The Editor asks me to "tell the circumstances under which 'Dear Bucknell' was written," adding: "I think the alumni would be very much interested in hearing the story told in your own words." Well, that's about the way the inspiration to write "Dear Bucknell" came to me.

When the Bucknell song book, published by the Class of 97, was in the making, the Editors wrote asking me to contribute two or three numbers. About the same time Professor Perrine was visiting me; and urged me to write something that could be used as an Alma Mater Song, clinching his request with the words, "You can do it, Sam."

A fellow can do almost anything that someone in whose judgment he has confidence believes he can. So I wrote "Dear Bucknell." I did it after a critical analysis of the requirements of such a song, the association of ideas that

S. S. MERRIMAN '86

would have an appeal for those to whom, at the thought of Alma Mater, would

"Memories fond come trooping by."

I wrote it after having chosen as a fit vehicle of the appeal that tender melody of German student origin, better known as a Yale "Drinking Song," its easy voice range being a strong point in its favor. Deliberately and with careful discrimination I drew, mentally, my plans and specifications, then tackled the task; and concentration and perspiration did the rest; and if that combination doesn't spell "inspiration," why should we accept the oft quoted dictum that "Genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains?" When I looked the creation that "came out of the fire" in the face I named it "Dear Bucknell;" and, after I'd sat dawn to the piano and sung it through, I felt confident of its ability

(Continued on Page Fifteen)
to take care of itself and win a welcome wherever good fellows from Bucknell’s sacred fanes might congregate. A cordial “Amen” from Dr. Perrine confirmed my faith.

That’s the story of “Dear Bucknell's” birth. How Enoch Perrine knew that I could “do it,” and how I had the nerve to try—Well, as Kipling would say, “That’s another story” that I can’t take space to tell here.

I do want to pay tribute to the influence of this master of the teaching art upon my student habits of thought and work. If a student had a mind to think and work it was a delight for Professor Perrine to help to the limit of pains and time. At Peddie in his classroom I learned how to write prose in the translating and analyzing of Cicero’s orations; and was taught the elements of poetical composition in reading and scanning the lines of Virgil. He had charge of the rhetoricals and helped me put over my first oration, at graduation. (My musical trend and sense of rhythm are inherited from college bred and musically cultured parents). Our relations as teacher and disciple were renewed when he was called to the Department of English at Lewisburg at the beginning of my Senior year; and continued as an intimate friendship until he “crossed the bar.”

It may be that the frank admiration of the disciple was reciprocally inspiring to the teacher. Here are two sentences from a letter received from Dr. Perrine a short time before he “put out to sea:” “You’re quite as young; but I’m not so young as when I saw you for the first time at Peddie, at night in the dining roam.”.............“after so many laborious days, I find great comfort in toasting my ‘shrunk shins’ at my hot-air register and dreaming of the good old days when I had such appreciative and able students as you were.”

“Hear the conclusion of the whale matter:” It was at my initiative that Enoch Perrine’s name was presented for the Chair of English at the then University at Lewisburg: to his initiative and inspiration is due the writing of “Dear Bucknell.”

— Samuel Sears Merriman,
ALMA MATER

DEAR BUCKNELL

S. S. Merriman, '86

1. Dear Buck-nell, oft of thee we're thinking, And memories fond come trooping by; The tire less stars may cease their blinking, But thoughts of thee shall never die; And though the years steal swiftly thronging forms we love to greet; And though life's bitter storms sweep o'er us, And winter comes with biting sting, Our hearts with youth's undaunted chorus, Shall e'er with praise of Bucknell ring.

2. We burn the incense of affection, As in thy sacred fane we meet, While down the aisles of recollection Come true; Nor time, nor tide, nor fortune's pageants Shall o'er us, And pleasure bides on fleet-ing wing, Our fore us, Our loving tribute we will bring, And hearts shall blend in loving chorus, While Alma Mater's praise we sing; once again in heart-y chorus, Thy praise, dear Bucknell we will sing.