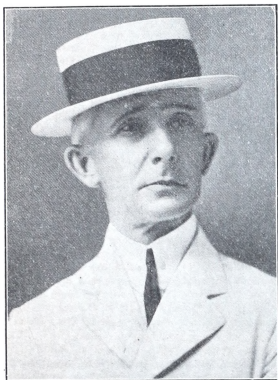


Dean Baker Turns in His Thesis: Professor Cook, "Old Foggy", Writes "30"



Charles Fuller Baker, for many years the dean of the college of agriculture, University of the Philippines, and one of the principal founders of the college as an associate of Dr. Copeland, died at St. Luke's in Manila Friday, July 27, after prolonged suffering from dysentery, only a few days before he died, that death knocked, like the messenger of omnipotence that he is; and it was an hour at which Dean Baker had often closed a bit of scientific work that had busied him during the silent watches when he could work the better because others either revelled or slumbered. His thesis, therefore, was done, *Thirty Years in Tropical Agricultural Science in Behalf of Mankind and the Extension of Civilization*. When death whisked away with it to the faculty that bestows time's sheepskins and scholarship honors, Dean Baker lay down to rest. He never had much of a body, just some skin, and a bone-rack over which hung some very sensitive and very lean muscles, and aside from this a pair of gentle, humorous and jaunty blue eyes, straight-gazing and wonderfully penetrating. His nerves, of a restive impetuous energy, and his brilliant mind had forced this makeshift for physical adequacy to undertake too much—since there was really so much to do. Recently, it is true, he had asked and had been granted sabbatical leave, and he even resigned and was preparing to leave the Philippines and take a research post at Honolulu. But the prospect of leisure came too late, and what could he have done with leisure?—only more intensive work.

Dean Baker's was a personal sacrifice to the welfare of the Philippines, but his sympathies were as broad as the universe which was his unremitting study. Aside from the college with its elevated standards and reliable faculty, and aside from his writings, he left precious entomological and botanical collections. He lived frugally, that he might aid worthy students and mitigate as much as he could the misery in which friends of his in the field of science in Europe have lived since the World War. They helped him too. There was not enough money for the plant and insect research work here; he sent specimens to friends abroad, so that the college had the benefit of their continual reports. The work in sugar technology, too, was founded and for a long time carried on without an appropriation. So it was all round, tackling what should obviously be done, and doing the impos-

sible. "His religion was of the spiritual and vital sort," they said at his funeral; it was the creedless faith of that increasing tribe of men throughout the world whom heaven loves because they love their fellow-man. Lo, their names lead all the rest. Dean Baker was a friend of the *Journal*, as he was friendly to everything and everybody from which or from whom he found good was to come. Several times each week, until his fatal illness prevented, the mails brought letters from him filled with clippings and quotations from contemporary sources—all valuable to the *Journal's* work. Such was his thoughtfulness for others, such his intuitive appreciation; and now he sleeps beneath the campus at Los Baños where he toiled his life away, while all that he did lives on. There were services at the college and at Union Church in Manila, and the pulpit and floral tributes were appropriate. He was born in Michigan in 1872; his bachelor's degree in science was from the University of Michigan and his master's from Stanford. He is survived by two brothers, Hugh and Ray Stannard, the latter being the well known writer, whose home is at Amherst, Massachusetts. His career in science began in the Michigan college of agriculture in 1891 with a post as a laboratory assistant, and included posts in the United States as well as many abroad—in Cuba, South America and the Straits Settlements. He had been dean of the college of agriculture here and professor of tropical agriculture since 1919. He also held numerous subsidiary posts here, such as that of technical assistant to the director of agriculture and that of associate editor of the *Journal of Science*. For the college of agriculture he had repeatedly tried to overcome baseless political objections and obtain extension of the agricultural college acts to the Philippines. Many have been praising him, but surely nothing could make the ruined clay more resigned to its imminent dissolution than for partisanship to be laid aside and this great boom secured for the college.

Professor Ebenzer Cook, for 23 years the head of Cook's Music School here, died at the Philippine General Hospital, Wednesday afternoon, July 27, unable to recover, because of his advanced age, from the operation his physicians had to undertake in relief of his kidney trouble July 19. Had he lived until August 14 he would have been 85 years old; he was born at Bergen, New York, August 14, 1842. Since coming to Manila 23 years ago, he had contributed regularly to the newspaper press of the city under his nom de plume, *Old Foggy*, there being many Americans in the islands now who cannot recall a Monday issue of the *Manila Daily Bulletin* in which his weekly philosophical comment on current events did not appear. For these quaint essays he often jotted down paragraphs while his music students practiced, without failing to note their mistakes.

Let there be no long eulogy, for everyone knew him as a dignified, kindly, venerable man and a good neighbor. In 1861, when he was 19, he enlisted as a musician in the 8th artillery, 2nd army corps, New York volunteers, serving throughout the Civil War; and from this background of experience he drew many of his illustrations. He went west after the war and settled in Portland, where he had a well patronized music conservatory. He gradually acquired a competence by ventures in real estate, but there was a slump in values during the early 90's, while his fortune was also affected by his impaired health. In 1895, therefore, he removed to Honolulu with his family, in search of a milder climate. His first wife was then living and their daughter, May, was still at home. She married with her father until she was 21 years old, and gave promise of a brilliant career as a concert pianist. She then went to Berlin, where she was acclaimed a noted concert player by the critics;

after enjoying a concert tour in Germany she went to England and scored a similar triumph. Under contract for a second continental tour, she returned to America for a round of the home-land cities, contracted acute pneumonia at Pinehurst and died within a week of the day she took her bed. This was in 1901.

She was her father's only child; he never ceased to grieve for her, and it was many years before he could bring himself to mention her name. Her mother had died in Honolulu in 1898. In 1901 a woman whom Professor Cook had known in Portland as his pupil Agatha, in piano, voice and pipe-organ, visited Honolulu. The old acquaintanceship was renewed and in 1902 they were married. Two years later they came to Manila, where they have lived ever since, conducting their music school on calle Nebraska and passing through their classes many young men and women who have gained enviable places as musicians in the local field and abroad. Some write back that they are earning their way through college with their music, and others have good places as music teachers.

All this time *Old Foggy* wrote, taking any subject that pleased him and saying what he wished. He used a pencil, latterly a very broad one, for at last his sight failed and it became necessary for Mrs. Cook to copy-read all his manuscripts before they went to the paper. From 1920 he has published in the *Bulletin*; prior to that time he contributed to the *Times* and the *Cablenews-American*. On national fête days and Memorial Day there was usually a poem, and some of these occasional verses were of genuine merit.

Old Foggy was intensely patriotic. He was a familiar platform figure at Memorial Day and Independence Day exercises, recently as an honored guest but earlier as an active committee member. Held in universal veneration, he was an honorary member of the American chamber of commerce; he regularly attended its meetings, where he had a seat at the round table. Over questions of morality and personal rectitude he could grow righteously indignant. Aroused by the atmosphere pervading the early period of the Harrison administration, he lampooned it vigorously in his *Comedy of Errors*, a paraphrase of Shakespeare's play into which he put men whom the public gleefully recognized under the torture of his remorseless pen. This satire, published in a good edition, was perhaps his best single piece of literary work. Copies are now rare, the *Journal* editor is glad to have had his from the hand of *Old Foggy* himself.

As he wrote, so also he composed. His masses have been sung at the Catholic Cathedral in the walled city, where Mrs. Cook was the organist for many years. He composed three masses with the full orchestration, and the orchestration was rendered by the Constabulary orchestra under his personal direction.

Mrs. Cook, who continues the music school, is a Catholic; he himself was not, nor was he a Protestant; he lived like Bryant said it was well to live, and at last lay down as if upon his nightly bed. Hymnals published in America 40 to 50 years ago contain a number of his anthems and responses.

He is gone, and only one Civil War veteran, William Thomas, remains in this outpost community. Both were in the Independence Day parade this year; and after the parade they sat in the reviewing stand and enjoyed the inspiring program. Cook was an honorary member of Lawton-Egbert Camp No. 1, V.A.P. Funeral services were held at the Army mortuary, Maclean drive, Friday afternoon, July 29, under the auspices of the United States War Veterans. The body was cremated, and the ashes were interred in the Veterans' plot in Cemericio del Norte. A talented man, upright citizen, excellent comrade and neighbor. Taps.