

The Colby Echo

Vol. XIX

Waterville, Maine, December 8, 1915

No. 10



PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY
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THE COLBY ECHO

Volume XIX, No. 10

WATERVILLE, MAINE, December 8, 1915

Price Five Cents

THE WAIL OF THE BANSHEE.

BY CECIL A. ROLLINS, '17.

A story based upon an incident which took place at the Maine Central railroad yard, nearly half a century ago.

Some disbelieve in spooks; others merely have never made their acquaintance. Of the latter class was Michael McCarthy, boss at the Maine Central railroad yard in Waterville. On the subject of spooks "Boss Mac" was as contemptuous an agnostic as only a wild Irishman transplanted from the elf inhabited bogs of the "ould country" to this modern world of machinery could be. He was—but he has, as he puts it, "ben larned rispict fer the other folk" by a most remarkable and harrowing personal experience. And this is how it came about.

Coming to the yard one morning in early April, he found three young, well-dressed strangers deeply engaged in conversation with "Nigger Jim," the latest recruit to the shovel gang, a brawny black of tremendous strength but childlike credulity. Now "Boss Mac" was a stickler for obedience to regulations; and a glaring sign not ten yards away warned the public not to trespass. The appearance of the strangers and their insolent disregard for authority aroused his Irish ire.

"Wuz ye byes lukin' fer a job?" he inquired sweetly, masking his batteries till he had got the range.

"Say, Boss, dese ar young gentlemun jest ben sayin' dere's spooks——"

"Shet up, ye fool nig! Byes——"

"O, no! Why, we're students at the college here, taking our morning constitutional."

"An' maybe ye'd be after lukin' at the sign?"

"O, we saw that."

Now that the boss had grasped the full enormity of the affront, his anger burst out redoubled in force by the previous restraint. "Ye sons av th' evil one, whut d'ye mane trespassin' on the private property av the Maine Central railroad, thet's too good fer the loikes av ye to put yer patent leathers on? Ye git yer dirty carcasses out av here wid yer idiot's yarns av spooks; an' if oi iver catch ye puttin' the toe av ye fut inside the yard limits agin, oi'll skin ye alive, throw yer soup bones inter the pot an' bile 'n' eat ye meself, an' thet oi will, or me name's not Michael McCarthy!—An' yer, Nig, take yer pick 'n' shovel an' dig a hole here big enough to bury yerself in; an' if ye don't git ut done in a half-hour, oi'll put ye in, an' cover yer up so deep even yer spooks can't git ye!"

With some mutterings of angry curses and preventive prayers to his voodoo duties, Jim bent his mighty back to the shovel, as the students without a word faded swiftly away.

The hours passed rapidly until quitting-time drew near. The shadows lengthened, and spots of blackness played at hide-and-seek with one another behind and under the cars and the shanties. Often Jim threw dubious, fearful glances around him; he seemed too much frightened to stay, yet afraid to go.

The boss, put in good humor by the near completion of a good day's work, filled the last hour with crude, contemptuous jokes at "Nigger Jim." Finally, Jim answered:

"Ah, boss, yu all laf at meh, now, but der time'll come when dese udder folk'll laf at yu. Ah've shuah felt queer tings 'bout dis ar yard, an' now ah know dere's hant here. Dese hant berry queer bein's; dey wait till der man dey want comes, den dey git 'im,—dey don't touch anyone else. We all got look out till we fin' who dere after. Yu all better not talk so dey'll git after yer!" But "Boss Mac" scouted the suggestion.

Stories more exciting greeted him next morning. The watchman at the Pit had heard strange sounds, moanings as of souls in torment, and seen strange sights, lights and unearthly shadows flitting through the mist.

The boss jeered at the tale. "Ghosts, yer granny, 'Dago!' Yer tuk er drink too many, ye'll be seein' little red deevils with forked tails an' blue horns, nixt!"

But all his scoffing moved the watchman not a whit from his story. He vowed by all the Italian saints in the calendar never after nightfall to stay within a hundred rods of the Pit, even if he should be fired for his refusal. Finally, "Mac," inspired, said:

"Arl right, 'Dago,' oi'll put the 'nig' there to-night, an' ye'll tak his place to-morrow," and strode away to investigate further.

No sign of the marauders was found near the Pit. Some of the yardmen whom the boss had called to help in the search shook their heads doubtfully. Most of them, however, agreed with "Boss Mac" in his belief that "red licker" had produced the ghosts.

Jim had trembled when the boss ordered him to report as watchman at the Pit at five-thirty that night, or lose his job. Whether it was the thought of wife and pickaninies at home, the desperation of utter despair, or some of that "red licker" that gave him bravado,—whatever it was, five-thirty-five found him at the Pit. The ebon hue of his face seemed faded to dusky gray, and he shivered as he

walked to and fro in the darkness, alone, at the mercy of the haunt.

In the morning, much to the boss's surprise, he was still there, and wonderfully calm considering his night with "the other folk."

"Yas, die hant's here fo' shuah, boss. Ah heard him talk—'tis der banshee. But he haint after me—ah'm safe. He's after yu all, 'Boss Mac,' he tole me so!"

"Me! Told yer? Oi don't belave a wurd av ut! an' ye'll jist kape the job av watching yer banshee; an' if he goes to stealin' tools, oi'll tak it out av yer hide, begorry!" So the case stood.

That night the wail of the banshee sounded for the first time. Watchmen at both ends of the yard heard it and shook in their shoes. Surely such a soul-racking horror could come from no earthly lips. It was such a roar as the wounded lioness pours out into the silence of the African night, mingled with the agonized scream of the dying elephant. One thought of the unforgettable shriek of a horse prisoned in a burning stable, of the dread warwhoop shocking the ears of a doomed emigrant camp, of the half-human, half-demon yell of the cougar as it pounces upon its victim. Every species of terror that a lifetime of seeking could find was in that shriek, howl, roar—what name can express it? The laugh of fiends from lowest hell, the groans of the souls they torture, the screech of the vulture tearing at the vitals of Prometheus bound on the cliff-top—every outcry that earth or the underworld could produce merged into that awful wail of the banshee.

For weeks after, the banshee ruled the yard. No watchman could be hired to stay more than one night. "Nigger Jim" stuck to his post at the Pit. "Der banshee won't hurt me, he tole me so; he's after 'Boss Mac,'" he reiterated every morning. And he seemed to exult in the terror that the banshee caused, even as the black witch-doctors delight in the absolute prostration of their fellows before their own familiar demons.

And "Boss Mac?" His blustering unbelief sounded hollow and forced even to himself. His face had become thin, haggard—the face of a man who dared not look over his shoulder for fear. Yet he still drove himself and his crew with an iron hand.

"The wurrk's got to go on, even if the banshee owns the whole shebang," he would say with biting sarcasm. And go on it did.

He only, however, of the whole yard crew, spoke other than very respectfully of the banshee. All the town lay under the awful spell. Infants were frightened into quiet by his name; children, who, hurrying past, had heard his wail, woke in the dead watches of the night trembling in every limb and cowered under the quilts in terror; strolling lovers heard and forgot all save flight; strong men even fled at the sound.

Finally, the boss in desperation choked his growing fear and determined for one night, at least, to watch the yard himself. At dusk, he strode to the Pit and told Jim of his plan. Then he sat down on the north side, near the river-bank, his back resting against a broad willow-trunk, which made a perfect chair, with a root swelling up for the seat, and two bulging branches forming, between them, a natural hollow for his head to rest in. Of a sudden he realized how tired he was, how this spook-scare had worn on even his iron nerves. For a few moments he sat in a sort of lethargy. Then his senses, doubly awake, telegraphed lightning impressions to his mind.

A dense mist had spread over the yard, blotting out the outline of the Pit. A slight breeze drove its damp breath into his face. It was easy to see spectre shadows scurrying to and fro in the fog scudding before the wind. Faint footfalls seemed to echo upon his ear-drums. And then—the banshee began its wailing! At the sound, "Boss Mac" felt a tremor shake his whole frame, and a sensation that aroused an uncanny twitching at the roots of his hair.

He attempted to lift a hand to his forehead, but could not move a muscle. What was it? Twist, squirm as he would, not an inch of yielding could he gain. He was as helpless as though paralyzed. The banshee continued its wailing, now loud, now soft. Every time, its shriek fell on his spirit like a lash on naked flesh, and more heavily and more deeply it cut. Now he wept like a child, then he begged heart-rendingly, or prayed to the Virgin and the saints for mercy. What he suffered there, only himself can ever know.

Toward morning he fell into a stupor of exhaustion. When he recovered, the sun was peeping through the mist; he stretched out his arms and the warm blood throbbed again into his veins. With a cry, he sprang to his feet, free, but toppled over, instantly, and rolled down the bank into the river. As he scrambled again to his feet, his boot struck a piece of iron pipe protruding a few inches above the surface of the water. So benumbed was his mind that he did not notice that this was but the last joint of a long line of pipe leading downstream toward the college. If he had, perhaps his hard-learned "respect for the other folk" might have stopped this side of the spook-world, and followed the pipe-line down the river.

Twenty-one American college students are accompanying Henry Ford on his famous peace trip to Europe. The party sailed from New York, Dec. 4.

Speak harshly to the pesky fresh,
And kick him when he sneezes,
For when he gets back here next year,
He'll do as he d——n pleases.

Cornell Widow.

DELTA UPSILON LEADS IN BOWLING LEAGUE.

Delta Upsilon	5	3	.625
Commons Club	7	5	.583
Zeta Psi	7	5	.583
Alpha Tau Omega	5	7	.417
Delta Kappa Epsilon	5	7	.417
Phi Delta Theta	3	5	.375

Records: Single string, Barker, 120; three strings, Heath, 301; team single string, Alpha Tau Omega, 472; team total, Alpha Tau Omega, 1305.

The matches in order, beginning Dec. 1:

Phi Delta Theta (3)

Greer	82	103	94—279
O'Neil	87	78	80—245
Blackinton	65	63	73—201
Anthony	95	94	93—282
Kimball	78	76	90—244
	407	414	428—1251

Delta Kappa Epsilon (1)

Eaton	76	85	79—240
Perry	78	85	83—246
Smith	68	94	80—242
Wyman	77	91	82—250
Young	78	86	75—239
	377	441	399—1217

Zeta Psi (3)

Barker	93	90	93—276
Heath	78	85	97—260
Libby	75	72	88—235
Leseur	72	101	71—244
Cawley	94	78	83—255
	412	426	432—1270

Commons Club (1)

King	74	86	67—227
Hemenway	70	88	80—238
Fieldbrave	94	81	79—254
Whittemore	78	86	81—245
Goodrich	94	88	92—274
	410	429	399—1238

Delta Kappa Epsilon (1)

Eaton	90	98	84—272
Ashworth	75	71	78—224
Wyman	87	66	71—224
Chittenden	78	99	99—276
Young	84	102	87—273
	414	436	419—1269

Alpha Tau Omega (0)

Higgins	77	78	93—248
Harriman	77	77	71—225
Rand	66	69	74—209
Smith	80	81	82—243
Howes	92	93	87—272
	392	398	407—1197

Delta Upsilon (4)

Brown	89	98	85—272
Johnson	78	78	91—247
Erb	71	77	73—221
Craig	92	99	73—264
Allen	96	99	101—296
	426	451	423—1300

Phi Delta Theta (0)

Greer	73	98	76—247
Blackinton	69	78	64—211
Hastings	65	92	73—230
Kimball	60	70	88—218
Anthony	78	72	90—240
	345	410	391—1146

Commons Club (4)

King	105	77	84—266
Hemenway	85	85	72—242
Fieldbrave	94	95	78—267
Whittemore	74	78	86—238
Goodrich	82	107	100—289
	440	442	420—1302

Delta Kappa Epsilon (0)

Ashworth	82	77	62—221
Eaton	83	90	105—278
Chittenden	84	80	75—239
Wyman	59	77	81—217
Young	87	86	91—264
	395	410	414—1219

Zeta Psi (1)

Barker	94	79	86—259
Heath	94	95	112—301
Libby	81	73	85—239
Rogers	73	73	79—225
Cawley	93	79	82—254
	435	399	444—1278

Alpha Tau Omega (3)

Higgins	86	86	97—269
Conlon	90	81	94—265
Tozier	86	72	84—242
Smith	74	72	86—232
Howes	92	94	111—297
	428	405	472—1305

THE COLBY ECHO

Published Wednesdays During the College Year
by the students of
COLBY COLLEGE

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PRESS OF THE CITY JOB PRINT

Congratulations to captain-elect Cawley of the football eleven. May our "42-centimeter gun" clear the way to a triumphant championship victory in 1916!

The Colby-Maine controversy over the unfortunate incident which took place at the railroad crossing in Waterville, a few weeks ago, is closed, if we are to accept the statement of the Maine Campus as reflecting the sentiment of the students of the up-state university. "Let's let bygones be bygones," says the Campus.

The remarkable interest and enthusiasm which is being aroused in debating, this year, is worthy of notice. Debating, hitherto known as merely a course in Colby's curriculum, is now becoming one of our most prominent college activities. Every Monday evening a question of universal interest is debated. A large number of the students who previously were accustomed to attend the "movies" on that evening are now attracted to the chapel. The discussions are interesting, as well as educational. The success in this department of the college re-

flects upon the work of Professor Libby and President Flanders of the debating society.

PRESIDENT ROBERTS APPEALS TO ALUMNI.

President Roberts, in his annual Christmas letter to the alumni, makes a plea for more funds to provide new courses and instructors. "We ought to be able to offer more courses in philosophy, ethics, psychology, education, sociology and history," says the letter. "We need at least three additional instructors in order to accomplish the highly desirable things that we cannot now undertake."

In regard to the new ruling concerning special students, the letter says: "No special student is admitted to a regular course except by certificate or examination; no special student is allowed to continue such more than two years; and, beginning this year, no special student is allowed to take part in intercollegiate athletics."

Owing to last year's generous Christmas gifts by the alumni, the college for the sixth consecutive time ended the fiscal year without a deficit.

A. T. O. BANQUET.

The twenty-fourth annual initiation banquet of Alpha Tau Omega was held, Saturday evening, at the New Augusta House, Augusta. Ernest C. Mariner, '13, of Hebron served as the toastmaster. The following were the speakers: B. H. Smith, '16; F. A. Pottle, '17; J. G. Selby, '19; Merle Jones, '06; D. M. Young, '07; S. T. Williams, Worcester Polytech; J. C. Geer, Tufts; L. A. Gerry, Maine; Prof. C. R. Johnson, Brown; J. E. Rowe, M. I. T.; H. W. Moore, Vermont State.

The initiates were:

1918.—Daniel J. Sullivan, Lawrence, Mass.; Robert E. Gallier, Worcester, Mass.; Seth G. Twitchell, Fitchburg, Mass.; James B. Conlon, Fitchburg, Mass.

1919.—William D. Gallier, Worcester, Mass.; Gerald R. McCarthy, Skowhegan, Me.; Earle S. Tyler, Cherryfield, Me.; Robert T. Carey, Isleboro, Me.; Horace Coolidge, Wellesley, Mass.; John G. Selby, Camden, N. J.; A. M. Greeley, Oakland, Me.; L. L. Macomber, Hinckley, Me.

PROHIBITION CLUB REORGANIZES.

The Colby club of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association was reorganized, Monday, the following officers being elected: President, Winthrop L. Webb, '17; vice president, Cecil A. Rollins, '17; secretary, Howard G. Boardman, '18; treasurer, Frederick A. Pottle, '17. The club is expecting a visit by Mark R. Shaw, the New England secretary of the association, next week.

"EDDIE" CAWLEY ELECTED CAPTAIN OF 1916 FOOTBALL TEAM.

"Eddie" Cawley, '17, of Lowell, Mass., Colby's 175-pound star fullback, whose spectacular performance on the Pine Tree State gridiron this fall was the sensation of the season, was unanimously elected captain of the 1916 football team, Saturday afternoon. Cawley was the unanimous choice for All-Maine halfback, this season, and was selected for this position by a majority of the experts in the two previous years. "Eddie" is one of the fastest football men in the country. In the record of American college gridiron's individual point-winners for 1915, recently published in the Boston Journal, Cawley was fifth in order, having scored thirteen touchdowns and ten goals-from-touchdowns, totalling 88 points.

Cawley began his gridiron career at Lowell high school, where he was prepared for college. Since coming to Colby, he has been active in various phases of Maine athletics. Not only has he been a star football player, but he has, as well, been a mainstay of the baseball nine at shortstop, or third base, and has performed somewhat in high jumping. He is one of the high-liners of the bowling team of Zeta Psi, of which fraternity he is a member. Cawley is a member of Upsilon Beta, an honorary society. His election to the captaincy of the eleven is a popular one.

FOURTH DEBATE.

The negatives were given the benefit of the decision, Monday night, in the fourth of the series of weekly debates. The question was: "Resolved, That the Four Maine Colleges Should Fare the Same in so far as Financial Assistance is Concerned at the Hands of the Legislature of the State of Maine."

The affirmative side was supported by E. W. Campbell, '17, C. W. Anderson, '19, J. F. Choate, '19; and the negative side, by R. Kolseth, '16, P. L. Alden, '18, and W. B. Burton, '16.

The officials were: Presiding officer, N. W. Lindsay, '16; board of judges, Professors E. K. Maxfield, A. D. McKillop and P. W. Harry; timekeeper, G. R. McCarthy, '19.

After the debate a discussion was held from the floor on the question: "Resolved, That Membership in the Athletic Association Should be Compulsory." The following men took part: Whitney, '18, Bailey, '18, Parker, '18, Levine, '17, Moore, '18, Thompson, '17, Cawley, '17, Tracey, '18.

"The Last to be Hired; the First to be Fired—the Boozer."

"When you down Booze, that is personal liberty; when Booze downs you, that is Slavery."

CAMPUS CHAT.

The Colby Concert Company, composed of Latin, '18, Prince, '18, Pratt, '17, Choate, '19, and Lord, '12, gave a concert in Madison, Thursday evening. They were assisted by Miss Laura Carpenter of Madison, who acted as reader. The concert was very successful.

Theodore Fieldbrave, '16, delivered his lecture, "India, the Land of the Vedas," before the men's club at Livermore Falls, Tuesday night.

Arthur F. Clark, '15, sub-master of the high school at Stonington, Conn., spent several days at the Commons Club, last week. His school, which has been closed on account of scarlet fever, opened Monday.

Prof. H. W. Brown gave portions of his well-known address, "Man, the Masterful," before the Commons Club, last Wednesday evening.

An enthusiastic meeting of the leaders of the Freshman Discussion groups was held, Friday evening, at the home of Prof. Brown. Dr. Marquardt gave a splendid talk on "Friendship," drawing his illustrations from German characters.

At the monthly meeting of the chemical society, Friday evening, Scott D. Staples, '16, president of the organization, read an interesting paper on the topic, "The Contribution of Chemistry to Modern Fertilization." Four new members were elected: Fred A. Pottle, '17, Woodford Rand, '16, W. B. Smith, '17, and L. I. Thayer, '16.

An A. T. O. basketball team, composed of Higgins, '16, Coolidge, '19, Smith, '16, Conlon, '18, and Rand, '16, defeated Oakland High by a score of 27 to 11, one night last week.

Get your gym and track suits from college men. Prompt service and low prices, all goods fully guaranteed. See Small, '18, or Everett, '17, at the Commons Club House.

Rev. F. L. Phelan of the Unitarian Church led chapel, Thursday morning.

Miller, '19, has a fine line of gym shoes which he is selling at reasonable prices.

Raymond Thompson, '15, head of the science department at Hebron, attended the A. T. O. banquet, Saturday night.

The announcement of one-hour quizzes in the various courses tells us that our Christmas vacation is not far away.

President Roberts delivered a speech before the Waterville Boy Scouts, one evening last week.

Mark R. Thompson, '17, enjoyed a hunting trip in the Maine woods, over the week-end.

Harold G. D. Scott, '18, has returned from a trip through New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont. He gave addresses, under the auspices of the Community Chatauqua Society, at Waterbury,

Gym work for the freshman and sophomore classes began this week, under the direction of Coach Cohn.

Vt., and Randolph, Vt., and delivered sermons at White River Junction, Vt., and North Dana, Mass. On his trip he visited New Hampshire State College, Dartmouth, Norwich, Tufts, Tech and Bowdoin.

The new bulletin board which was placed on the campus, at the usual news corner, this week, fills a long felt want. The students admire the fine board and appreciate the generosity of the donor, Mr. Louis Nixon, a loyal friend of the college.

Phi Delta Theta Fraternity will hold its annual initiation banquet, tonight, at the Elmwood.

Mrs. Thompson, a former matron at the Phi Delta Theta House, was a guest of the Phi Delta boys, Tuesday.

"Gospel Temperance" was the subject for discussion at the weekly meeting of the Y. M. C. A., last evening. Sanderson, '16, was the leader.

WOMEN'S DIVISION.

Edited by the News Department of the Colbiana.
1918—Effie May Hannan.
1917—Marion Ruth Daggett.
1918—Isabelle Hervey Wing.
1919—Mary Elizabeth Tourtellott.
Business Manager—Carolyn Isabel Stevens, '16.

Phoebe Vincent, '17, spent the week in Monmouth, as the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. E. Tompkins.

A college "sing" was held at Grace Fletcher's home, Sunday afternoon. A number of Colby boys and girls were guests.

Professor Johnson was a guest at dinner at Foss Hall, Sunday.

Dorothy Churchill, '19, who has been ill, has gone home to remain until after the Christmas vacation.

The subject of the Y. W. C. A. meeting, Tuesday night, was, "How a College Girl Can be of Service in Her Home Church." Maude White, '17, was the speaker of the evening.

The senior play, which was scheduled to be given December 16, has been postponed until after the Christmas recess.

Manicure, shampoo, and hair-dressing parlors have been opened at Foss Hall, under the efficient management of Misses Moulton and Pattangall. "Satisfied customers their best ad!"

Grace Fletcher, '17, was pledged to the Delta Delta, Friday.

Florence Cole, '14, who is teaching at M. C. I., this year, called on friends here, Saturday.

Gladys Pennel of Skowhegan visited Anne Caswell, '18, Sunday and Monday.

Kleber Taylor, U. of M., '12, called on his sister, Lucy Taylor, '17, Monday.

Flora Norton, '17, gave a fifteen-minute talk, last Wednesday, before the women's organization of the Baptist Church. The meeting was held at the home of Dr. Fish.

Grace Pattangall, '18, spent Sunday at her home in Augusta.

Mrs. A. J. Roberts entertained the Y. W. C. A. cabinet and the advisory board at a tea, Thursday afternoon. Miss Catherine Boutelle and Miss Gaylord, president of the Associated Charities in the city, were guests of honor.

Mrs. L. H. Pratt of Clinton was the guest of her daughter, Edith Pratt, '16, Tuesday.

Miss Florence Carll, who has been teaching in California and Mexico for the past three months, visited Foss Hall, Saturday and Sunday. She is now at her home in South China.

Marion Daggett, '17, has been visiting her sister in Enfield, N. H., for the past week.

Lucy Montgomery, who has been in Hanover, N. H., visiting Grace Farnum, '17, who is ill there, has returned to college.

Norman D. Lattin, '18, gave a pleasing violin solo at chapel, Tuesday.

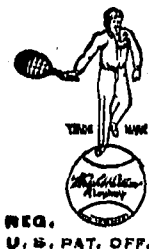
Lillian Dyer, '19, spent Sunday in Oakland.

Mildred Jordan, '19, was operated on for appendicitis, Friday.

Alberta Getchell, '19, passed Saturday in Oakland.

Lura Dean, '19, has gone to Winchester, where she will pass two weeks with her sister. Later she will go to her home in New London, N. H., to pass the Christmas vacation.

KEEP WARM



BY WEARING THE
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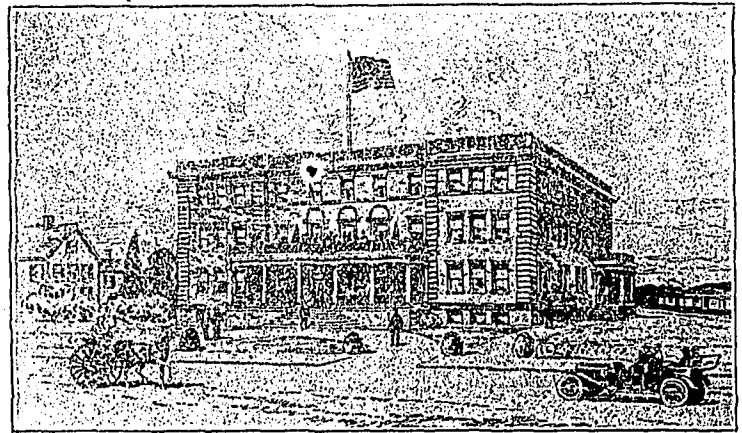
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