

PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY



Orren Jack Turner

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The estimable and efficient Dean of the Faculty

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World Heritage and the Parasite

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS AT THE EXERCISES WHICH ON SEPTEMBER 25,
OPENED THE UNIVERSITY'S 182ND YEAR

BY JOHN GRIER HIBBEN '82

President of Princeton University

TODAY marks the formal opening of the 182nd year of our history as a college and university. We are gratefully conscious of the privileges which we have inherited in ever increasing measure from the past.

I wish today, however, to take a larger view of our opportunities and responsibilities in the light of the world heritage which we should not fail to recognize. Man is the most helpless of all animals in the struggle for existence; naked and with only his hands to provide raiment, food, and shelter, the human being would early have disappeared from the earth. But man, plus the instruments which his mind has devised, has come to dominate the animal kingdom and the forces of nature have become his servants to do his bidding. We possess the whole machinery of life, productive of utility, comfort and pleasure provided for us by the discoveries and creative skill of those who have gone before us. We have inherited these instruments of activity and achievement which man lives by, and we are apt to receive them all as the commonplace means and aids of existence, using them as thoughtlessly as the air we breathe. And the same is true of that which we have received from the creative spirits of all times who have contributed for us our rich possessions in literature, science, art, philosophy, and in the moral and spiritual interpretation of life, and who have founded our great social and political institutions and have been the great explorers in the region of thought and whose discoveries have been made available for us. And thus as regards the material world, the intellectual and spiritual world as well, we are to a greater or less extent "parasites," drawing that which enriches our life from the labors and thought of others.

INTELLECTUAL PARASITES OF TWO KINDS

YOU perhaps resent the idea that you are parasites, living upon the products of the endeavor and achievement of others, but we might as well face the fact that one who always receives and never gives, is ever consuming and never pro-

ducing, is in a sense a parasite. The dictionary defines parasite in its figurative sense as "one who is an interested hanger on." I am not so sure that the definition should be limited by the word "interested." I rather think of the parasite as a mere "hanger on" in the world.

There are two types of the intellectual parasite. The first, one who has no interest whatsoever in the funded thought of mankind. He accepts without thought the security, the comfort, and the pleasure which give to him an enriched life, unheeding and unappreciative of the significance of it all. I am reminded of a graduate of a college, middle-aged, who when I asked him in conversation if he had read a certain book recently published, replied, "You do not know me. I am glad to say that I do not read books." Men of this kind are apt not merely to be devoid of any sense of intellectual criticism or appreciation but lacking also in fundamental conviction concerning standards of conduct. They are content to follow the fashion of the day and to regard as eminently justifiable if their course of action conforms to the habit of the many. I would characterize them as "uninterested hangers on."

The second class is made up of those who are really interested hangers on, but inclined to accept unquestionably the thought of others. All of their ideas, all of their convictions are based upon the authority of some distinguished name. They are not inclined to think things out for themselves, they have no conception of the incalculable value of "brooding thought," of the thought which broods over its problems and tenaciously grapples with them until a solution is reached which is one's own. I have noticed in many college debates that the most convincing argument seems very often to be the quoting from those whose very names are urged as carrying conclusive authority. It is not what the man thinks but what others have thought which seem to him all-important. I remember many years ago one of our undergraduates who was to inherit a very large fortune was reasoned with by one of his friends, asking him if he did not feel that he should

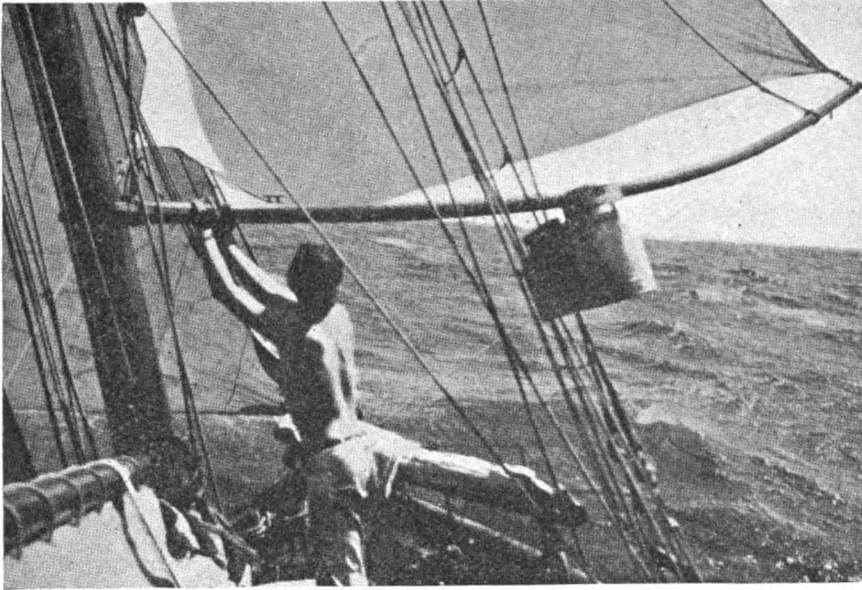
prepare for the responsibilities which were soon to be his by a more earnest effort to discipline and develop his brain power. His reply was that he would have no difficulty in hiring brains if he needed them, and that brains were the cheapest commodity in the market.

This class represents the interested hangers on but nevertheless hangers on, and to that extent parasites in the world of thought and of the application of thought to the affairs of life.

THE NEED OF "FOOTBALL ATMOSPHERE"

I READ with much interest a few nights ago an editorial in one of the New York evening papers on the importance in the field of sport of establishing in every university "football atmosphere." It contained very shrewd observations about the importance of an understanding of group psychology. I have the hope that there may be maintained here in Princeton more and more an intellectual atmosphere which may be a characteristic feature of the very breath of the place and in which we will all find an increased enthusiasm for the things of the mind.

There is a very comfortable law of human nature whose recognition may free us in some measure at least from the class of parasites and enable us to realize a life whose sources are within ourselves and the law is this: that wherever knowledge can be not merely received by us but also assimilated, then it is not merely stored in our memory but it becomes transmuted into intellectual vigor, moral conviction, or spiritual appreciation. As the artist finds through intense study of the great masters the freeing of hidden sources of power within himself, so for us all, each one in his own place in the world through the study of the creative minds of the world and their achievements in producing for us the machinery of life, our literature, our art, our standards of moral excellence, we attain an intellectual appreciation which establishes a kinship with those who bear rule in the kingdom of the mind. This is the end of education, that we may become something more than an interested hanger on in the march of the world's progress.



THE *Pinta* ENCOUNTERS ROUGH GOING EN ROUTE TO SPAIN
All kites set and the spinnaker pole bending like a willow wand

running without lights that night so she couldn't follow us tack for tack we thought we crossed her bow, but may have been mistaken. The next day started our series of oily calms, knowing the *Nina* was to windward of us; I guess those were the worst days. There was nothing we could do about it. Coming up the Bay of Biscay, the *Atlantic* came close by in its race for the King's cup, and Owner Gerard B. Lambert '08 hailed us to tell us the *Nina* was in and the *Rofa* had sunk. We didn't feel so happy that night, but did our best to laugh it off.

RECEPTION LACKS ONLY TICKER TAPE

WE came in second, crossing the line between eight and nine in the evening of July 25 (25 days New York to Santander, Spain), amidst an uproar such as I've never heard before: French, Spanish and U.S. battleships firing their deck guns, yachts whistling and a 10,000 populace lined against the seawall, waving, clapping and yelling, sky rockets and roman candles tearing across the sky over our heads. The King came alongside and

greeted us, but we were too tired and wet to realize who it was. We had had a good stiff wind and raced hard that last day.

We were dined and fêted beyond description at the palace, yacht club, tennis club, private homes, and everywhere we went. I think we had the best time at San Sebastian, as it was somewhat more informal. Alfonso is a great fellow—regular Jimmy Walker with a bit more poise and, shall I say, background.

The *Pinta's* crew, all amateurs, was composed as follows: Starboard Watch—W. J. ("Jack") Curtis '14, owner and captain, Elswell Ford, Yale '07, boatswain; Robert L. Garland '28, and John M. Heffron '15; Port Watch—Linton Rigg, first mate; Alfred Loomis, navigator; John Reynolds, Harvard '07, and Richard Hoffman, Williams and Oxford (I believe).

And then there was Chris, a Scandinavian sailor cook, who cooked a hot meal at least once a day in the worst storms. We gave him a can opener and two tons of cans and 400 gallons of water and told him to keep us alive, and he did.

A Life Devoid of Bitterness

AN APPRECIATION OF THE LATE PROFESSOR HARRY FRANKLIN
COVINGTON, FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS A MEMBER
OF THE UNIVERSITY FACULTY

By V. LANSING COLLINS '92
Secretary of Princeton University

THE younger son of Congressman George W. Covington of Maryland, Professor Covington was born at Snow Hill on April 6, 1870. He was prepared for college at Snow Hill High School and at Maupin's Preparatory School at Ellicott City. An inveterate Marylander, he kept up these early associations not only by his activities in the Maryland Historical Society and his loyal reading of the Baltimore "*Sunpaper*," but also by his summers at Snow Hill and on the Eastern Shore. Overtaken by illness

on a sabbatical leave, last June he had been taken to Ocean City, where in years past he had spent so many happy summers; here he died early in the morning of July 16. His funeral was held at Snow Hill and his body was laid in the family burial ground in All Hallows churchyard. The gathering at the service was a tribute not alone to his personal qualities, but also to the distinguished old Maryland family of which he had been the youngest direct representative.

Professor Covington entered Princeton

in September 1888 as a Sophomore in the Class of 1891 of which his cousin Alfred P. Dennis, now Vice-Chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, was a member. His older brother, George Covington, in whose memory a Mathematical Prize was endowed last year, was in the Class of 1890. Illness thwarted Covington's plan to graduate in three years, and he had to leave college in June 1889, remaining out until the fall of 1890 when he joined the Class of 1892 as a Junior, ending the year as an honor man. As a Senior he was an editor of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, was awarded the First Baird Prize in Disputation and at Commencement a special prize in Shakespeare, graduating as an honor man, *cum laude*.

He was appointed Fellow in Oratory on graduation, and in 1893 became Assistant in Oratory, under Professor Bliss Perry whose chair was the now defunct one of Oratory and Aesthetic Criticism. Those were still the days of the cotton sheets hung around the walls of the Old Chapel with famous orations stencilled upon them, before which classes in unison practised the art of public speaking under the direction of the professor. In 1898 Covington was promoted to an assistant professorship of oratory and during this period he also gave English courses at Evelyn College, a short-lived institution at Queenston. In 1904 when the present departmental system was organized he became an assistant professor of English, and from 1911 until his death he was Professor of Public Speaking and Debate. At the time of his death he was therefore the senior active member of the Department of English, outranking in years of service all his colleagues except Professor Hunt who, though emeritus, knows the gracious secret of eternal youth.

He was an editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Speech Education* and of the *American Journal of Public Speaking*. In 1903 he published a brochure on *Debate and Brief Drawing*, which contained the germ of his well-known volume, *Fundamentals of Debate*, published by the Scribners in 1918. Besides articles for the journals named above he contributed notable papers to the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, one of the most interesting being on the discovery of the Maryland coast in 1524 by the Italian navigator Verrazano. At the recent opening of the new bridge across the Severn at Annapolis, a pageant based on this incident won the State prize.

A year or two ago a well-informed weekly said that, while modern Princeton graduates might be unable to tell which building was Clio Hall and which was Whig, "any Princeton man could single out from 10,000 public speaking professors the memorable face and figure of Professor Harry F. Covington." This was probably one result of his famous course known as "Hall English"—a course in argumentation and debating open only to Hall members and offered as an alternative for the regular freshman English. Men with legalistic and argumentative types of mind acquired in this course the principles of brief drawing, a familiarity with the structure of historic orations, and a taste for and skill in debating. Professor Covington came honestly by his hobby, political discussion; he was ready to talk politics with anyone, at any time, day or night; and he always had confidential alleged "inside dope." He managed to impart some of his passion to most of his pupils; many of them think back

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Socialist Candidate Speaks in Princeton

VISITING Princeton on Sunday, September 30, Norman Thomas '05, nominee of the Socialist Party for the presidency, addressed a gathering of undergraduates at the Princeton Battle Monument, one of the stopping points on Mr. Herbert Hoover's trans-Jersey campaign trip some days previous.

Making a plea for government ownership of natural resources with control by boards of consumers and operatives, and for the personal liberty guaranteed by the Constitution, Thomas pointed out the similarity between the major parties and scored the resultant indifference of Republicans and Democrats to the issues of the day. Said he: "We are told that this is a nation of two-car families. As far as prohibition is concerned, Al Smith is offering the voters a car with a side pocket for their hip flasks, but if they ride with Hoover they have to carry their liquor under the seat. That's an example of about all the difference there is between the two."

A Literary Model

PROFESSOR Edwin Grant Conklin's fame does not rest solely upon his achievements in the realm of biology. His ability as a writer has been signally recognized by three members of the Department of English at the University of Cincinnati who have collected a group of literary models designed to assist prospective writers. An article by Professor Conklin has been selected for inclusion in their book *Models and Values*, which is being published by the Oxford University Press. Some of the other writers represented are Wells, Galsworthy, Hardy, Mark Twain, Trollope, Stevenson, Anatole France, Mrs. Gerould, Gilbert Murray, Santayana, and Charles A. Beard. Hence it will be seen that Professor Conklin is in distinguished literary company.

Princeton Golfers Qualify

AMONG the qualifiers in the recent national amateur golf championship were R. E. Knepper '23, J. D. Ames '28, G. T. Dunlap, Jr., 1931. Among the other contestants were E. H. Driggs, Jr., '17, S. D. Herron '18, R. L. Wintringer '22, S. MacLeod, Jr., '26, W. P. Hershey '28, J. G. Jones 1929, E. V. Homans 1931.

Devoid of Bitterness

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with keenest pleasure to the hours he gave them. His course became so popular that it had to be limited to only fifty takers; but even so he could never have carried it alone; in succession he had valiant aid from assistants like Hardin Craig, Charles W. Kennedy, Radcliffe Heermance, and Lowell Thomas (to name only a few).

Educated under the best Hall tradition of thirty-five years ago, when the Junior Oratorical Contest and the Lynde Debate still drew packed houses of enthusiastic and partisan Hall rooters, Covington saw with deep regret the decadence of Hall spirit and the decline of the ancient rivalry. A keenly loyal member of the

Cliosophic Society, he labored earnestly to save the Halls; he gravely questioned the propriety of Clio Hall turning its building over to the S.A.T.C. for headquarters during the war; his course in Hall English, given in the respective Halls, was planned to rescue what was left of the old interest in forensics; and he was never too busy or too tired to give the Halls thoughtful aid, or to advise organizations such as the Princeton Speakers' Council, the Debating Committee, or the Speakers' Bureau.

For many years after 1893, when the Princeton-Yale-Harvard debating series began, and until the debating interests of the University were reorganized and placed in charge of a committee, Mr. Covington coached the University debating teams virtually lone-handed. With what

notable results the records of those years show.

The article already quoted mentioned his geniality, the twinkle in his eyes, his carefree mustache and his knobby walking-stick. It might have included his half-smoked cigar—one does not recall that he was ever seen with a whole *perfecto* (or *imperfecto*, according to Dean West): it might have added his courtesy and lovable gentleness—no one in all the thirty-six years that he served the University ever saw him lose his temper or heard him say a harsh or bitter word about his fellow-men; if he held any resentments he never showed them; to the campus, and to the world outside he was always the quiet, amused observer of life, the kindly, sympathetic friend; and it is thus that he will be remembered.



THE PRINCETON TIGER

--- the joy of youth

MAKE it your guide to the carefree gaiety of two thousand young minds. Let it take you to the campus "bicker-session"—before the cheerful blaze of burning logs; let it bring to you the enthusiasm, the bright spirit, the warm glow, of friendly things. Let it enliven your optimism, teach the true outlook of youth, beguile you with twinkling eyes and an ever-ready smile.

Smile with us, and tell others of our fun! Send "the joy of youth" to some youngster who wants to know Princeton,—and to yourself,—who serves Princeton in the outside world.

On your desk there is, by now, a card. Don't pigeonhole it—for you thereby imprison Fun. Send it back to us, and let us send you nine months of the best of Princeton's youthful spirit.

(If you've lost the card, just send us your name and address with three dollars.)