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## Documents Online

**Title:** Letter from Leonard Blakey to Jane Perkins (Draft)

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My dear Mrs. C.

Commencement is on but <sup>its</sup> is going to prove to be a pretty tame affair. The fire works ~~will~~ <sup>are</sup> not go off. The powder must be wet. I'm glad President Noble was at his best in the baccalaureate sermon this morning. I wish you might have heard it. I suppose from John 12:21 pointing out the greatness of Hellenism both past and present and showing the weakness in showing that its weakness then and now <sup>lay in</sup> its neglect of the religious, if we may call it that. It has been a hot summer day which makes it perfectly delightful. The old campus is beautiful and will no doubt arouse <sup>much</sup> enthusiasm <sup>in</sup> the old grad that happens to get back. "Old west" is as usual the center of devotion. and <sup>myself</sup> I love the old building myself.

Tomorrow night the trustees determine upon the future <sup>policy</sup> of the college. So many petty men are <sup>being</sup> advanced <sup>by</sup> their little group of friends on the board that the old guard have become frightened lest they <sup>lose</sup> have a figure head for President. And have sided all wits for Dean Morgan. The dean has the support of the faculty, for Shading and I could see no reason for opposing such a move on the part of the old guard. Its then college, they all <sup>are</sup> its alumni and here they will <sup>wait</sup> <sup>for</sup> the Carnegie Foundation <sup>and</sup> wait until the first stipend comes from the Carnegie Foundation. They feel the Dean is safe, has been on the job thirty two years; has been an efficient dean, <sup>and</sup> <sup>as a safety valve</sup> <sup>has</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>been</sup> <sup>given</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>foundation.</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>has</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>very</sup> <sup>few</sup> <sup>years</sup> <sup>before</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>goes</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>foundation.</sup>

Mrs. Ray I was interested in the preacher that the cathedral. <sup>He</sup> <sup>seems</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>eternal</sup> <sup>struggle</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>bring</sup> <sup>unity</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>dualism</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>let</sup> <sup>authorities</sup> <sup>construct</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>them.</sup> Its the same thing everywhere. The other evening

as Mr Kellogg and I were out in the canoe, he began to talk <sup>and to recite some</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~distinction~~ <sup>distinction</sup> between the actual and the real, and then in his charge to the young preacher <sup>the</sup> ~~he~~ was the Romanist of the worst type. The Authority of the Church and Scripture was supreme and ~~was~~ <sup>could be</sup> subject to no revision. and you will pardon me if I wish to remark that our churches and cathedrals in architecture and furnishings <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>of an</sup> ~~of an~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>kind</sup> ~~kind <sup>are</sup> ~~are <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>any way</sup> ~~any way I wish they were so that they would <sup>stimulate</sup> ~~stimulate~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>worship</sup> ~~worship~~ rather than ~~inhibit~~ <sup>inhibit</sup>.~~~~~~

~~I must tell you~~ <sup>I was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>delighted</sup> ~~delighted~~ just a week ago this hour as I was hastening on my way from Streets Gap in North Mountain to Sheermansdale where I spent the night <sup>over a long ravine</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>at the foot of the m.</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>into a wide valley and there situated on a</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>came</sup> ~~came~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>one of those beautiful hills of Adams county and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>while I was still nearly a mile away the bell began</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~ring.~~ <sup>ring.</sup> The sound <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>heard</sup> ~~heard <sup>at</sup> ~~at <sup>least</sup> ~~least <sup>five</sup> ~~five <sup>miles</sup> ~~miles~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>every</sup> ~~every <sup>direction.</sup> ~~direction.~~ The ~~Emotion~~ <sup>Emotion</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~Burg~~ <sup>Burg</sup> ~~kapel~~ <sup>kapel</sup> in the alps~~~~~~~~~~

high hill stood a Lutheran chapel. almost immediately the bell began to ring for the evening service. The tone echoed into every nook for miles in every direction. It was a rare moment <sup>and reminded me of those</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>alps</sup> ~~alps~~ <sup>where</sup> ~~where <sup>every</sup> ~~every~~ <sup>county</sup> ~~county~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~a <sup>delightful</sup> ~~delightful <sup>view</sup> ~~view~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over <sup>a</sup> ~~a <sup>level</sup> ~~level~~ <sup>accl.</sup> ~~accl. Rather every acre is <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>shape</sup> ~~shape~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~a <sup>sphere</sup> ~~sphere~~ - <sup>so</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>mountainous</sup> ~~mountainous <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>curved</sup> ~~curved~~ <sup>surface</sup> ~~surface~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>level</sup> ~~level~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>valley</sup> ~~valley~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~at <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>middle</sup> ~~middle~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>valley</sup> ~~valley~~.  
Monday morning at six thirty I was off for Landsburg. I took the low ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> ~~road~~ <sup>road</sup> ~~among~~ <sup>among</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~curved~~ <sup>curved</sup> <sup>surface</sup> ~~surface~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of <sup>a</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>level</sup> ~~level~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~at <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>valley</sup> ~~valley~~.  
that had brought me to sleep in the little hotel where I spent the night <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>path</sup> ~~path~~ <sup>took</sup> ~~took~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>past</sup> ~~past~~ <sup>Falling</sup> ~~Falling~~ <sup>Springs</sup> ~~Springs~~.~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

warm springs and <sup>many other</sup> ~~an innumerable number~~ <sup>of other</sup> springs without name  
 and <sup>at</sup> ~~Budgeton~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Landbury~~ - a walk of about  
 nine miles. That afternoon I ~~walked~~ <sup>on the very top was made</sup> the fourteen miles  
 from ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> Carlisle, up over the mountain through  
 waggons gap, in three hours and forty minutes.  
 It was a cool day and I feel like going. This is the  
<sup>it was the most beautiful walk I have found</sup> west end I got in between Simon Evans and the  
<sup>and Sunday night dinner</sup> regulars. ~~My~~ <sup>of and</sup> ~~Eight~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Seniors~~ <sup>and</sup> had planned to have  
 Shadings and ~~the~~ <sup>of their</sup> cottage in Laurel in  
 South Mountain. They had even shown us the menu for  
 the Sunday dinner. As ~~but~~ would have it when they called  
 for us in the car Saturday evening the building was locked  
 Shadings' bill was not in repair and I was on the  
 Sono Joquint. So they missed us. I was sure ~~and~~  
 so I substituted for that week and the trip walking  
 the Professor Miller had mentioned so many times.  
 we had an examination Monday morning so he  
 could not go.

next Sunday I shall be in New York Professor  
 Jinks writes that he has two or three jobs for me to  
 choose from. ~~after~~ <sup>after</sup> ~~anniversary~~ <sup>anniversary</sup> Wednesday will  
 spend two days with Professor Mitaly in Philadelphia  
 attending the Corporation School conference. It was  
 too bad you did not go out there with me. The family were  
 waiting at the station for me with "Daddy" at the wheel.  
 I had to laugh to see him run the car. ~~They seemed to have~~  
<sup>made</sup> <sup>apparent</sup> that there was a place for you in the city at the  
 table and other places. we had a perfectly delightful ride out toward  
 Lowell after dinner while the children were sleeping. Then  
 Mrs Mitaly and I had our visit. When we returned the  
 children were awake. They then drove me over our old  
 bear to West Medford where I got my train. It would have

sure to miss to have had you along.

I am sure ~~the nature of your~~ that Dorothy wanted  
the lack of enthusiasm <sup>the nature</sup> on the part of her parents and  
her parents upon her election to Pi Beta Phi. It gave  
me <sup>you</sup> in a ticklish position <sup>was much pleased</sup>. Today's there is an amount of <sup>an</sup> <sup>trouble</sup>  
my done or Sanson not far from Estherville. I suppose  
I shall <sup>be</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>place</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>before</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>there</sup>. <sup>It</sup> <sup>did</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>bother</sup> <sup>me</sup>  
when I was there.

I had a fine visit with the <sup>the</sup> <sup>members</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>community</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>Remond</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>family</sup>  
Learned has decided between <sup>the</sup> <sup>two</sup> <sup>names</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>own</sup>  
"Daddy" a little opera singer in New York. <sup>and</sup> <sup>reminded</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>good</sup> <sup>word</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>father</sup>  
My mother complains that she will not see me this summer  
I told her she or Brown as an Indian god that will  
keep.

I had hoped ~~that~~ to get the you would reminisce sometime, as I am  
sure you said you would with our mark of it on my feet but I  
bear them now.

Found among a bundle of papers labeled "Dr. Blakey's Papers" in Denny Tower, 1969.

Leonard Stott Blakey, Professor of Economics and Sociology, 1913-1914. Leave of absence 1914-15.

My dear Miss P.

Commencement is on but its going to prove to <sup>be</sup> a pretty tame affair. The fire works are not going off. The powder must be wet. I'm glad President Noble was at his best in the baccalaurate sermon this morning. I wish you might have heard it. He spoke from John 12:21 pointing out the greatness of Hellenism both past and present and ~~showing-the-weakness~~ showing that its weakness then and now lay in its neglect of the religious, if we may call it that. It has been a hot summer day which makes it perfectly delightful for commencement. The old campus is beautiful and will no doubt arouse much enthusiasm in the old grad that happens to get back. "Old West" is as usual the center of devotion and <sup>?</sup> I love the old building myself.

Tomorrow night the trustees determine upon the future for <sup>pres. & policy</sup> of the college. So many petty men are busy having their interests <sup>advanced</sup> pushed by their little group of friends on that board that the old guard on the faculty have become frightened lest they get a figure head for President and have oiled all wires for Dean Morgan. The Dean has the support of the faculty, for Shadinger and I could see no reason for opposing such a move on the part of the old guard. Its their college, they are of its alumni to a man and here they will ~~await-fer-the-Carnegie~~ ~~Foundation-stipends~~ <sup>wait</sup> and wait until the first stipend comes from the Carnegie Foundation. They feel the Dean is safe, -has been on the job thirty-two years, has been an efficient dean, we all will give them that, and as a safety valve, has a very few years before he goes on to the foundation.

Must say, I was interested in the preacher at the cathedral. He seem the eternal struggle <sup>?</sup>, to bring unity into a dualism that they have let authority construct for them. Its the same thing every where. The other evening as Mr. Kellogg and I were out in the canoe, he began to talk about the distinction between the actual and the real and I nearly went overboard and then in his charge to the young preacher the other evening, he was the Romanist of the worst type. The authority of the Church and Scriptures was supreme and could be

subject to no revision, and you will pardon me if I rise to remark that our churches and cathedrals in architecture and furnishings never stir much emotion of any kind in me at all. <sup>anyway</sup> I wish they were-se that they would provoke stimulation to worship rather than inhibition might stimulate to worship rather than inhibit.

~~I must tell you, I was perfectly delighted~~ just a week ago this hour as I was hastening on my way from Sterrets Gap in North <sup>mountain</sup> to Shermansdale where I spent the night & came out of a lang <sup>ravine in</sup> at the foot of the Mt. with a <sup>wide verges</sup> and there situate on one of those beautiful hills of Perry county came onto a quaint old Lutheran chapel. While I was still nearly a mile away the bell began to ring. The sound was carried at least five miles in every direction. The emotion was that of a Burg Kapel in the Alps.

Crossed out?

high hill stood a <sup>the</sup> Lutheran chapel. Almost immediately the bell began to ring for the evening service, <sup>The</sup> tone echoed into every nook for miles in every direction. It was a rare moment and reminded me of those Burg Kapeln <sup>I saw</sup> in the Alps -sort of an angelus moment <sup>it</sup> was. Perry County is delightful, not a level acre in any lot. Rather every acre is a section of the surface of a sphere -so very mountainous. In the Cumberland Valley is full of level fields. Monday morning at six thirty I was <sup>as far as</sup> up for Landisburg. I took the road along the little creek that had sung me to sleep in the little hotel <sup>where</sup> when I spent the night <sup>(?) path</sup> passed Falling Springs, Warm Springs, and many other springs and Bridgeport to Landisburg - a walk of about nine miles. That afternoon ~~I-walked~~ the fourteen miles to Carlisle, up over the mountain through Waggoners Gap on the very top was <sup>made</sup> in three hours and forty minutes. It was a cool day and I felt like walking. <sup>It was the most beautiful walk I have found.</sup> This is the week end I got in between Senior Exams and the regulars. Eight seniors had planned to have Shadinger and me spend Sunday with them at their cottage in Laurel in South Mountain. They had even shown us the menu for the Sunday dinner. As luck would have it when they called for us in the car Saturday evening, the building was <sup>locked</sup> locked, Shadinger's bell was not

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in repair and I was on the Conodoguinet. So they missed us. I was sore so I substituted for that week end the walking trip Professor Sellers had mentioned so many times. He had an examination Monday morning so he could not go.

Next Sunday I shall be in New York, Professor Jenks writes that he has two or three jobs for me to choose from. After commencement Wednesday will spend two days with Professor Metcalf in Philadelphia attending the Corporation School Conference. It was too bad you did not go out there with me. The family were waiting at the station for me with "Daddy" at the wheel. I had to laugh to see him run the car. They made it apparent to me that there was a place for you in the auto, at the table and other places. We had a perfectly delightful ride out toward Lowell after dinner while the children were sleeping. Then Mrs. Metcalf and I had our visit. When we returned the children were awake. They then drove me over our old beat to West Medford where I got my train. It would have been so nice to have had you along Dorothy resented the lack of enthusiasm she noticed on the part of this <sup>father?</sup> brother and her <sup>parents?</sup> upon her election to Pi Beta Phi. It put me in a ticklish position for I was much pleased over it. <sup>In</sup> Today's paper there is an account of a severe cyclone ~~done~~ at Sanborn not far from Estherville. I suppose I shall worry about the home folks this summer. It did not bother me when I lived <sup>over</sup> there.

Had a fine visit with the University of Pennsylvania friends <sup>Learned</sup> has decided between <sup>Little?</sup> Naomi Long and his "Teddy" a little opera singer in New York but I will tell you about that another time My mother complains that she will not see me this summer & I told her I'm as brown as an Indian. That will help.

Had <sup>hoped</sup> ~~to get you~~ you would reminisce sometime, as I am sure you said you would with out much of it on my part but I'm beat thru now.