get all my work done by that time, as I found my eyes got stingy (from the verb, 'to sting,' presumably.—Ed.) from the candle-light. Many of the boys have drop-lights. I would like a standing one with two bulbs, if you don't think six dollars too much. There is no hot water yet and the cold water in the tubs is not very clean. The elevators aren't in yet, either, and so it isn't so convenient as it will be later, especially for those who room on the upper floors. I'm glad I got a corner room on the ground floor."

Later, in a letter to Bob, the high-school chum, this gladness is further explained.

Toward the end of the first month, the hot water has arrived, though the elevators are still delayed.

"You ought to see the hot water! It is hot, all right, just boiling, but it looks like the mutton broth they have in the restaurant under your office. * * The lights give a great deal of bother, and are off, half the time, which interferes with study like anything, as the days are so short now there is not much time to study in the daylight."

Evidently Jack came of Republican stock for he details at some length to his father a trip

made to San Jose in the interests of the campaign, introducing a torchlight procession. There is an explanation that although the uniforms and torches were furnished by a politician who had a younger brother in the Hall, there were the expenses incident to such a trip, etc.

About this time appear the beginnings of the social life.

"Most of the boys who are anybody," writes this airy fledgling, "have feeds in their rooms and invite the professors who live in the Hall. Bill had a turkey and things from home and so I had to go in and set up the cider for all of them."

Here follow figures unimportant today.

One turns page after page of these letters to his father yet finds no mention of many of those expenses which are numbered among the necessities of Stanford life, today. To be sure, he buys in January a gray mortarboard,—incidentally we note that the Sophs, few but enterprising, buy black and the special students red ones,—but the football game is entered at an astonishingly small figure accompanied by the striking statement that "Everybody came home on the special train." Washing figures largely, of course, but nowhere is there any item for carriages or flowers. Dues to class, Associated Stu-

dents and literary societies have begun, admission to entertainments in the chapel are entered, but trips to the city are few. Even at the last, Commencement seems not to have brushed Jack's pocket with its golden wings. The only item here worthy of mention is the statement, "Next term we will have to furnish our own bedding, towels, napkins and soap, but I suppose Mother will look out for that for me."

Jill speaks to her father in a language not much different to Jack's,—in what we might term the "father-tongue" when the children "lisped in numbers" (and let us trust "the numbers came")!

"Mr. Fesler comes over," writes Jill, "at a certain time, posted on the bulletin-board about a week or two before hand, and it is usually about the first of the month. I always need money enough to pay my board in advance and my washing. When I want my own money, I'll write for it, but I don't want to write for the monthly money, please."

In a later letter she declares she will need no more clothes as everyone dresses very simply and some gowns she has she plans to save until spring.

"Whatever money can be spent on me, outside of actual necessities, must be in books."

But friendships are formed and before long, Jill is writing:

"I must have $10 before Thanksgiving for we are invited to Mollie's for the holidays. I will do my Christmas shopping then."

She tells her father, as a bit of good news, that:

"There is a physician here, Dr. Wood, employed by the university to take care of us. It will be a good place to be sick in."

Evidently, father had expressed his opinion of doctors' bills, in other days.

By February, the resolution against dress has yielded to the need of a Colonial costume for the Martha Washington party. However, in the letters of both students the lack of expense is manifest and the simplicity of the life speaks from every page.

Jack does manfully with the letters to his mother. They make up the bulk of his correspondence.

"There is a Bible on the table in each room in the Hall," he begins. "The whole place smells very clean and varnishy. It is brand-new. The floors are bare, but there are rolls of cocoa-matting in the hallways, so that is going to be all right. In our room there are two small rugs, brown with gray flowers on them. I wish I could have a rug to cover

Looking toward the Quad from the field back of Roble.

the middle of the floor. It's cold mornings going over to the washstand. * * * The blankets they give us are all right, bright red, with L. S. J. U. (.....) in a monogram in the middle. All these blankets have been woven from wool sheared from the sheep on Mr. Stanford's ranch up in Tehama County. * * * The janitors in the Hall are all students. They take care of the rooms. Our janitor is a man with a beard but he is a freshman. The dust here gathers something fierce, much more than at home."

"Robles Hall, the name of our dormitory," writes Jill, about this time, "is not quite finished yet. The whole building has been put up in just one hundred days. Our real Hall, of stone, like the boys', will not be finished until next summer. The stone for it is already lying on the ground outside. In the meantime this hall, a temporary structure, built of concrete, will be used for our accommodation. It is very pretty, indeed. The workmen have called it the 'Angels' Hall' ever since they began work upon it and that is what the girls are called here. The first number of the *Palo Alto,* which came out on the opening day, has a poem, "Chant to the Angels in Bright Robles Hall.' The parlor is rough walls, as are all the rooms, painted in delicate shades. Ours is light blue and ecru. The parlor is pale blue and pink, a large, long room. At either end is a pretty mantel and by each a pink as well as a blue chair with large ribbon bows," [and so on.] " * * * The blankets on our beds are soft white ones with blue borders. We have to take the daily care of our rooms and once a week they are swept and dusted

by the maids. * * * The soap they furnish is that pink-and-white castile kind."

Out of his home-sick heart Jack pours his opinion of the dormitory-cuisine, doubtless to a sympathetic listener who tries to make amends by sundry express packages from civilization.

"There are 200 boys in the Hall. Twelve tables in the dining room, twenty-six chairs at each. The professors all sit together at a corner table. There is a head waiter, and the cooking and waiting are all done by Chinamen. A man named Otto Wellweber is the steward. Just now, the girls' hall isn't finished and they are eating over here. We have to wait for them to get through. They sit at three tables near the doors, and we get up on the stairs and watch them through the windows. It makes them awfully uncomfortable. We call it 'seeing the hens fed.' Some of the fellows have left their visiting cards under their plates. There is a fellow here from Berkeley who says they call the girls 'co-eds' up there. He is dead against girls at college but it doesn't bother me one way or the other. The board does, though! Things don't come hot and it's pretty much the same kind of food. You'd think you were at some kind of a celebration in Ventura County. You know that's the biggest bean county in the world. We have beans everywhere, boiled and baked, and three times a day. We have cold beef and mutton and more mutton and beef that isn't supposed to be cold; lots of all right milk; dried fruit, stewed or inside heavy lids; there are two kinds of pudding, alternating. One is a kind

of wet cake, peppered with dried currants, the other we call 'tombstone pudding,' it's a slab of blamonge floating in a rosy hair-oil."

Jill is more patient but far from satisfied.

"Our food is good but not tempting, beans, potatoes, meat, etc. There is no tempting aroma coming from them, and they are not seasoned and fixed to attract the palate, but it seems not necessary, as the climate makes all eat. Our dining room has six tables, seating fourteen each. It is not yet ready, so, for a little while, we have to walk over to the boys' hall. There are seventy-two of us and we go over two by two, like seminary girls out walking. We have our dinner first and when we come out the boys are all standing watching us. There is the meanest little step right in front of the dining room door and the boys just look to see how we manage it. It is hard not to catch your heel or something with all those horrid eyes on one. * * * It is common report that there are very many boys at Encina who are not at all desirable and that the faculty are going to throw them out. I haven't met any boys yet so I haven't met Uncle Will's friend's son. I do not expect to know any of them in a hurry."

Of course, the influence of contrast with home is strong upon these descriptions of pioneer living. Viewed with the unbiased eyes of later years, both writers would doubtless agree that the Halls gave an abundance of good, wholesome food, well enough cooked, poorly served

and lacking in variety. As it was, the University lost considerable money on its dining room the first year, though practically the whole student body and many professors lived at the Halls.

There were aids to comfort, however. We find Jill writing, early in October:

"We have access to the Stanford vineyard and that is where the girls usually go for their exercise. This seems very generous but it is such an immense tract that even four hundred boys and girls could hardly make an impression on it."

An impression seems to have been made somewhere, for Jack writes soon after:

"We have to go after dark for our grapes now. There's a mounted watchman but it's a big place, and easy hiding under the big vines. * * * The other night, I busted into a room by mistake. It belonged to a prof and he and another prof were at the table and they had a big newspaperful of grapes of the vineyard color and they were munching away as calmly as though they had bought them from Bracchi, the fruitman at Mayfield. I sneaked."

"There are no rules here, as yet," writes Jill, "but there are a few things we are expected to do, like coming in at 9 o'clock, be on time for meals and some other things that we would do anyway."

"Dining room hermetically sealed at 8 in the morning," sighs Jack, "and hall locked at 10:30. We have a corner room on the ground floor so when

we're out later than that we crawl in the window and the other fellows are gradually making use of the scheme. The watchman is our friend, anyway, and doesn't trouble."

Alas, in a January letter is reported the advent of a new watchman who really watches.

Early in October, Jill mentions the first social event, a reception given by Miss Leach, the mistress of Roble. There are no electric lights but the rooms and the girls look pretty in the soft candle-light and there are fires in the parlor grates, making things cozy.

"What to wear was a great question, for we had been requested to dress simply and I believe Mrs. Stanford suggested gingham and calico. Of course, this did not meet the approval of the girls for all occasions and they were most afraid to wear anything. * * * After the reception we all felt better because we knew some of the boys, and the boys because they knew the girls. Some of them seemed nice, and many I knew were not, and some, if they were nice, were bores."

She mentions here meeting one whom we may strongly suspect to be the writer of the Jack letters, but her comment is brief and we cannot classify him.

" * * * and everyone had gone by a quarter to ten."

Shades of returning couples under the lop-sided moon of 3 a. m., after a Senior ball!

By October 31st, Miss Leach has given up the struggle, and Mrs. Richardson, mother of a professor, succeeds her. Not long after her accession Encina desires to return the courtesy of the recent reception, and a formal invitation arrives at Roble.

"All the girls were pleased," gossips Jill (we have her word for the whole affair), "and some were overjoyed because they knew that the boys were practicing so as to have music for dancing." (Arcadian simplicity!) "When this became generally known, all the girls were a little displeased with the idea and some of the mature ones thought that aside from our not being well enough acquainted and it being more proper that the girls should give the first dance, and that some of the young men were known not to be of the best character, it was a little soon for us to be giving dances and it would go in the papers and look as though we were in a hurry for such things. We have an organization in the Hall and we bring before it matters that concern us. We had a meeting and decided to send a note to Mr. Fesler that the young ladies preferred not to dance at this early date and on the slight acquaintance or some such word. The boys were howling mad and sent a note over Friday afternoon saying that owing to circumstances over which they had no control they could not receive us."

Yet in spite of social storms, it is on record (by Jill), that Jack has called twice at Roble.

"The second Friday in each month is for reception nights."

Here comes a strain of ancient song, ghost-like in the memory:

"Sweeter far is conversation
In the open air,
Than on Fridays, in the parlor,
When the matron's there!"

Meanwhile, Jack has been busy, if we may believe his letters to his home chum, and perhaps we may, since we have believed his letters to his father. He describes breezily and at length the launching of an empty flat-car from its rest on the spur track in front of the Hall with the threatened danger on the main line and the subsequent wide airing given the escapade by the papers.

"They say Senator Stanford was going to fire the whole Hall from college, but Mrs. Stanford smoothed him down."

There are detailed descriptions of early visits to Mayfield, callow plunges into such dissipation as the village afforded, and subsequent suspensions from college. Jack seems to be hold-

ing his breath just now. Indignation against the faculty burns through these pages. Surely the writer smiles over them today!

In November, Jack goes out into the moist night with a pail of white paint and morning reveals the numeral '95 on fence and tank and on a rich old tree that leans out from a brick coping and almost touches the ground beside the walk to Roble. Henceforth, this is the Ninety-five Oak until—the letters have stopped long before then!

The merry custom of room-wrecking, "turning-up a room" is becoming popular at Encina. The luckless tenant of No. —, returning from library or Mayfield, finds all but the walls of his room inverted, with his inkstand crowning unsteadily the sorry pile. At Roble, Jill speaks of this as "making pie of a room." Much merriment is reflected in her account of a mock trial held at Roble for the conviction of the "pie-makers" in a certain case. Jill's complicity is manifest.

"The judge pronounced the sentence requiring us to make the beds for two weeks and also to turn the mattresses."

"Last evening," chronicles Jill, in another letter, "we borrowed the watchman's lantern and went to

call on Dr. Jordan at Escondite Cottage. It was wet, and the mud here is the stickiest stuff you can imagine. It is called 'dobey' and they used to make houses of it. Many of these houses are still holding together and I am not a bit surprised. As we were picking our way past Encina a lot of boys leaned out of the windows and talked about us and our lantern. One of them asked if we were going to a dance. Some of the things they said were really funny but of course we hurried on, through puddles and all."

In another place we catch our breath a moment at her words:

"I have been to Mayfield and shall probably go again occasionally in the evening."

Our minds, fresh from Jack's letters, regain their composure as we read:

"Many of the girls like to help out the minister there who used to teach them at the University of the Pacific."

So we breathe again.

"They have fired the student help and it's all Japs now," writes Jack, in December. "They circulated a petition here in the Hall to put the students back. A Sophomore named Zion got it up. They call him the Socialist now,—'Sosh,' for short."

Now there is a mass-meeting in Encina lobby,

demanding better food. Here we find quoted a yell of the time:

"Rub, rub, rub,
We want grub,
'95, '95,
Rub, rub, rub!"

Adderson is the new steward, already mentioned as Santa Claus for his reverend beard to which, seemingly, no reverence is shown.

By this time, the light, traveling more slowly than is taught in high school physics, has penetrated the soft twilight of Roble and has reached even the faculty dwellings and the Quadrangle.

"It's all very well to have light everywhere," complains Jack, "but the power isn't strong enough for it all so the lights go out at 10:30 now, an hour earlier, and our steam heat is weak and it's cold mornings, I can tell you!"

The spacious basement has now gained the luxury of billiard tables and a dentist.

Once more Fate, dealing delicately with the tangles of social life, leads the Roble maidens to the scorned portals of Encina.

"While our stove is being fixed we are again dining at the boys' dormitory," writes *Jill, in whose* virgin bosom the ice has thawed somewhat. "Most of the boys over there are nice boys and *those who* are not, are more silly and young than anything else."

Aha, the time may come when the Ninety-five Oak shall bend over for further confidences!

So the term has slipped along and the University is fairly started. Yet we are conscious of having passed a very quiet Thanksgiving. Jill's father has sent the ten dollars and she has visited near San Jose. Jack has duly acknowledged a "turkey box," and reported a holiday ride into the La Honda redwoods. Not one word has been said about the Team. But there are other letters.

On New Year's Eve, the old wound has healed, for Jill's New Year letter is jubilant with reports of "Encina's first reception."

"At 7 o'clock we all, with Mrs. Richardson, were wending our way toward the banquet hall. All the young men and the professors who live at Encina were in their best, some in full dress suits, and received us as we, also in our best, I in my brown with red sash, etc., filed past them."

The evening is a dramatic and social triumph, each girl going into supper with two escorts. At this table was sounded the first note of that roar of athletic spirit that before many weeks was to be heard in San Francisco. Professor Sampson, English, had arrived from the East that day and he started enthusiasm in his speech at the supper. Jill mentions it and Jack says:

"He made a big hit with us all and everybody is getting interested in athletics."

Later, Jill reports that "the Olympiads, a club from San Francisco came down to play football, and after the game the Roble dining-room was so noisy you couldn't hear yourself think, and some of the girls were so excited they couldn't eat."

Jack is quietly enthusiastic and mentions that the Olympic captain sat at his table.

Now events and interests crowd one another in the letters. In January, the men's gymnasium is built and Miss Thompson succeeds Mrs. Richardson at Roble.

"She seems in sympathy with the calling if they go home early enough,—and that can be managed."

So Friday is no longer distinguished.

Jack has a week's illness in bed, and Mrs. Comstock, from Cornell, the only lady accorded the privilege of residence in Encina, comes and reads to him and makes him "comfy," and is honored with the tribute:

"It was next best to having you, Mother."

The last of January the girls have a real dancing party all to themselves. Ever since the opening, the pianos have been busy in both Halls,

grinding out music for the "stag" and "dove" dances, and many an unskilled pair of feet has learned to follow the maze and the rhythm of the "light fantastic." But now Roble goes a bit further and has a party with gentlemen, queer, foreshortened gentry with abundant hair and high laughter. Jill says she went as a man and Jack mentions lending his evening clothes for the occasion. Deductions are easy.

The dormitories are rife with discussion and the color and yell have been adopted. Around Encina, lusty voices have exulted in:

Wah hoo! wah hoo!
L. S. J. U.,
Stanford!

and

Rah, rah, rah!
Stanford, ah!
Palo Alto,
Rah, rah, rah!

but from now on, the yell is fixed, gaining in speed as the years give practice.

February finds the mandolin club organized to the extent of giving a serenade to Roble. Now the dining tables in Encina are apportioned to the different organizations, the fraternities and "crowds" that have taken form from the

friendly chaos of the first term. In March, the first exodus takes place. The Phi Delta Thetas move to their big club house (now Madrono Hall), where they take professors to board.

February saw a Martha Washington party at Roble.

"Too many people for us to have refreshments," notes Jill, ignorant of caterers. She mourns the death, by the cars, of "Roble," the tramp dog she has fed at the back door and which has followed her to classes.

March 18th is the night before the game. Jack is alive with excitement.

"The Team went to bed early, and we were told to keep quiet but we couldn't go to bed so we had whisper-speeches and tried over softly the new song 'Rush the Ball Along.'"

After the game there is great joy in Encina Lobby and one man reads aloud from the Berkeley *Occident* lofty prophecies regarding the slaughter of the "Stanford Kidlets" by the "Berkeley Giants," beautifully humorous in the light of 14 to 10.

In April, the Founders are home from Washington, and a line of two hundred students from Encina tramps through the vineyard and sere-

nades the residence, being rewarded with supper within and a talk by the Senator.

A baseball victory in San Francisco excites the campus again, and the night is celebrated with bonfires and a nightgown parade, with Roble on the line of march, and the painting red of the little station at Palo Alto an incident.

Through the year, Jack has written to Bob, in the home town, letters that melt the heart toward Mr. Fesler, the luckless master of the Hall.

"He goes about on rubber heels," relates Jack, gleefully, "but we get in lots of fun. We swipe all sorts of food from the dining room and down cellar. I've been down the elevator shaft and got into the pie place with good results. We get milk out of the pans behind the iron grating by means of syphons. (Look up your physics book.) We all have alcohol lamps in our rooms and ground chocolate and coffee and we get up bully feeds. The fellows bring in their shaving-mugs for cups or steins as the occasion may demand. There's a fruitman at Mayfield sells claret for thirty cents a gallon. They say he takes it back of the store and runs water into it but it makes good punch. * * * You know, the lights go out every little while and then we have joy. Did you ever hear a light-bulb 'pop' in a fellow's hair, if you hit him right, in the dark? Sometimes the fellows go too far. One lazy cuss went into a sick fellow's room and took the tray of dishes

and dropped it into the lobby from the fourth floor hall. Gee, what a racket! But, of course, it might have killed anybody who happened along just then. * * * I have the hardest luck, sometimes. Last night I was laying for a man to come out of the bath room. When he came, I banged him with the pillow and it turned out to be a prof who lives on that floor. * * * You ought to see the chairs in the lobby. It looks like a chair hospital. When anyone breaks a chair in his room he sneaks it out into the lobby and takes a good one. It's dangerous now for visitors to 'take a seat.' * * * The busmen always drive visitors round the east end of the hall and we have fishpoles that we thrust out of the windows with different signs hanging from them, like, 'Do you wear pants,' etc. Then the fellows call out funny sayings, too. * * * We got up a good trick the other day. You take a broom and soak a sponge in the wash basin until it's full, then put it inside the broom and you can send the water flying through the window of the man above, all over him studying at his table. Then another thing we do. We take a paper bag or a paper box and fill it with water and drop it from a height on the walk in front of a person and it will explode, and with such force that it will soak him clean through to the skin. We did that to a fellow yesterday, a dig, and he was wild, but the water blinded him and he couldn't tell which room."

Small wonder that May 15th sees Mr. Fesler's resignation, and small amends that he is presented with compliments and a gold watch

as a farewell testimonial from the Happy Family in the Hall. C. K. Jenness, '92, takes his place.

Jill describes the first original dramatic performance, a farce in nine scenes, for the benefit of Roble's new reading room, called, "This Year at Stanford," a review of the year's incidents, faithfully portrayed by actors in the chapel who addressed one another by their registered names, excepting in the last scene where about a dozen members of the Faculty were impersonated with the freedom born of intimate acquaintance.

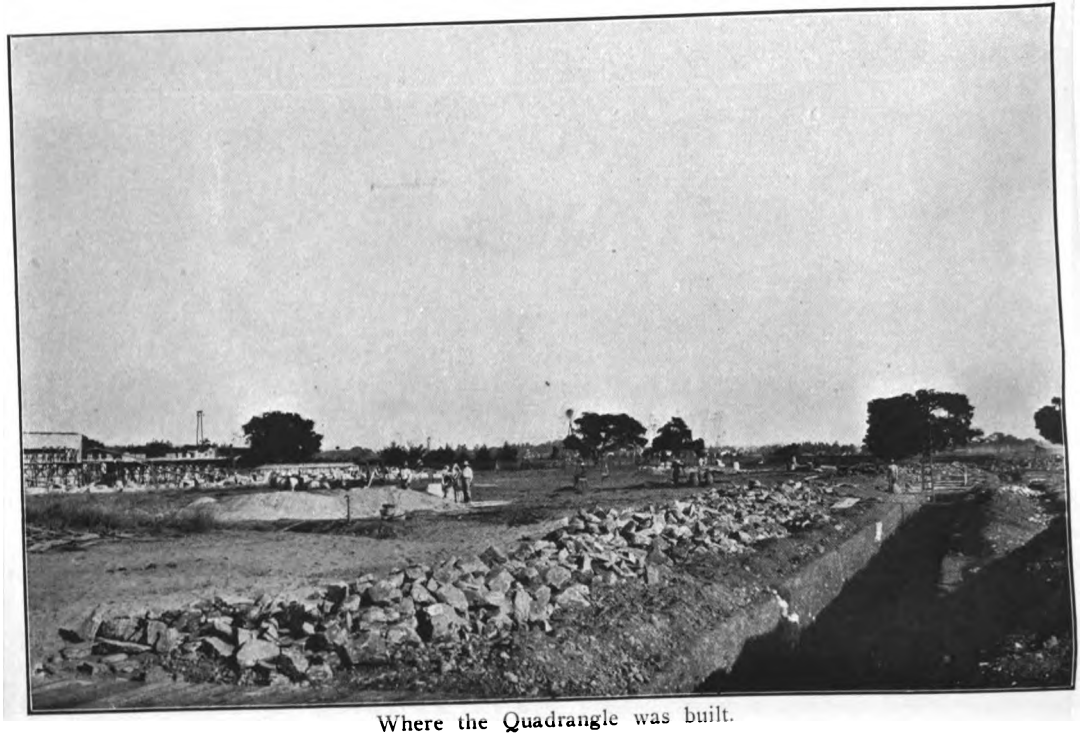
Just before Commencement, the Pioneers have a party at Roble, and the Sophs, like the little men at Gulliver, steal the lemonade of the big class and change its boastful numeral upon the tank. The first rush ensues but the victory is not one that draws much comment from the somewhat humiliated Jack.

Commencement in the Gym, June 15th, hardly mentioned by either correspondent, and the Pioneer year is over. The letters have grown shorter, more concise, as the college interests have thickened. The eager questions re-

garding home affairs have given place to apologies for inadequate writing because, "there is so little time." The wonderful beauty of the campus, the purple hills to east and west, the radiance of the Santa Clara springtime, the blue nights in the moonlit Quad, these influences speak from pages sent to an Eastern home; the stirrings of loyalty to the experimental University, the growing sense of tradition-making, these show forth even in the brief sentences that go home "to let you know I'm all right even if you don't hear from me."

And to him who has looked these letters over, in a tender amusement, seeing pictures glow with sudden color between the sprawling lines, the old days have taken form again from the confusion of his crowded memories and the exhilaration of that famous year sets his heart beating faster for a while. So may those who shared the time with him share, too, something of the pleasure of this retrospect, and in the kindly interest given us by those for whom this book is equally intended, may we feel, perhaps,

"That we are known and loved there, still,
Though we come back no more!"



Where the Quadrangle was built.

EARLY LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OUTSIDE THE DORMITORIES.

FRANCIS J. BATCHELDER.

THERE was a time at Stanford University when living *anywhere* was a serious problem. The few who arrived on the campus the summer preceding the opening found no provision for their coming and no convenient or comfortable accommodations for living. A few words about this antediluvian period, before the flood of students necessitated a solution of the living problem, may throw some light on the subject of student life outside the dormitories.

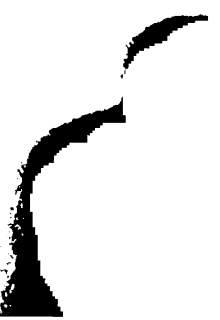
When the writer first came to Stanford, early in July of 1892, Encina and Roble were yet unfinished and the present beautiful campus village had barely been commenced. A bleak row of cheap, shadeless houses was hastily rising from the plain, in order that the faculty families when they should come, might not have to live in tents. Palo Alto was a town only in the vision of the real estate agents who were booming town lots there. At that time there were but

three or four houses scattered at long intervals between Menlo Park and Mayfield. The Palo Alto Station was a little mushroom-like shed built around the trunk of an oak tree, at which there stopped only a train or two each way a day. Owing to conditions in the towns of Menlo Park and Mayfield, to select either one as a place of residence was like choosing between Scylla and Charybdis. Dr. and Mrs. Jordan, living in Escondite Cottage, had the only house that was available on the campus at the very first of the summer, and hospitably took in with them the first few comers until the latter could make some other arrangements. That meant, perforce, going either to Menlo Park or Mayfield.

Walking back and forth was in vogue. The now omnipresent bus driver had not then developed out of the pupal stage. Mr. Jasper Paulsen, who had a livery stable in Mayfield, was the first to wake up to the busman's opportunity. About the time the University opened he moved his business to Palo Alto, bought an enormous bus, and did most of the business of carrying passengers from the railroad to the University.

Early in August of that summer two young women from Radcliffe College, Miss Lucy Fletcher and Miss Eleanor Pearson, came on to open a preparatory school for girls. Having leased Adelante Villa, back in the hills, they opened it as a boarding house until their school year should begin. There was an almost universal desertion of Menlo Park and Mayfield on the part of such members of the faculty and students as had arrived, and the two miles' walk each way seemed a small matter alongside of the very superior accommodations which Adelante provided. Here quite a little summer colony lived until Encina and Roble were opened.

The two dormitories had plenty of rooms for all the students who registered the first year, yet before that year was over some of the students began to seek other lodging places; or, possibly it would be more correct to say that they sought other eating places, for it was the question of food more than anything else that caused dissatisfaction with Encina. Cold soup, tough and dry meat and continual prunes cast a shadow on the pleasures of Encina Hall, so that there began an emigration thence. A few went to the Row to live with the faculty, a few to



"the Camp," a few to Mayfield and to Menlo Park and an increasing number to Palo Alto, which, by this time, had begun to be a village, though still a very small one. A note in the *Daily Palo Alto,* in September, 1892, says, "Mayfield is full of college students."

"The Camp" was an institution which calls for description. Originally built for the accommodation of workmen on the buildings, it came to have a good deal of patronage from the students. It was simply a group of very cheap, one-story, white buildings nearly enclosing a square, which stood back of the Quadrangle, just west of what is now called Lasuen Street. Many students began taking their meals at the camp table. The fare was coarse, but there was plenty of it and it was hot. A big iron triangle hanging inside the camp enclosure used to announce to all the campus that "Grub is ready at the camp." This was, at first, the only place where visitors to the campus could get meals, as students were not allowed to take guests to the table at Encina and the Stanford Inn had not even been thought of. Of the students who took their meals at the Camp, a very much smaller number lived there as well. Two en-

terprising and economical fellows built a little two-roomed house inside the camp square and did their own cooking. Another fellow who lived in one of the camp buildings, which stood up off the ground a little way and was open underneath, is said to have set snares through a trap door in his floor for unwary chickens that came for pickings about the camp. It is further said that he often got the cook to prepare a chicken for his dinner.

Late in the initial college year the first move was made toward securing fraternity houses. Several fraternities had been organized much earlier in the year, but the house problem was too serious for immediate solution. House accommodations on the campus were overstrained for the faculty; Palo Alto was so new that there were no houses for rent there at all suitable for fraternity homes; and there were no rich alumni members to help out with building plans.

In the spring of 1892, the University began erecting on the campus a large club house, known as Lauro Hall, for the unmarried professors who were then living in Encina. But before this house was completed it was found that the professors for whom it was intended were

too few to wish to assume the $100 a month rental asked by the business office. Here was an opportunity which one fraternity immediately took advantage of. Phi Delta Theta applied for the house, agreeing to let the unmarried professors have certain of the suites. The arrangement was not quite so satisfactory as having a little smaller house, built especially for a chapter house, which they could occupy all by themselves; still, it was the first house secured by any Stanford chapter, it was on the campus, near the Quad, had plenty of rooms for expansion and was secured without incurring heavy debt. A few hundred dollars, only, had to be borrowed for the purpose of furnishing. Lauro Hall, later re-named Madrono, answered the purpose very well until a more suitable fraternity house could be obtained, and many enjoyable social times were had there which would not have been possible in Encina.

At the beginning of the second university year Kappa Alpha Theta moved into a large, old-fashioned house close to the railroad on the edge of Mayfield, in what was known as "The Grove," which they rented from Mr. Peer. It was a long distance from the University, but in-

conveniences in those pioneer days were accepted almost as a matter of course. The girls furnished their own rooms, and $100 was borrowed for the general furnishing. One of the early Thetas said they felt they were assuming a great risk by contracting this debt of a hundred dollars. Their own ingenuity and dexterity helped them a great deal, so that they soon had the house comfortable and homelike. An interesting picture of this period is given by the following extracts written home by one who soon after became a Theta.

"September 8, 1892.—The K. A. T. frat. have their house over near Mayfield—a large house in a pleasant yard. They are going to put in $20 a month and live on that. The hall is being emptied of the old girls. * * * They are rather unsettled and roughing it. M— is to room with E— S—. They have a pleasant room with matting on the floor, and bed, table and stand, chairs and made washstand, which E— furnished, and they will soon have a nice room. They (the frat.) borrowed money for the general furnishing, and if they can save the money, will pay the bill in that way. They are all cleaning and working like Turks and are very

interested and enthusiastic. E— manages and has a cook, but she* is green, yet is willing and can soon learn."

"September 11, 1892.—The girls are working quite hard to get their house in order, but are progressing very well. They have cleaned the yard, scrubbed floors and painted them, made and hung draperies, and with their walk (when they fail to find the bus) they are rather tired."

The branch railroad, which in those days lay in front of Encina, and ran close by the grove, was the ordinary foot-way between those two points and was a much used path, for the ties that joined the Theta house with Encina and Lauro were of two kinds. Some of the boys got to know the way very well indeed.

When the weather was fine it was a pleasant journey from the grove to the University, either by bus or by foot. An arrangement was made with the Mayfield bus for daily transportation at a reasonable monthly rate, but if the girls were not on hand when the bus left, they had to go on foot, and when the rains began this was not quite agreeable. They stood it, however,

* The cook, it is to be supposed!

for a year or two, then moved into a house on the campus, next door to Dr. Stillman, at the Quad end of Alvarado Row.

"Last Saturdays" were the "at home" days for Kappa Alpha Theta, even while in Roble, and this custom has been kept up now for more than ten years.

At about the same time the Thetas moved into their rented house in the grove, the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity moved into a pretty chapter house close to them, which had been built during the summer. Here, in spite of the distance, they entertained a good deal, and the pleasant dances at their house are well remembered.

Phi Kappa Psi came next with a large, well-planned and beautifully furnished chapter house on the highest point in College Terrace. Ground for this $8,000 house was broken in September, 1892, and the fraternity moved in late the following spring. It should be borne in mind that when the University started, there was about an even chance whether the inevitable college town would spring up at College Terrace or at Palo Alto. About as many town lots were being sold in one tract as in the other. Palo

Alto lay closer to the railroad, but College Terrace had more slope, prettier views and was a trifle nearer the University buildings. Many of the professors bought lots there and some built houses. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Phi Psis mistook this for the coming village. But the College Terrace boom died and the Phi Psis had their house moved to Palo Alto.

It had been the expressed wish of the founders of the University, during the first year, that there should be little or no trend toward society life, so that the precedent set for the future years might be that of hard, conscientious work. To that end mixed dancing was forbidden at Encina and Roble, and until the latter end of the first year there were no large parties and but few small ones. Then Phi Kappa Psi woke things up a little by giving a banquet at the Vendome in San Jose. There was a dance at Adelante Villa and a larger one at Roble, Mrs. Stanford's consent to the latter having been obtained. There was also at Roble a Martha Washington party that went off particularly well, reflecting credit on those who had gotten it up.

An institution of the first year was the "Fac-

ulty At Homes." The families of Alvarado Row were divided up into two sections and cards were sent out to all the students announcing that one group would be glad to receive them at their homes the first and third Friday evenings of the month; the other group on the second and fourth Friday evenings. These were very largely attended for a time, for everybody went everywhere until they found out where they had the best time; then these "Faculty At Homes" settled down to be smaller gatherings of students and faculty who had some common interests either of work or of tastes and inclination. By and by one could reasonably expect to meet certain people at certain places. One got to know the faculty much better than could ever be possible in the class room, and from those evenings sprang up many lasting friendships between faculty and students.

The social life at the University was quickened during the second year by the fraternities, for as soon as they secured houses they began to entertain, and the dinners, receptions and dances which they gave added a new and enjoyable element to the University life. Mixed dancing, which was prohibited at the Encina and

Roble receptions, had no such bans in the fraternity houses. There were the K. A. T. at homes on last Saturdays and their Hallowe'en party, either a card party or a dance given by Phi Delta Theta in Lauro Hall once a month with a general reception to the University in May, parties in the Phi Gamma Delta house in the grove, dances given by Sigma Alpha Epsilon, a Kappa Kappa Gamma party in Oakland at the home of the Misses Chapman, a hop given by Zeta Psi at the Vendome, with a special train, and the Phi Kappa Psi housewarming, with card parties and dances at intervals later.

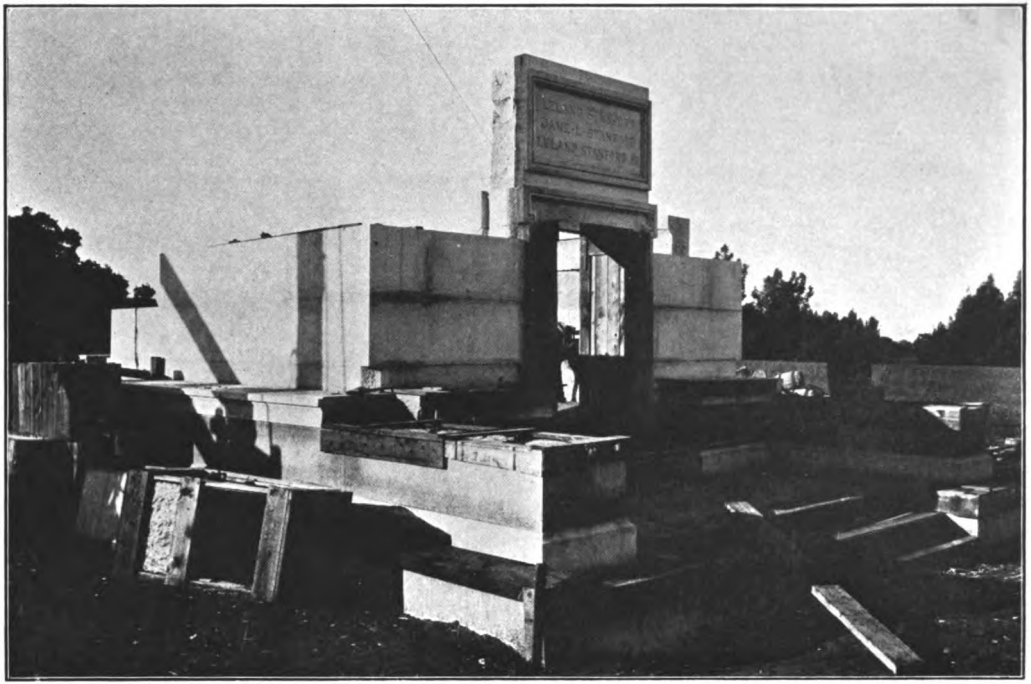
The Junior and Senior classes both gave hops this year, in Encina Gymnasium, thus inaugurating the custom of annual hops that has continued ever since. The Junior ball was, doubtless, the biggest social event of the year. It was an invitation party exclusively, the boys being invited by the Junior Committee and each one having the privilege of bringing a lady. It brought together the dressiest crowd that had been seen at Stanford, and was altogether so nicely managed as to deserve special mention.

A very elaborate "Butterfly Party" was given at Mariposa Hall by Miss Dickenson, there

were frequent afternoon teas presided over by the wives of the faculty, and another delightful social feature of this year were the receptions and parties given by Mrs. J. M. Braly, who had taken Prof. Griffin's house in the Row while her two daughters were attending the University.

Picnics were quite popular. Almost every Saturday some crowd started off to the hills or mountains for a picnic. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they went in any sort of conveyances that could be secured. On several occasions these picnics were extended to three or four days in length, for trips to Mt. Hamilton, La Honda or Pescadero. One party of a dozen or so, with Mrs. Fyffe from the Theta house for chaperone, spent Thanksgiving vacation at the Monroe Ranch, on the mountains, above Searsville, taking turkeys and other good things with them and preparing their own Thanksgiving feast. Even the University authorities had the picnic spirit and arranged excursions for the anniversary of the birth of Leland Stanford, Jr. The first of these had a special train to Monterey; about two hundred and fifty of the students and faculty went, and had a long-to-be-remembered good time.

The earliest years at Stanford were marked by many of the things which characterize pioneer days anywhere. There was a little less constraint, a little more informality, and something more of universality in all that took place, as compared with later years, all of which gave to those first years a spirit that was pleasingly democratic.



Building the Stanford Mausoleum.

NOTES ON THE EARLY ORGANIZATIONS AT STANFORD.

FRANCIS J. BATCHELDER, '04.

THE very first year of the history of Stanford University was especially a year of organizations. In that respect it can never be duplicated. The buildings were ready and the faculty and students were on the ground, but "the university" had yet to be made. An essential part of the making was the student organizations. Those who come to the University now and find everything in working order have but to adjust themselves to existing conditions, fit in with them as well as they can, or at most help to re-adjust them if they get too badly out of gear. But in the first year the conditions of university life had to be made, precedents established, college spirit inaugurated and the undoing of Berkeley in athletics and debating, planned and begun.

Imagine a state of things with no college papers, no university or class yells, no college songs, no football or baseball teams, no diamond, no football field, no track, no bleachers, no athletic association, no tennis courts, no stu-

dent body, no debating or literary societies, no fraternities or sororities—no organizations of any kind—no postoffice, no book store, no place to room or board save Encina and Roble, no houses except in one short, barren row, occupied exclusively by the faculty. Imagine such a condition and you will have some idea of what life at the University was like during the first few weeks of its existence. Most of these desirable things which add so much to the zest of university life were started by the first year students, and, considering the number of things to be done, it did not take those early students long to do them.

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS.

The first move in that direction was the organization of the student body, or "Associated Students," as it was then called. A preliminary meeting was held, October 9, 1891, and permanent organization effected, October 20th, with Charles Chadsey as president; Carl S. Smith, vice-president; Miss Martha Haven, secretary; Archie Rice, treasurer.

In order to handle quickly the vast amount of heavy work which called for immediate atten-

tion, committees were appointed to formulate plans and to make their reports to the main body in such a complete manner that they would have only to be approved and could be put immediately into effect. As much of the work which these committees did was permanent work and has come down as an inheritance through the intervening years, it may be of some historic interest to mention the persons who composed these committees. These were as follows:

Constitution and By-Laws.—J. K. Wight, P. S. Castleman, R. T. Buchanan, H. Tilden, W. C. Hazzard.

Co-op. Association.—A. J. Brown, R. L. Brown, E. R. Zion, C. C. Adams.

Colors.—C. J. Michener, Miss H. Fyffe, W. G. Young.

University Yell.—E. D. Lewis, J. C. Capron, L. V. W. Brown, E. R. Hill, Miss Bertha de Laguna.

Bulletin Board.—W. B. Moulton, G. Calhoun, Miss K. Evans.

College Paper.—A. V. Busby, G. A. Lawrence, H. T. Trumbo, C. B. Whittier, Miss Edith Wilcox.

Officers of the Associated Students for the

second year were: W. S. Webster, president; W. B. Moulton, vice-president; Miss Lucile Eaves, secretary; S. W. Collins, treasurer; T. G. Russell, sergeant-at-arms.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

Class organizations quickly followed the organization of the Associated Students. The Class of '95 was the first *freshman* class at the University, but was not the only class the first year. Many students had been attracted hither from other colleges and had been given advanced standing, so that from the very start there was a senior, a junior and a sophomore class as well as a freshman class, the three higher classes numbering, perhaps, twenty to fifty students each. These all promptly effected class organizations. The freshman class, being the newest to college ways, was the slowest to do this, but with the help of the sophomores they finally succeeded. The first class officers elected were as follows:

Class of '92.—C. E. Chadsey, president; F. G. Burrows, vice-president; Miss Edith Wilcox, secretary; V. C. Richards, treasurer; F. J. Dennis, sergeant-at-arms.

Class of '93.—H. R. Timm, president; Carl S. Smith, vice-president; Miss Bertha de Laguna, secretary; J. H. Thaxter, treasurer; J. A. Newell, sergeant-at-arms.

Class of '94.—Holbrook Blinn, president; F. H. Hadley, vice-president; G. H. Brown, secretary; M. D. Hall, treasurer; J. H. Crossett, sergeant-at-arms.

Class of '95.—C. C. Adams, president; F. R. Dray, vice-president; Miss B. M. Burkhalter, second vice-president; C. C. Hughes, recording secretary; Miss Evans, corresponding secretary; W. C. Hazzard, sergeant-at-arms; L. A. Smith, baseball manager; E. L. Rosenfeld, football manager.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

No sooner were the first diplomas handed out than the recipients got together and started the Alumni Association, on June 15, 1892, with the following officers: Chas. K. Jenness, president; Willis G. Johnson, vice-president; Nancy M. Woodward, secretary; Alvah B. Thompson, treasurer.

COLLEGE PAPERS.

An attempt was made to have the Associated Students adopt as the regularly sanctioned University paper, a monthly publication which had already been started by an enterprising student. He wished to be retained as editor-in-chief and business manager, and to have the Associated Students confirm the staff of assistants whom he had already selected and announced. His [illegible] did not go through, yet he continued throughout the year to publish his monthly, named The *Palo Alto*. The work of the Committee on College Papers led to the establishment of The *Sequoia*, as the first authorized Stanford periodical. Watson Nicholson [illegible] editor-in-chief, and C. B. [illegible] business manager. The paper made [illegible] appearance on December [illegible] [illegible] University press nor any [illegible] [illegible] when *The Sequoia* [illegible] [illegible] for the first two years [illegible] San Jose. The editor's [illegible] of his hat except when [illegible] the business manager [illegible] three by six, at the end of the Co-op Build-

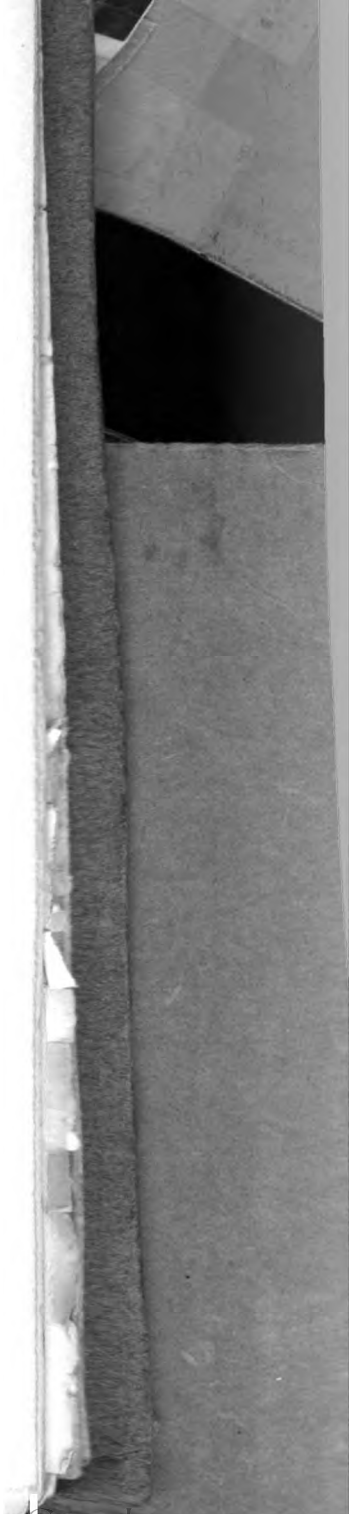
ing, used for storing and mailing copies of the paper.

The Daily Palo Alto was not started until the beginning of the second year. The privately printed monthly *Palo Alto* was then defunct, and the name was confiscated. The first editor-in-chief was John C. Capron, of the Class of '93. Carl S. Smith and John A. Keating were associate editors. Houghton Sawyer, '95, was the first business manager. In the University library, in the front of Vol. I. of *The Daily Palo Alto,* there is a rough proof of the first issue, with a typewritten note attached, which reads as follows:

"This is the first impression ever made of *The Daily Palo Alto.* It is the first proof-sheet made by the printer after the form was locked and ready to go to press, and was taken at 1:35 a. m., Tuesday, September 20, 1892, in the office of the *Redwood City Democrat,* where *The Daily Palo Alto* was published for the first two weeks of its existence.

"CARL S. SMITH."

Early in October of the same year, the *Palo Alto* was established in permanent quarters, largely due to the efforts of J. A. Quelle, '95,



who became superintendent of the printing department. At about the same time J. C. Capron resigned, Carl S. Smith became editor-in-chief and J. F. Wilson, business manager.

CO-OP. ASSOCIATION.

I do not remember where we got our books and stationery before the Co-Op. was started. The incorporation of that useful institution did not take place until December 7, 1891, although it was organized a month previous. It was capitalized at $10,000, divided into four hundred shares at $2.50 each, for which the students and faculty subscribed. The period of incorporation was for fifty years, and the officers during the first two years were:

1891-2.—C. L. Clemens, president; A. J. Brown, manager.

1892-3.—A. J. Brown, president; E. L. Rich, manager.

A small wooden building was erected for the use of the Co-Op. Store about opposite where the Inn now stands, a small room being partitioned off at one end for the *Sequoia* office. The shareholders never had to stand an assessment, and when, for some reason, it was decided to dis-

continue the organization, the value of the shares was returned to the stockholders.

THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

One of the first organizations established was the University Christian Association, which included both men and women and was modeled somewhat after the plan of the Cornell University Christian Association, admitting to membership both men and women and having no test as to orthodoxy of belief. This was after much discussion as to just what sort of a religious association among the students would be the most useful in the life of the University. There were many adherents of the regular Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., there was strong sentiment, but the prevailing sentiment seemed to be in favor of an organization along broader lines, and this prevailed.

The constitution of the association was adopted November 14, 1891, and the first officers chosen were: H. D. Stearns, president; Miss Bertha de Laguna, vice-president; L. M. Burwell, vice-president; C. Dalzell, secretary; F. J. Batchelder, treasurer.

The plan of the association provided for two

public services weekly, a service of song and conference on Sunday evenings at 7:00, and a service of prayer and conference on Wednesday evenings at 6:45, both held in the chapel. A plan for Bible study classes finally led to the organization of a Sunday-school. Prof. F. H. Clark was made superintendent, with W. B. Moulton and Miss Cory as assistants; Miss Mary Martin, secretary, and Mr. T. R. Warren, treasurer. This Sunday-school met every Sunday afternoon, assembling in the chapel for opening exercises, then separating to various classrooms in the Quad for study along diverse lines. Some of the classes were led by professors, some by students, and some were organized as seminaries of which different members took charge in turn. These Sunday classes were attended by about a hundred of the faculty and students.

The Sunday evening meetings also were very well attended, the chapel being sometimes pretty well filled. The meetings were led in turn by various members of the association or by visitors to the University. This was an activity that sprang from the students and so engaged their hearty interest and co-operation.

Those who had advocated a Y. M. C. A. and a Y. W. C. A. did not entirely give up their preference, so it came about that a meeting was called on February 1, 1892, to discuss forming a regular Y. M. C. A. It was addressed by Mr. John L. Mott, of the Y. M. C. A. International Committee, whose arguments were found so good that a Y. M. C. A. and a Y. W. C. A. were soon established, to work in harmony and conjunction with the larger and broader University Christian Association. From that time on, these newer organizations held Wednesday evening meetings in the lobbies at Roble and Encina, taking the place of the former Wednesday evening prayer meetings in the chapel. W. G. Johnson was first president of the Y. M. C. A., and Miss Lucy Allabach first president of the Y. W. C. A.

At the beginning of the second year the three Christian Associations united in getting out a handbook for new students, and established the custom of receptions to the new students during the first week of the college year. The Y. M. C. A. also extended its work into Mayfield, where meetings for men were held Sunday afternoons in Dornberger's Hall. Both the

Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. sent delegates to the State Y. M. C. A. Convention which met in Pasadena in the fall of '92.

STUDENTS' CONGRESS.

Another organization of very general interest was the Students' Congress, organized December 16, 1891, for the discussion and debate of political and economic questions. It was organized along the lines of the National House of Representatives, with its committee system. Prof. George E. Howard was unanimously elected President of the United States, A. J. Brown was installed as Speaker of the House and H. T. Trumbo as Clerk. For the second semester J. D. Wallingford was Speaker and Walter M. Rose, Clerk. The second year Prof. F. C. Clark was President, and R. L. Gruwell and E. H. Hughes, Speakers for the two semesters. The members of this Students' Congress elected themselves to represent any part of the country they saw fit, and were free to choose any party. This choice was often made with more of an eye to interest of debate than to serious political conviction. Almost every question of any public interest under the sun was dragged

forth and debated to a finish on the floor of this Congress. Some of the sessions were really very interesting, and warm. The Congress met in the chapel.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETIES.

The first of the literary societies organized at Stanford was appropriately named "Alpha," extemporaneous speaking and debating being its main objects. Its career commenced in October, 1891, with the following officers: President, A. J. Brown; vice-president, A. C. Trumbo; secretary, C. J. Newman; treasurer, Samuel Platt.

In February, 1892, "Alpha" was re-organized and women were admitted. A vivid description of this stage of its life is given by Dr. Fred G. Burrows:

"The avowed object of the society, as I remember it, was a combined literary and social organization. The real object, I think, was to afford some of the members an excuse to meet and 'spoon.' I think A. J. Brown was the first president, and Bannister the second. The first program in my notebook was given March 11, 1892, and is as follows: Debate, Gruwell and Miss Burckhalter, Wallingford and Miss Fyffe; declamations, Miss Wilcox and Olin Marsh. Oration, Bannister.

"Later an essay was added to the above, and still later I believe impromptu speaking, although such are not outlined or mentioned in my programs.

"As I remember it, no work was ever done in the society. The boys were too lazy to work; they went to Alpha to talk to the girls. What little work was done in such organizations was done in what was called the University Senate. As a matter of fact but little work of that character was done in those days. We, from U. P., and some others had suddenly been turned loose. We were free from restraint and did not know what to do with our freedom nor with ourselves. So we killed time shamefully and went driving and picnicking, etc., etc."

Again, in the fall of '92, Alpha was re-organized with the view to cutting out the "fun," and getting down to serious work in speech making and debates, all meetings to be open. But the period which Dr. Burrows describes was the most characteristic one and the one for which Alpha will be longest remembered.

Euphronia Literary Society, which still exists, began its life in January, 1893. Its early officers were:

1892-1893 (second sem.)—President, A. M. Cathcart; vice-president, J. A. Gunn, Jr.; secretary, W. C. Taber; treasurer, B. P. Stanhope.

1893-1894 (first sem.)—President, L. J. Hinsdill; (second sem.)—President, B. F. Bledsoe.

There was also a Law and Debating Society, made up as follows:

President, John C. Applewhite; secretary, J. A. Hoshor; treasurer, P. R. Frost; executive committee, O. D. Richardson, H. S. Hicks, W. Charles.

With so much talent preening its feathers in these various debating societies, there was bound to be a feeling of society rivalry which at last led to an intersociety debate on March 7, 1893, between Congress and Alpha, over this question:

Resolved, That the Hawaiian Islands should be annexed to the United States.

On the affirmative side, representing Congress, were W. P. Chamberlain and T. R. Warren; on the negative, representing Alpha, were A. C. Trumbo and J. M. Rhodes. Professors Howard, Swain and Marx were chosen judges and rendered a decision for the affirmative by a vote of two to one.

This first intersociety debate did much to create general university interest in public de-

[illegible] as that when an intercollegiate debate was arranged with the University of California it was regarded as almost as important an event as the big football game. This first debate between teams from Stanford and the University of California which has been held annually ever since was held in Lyon Fellows Hall, San Francisco, on the evening of April 22, 1892. The choice of subjects fell to the Stanford team, which decided to use the subject that had been so well gone over in the earlier intersociety debate namely:

Resolved, That the United States should annex Hawaii.

The affirmative was ably defended by C. A. Reynolds, C. H. Smith and L. M. Solomons, representing the University of California; and the negative, by R. L. Gruwell, A. H. Barnhisel and L. W. Bannister, of Stanford. The judges of the debate were San Francisco men, Judge W. W. Morrow, Samuel Knight and Jackson Hatch, Judge Morrow, presiding. A unanimous decision for the negative was rendered by them, and Stanford was very proud of its team.

MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Musical organizations very quickly sprang up. The *Sequoia* for December 16, 1891, announced the formation of a university orchestra of eleven members, under the leadership of J. C. Capron.

At about the same time was formed the Encinal Glee Club, with Shirley Baker as president, L. F. Champion as secretary, and F. H. Hadley as treasurer. This was, however, short-lived. In 1893 was organized another University Glee Club, of which Shirley Baker was president and H. J. Cox, manager, which met with greater success. Following their first concert in the Stanford Chapel, they gave concerts in the Congregational Church at Sacramento, the Opera House at Napa, and in the Petaluma Theatre at Petaluma.

Other musical organizations were a Ladies' Glee Club, a Mandolin Club and a Band, the latter coming into being in September, 1893.

DEPARTMENT ORGANIZATIONS.

Then, too, there were many societies organized within the lines of university departments, to bring together students and faculty outside

the class rooms and create a wider and deeper interest in the work which the students were pursuing.

Among such organizations, one of the first was the English Club, originated by instructors in the English department.

The engineering students organized an Engineering Society, which met every Saturday evening, at which papers on subjects connected with their work were read by members. This society became so ambitious as to appoint a committee to investigate the matter of establishing a technical paper at Stanford. This resulted in a plan to publish a semi-annual magazine devoted to the interests of the society, with a staff consisting of Robert M. Drake, W. E. Winship, F. L. Cole, S. K. Kenower, R. E. Maynard. As far as the writer recollects, however, this plan was never carried out.

Other departmental societies that actually came into being were the Geology and the Zoological Clubs, whose presidents were, respectively, C. E. Siebenthal and J. Van Denburgh; the Biological Society, which met every fortnight, and the Art Society, which was suspended after a brief existence.

Several other similar organizations were discussed, as for example, a Political Science Club, a Physico-Chemical Society and a Philological Association.

MISCELLANEOUS ASSOCIATIONS.

A Gun Club was started, but succumbed before arriving at maturity.

The Palo Alto Wheelmen consisted of Prof. B. C. Brown, L. B. Archer, J. E. Alexander, W. J. Edwards (who later became quite noted as a professional racer), J. H. Crosset and W. C. Thompson. The "safety" bicycles had just come into use and those who had them were enthusiasts.

Politics, too, received a good share of attention from the students, especially during the Presidential campaign resulting in Cleveland's election to a second term. There was both a Republican and a Democratic Club among the Stanford students. John R. B. Tregloan was the first president of the Republican Club and C. H. Hogg its second. The writer does not recall the president of the Democratic Club during the first year, but W. P. Chamberlain was president for the year 1892-93, with J. C. Cap-

ron, vice-president, W. M. Rose, secretary, and F. B. Wooten, treasurer. The Republican Club sent delegates East to national conventions two different years, J. D. Wallingford representing Stanford at the Ann Arbor Convention and A. J. Brown at Louisville. In October, 1892, Isaac Trumbo, through his brother, Howard, presented fifty white campaign uniforms to the Stanford Republican Club for the purpose of organizing a marching club.

ESTABLISHMENT OF FRATERNITIES.

Among the first-year students at Stanford were many holding advanced standing, who had come from other colleges and universities, where some of them had been members of various fraternities. Some of these fraternity representatives almost immediately took steps to organize chapters at Stanford. Besides this, several of the fraternities at the University of California took an interest in getting chapters started at their sister university. The first charter of all, dated October 5, 1891, was granted to Zeta Psi, Phi Delta Theta coming a close second with a charter dated October 22d of the same year.

Mention is made in another article of the social and other activities of the fraternities and sororities during the early years. Therefore in this chapter, treating of organizations, will be mentioned merely the names of the earliest fraternities and sororities at Stanford, and the dates of their organization or the granting of charters to them.

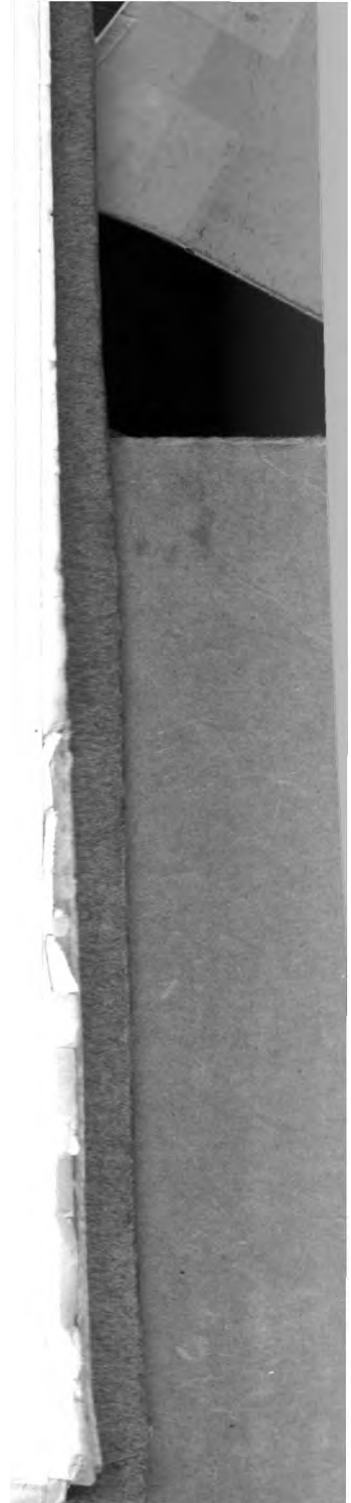
A fuller account of fraternity life at Stanford during the first year is contained in a very interesting article by E. D. Lewis (Stanford, '92), which was published in *The College Fraternity* for November, 1892, the same number containing an article on Leland Stanford Jr. University, written by Professor M. W. Sampson.

ZETA PSI, Charter, October 5, 1891.

PHI DELTA THETA, Charter, October 22, 1891. Established by Ernest Dorman Lewis, of University of Indiana, and Charles Andrew Fife, of University of Nebraska.

PHI KAPPA PSI. Established, November 10, 1891.

This chapter, which had been established by members who had come from the University of the Pacific, was the largest of any of the fraternities at Stanford during the first year or two.



PHI GAMMA DELTA. Established, November 30, 1891.

SIGMA CHI. Founded December 19, 1891. Founded by members from the University of Indiana and at least three other colleges.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA. Founded December 21, 1891.

SIGMA NU. Founded November 17, 1891.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON. Established March 5, 1892.

SORORITIES.

KAPPA ALPHA THETA. Established at University of the Pacific, April 4, 1888. Transferred to Stanford University, January 1, 1892.

At the opening of Stanford University the Theta group of girls left the University of the Pacific, excepting two members, and came to Stanford, the charter being transferred a couple of months later.

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA. Charter, June 10, 1892.

Although the charter for the Stanford chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma was not granted until the very last day of the first college year,

the chapter had been organized much earlier in the year.

PI BETA PHI. Established, October, 1893,

When Pi Beta Phi appeared at Stanford it was greeted by an editorial in the *Daily Palo Alto,* of October 19, 1893, which, among other things, says:

"Kappa Alpha Theta and Kappa Kappa Gamma jointly extended to the new sorosis, the Pi Beta Phi, a hearty welcome by giving them a reception at the Theta house. This is indeed a praiseworthy spirit, and displays a strong sense of friendship and fraternal courtesy."

UNORGANIZED FRATERNITIES.

There were at Stanford during the first two or three years representatives of a number of national college fraternities which had not chapters at Stanford, and for one reason or another they did not at once establish chapters at their new alma mater. These unorganized fraternities, most of which organized later, were Delta Kappa Epsilon, Psi Upsilon, Delta Upsilon, Chi Phi, Theta Delta Chi and Delta Gamma.

SOPHOMORE FRATERNITY.

The Sophomore fraternity, Theta Nu Epsilon, was established during the college year, 1892-93.

The story of the early organizations at Stanford could be much lengthened by the mention of many names, but such lists, to those who know nothing of the beginnings of the University, would seem only a matter of dry statistics. Yet to any who had a part in the life of those days the mere mention of a few of the principal actors will recall memories and history which the writer has not had time or space to develop. To the writer, while preparing this article, it has seemed like a roll call of the pioneer classes of the University. Some are absent; most are continuing their education in the wider world into which they have graduated. A few have flunked; a very few have met with brilliant success; the vast majority are making the world a fitter place in which to live, by hard and faithful work,

"Finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

"THE FRENCHMAN."

By B. S. Allen.

PROBABLY the most picturesque incident in connection with the early history of Stanford University is the story of the residence of the renegade Frenchman, M. Peter Coutts, on the romantic estate which has since become a part of the princely domain embraced within the limits of the campus. Such a mass of improbable tradition has grown up concerning this eccentric character and his strange career that it was with some hesitation that the iconoclastic methods of the modern historian were applied to an investigation of his life. But instead of detracting from the romance of the story this inquiry has only served to intensify it.

Late in the year 1874 the small village of Mayfield was thrown into a flurry of excitement by the arrival of a mysterious stranger, whose foreign air and eccentricities of manner became the absorbing topic for gossip in the quiet country town. The new arrival, who gave his name as M. Peter Coutts, was a singularly handsome man above sixty years of age, with snow-white

hair, but with the elastic step of youth, and that military bearing which only comes from long service in a European army. While ostensibly seeking seclusion, Coutts attracted wide attention in the simple community by his lavish expenditure and peculiar habits. He seemed burdened with a surplus of money which he was seeking to rid himself of as quickly as possible. Not a single picnic nor local celebration of any kind was arranged that the eccentric Frenchman did not insist on bearing the full expense. If he could find nothing else for which to spend his money, he would offer large cash prizes, to be awarded to the fleetest of foot among the youth of Mayfield.

Apparently tiring of the monotonous life which he was living in Mayfield, and after a few months of residence there, Coutts announced his intention of establishing a country home which would rival the famous baronial estates of Europe. Without losing any time the energetic Frenchman purchased 1,400 acres of land and began the construction of those works which have become an enduring monument to the folly of the mysterious exile. On this estate, which has since become a part of the University cam-

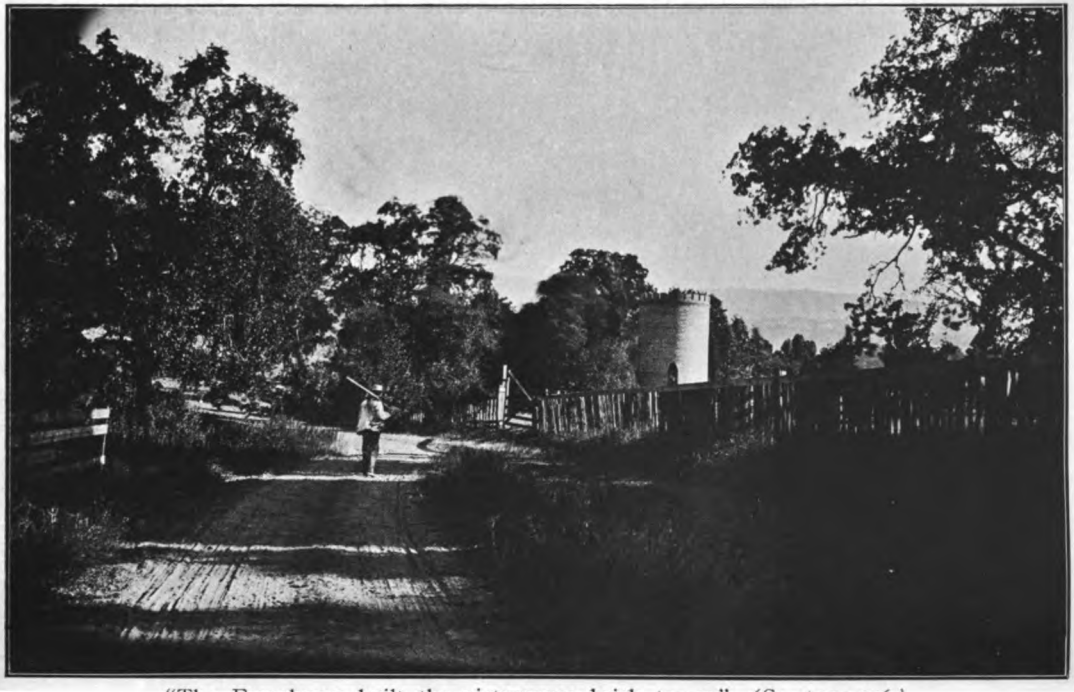
pus, was a residence which is still standing and bears the name of Escondite cottage. Within this cottage Coutts installed his family, who had arrived from France shortly after the purchase of the property. The household consisted of an invalid wife, two young children, a boy and a girl, and the governess, Eugenie Clogenson, who seems to have been the confidant and advisor of Coutts in his long stubborn fight with the French government for vindication.

Extensive plans for the improvement of the tract of land were made. A large force of men was set to work planting the trees which now provide grateful shade to man and beast and add materially to the beauty of the landscape near the University. Between the two large hills an exquisitely beautiful little artificial lake, with numerous charming islets was constructed. This little sheet of water with its moss-covered cement walls, its picturesque arched bridges and quaint parapets is a marvel of engineering beauty. Around the base of the highest hill a graded road, shaded by graceful poplars, was built. On top of these hills the old Frenchman expected to build twin chateaux, which would rival in beauty the marvelous structures

of his beloved France. On one hill the work progressed as far as the laying of part of the foundations, but the splendid dream of the exile was destined never to be realized, and a grove of gloomy cypresses now grows on the spot where he expected to make his final home.

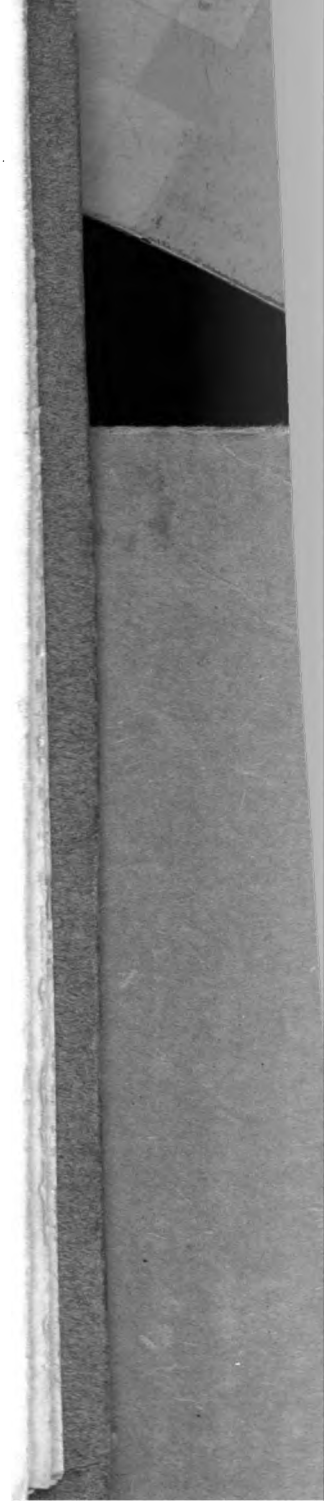
In what proved for a long time to be a vain search for water, six long tunnels, converging toward a common center, were bored into the hill to the right of the artificial lake. Finally a good flow of water was struck, and this led to the erection of the picturesque brick tower, which continues to excite comment and speculation as to the purpose for which it was built. A series of narrow loopholes near the top of the structure gives credence to the report that the Frenchman built the tower as a stronghold to which he might retire if the minions of his outraged country should run him to earth; but whatever may have been the ultimate purpose of the building, it was actually devoted to the prosaic task of supporting a tank which supplied an abundance of pure water for the use of the estate.

Near his residence Coutts constructed a great number of immense red barns, a few of which



"The Frenchman built the picturesque brick tower." *(See page 136.)*

still remain standing. The exile had not become imbued with that truly American ideal which sacrifices future comfort for present speed, and he constructed his barns so solidly that the ones which still remain standing are models of their kind. One of the chief hobbies of Peter Coutts was a love of fine stock, and no expense was allowed to stand in the way of a gratification of this taste. Agents were sent to scour the East, and in a short time one hundred stalls of the great red barns were occupied by as many fat Ayrshire cattle. For each pair of cows a special groom was provided, and they were brushed until their sleek coats shone like satin. The stables were kept scrupulously clean, and the discovery of any dirt by the gentleman farmer on his daily rounds was followed by a severe reprimand to the hapless employé deemed responsible for its existence. It was Coutts's ambition to supply a portion of San Francisco with absolutely pure milk, and with this purpose in view he contracted with several milkmen to deliver it in that city, putting them under heavy bonds not to adulterate it. The persistent failure of the city milk dealers to observe the latter part of the contract disgusted the



Frenchman, and he finally devoted the product of his fine cattle to the manufacture of butter. It was a favorite theory of Coutts that music had a soothing effect on cattle, and with this in view he provided each cow with a small silver bell inscribed with her name and registered number. As the cows fed, these bells gave out sounds, which, while not always in perfect time, were not unmusical in tone.

Next to the fancy cattle in Coutts's affections were the fine horses which he bred. These were mainly of running stock, although he had a few trotters. The old training track, with its stand from which Coutts watched the performance of his thoroughbreds, can still be seen near Escondite Cottage.

On the present site of the Inner Quadrangle of the University buildings were the kennels for the hunting dogs. Among these was a large pack of beagle hounds, the special pride of the old Frenchman, who was a devotee of hunting. Occupying the quarters with the dogs was a great collection of fancy pigeons and poultry. An ancient French servitor had charge of this menagerie, and occupied a charming little Swiss chalet built nearby.

Near the Escondite Cottage he built the substantial brick structure—once used as the psychology laboratory, and now converted into a residence—for the safe-keeping of his valuable library and as a schoolroom for his children. The upper rooms of this building were magnificently furnished in Oriental style for use as lounging rooms.

The more intimate details of the personal affairs of the eccentric owner of this strange domain are shrouded in mystery, and only the barest outline of the story can be given. The former superintendent of the Coutts's estate, and a gentleman who was a close friend of its owner still reside in Mayfield; but either through lack of knowledge or moved by loyalty to their dead friend, they have told little of the reasons which led the old Frenchman to forsake the sheltering folds of the tricolor.

It is known, however, that Peter Coutts was paymaster of the commissary department of the armies of France at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, and that simultaneously with his disappearance from France a shortage of $5,000,000 was discovered in that department. Peter Coutts, the erstwhile custodian of the

funds, had dropped completely from the sight of his associates, and diligent search by the French secret service was made without success, until three long years had passed. Peter Coutts had disappeared and the money for the payment of the ragged soldiers of the Empire had gone at the same time, but the most rigid investigation by the French government failed to prove absolutely that the two were connected.

Shortly after Coutts's arrival in Mayfield he was joined by Eugenie Clogenson, the governess, and during his entire residence in this country all of the property of the Frenchman was in the name of this remarkable woman. Of striking personal appearance, the governess was a woman of superior attainments and rare executive ability. Coutts trusted her implicitly and from his enormous account in the Anglo-California Bank of San Francisco to the Santa Clara estate everything was held in trust for his children by their faithful governess. If plot there were to rob the French government—and peculation there undoubtedly was—it must be confessed that this brilliant woman seems to have been just the person capable of executing such a coup. There are tales of Peter Coutts tiring

of his invalid wife and of his love for the beautiful governess, but whatever their relations, it is certain that the strongest inducements brought to bear by the French government could not affect her devotion to the interests of the renegade.

It was not until he had been in this country three years that Peter Coutts was located by the French authorities. With this discovery came frequent visits by the French consul of San Francisco to Matadero Ranch, as the Frenchman called his place. The place had become famous for its lavish hospitality, and after partaking of a few dinners with its epicurean master and drinking from his cellar wine of the rarest old vintage, the consul grew cold in his pursuit of the case.

Suddenly, without explanation, this consul was recalled by his home government, and the representative sent to take his place became as frequent a caller at Matadero Ranch as his predecessor. At this time it is related that the old Frenchman began to show signs of nervous trepidation and his eccentric vagaries became more pronounced. Suddenly, in 1880, after confiding to the superintendent of the farm his

hope of a speedy settlement of his trouble with the French government, he packed himself off to London, where he remained for a year. During that period the difficulty with France was evidently adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties, for the exile visited his old home before his return to America and was not molested by the police, who had been searching for him for almost a decade. Just before his return, the manager of Matadero Ranch received a letter from his employer containing the tidings that his troubles with his home government had been compromised through the combined efforts of his brother and his famous cousin, the Baroness Burdette-Coutts.

Returning to his beloved adopted home in 1881 the pardoned exile resumed his life as a country gentleman and again began work on the structures which still stand as mute witnesses of his eccentricities.

In 1882 Coutts started for France with his family for a visit to his mother country, but he was destined never to return to the sunny valley where he expected to spend his declining years. His delicate invalid wife had always pined for Paris, and it is thought that her persuasions in-

duced Coutts to remain in France for the remainder of his life.

In the fall of 1882, through his agent, the Anglo-Californian Bank, Peter Coutts disposed of his fair domain and all of its livestock to Senator Leland Stanford. As a show place, Matadero Ranch had become second only to the celebrated Palo Alto Stock Farm, and the stock from the Coutts Ranch added materially to the world-wide fame of that famous home of princely horses.

When the news of the sale became known among the employés of Matadero Ranch, they wept like children, and only the personal assurances of Governor Stanford could induce them to remain on the estate.

The final years of the returned exile are shrouded in mystery. It is said that he invested the remainder of his fortune in a Parisian manufacturing concern, but this has never been verified. M. Peter Coutts died in 1894 in Marseilles, France, and the sole survivor of the family is the son, who resides somewhere in France.

The chief concern of M. Peter Coutts seemed to be to spend as much money as possible, and

the former superintendent of the estate asserts that more than $40,000 per year was spent for improvements on Matadero Ranch. A large force of men, receiving unusually high wages, was kept constantly at work. It was a hobby of the old Frenchman that no deserving laborer should be without work, and he instructed his foreman to provide employment for every worthy man who applied for a position.

Coutts was a splendidly educated man, and in his brick library he had provided room for many rare books. Among these were 800 Elzevirs, which cost a small fortune, and many old classics of great value. It was the exile's habit to arise at one o'clock in the morning and spend the time from that hour until six at study in his library.

Every day Coutts walked for many miles over his estate, taking the keenest delight in directing the labors of a large force of Chinese, who were kept constantly employed in grading and making roads. On his return from these walks he would inspect his fine stock, after which he would call his men together and outline for them some of his contemplated schemes and plans for the improvement of the estate. His

keen personal interest in the welfare of his employés caused them to regard him with a feeling almost akin to worship.

Although liberal in his benefactions to all sects, Coutts was atheistic, or at the best non-religious. In a specially built stall he kept an immense coal-black ox, whom he delighted to address as "Monsieur le Curate."

Except for a small tintype discovered among his son's personal effects, there is no picture extant of Peter Coutts. An enlargement of this picture is now in the possession of a gentleman who resides in Mayfield. He had many paintings made of his wife and children, but he would never permit a picture to be made of himself. He was equally careful in the written use of his name. All business transactions were carried out under the name of the governess, and his horses were raced in the colors of the superintendent of the ranch.

Any attempt to personally investigate the mystery of his early life was met by a chilly rebuff, though Coutts seemed to take a subtle delight in the curiosity which the events of his past aroused. With true Gallic volubility he was ready to discuss any subject except the Franco-

Prussian War. The old gentleman bitterly resented the unfavorable comments which his weird projects evoked, complaining that it was necessary for him to spend the money each year.

Whatever may have been M. Peter Coutts's wrongdoing, and crime of some kind it undoubtedly was, it is not for this that he will be longest remembered, but for building the picturesque ruins which give to the youthful University a wealth of associations, usually acquired only after long years of existence.

THE SAN FRANCISQUITO RANCHO.*

ROY P. BALLARD, '97.

THE San Francisquito Rancho is that part of our Palo Alto Ranch lying in general between Mrs. Stanford's residence and the Quadrangle. Prior to 1842 we have what may be called the Mexican land grant period. California life was then in its purity before becoming polluted by contact with the American population. In the single decade, from '32 to '42, we find the whole of the valley from Mountain View to San Mateo reclaimed from the Santa Clara Mission, divided into private ranchos and settled. In all there were seven grants ranging in size from 1400 to 35200 acres. Of these grants only one, the San Francisquito, is entirely included within the present bounds of the campus and estate. It is the smallest and in many respects the most interesting. Let us trace, therefore, its history, until its purchase in 1870 by Governor Stanford.

In 1837, Antonino Buelna, a resident of the Pueblo de San Jose, obtained permission from

* Reprinted, by permission, from the Sequoia, Vol. IV.

the ex-Mission of Santa Clara, to occupy a place called San Francisquito. The bounds of the place are, as we know them now, about as follows: The county road, the San Francisquito Creek, the road back of Roble and the railroad spur running up to Encina. Don Antonino seems to have rested content with the permission; for, two years later when he asks for a formal grant, he apologizes for not being satisfied with his former possession on the shores of the bay inasmuch as "he cannot remove from thence the proceeds of any settlement or inhabited place by reason of the bad state of the roads." In '39 he built an adobe house upon the ranch, and occupied it with his wife, Doña Concepcion Valencia, until his death. The remains of the house are still standing on the bank of the creek near Cedro Cottage.

Below the house, toward the creek, was a small plot, the house garden, the only cleared spot on the whole 1,400 acres. On the creek a little further down were three immense redwood trees, and further still, near the corner of the old ranch, the second group of redwoods, the last of which we know as Palo Alto. The road from San Francisco to San Jose was what we now call

the Middlefield Road, passing through Palo Alto about three-fourths of a mile below, *i. e.*, northeast of the railroad. The whole country was thickly set with white and live oaks larger than most that we see here now. Much of the land was covered by a dense growth of dark and scraggy underbrush called chemisal, through which only a sharp axe could make a passage. The Arrastrado Road, which crosses the creek near the house and runs back of Roble, was simply a pathway cut through this chemisal over which the redwood logs were dragged from the camps in the mountains to the mills in Santa Clara. There was not a house nearer than that of Martinez, five miles to the south, no fences, no store or druggist nearer than San Jose, not a practicing physician in the State, and San Francisco, then known as Yerba Buena, had a population of less than five hundred people. But fortunately Buelna was very independent and perfectly willing to dispense with the conveniences of civilization. With a few hundred cattle running over the hills, a gun, and a garden, he was well able to support his wife and himself comfortably until his death in 1842.

Antonino's widow, Doña Concepcion Valencia, seems to have experienced no very serious inconvenience and continued to occupy the adobe alone and to "run the ranch" until the spring of 1844, when Francisco Rodriguez came from Monterey to share her ranch with her. Rodriguez was a widower, the son-in-law of ex-Governor Castro, and had seven children, most of whom were grown and living in Monterey or Santa Cruz. All the children seemed to have been opposed to this marriage; but Jesus, the eldest son, did not object to his new stepmother so seriously as to prevent his living on the same ranch with her for ten years. Jesus built for himself on the banks of the creek, immediately below his father's house, a second adobe. Peace seems to have reigned continually, and Francisco was occasionally visited by some of his children; the valley was fast settling up; José Peña had settled with his family on the rancho immediately to the east, but as he built at its eastern extremity, near Mountain View, it is probable that the families were not very neighborly. The Martinez Rancho in the foothills was large and well cared for. In fact, the little

block of 1,400 acres was now completely surrounded by the larger ranchos.

Let us note the changes brought about in the first decade after the death of the original owner. In '51 a wooden bridge had been thrown across the San Francisquito Creek near the old Middlefield Ford. Theodore Robles had bought Peña's ranch and erected, near Castroville, the finest adobe house in the whole Santa Clara Valley. The country had become a part of the United States, and we find ourselves at the end of the Mexican period and on the eve of the period of American land-grabbing or squatterism. Within the next twenty years the true Californian becomes a thing of the past and the whole aspect of the country is altered.

Casa Nueva, an ex-consul from Chili, a San Francisco lawyer and a rogue in general, began in '52 to make occasional visits in this part of the valley, and being a hail fellow well met and usually well supplied with rum, he soon gained the confidence of the innocent Californians who could neither write, read nor speak English. He finally settled upon Rodriguez as the most unsophisticated of the ranch owners, and in '53 came down to the adobe to play an April fool

trick. His tools were a two-quart demijohn of whiskey and an innocent looking document which he claimed was a lease. After using the former quite freely and getting both Francisco and his son gloriously drunk he proceeded to use the latter, which, however, instead of being a lease, was in reality a deed to the whole ranch. Casa Nueva was too keen a lawyer to file the deed and try to eject Rodriguez forthwith. But in the following month Francisco moved back to Monterey, and the lawyer, in order to allay all suspicion, sent small sums of money as rent for the first few months; in all, less than fifty dollars. These payments finally ceased altogether, and in spite of all attempts to recover, that deed held and the land was lost.

Although Casa Nueva now had the legal title to the land he did not prevent Rodriguez from returning the next fall and occupying it for two years. Concerning Rodriguez's final departure from the ranch the story runs as follows:

One evening during the winter of '54-'55, Woodside had been the scene of true Spanish festivities. After the ball Rodriguez got into a hot dispute over some event of the evening

with another Californian, Geronimo, with whom he was walking home; when they were about opposite the Dennis Martin Church they came to blows and Rodriguez killed his companion. The old settlers say that until a few years ago the customary cross was still standing by the side of the road on the scene of the murder. Rodriguez was, of course, compelled to flee until the excitement occasioned by the murder had faded from men's minds.

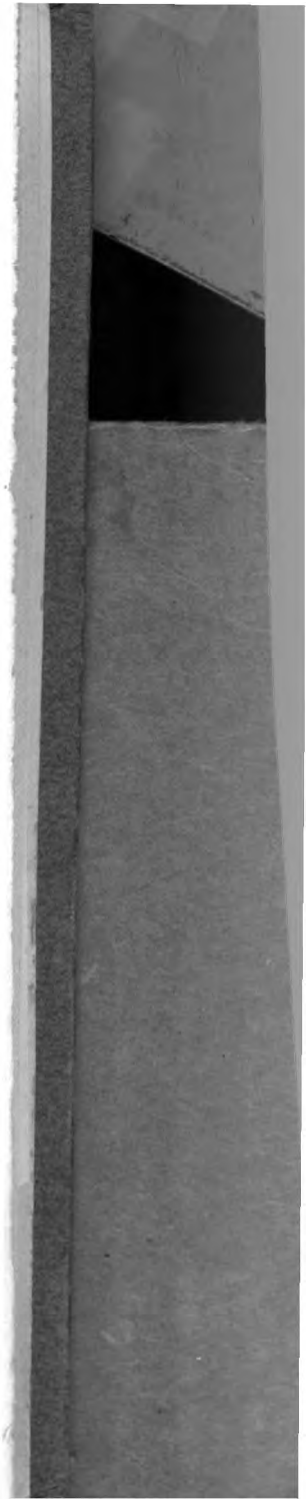
It was just in this period, from '51 to '54, that the greatest uncertainty to land titles in California existed. Each squatter settled upon the Mexican ranchos in the hope that the Government would declare them open for settlement, and thus they would be the first on the land. They each claimed a quarter section, but their presence seems not to have worried Rodriguez, who little realized the value of the land.

In '51, Julian, a Frenchman, built a shanty in front of the present site of the museum, and following in quick succession came William Little, near Mrs. Stanford's residence, Thomas Bevins, where the cactus gardens are situated, Jerry Eastin with his blacksmith shop on Eucalyptus Avenue, and his house on the site of President

Jordan's residence, and Sandy Wilson, who occupied a house near the original Buelna abode. You ask what sort of men they were? That is hard to answer, for they were not a class of professional land-jumpers. Some were honest men, come, no doubt, to establish homes and farm their land or ply their trade; others were of that indifferent sort who were willing to live anywhere and in any way so long as they can live at all. Of their lives and personalities we know but little. Bevins had been a printer in New York; he settled with his wife on the ranch, clearing a plot of about forty acres, where the vineyard now is, and sowing it in wheat. After eight years of ranching he sold out and went to work on the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Jerry Eastin, the blacksmith, was a young married man, short and light, who thought more of himself than anyone thought of him. Besides his blacksmithing he farmed a portion of his land on shares with Mr. La Piere of Mayfield.

Of all the squatters, perhaps, the most interesting is Mr. Thomas Wilson, more familiarly known as Sandy Wilson. He was a tall, well-built Virginian. In his first years upon the ranch he occupied a shanty in the edge of Rodri-

guez's clearing, but when the latter made his sudden disappearance, in '55, he moved into the adobe. The pioneers tell a story concerning him which well illustrates his character. Casa Nueva, wishing to keep the fact that he owned the land distinctly before the squatters' minds, used to visit the ranch occasionally with three or four Californians, all on horseback, and thus, without dismounting, run the bounds of his land with a chain. Sandy remonstrated with him several times for dragging this chain through his wheatfield. Casa Nueva paid no heed to his warnings and the next time the offense was repeated Wilson was very justly angry. He ran out, pulled Casa Nueva from his horse and gave him a severe thrashing. The next day Sheriff Murphy from San Jose came in quest of Sandy; riding up the Arrastrado or logging road toward the house, he took a path through the chemisal. Now the sheriff did not know Sandy, and when he was in the midst of this chemisal he met him on foot; stopping him, he asked where Mr. Thomas Wilson lived and whether he was at home. Mr. Thomas Wilson appreciated the situation, and returning with the sheriff to the edge of the clearing he pointed out

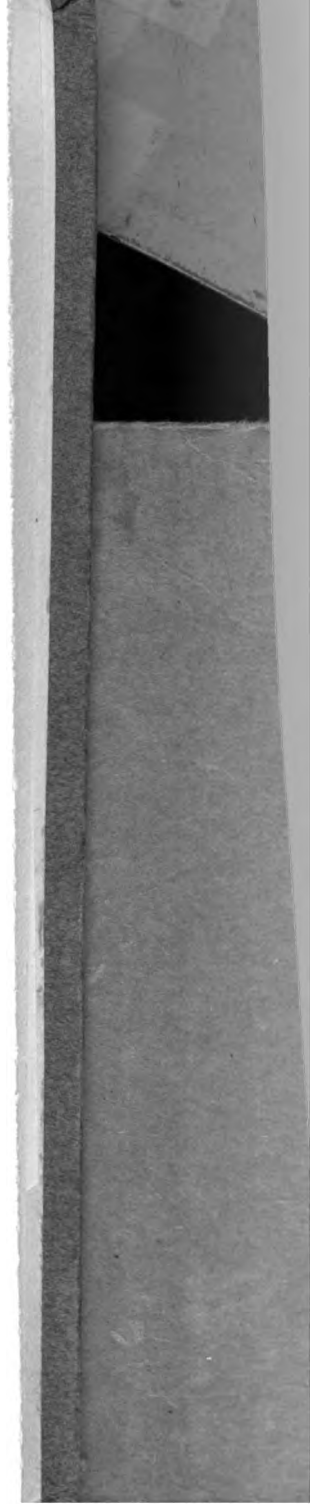


the house and told him that he had been there about ten minutes before and that Wilson was there then. Sheriff Murphy thanked him and rode off. Sandy replied that he was glad to give him the information and took to the chemisal, but this time he did not stay on the path. At about dusk Sandy appeared at the edge of the wood to reconnoitre. He walked quietly up to the door of the adobe and knocked; receiving no response he went away and in half an hour came and knocked again and called his own name several times to be sure no one was lying in wait for him. Thus he avoided the law for several days, but finally growing tired, he gave up, paid his fine and was released.

In '61 a company of California volunteers was formed in the valley to be sent to the seat of war. Sandy's patriotism got the better of him and he enlisted as second lieutenant. He had previously disposed of most of his land, selling a portion to John W. Lockers, who succeeded him in the old adobe, being its last occupant. The lower adobe both Wilson and Lockers used for a stable. Lockers had only occupied the ranch a year when the great flood of the spring of '62 washed away his stable, the

three tall redwoods and a considerable portion of his garden. This flood is a memorable event in the history of the valley, but it is the high water in the San Francisquito Creek alone in which we are interested. The new railroad and county road bridges were both swept away. There was a large island in the creek near Lockers' house, covered by a heavy undergrowth and by several exceptionally large alder trees; this was moved bodily down the stream and gradually broken up. Mr. Little's house stood in three feet of water and Lockers' garden was carefully distributed to the depth of six inches over Bevins' field of barley, which was on the site of the vineyard.

During the decade, from '52 to '62, we find the ranch being continually divided, re-divided and sold, and it is safe to say that the land which in 1852 was owned by one man had been claimed or owned by at least twenty persons. It was during the latter part of the period that the systematic clearing of the land began. We find men obtaining permission from the ranchers to clear the land for the timber. Accordingly large charcoal ovens sprang up all over the campus. The scattered oaks which we admire so much



today give but a faint idea of the fine groves that then covered the ranch. This charcoal was sacked and shipped from the mouth of the San Francisquito Creek on barges to San Francisco. Thus the ranch ceased to be a collection of isolated clearings and assumed an appearance more nearly like that which it had when our University was founded.

The period of disintegration past, we come to the far shorter period of reconstruction when one man was again to own the whole ranch. Early in the year 1863 George Gordon, a wealthy San Francisco business man, fixed upon this ranch as his summer home. He first bought all of Little's land, then that of Wilson and others, and finally in '65 bought the title to the whole ranch from one of Buelna's heirs for $250. Mr. Gordon was probably a fine business man, and certainly good-hearted and generous, but he was no farmer. He laid out several fine drives, including Eucalyptus Avenue, and built a very respectable house and stables. He seems to have been rather eccentric in his methods of managing men. He was his own architect, and when the carpenters were laying the second floor of the house he remarked that he thought

the ceiling would be too low, but he would see when it was finished. That evening, returning from San Francisco, he decided that it did not suit him and had it all taken out and changed, regardless of cost. Mr. Gordon only lived to enjoy his country home for about five years, dying in San Francisco, May 22, 1869. His house, very much altered and enlarged, is the present "Stanford Residence." Senator Stanford bought it the following year from Mr. Gordon's executors, and thus was laid the foundation of what is known as the Palo Alto Ranch, consisting of about 8900 acres.

Thus we have traced the growth of the little nucleus of acres from a barren waste in 1830 to a crude Mexican grant in 1840, to a better developed, confirmed grant, subject to the laws of the United States in 1850, to a collection of unconfirmed squatter holdings with a dozen or more claimants in 1860, to a modest country villa owned by a San Francisco business man in 1870, to a more pretentious country residence owned by Senator Stanford in 1880, and lastly to the campus of one of the greatest educational institutions of the world in 1890.

THIS volume of sketches has been collected and published under the direction of the following Committee of the Stanford English Club:

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