

From Carry-All To Barge To Pierce-Arrow Tom Griffin Reviews College From '84 To '31

Tom B. Griffin looks reminiscently at the past and remembers the summer of '84 when he first drove a horse and carry-all for Wellesley College. He has driven college girls ever since—first in the carry-all, then in barges, and finally in his present Pierce-Arrow limousine.

The days of the carry-all didn't last long because of too-constant demands and lack of space so in the fall Mr. Griffin bought a barge which he drove back and forth between College Hall and the station. One barge was usually enough but on Mondays (which were an all-day holiday in place of Saturday afternoon in the modern week-end) extra barges were needed for Monday evening concerts. Although trains were fewer and the college much smaller Mr. Griffin kept three pairs of horses for morning, afternoon, and evening to cater to the caprices of Wellesley womanhood in the nineties.

"I'm glad we're past the horse age for the sake of the horse," said Mr. Griffin ruminatively. "Girls used to say to me 'Wait just a minute, Tom,' so I'd wait. There are one hundred and twenty minutes in every Wellesley hour and why I didn't kill the horses getting to those trains, I don't know."

Today Mr. Griffin has three taxis. Ten years ago he employed three or four drivers but he worried so much about careless driving that at present he drives alone again.

In Mr. Griffin's home he has class pictures which grateful fares have sent him. The crew of '86, radiating gentle health, is one of them; the Tree Day of '96, in which Elizabeth Starbuck Adams was mistress of ceremonies, is another. Then he knew every girl in the college by name as well as each audacious youth who drove back to the station with him on spring evenings. Often some of his old girls return with their daughters who have just arrived at the dignity of completed college boards, and introduce the next generation to him. He refuses to compare new and old, but declares that there isn't much

difference except that the undergraduate of '96 seemed older than her present successor.

In 1893 President Shafer and the faculty gave him a purse and sent him to the Chicago World's Fair, and when Katharine Lee Bates returned from Spain she brought a Spanish shawl to Mrs. Griffin and fans for the children. He speaks of all members of Wellesley, faculty and students, with a most delightful air of affectionate proprietorship.

Mr. Griffin is much impressed with the splendors of the New Ad Building, but College Hall remains to him the real essence of Wellesley. He has a picture of it taken across Lake Waban and speaks with admiration of its architecture, built like a double cross, of its Browning room and of its chapel whose stain-glassed windows he praises with the utmost approval.

While he was describing College Hall Mr. Griffin recalled a May Day custom which survived until the time of the fire. Near the front door of the building used to sit Harriet Martineau, a statue of marble. Following the hoop rolling on May Day the seniors would throng to College Hall, armed with brushes and soap, in order that Harriet might be annually bathed. Hoop rolling seems to have survived the destruction of College Hall but Harriet has disappeared or is perhaps in a more secluded spot on campus. Mr. Griffin tells another story about a member of the faculty who had given a tea party on the afternoon of the conflagration and who went out without washing the dishes. She returned later to find the building a mass of flames, her dirty dishes a story of the past.

When Mr. Griffin first urged his team up Central Street the only buildings which could be seen were Stone, Music Hall, College Hall, and Simpson Hall, now the infirmary. In the village Miss Hagger on Albany Street was the only house mother for freshmen students in the village. Now the New Ad Building, with its murals and electric elevators, towers above the Wellesley skyline, and still Mr. Griffin helps the students to make the 12:45.