The Four Lamb Brothers of Coe College

as recollected by
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Told to and Edited by
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EDITOR'S NOTE

These are the recollections of Harris Lamb '27 about his own days as student, coach, and alumni director at Coe College, as well as the careers of his brothers, Willis '27, Clyde '23, and Ray '23, as students and coaches at Coe and elsewhere. The Lambs are a significant segment of Coe tradition and lore. When tales of the "old days" are told, there's bound to be a Lamb mentioned before the last yarn has been spun.

So, it's fitting that the story of the Lambs of Coe be told in a manner that can reach Coe alumni from the past and those who will become Kohawks in the future.

It falls to Harris Lamb to tell the family history because in terms of years, he spent the most time at Coe. As a student he was an athletic standout. As a coach he was colorful and energetic. As Coe's alumni director he united the graduates and former students into a loyal, supportive organization that is the envy of many colleges similar to his beloved Coe.

Your editor had grand plans to sit down with Harris and ask probing questions about the careers of the Lambs and the personalities and issues that made history at Coe during the 27 years he was on campus. But you can't cage Harris in one place that long. Instead, he simply grabbed a tape recorder and on vacation taped by himself seven cassettes of history, personality profiles, tall tales, and bits of delightful insightful history of Coe. He answered every question your editor could have asked and more!

And, he did it in the Harris Lamb manner. Those who know Harris well know that he speaks like a machine gun out of control. His unalloyed enthusiasm and zest for life and people obliterate such mundane considerations as punctuation, paragraphs, and sentences. The tapes of his telling it as it really was will stay in the Coe Archives for tomorrow's historian or a fledgling alumni director to savor and appreciate.

This booklet will try to capture the highlights and spirit of the Lamb story. A few periods, and now and then a comma, will be inserted. Some attempt will be made to group the episodes chronologically. But, essentially you are about to read of Coe and the Lambs as Harris remembers them.

Some of you who will be looking for your name may be disappointed not to find it. It's not Harris's fault. More than 120 names of friends, faculty, teammates, and coaches were included in Harris's oral recollections, but not in this written condensation. Space just doesn't permit inclusion of everything and everyone that Harris talked about.

But mentioned or not, every reader who can appreciate a man's lifetime commitment to a cause or a college will study these pages with loving appreciation and recollection.

Jack Laugen
Summer 1978
THE EARLY DAYS

There were four of us, Clyde, Ray, Harris and Willis. Clyde and Ray figured it out that if we didn't make some changes in our educational program our folks would have four of us in college at the same time. So, brothers Clyde and Ray entered Coe in 1920 and graduated three years later. Then when Willis and I graduated from Boone high school we entered in 1923, so there would only be two Lambs at Coe at the same time. All the time our older brothers were at Coe both Willis and I visited the Coe campus to see our brothers and the Coe teams perform. It was a wonderful experience to see them compete against Iowa, Drake, and, of course, the big rival, Cornell. We always stayed at the Beta Phi Omega fraternity house where there were other students from Boone high school.

Why did so many students from Boone high school attend Coe College? First, let me say this. S. L. Moore, a banker in Boone, Iowa, had an S. L. Moore Scholarship at Coe College. Well, naturally, that was an incentive. I think every boy and girl in Boone wanted to apply for that S. L. Moore Scholarship. Then, we had a YMCA secretary, Mr. J. C. Manville of the Class of 1906. We had a high school principal by the name of C. C. Ball, Class of 1905. These men, two alums from Coe, and S. L. Moore, had a great influence on so many going to Coe College. Then, I can add that B. D. Silliman '17 had a great influence; he and all his brothers attended Coe. Then, they had a very fine promotion program with Prof. Perkins and Dr. Hickok out visiting high schools and calling at homes, and interesting students in Coe College, so I think that is the reason why we have so many.

Now, Clyde really made his mark in athletics in track and was a member of the mile relay team that held the record for many years. Prof. Bryant '94 was his coach and Clyde ran the second leg on the relay team with Harlan Frentress '21 as the anchor man and Ray Powell '23 and Walter Brown '24 as the other runners. I saw this team run at the Drake Relays and it was just great for me -- a high school student to see my brother on the Coe team with those great athletes. Ray was an all-state basketball player and the Boone team, while Ray was in high school, finished 5th in the national invitational tournament held in Chicago. He played guard and end in football and was a started on the team that defeated Iowa State. He scored one of the winning touchdowns against Knox by catching a pass in the end zone in the closing minutes of the game.

Harris and Willis got to see some of the really great football players for Coe. George "Buck" Collins '23, that great halfback; Bruce West '22, Harold Skinner '23, Jack Pence '24, John Finlay '25, Roy "Stub" Hill '20, Harold Turner '23, Harold "Buzz" Wernimont '24, Harold Northey '25, Midge Makeever '25, and I could go on and on, but there
isn't time to mention all the great players that Willis and I had an opportunity to see play at Coe when we were still in high school.

Do you see why it was so easy for Moray Eby to sign both Harris and Willis up for Coe? He said, "Sign right here," and we both signed our names and we have never regretted it.

Working Their Way Through Coe

Coe had no dorms when we were in school. I'll take that back. They had a girls dormitory, but they didn't have a boys dorm. So, the men just scrambled for themselves. They had to be in an approved housing area, but most of them lived in fraternity houses. There was no dining room for men. Yes, for women there was, in Voorhees Hall. But the men, naturally, had to find a place to eat, so if they didn't eat in the fraternity house, they got jobs at Bishop's Cafeteria, the Terrace Gardens, Virginia Cafe, Elk's Club, YMCA cafeteria, hotels, all around town.

It wasn't hard to get a job working for your meals. Harris and Ray worked as dishwashers for Mrs. Novak. She's the mother of Leo Novak '16, the coach who had those most successful teams at Washington high school. He won several national championships in football. Clyde and Willis hashed at Mrs. Dane's tea room and became acquainted with Gay Stuelke '25 and Gladys Dane, Gay's wife. Later, Willis and I worked at the Terrace Gardens cafeteria and we were paid 50 cents per hour and that paid for two meals per day, and you got a good meal for 50 cents.

Willis and I got a job at the St. Paul's Methodist Church. They wanted someone to be youth directors. Well, we started out. One would take the gymnasium in the evening, the other one would take the club room. Now, this program was under the direction of a Coe graduate, Chuck Filipi '20, and it was very similar to the Boy Scout program. We were paid $40 each month for working five nights in the church gym and in the clubroom. Then, we were required to attend church and Sunday school, and sometimes we had to teach Sunday school classes. It was a wonderful experience being at St. Paul's Church under Reverend Jayne and different ministers that we had -- we'll never forget that part of our training.

Now, Willis and I will never forget the trip we made with the Men's Glee Club when we were freshmen. We had no idea we would qualify, but we did go over and try out. I think Cy Parker '24, Harold Northey '25, and Everett Evans '27, had something to do with us getting into that Glee Club. We made the trip through Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, in the high
schools and churches. We stayed in homes, we sang at special services, and I'll remember this -- every concert closed with "I Want to go Back to Coe Again, the College of the West."

Ray tells a little story. He told me this just the week before he died. He said, "Harris, you know, that Glee Club of Coe's came to Boone." He said, "We had never heard of Coe College, but when they finished their concert, they formed a line and marched around our auditorium with a hand on the man's shoulder ahead of him and they sang, "I Want to go Back to Coe Again." Ray said the next day he got all the neighborhood kids and they went around the block singing, "I Want to go Back to Coe Again." Ray thought that was pretty good; that's how he really got interested in Coe. But, I said, "Ray, there was more than that. Who influenced you to go to Coe?" Well, he was playing in a tournament. The tournament was being held at Iowa State University and Ira Carrithers, the Coe basketball coach, was one of the officials. And, after one of the games Coach Carrithers contacted Ray and some of the Boone boys, and it was through that contact that Ray and Clyde attended Coe College, and it was natural for Willis and me to follow them up.

Student Life in the Twenties

Where did those years go to from 1923 to 1927? My, they passed quickly. Maybe it was because we were busy in the frat house, on the athletic field, with our hashing jobs, our work at St. Paul's Church with that youth program, and now and then a date. Or it was Flunk Day, just like they have today at Coe, on the Cedar River with the canoes, the homecoming parade and the floats and the returning alumni and the pep talks by Bert Aston, the May Fete, and Colonial Ball under the direction of Ethel Ryan, who was women's director of physical education; pledge life and Hell Week for all freshmen at Coe, and oak paddles that the upperclassmen used -- and I've seen those oak paddles split when boys were paddled.

I remember when we had to give a concert when we were pledges and our group carted a piano over there in that little grove of trees in front of Voorhees Hall. Of course, the girls were notified that the Betas were going to be there on a certain night, and sure enough, you'd look up and you could see all those windows filled with the girls looking out at the group. Well, the pledges had to put on a show and it was some concert with that piano -- Howard Makeever '27 was a good musician -- and he played and different ones sang. I know one thing they had Willis and I do. They had us give that poem by Robert Service, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."
"When out of the night, which was 50 below, and into the
dim and the glare,
There stumbled a miner, fresh from the creeks, dog dirty
and loaded for bear.
There was none could place the stranger's face, though
we searched ourselves for a clue....."

I won't go on, but I could give it all to you. Willis and I gave it
that night we were freshmen back in 1923. Yes, great times. We had the
pledge dances, the formal dances. I might tell this about a pledge dance
that we had just like the freshman dances are held today at Coe. I know
this, that I took a date, but at the party Willis and I changed dates and
I took his date home and he took mine, and I don't believe to this day
those girls know who they had a date with.

The formal dances at the Crystal Ballroom at the hotel, excellent
5 or 6 course dinners, with a dance program that was filled weeks in
advance; you didn't just dance with your own date, but you exchanged
dances. The fellas all rented tuxes from Armstrong's and we took our
dates to that dance in a taxi.

The Beta Days

We will all remember the friendships formed in the fraternity, in
the classroom, on the athletic field, and the close contact we had with
our teachers. The frat taught us manners and rules of conduct, and if
you failed to meet the test, you paid a fine or you got a paddling.

When we were pledges, we had one activity we had to take place in
and it was called the Mail Box Run. You left the Beta Phi Omega house
late at night, you were given directions to go to a certain mail box and
you received a note. That gave you directions to where you were to go
next. Well, you just try to find mail boxes at night with it dark and
you're going to go by and miss some of them -- and you are going to miss
the note. Well, that happened to me. So, I thought I would go back to
home base and go to that first mail box and start the route all over.
Well, the first mail box was by Schillig's drug store, which was located
then on First Avenue out about 16th Street. I went back, I saw someone
across the street climbing a telephone pole. I hid in the shadows. I
noticed this fellow go about half way up. He got a piece of paper off
one of the spikes that were used for steps and came down the pole. He
read the note, he climbed back up the pole, placed the note on the
spike, and then he went across the street to the Beta Phi Omega house.

Ah, says I. I'm not running any Mail Box route tonight. I'm going
to read that note. So, when he left, up the pole I go. I read the note
and it said, "Come to the Beta Phi Omega house immediately. You have now passed the test on the Mail Box route." Well, I put the note back. Over to the Beta house I went. Now, you should understand this. The actives were hidden out along that Mail Box route and they would jump out from behind trees, you'd get pushed, you'd get shoved, they really had a lot of fun on that run, but they didn't do any pushing of me, because I didn't run the Mail Box route. They got me in the fraternity house and they started to quiz me. I just acted dumb. They thought well, maybe, the darn guy got around the route and we didn't see him. But, I didn't run the Mail Box route.

The Majestic Theater - Our Climb to Culture

Now, many of you wouldn't know what I'm talking about when I name the Majestic Theater. In our day we had the Majestic Theater and they featured outstanding vaudeville acts. The men and women who were the talent had a regular circuit they traveled, starting in New York and heading out to the West Coast. With Cedar Rapids being on the Chicago-Northwestern railroad, it became one of the regular stopoffs. We could go to those shows and get a ticket for 25 cents, if you went up to the third balcony. Well, you got a real workout. They had no elevator. You had to walk up to the top floor and it seemed to me when you looked down, you were looking down at about a 45 degree angle. But we saw the shows, and the third balcony was all Coe students. Why, you know, only once in my four years in college did I ever have a seat on the main floor, and I think there are many students that would say they had never had a seat on the first floor. Well, we had fun just the same.

Smoking - the Hot Issue of the Twenties

You weren't allowed to smoke on the Coe campus. What did the Coe students do? They marched out to First Avenue right in front of the campus and that's where they smoked their cigarettes.

I'd like to tell this little story. No matter how strict the deans of women were, this happened and it's a fact, and I hope this lady will forgive me, but I'm going to repeat it. Dora Jane Hamblin told us that when she wanted to smoke a cigarette she knew she'd be kicked out of school if she smoked in her room. You know what she did? She crawled out her window in Voorhees Hall and got on that top ledge, which is about 12 inches wide, and she would sit up there and smoke her cigarette. Can you beat it? Why, I look up at that little old 12-inch ledge and it just makes me shudder because we had some Coe boys that did some work for us
when Willis and I were helping the business office one summer, and we'd see those kids up on that ledge pulling those screens and I thought they would fall to their death.

ROTC and Finally Graduate School

I remember Bill Shirer, who was editor of the COSMOS, and I know we've had complaints in the last few years about the editors of the COSMOS and the stories that have been in the school newspapers. But, I wish you could see some of the stories that Bill Shirer wrote as editor about the ROTC program. He was thoroughly against the program.

I tell this little story about ROTC and the summer camp at Fort Snelling up in St. Paul, Minnesota. Students taking the four-year course were required to take a six week intensive course. The trip to Fort Snelling was made in Arlo Sylvester's Model T Ford. No top, wide open; I don't think it had a windshield; with Godfrey Nemec, Willis and Harris Lamb, and Arlo. That was some trip up to Fort Snelling. We had a fine summer, courses in academic subjects, on military science, physical education courses, and physical fitness programs. There were also Army drills and marching and learning how to command. And then, we had shooting on the range with rifles, pistols, mortar fire, and I'm pleased to state, we qualified as marksmen. But, the trip back to Cedar Rapids was the best. We had been out there six weeks in the sun. We were burnt and had a wonderful tan. But coming back in Arlo Sylvester's Ford we really got a sunburn. That was quite a summer. When we graduated from Coe we had to make a decision. Either to go on with ROTC or to get our master's degree. So, we made the decision that we would attend Columbia University. That meant we lost our commission as 2nd lieutenants in the Army.

We completed our degree and received the master of arts in four summers. We had one course in particular that all of us remember. It was from Dr. Kilpatrick in philosophy of education and he was talking about the changing world and a changing civilization. Coming from Coe College, with small classes, and then attending Teachers College at Columbia University .... this one course had 400 students in the class. We didn't have a name, we had a number. We took our examination. We had to sign up by number. Much, much different than Coe College, where you had individual attention. But, it was a great experience being at Columbia going out to the ocean, going to Coney Island, going to the theater, going to the various places, riding the subway. One summer Clyde, Ray, Willis and Harris were all together in an apartment. But, most of the time Willis and I lived in Hartley Hall at Columbia University and had very, very excellent courses in physical education.
Coaching Schools under the Best

We took part in coaching schools held at various colleges all over the United States. The first one I attended was at Wittenburg College in Springfield, Ohio. At that school Knute Rockne of Notre Dame was the football coach and Doc Meanwell from the University of Wisconsin was the basketball coach. It was the most interesting time to be under Rockne and see his technique in coaching blocking, tackling, and the type of psychology used with his teams.

Our next coaching school was at Albion College up in Michigan. Harry Kipke of the University of Michigan was the coach, and in those days Michigan was known as the team of the punt, pass and prayer. Kipke was a great punter. Then, the basketball coach was Tony Hinkle from Butler University.

The third coaching school I attended was at Northwestern University and it was during the time of the all-star game with Bernie Bierman as the head football coach of the all-stars and of the coaching school. Then, we had for basketball Phog Allen from the University of Kansas; tremendous coach, great record at Kansas University. He was the coach that used the zone defense. To me, that Northwestern coaching school was one of the best because they were playing the Chicago Bears, professional football champs, and they used the all-stars as guinea pigs to teach blocking and the various types of plays. To see the all-stars practice and to visit with them and see Coach Bierman work with his staff was really a wonderful experience and very helpful for a man just starting coaching.

The Coaching Days

Clyde, my older brother, coached at Nashua. Then he moved over to Vinton and coached with Ray, who was there. Clyde's team finished 4th in the Boy's State Basketball Tournament and in the districts he defeated both East and West Waterloo the same day. Then, he took a position as physical education director at Ohio Northern University and later became athletic director. He was voted into the Helms Coaches Hall of Fame the year before Moray Eby was elected to that honor.

Ray coached at Vinton. Then, he moved to Clinton and then went back to Boone, as a coach and a teacher. But the last few years he served as a science teacher in the junior high school.

Willis coached at Greenfield, then at Centerville, where he had many undefeated teams. Then, in 1939 he came to Coe as head basketball coach. He won Coe's first Midwest Conference basketball championship in
1941. He left Coe in 1949 to become vice president of United Life and Casualty Company.

Harris coached two years in high school and then became head basketball coach at Ohio Northern University. So, he was with his brother, Clyde, for 13 years at that university before returning to Coe as assistant coach under Moray Eby. He became Coe athletic director with his twin brother Willis in 1943 and they served for several years until Harris became director of physical education and intramurals, and Willis took over as director of athletics. After coaching 10 years at Coe, Harris completed 25 years of coaching before taking the position of alumni director.
Was It Willis or Was It Harris?

I think I should set the record straight on the story that has been told over and over of Willis and Harris changing jerseys during a basketball game. Well, we were playing Cornell. (I'm giving it to you straight now.) I had several fouls called on me on that first half. Willis had one. We went to the dressing room at the half. Bert Jenkins, our coach, always had us take off our jerseys, and the manager would come down the line, wipe us off with damp towels, then come by and dry us real good, and then we'd put back on our jersey. Now, the reason we did that in those days was that we played with wool jerseys. They don't do that today. But, anyway, our jerseys were off. We were about ready to go back. Willis was next to me on the bench down in that dressing room. I reached over for my jersey and Willis says, "Here, take mine, you've got some fouls. I've got only one."

Well, what's the difference. We're both named Lamb and we're twins. It wouldn't make any difference, so Willis's jersey went on me. We go back up on the court. But the scorer was Kenneth Green, who knew us, and lived in Boone. He pressed the buzzer. Capp Hedges, the official, went over to the bench and Kenneth Green was saying something about numbers. Well, Capp didn't understand. He turned around, he came back to the center of the court. I was jumping center against Mullenberg, that tall, good player from Cornell. He says, "Who are you?" I looked at him and I says, "Capp, I'm Harris." He walked back to the bench and he says to Kenneth Green, "What's the matter with you? He admits he's Harris. Come on, we're going to play this game."

Well, we played the game. But I was playing with Willis's jersey and Kenneth Green knew it and he told everybody. Well, we shouldn't have done that. I want you to understand -- Bert Jenkins, our coach, had nothing to do with it. There wasn't a player on our team that knew we had switched jerseys, but we did, and I regret that we did that because it made Bert Jenkins look like a crook. The fans, the conference coaches all around the conference, didn't blame us. They blamed Bert Jenkins and that wasn't right.

Well, the next game was at Knox. Willis and I didn't start that game, we sat on the bench. But as the game progressed, the man taking my place, Paul Mitchell, didn't quite understand how to play against a pressing defense. I knew that you had to come back and help the guards. You made a dash down the court, you stopped suddenly and returned, and you could break that press. Well, Bert could see that the Coe team was behind and something had to be done. He says, "Harris, Willis?" You
know what to do. Come to meet the pass. Go in there."

We went in and, boy, it worked like a clock. We broke back and helped the guards bring the ball down the court and there was no time until we ripped that pressing defense apart and we went to the half ahead. The only game I didn’t start from the time I was a freshman at Coe that second semester was that Knox game. But I think Bert then realized we were a couple of dummies and we shouldn’t have ever changed those jerseys, so he forgave us from that time on.

Dropkicking the Eby Way

Did I tell about Jack Pence and his dropkicks? He kicked two against Drake down at Des Moines, and Coe defeated Drake that Saturday afternoon. One of his kicks was 59 yards. It was a record for many years, the longest dropkick ever made in football. But since then, there have been others that have kicked even farther. Moray Eby, our coach, taught us a different way to kick dropkicks. Most coaches teach the players to drop the ball on the point and then kick it with your toe. But, Moray had the theory the ball should be dropped flat, that your foot should come under the ball and you should meet the ball with your instep. That's the way we kicked our dropkicks. And, many times when we would be 50 yards from the goal line, instead of punting we'd take a chance on a dropkick.

The Tricky Upset at Carleton

Carleton College was famous in basketball, especially on that court up at Northfield, Minnesota. Very few times did Coe defeat Carleton at Northfield. Well, we did once. Willis and I were on the team. Bert Jenkins was our coach. In that game, the closing minutes, we were leading Carleton by several points. Carleton was using a straight man-to-man defense with no shifting. Carleton took time out. We huddled out in the center court, because in those days you didn't go to the bench. The coach couldn't talk to you. Well, we huddled. I had a knee pad on, and just before the whistle to start the game, the closing minutes of the game, Willis grabbed that knee pad and yanked it off and threw it over to the bench. Well, I wondered what in the world was that guy doing? Well, Willis' system was they were using man-to-man defense and it might confuse Carleton. Believe it or not, it did! When I broke down the floor I was open. The pass was made to me and I had a clear shot at the basket and it went in. Well, anyway, we beat Carleton that day up at Northfield, Minnesota. (Editor's note: The score was Coe 28 - Carleton 26. Harris Lamb scored 17 points on 4 baskets and 9 free throws.)
CR Gazette Headline: "Lamb's 3 Points Give Coe Victory in Snowy Battle"

When I see pro games on TV, and those fields are covered with snow, I'm not a bit critical when I see players fumble because it's very difficult to play on ice and snow. It reminds me of a game we played against Knox. Conditions were the worst that I've ever played in. The field was covered with snow. Moray had the snow shoveled off, and the game went on. But it wasn't much of a game. There was a fumble almost every other play, so it was your ball, our ball, your ball, just fumble, fumble, fumble. But, finally, Knox fumbled on their 25 yard line and Coe recovered. Oh, boy! We ran a play, no gain, but no fumble. Ran a second play, made a yard, but no fumble. We ran a third play, no gain.

We are still on the 24 yard line and we take time out. We get in a huddle. Wind is blowing, snow is piling up, and goal posts -- you can barely see right straight ahead. My signal was called for a dropkick. I have never in my life had such advice. That whole team wanted to win that ball game and they said, "Harris, that wind's blowing crossways. You can't kick it at the goal post, you've got to kick it clear to the left." Well, the ball was snapped. I took the advice of my teammates and I didn't aim at the center of the goal posts. I aimed far to the left. But the ball sailed right down the middle of those goal posts and we beat Knox that day 3-0.

Coe Upsets Mighty Beloit

Beloit College in Wisconsin under Dolph Stanley had one of the super basketball teams in the Midwest Conference of all time. They won championship after championship. Dolph was a great coach. He built a powerhouse at Beloit. He got so powerful that he wanted to play in Madison Square Garden. He wanted to play big teams. Well, Beloit was put out of the Midwest Conference. But, before that happened they came to Coe for a game. I've never seen a team quite so overconfident as the Beloit team was that day.

Well, the game started. Willis was basketball coach. Willis had worked and worked on the pressing defense and how to beat it. And, Coe College is, I believe, the only team during the reign of Dolph Stanley that defeated Beloit twice, and Willis' teams did it at Coe College. (Editor's note: Coe beat Beloit 51-50 in 1946 and 54-49 in 1947.)

Postwar Football Revival and the Big Upset

In 1945, we played Cornell. Cornell still had the Navy unit. We had no business playing them. They were outstanding. They had just
tremendous players. Anyway, it's a game. It doesn't make a lot of
difference whether or not you win or lose, but of course you like to win.
But, we played Cornell, and I thought the coach of Cornell would make it
a good game. He wouldn't run up the score. Listen. That afternoon
Cornell College beat us 52-14. They wallop us. Ozzie Drahos '48
cought a pass and he ran for one touchdown, I remember.

The next game was with Beloit. Dolph Stanley saw the score in the
paper. Right away he's on the telephone. He says, "Harris, are you
comin'?" I says, "Why sure, Dolph. We're going to be there for the
game this Saturday." "Well," he says, "I thought maybe you'd be quitting." "No," I says. "We'll be there." Well, I had Bob Tvrdik '46 and
Bob Wessale '46 and, oh, a few good players. But I know we had Bud
Collette '50, who was a tennis player at Franklin high school. He
played one of our ends. We didn't really have an outstanding team.

So, on the telephone Dolph says, "Now, Harris, we're going to be
very, very fair with you. We won't do what Cornell did." I says,
"That's all right. It would be nice of you not to beat us too much."

So, when we get up there, I'm out on the field. The team's starting
to warm up. It was a night game. I looked over at the Beloit team and
he had 'em. Boy, he had the horses, big chunky tackles from Chicago.
They looked even bigger and better than Cornell.

Dolph came over to me and he said, "Say, Harris, you know I told
you on the telephone that we would take it easy, but......," he said,
"I noticed in the paper tonight they've got us predicted to beat you
about 35-0." He said, "I just got to let them go; I can't keep that
score down less than 35."

I turned to him and this is a quote. I said, "Dolph, I told you on
the phone that we would treat you fair if we had a good team. Well, I
don't have a very good team, but if we should be lucky enough to ever
beat you, it won't be by a big score."

Well, he left me. I went to the dressing room. I told those guys,
"That dang crook! He said he was going to take it easy on us. He isn't!
He's going to wallop us!"

I never had a team so keyed up in my life. I said, "Now, doggone
you guys, you gotta fight and you gotta play for inches ... inches ...
and you got to hit with all your might!"

Well, we went out there. I've never seen such a football game.
That big Beloit College football team ... cocky, smart ... they were
going to run all over us. Well, boy, our team wasn't good, but we
matched them touchdown for touchdown. We did beat them one touchdown, 33-27. I couldn't believe it! Bob Tyrdik threw a pass, and Bud Collette .... I don't think he ever caught a touchdown pass in his life! He grabbed that pass in the end zone, just jumped up over that Beloit half-back, and pulled it in and we won the ball game.

After the game you usually greet the other coach. I never did see Dolph Stanley. That night before we left we didn't get our contract check. He was so disappointed, he was so mad, he was so upset, that the check, our guarantee, was mailed to me. Oh, listen, that Coe team defeated Beloit up there when we weren't supposed to even have a team on the field.

CR Gazette Headline: "Coe Downs Illinois Cagers 28-22"

In 1926 we beat Illinois. Bert Jenkins was our coach and his coaching won that game. He had us use a zone defense against that Big Ten team that was used to man-to-man. It caused them to get their plays mixed up and we held them to 8 field goals. Phil Hubbard '28, our guard, led us with four field goals.

CR Gazette Headline: "Lamb Makes All-American Animal Team"

Some guy picked a team of football players who had animal names. Let me give it to you. "Lamb of Coe, left end. Bear, left tackle, Michigan State. Wolfe, left guard, Chicago University. Bull, center, from Union College. Wolfe, right guard, Florida. Swan, right tackle, Stanford. Fox, right end, Paschal Indians. Fox, left half, Northwestern University. Fox, right half, San Diego State. And, Crabb, fullback, University of Pittsburgh." Ha! Harris Lamb, All-American! A Lamb among the foxes and wolves!

It's Hard Not to Second Guess

It was just wonderful for me as alumni director at Coe to go to the Coe games and be seated with Moray Eby and Willis Lamb, who were both retired. And, I look back at those games that we saw together and both Moray and Willis were just wonderful about seeing the game and not being critical. Now and then Moray would make some suggestions, because it was tough not to second guess the coaches.
I'll always remember the 1955 game when Dick Clausen was coach and we were playing St. Olaf for the championship at Kingston Stadium. We noticed that as the game progressed in that first half, St. Olaf was just killing us with those passes and led 14-7. And, Moray says, "Oh, gosh, Harris. We got to get some word to Dick Clausen that they've got to rush those ends. You can't give them time to pass."

Moray said, again and again, "Harris, listen. Go down, go to Dick at the half and tell him in a nice way." Well, I did. I went down and I had a little visit with Dick on the side. And, Dick was a great guy to take suggestions. I got him just as they went in the dressing room and I said, "Dick, Moray and Willis and I have been watching the game and I know you've been excited and I don't think maybe you analyzed this here, but, boy, we've got to stop that passing attack." Well, he agreed, "Yes, we do." I said, "Dick, what about double barrel?" Double barrel was our signal when I was a line coach for Dick to rush both ends. Well, Dick took the suggestion and, boy, did they flood that quarterback with rushers in that second half. And, we defeated St. Olaf at Coe 28-14 and finished undefeated. And, I think Jack saw that game at Kingston Stadium, and it was his first introduction to Wayne Phillips, John Rosenberg, and Shady Day.

(Editor's note: Yes, Harris, your editor broadcast that game back to Northfield. It was a long drive home that night.)
FROM COACH TO ALUMNI DIRECTOR

In 1952, I put on a program for the 25th reunion of the Class of 1927. A few days later President Howell Brooks called me to his office. I didn't know what to expect. He said, "Harris, we need an alumni director. You're the one I'd like to have. You have the qualities."

I didn't know beans about alumni work. I was a coach. Well, I thought it over. I had lost my wife. I was alone. Mary was in the service. Nancy was in nursing. So, I said, "I don't know what you want me to do, but I'll do it."

Now, I write to Oberlin, Knox, Northwestern, Wooster, Dennison, Muskingum, some of those schools with good programs. I visited those colleges -- fine schools -- with good alumni programs and alumni fund programs. I didn't even know what cross files were, but I learned it on that trip.

Then, I came back to Coe and I started organizing our program, which was almost nothing at that time. We went on then to organize clubs all over the United States. I remember the first meeting we had planned. I got a telegram. "Cancel the meeting." The second meeting I had planned, I got a telephone call. They said, "Cancel the meeting." I want you to know this. We didn't cancel one single meeting. We did delay a few a couple of months. But, it took some time and some organization.

Now, when I was traveling with President Brooks we had our first meeting at San Diego. John Kennedy, who later became a trustee, invited the Kohawks of the San Diego area to his beautiful home for an alumni dinner meeting. Listen, they might as well not have had me there. Mrs. Kennedy, a graduate of Vassar, with her butler, organized the entire thing. Why, do you know I didn't even meet everybody at the dinner. It was formal -- very, very formal. I was at a table with Alice Soboda Noel '26. She said, "Harris, this isn't the way an alumni meeting should be. Let's you and I start singing, 'I Want to go Back to Coe Again.' " Here we are having the first course and we started up with "I Want to go Back to Coe Again." Listen, it loosened up that meeting and from then on things started going.

The next meeting was at Los Angeles. Edgar Drake, my present wife Edna's brother, a YMCA secretary, had charge of the meeting and he showed some of the slides, but do you know at that meeting there must have been 125 or 150 people. I don't think I met half of them. Well, after the meeting was over I got with Bo Brooks at the hotel and I said,
"Bo, we're going to do things different. I'm really going to take over on this third meeting." That was at San Francisco. I parked at the door of the entry way to our dining room and I met everyone that came to that dinner that night and I have used that same system ever since. No one comes to a dinner without the alumni director introducing himself and introducing them, and that's the way I've managed and operated ever since.

Well, I got my feet on the ground and I knew just what I'd have to do from then on. From then on when we made trips, I thought, "Why, listen, we're covering territory -- why don't we have more meetings?" So, when we go to the West Coast we'd have 12 meetings. When we first started going to the East Coast we'd have a meeting in New York and Washington, D.C. Well, I added Cleveland, Detroit -- then we added Boston, Philadelphia -- we worked our way back to Pittsburgh. So, you see we were saving on mileage, working in more meetings. It was a little bit tough on us, but that's the way you had to do it if you're going to be alumni director. I know what Warren Reinecke is doing. You just can't do it in an 8-hour day.

Then, I could never have done this job as alumni director without the alumni secretaries we've had.

I'll just mention a couple, Virginia Holmes and Dorothy Dukes. And, boy -- listen, I confided in them. I asked them questions, they helped me learn names, they made master lists for me; I never went to a meeting without a well organized, prepared master list. I knew how many people were coming to the dinner. I went over those names, over and over and over again, so when I got to the alumni dinner meeting I could almost call everyone by name, because I knew what year they were in school.

On the Alumni Circuit with Harry Gage

Then, there were some difficulties. Bo Brooks resigned and Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage was brought back to Coe as acting president. Oh, what a great time I had with Dr. Gage! He said to me, "Harris, you plan the meetings. You buy the tickets. Just notify me and Mrs. Gage ahead of time, so she can get me ready. Then, you get me to the airport and we'll go." We went all over the United States together.

Now, he's an old man. It's tough traveling. But he took it better than I did. I remember on one trip I thought, "Well, we better take Saturday night off." I learned later that he went to an alumni dinner meeting of his old college where he served as president in Huron, South Dakota. They were out there in the California area and Dr. Gage was the speaker.
Not once did Dr. Gage ever give the same speech. Why, one night at Delwin he gave a talk on Old Main. He covered the waterfront on education from every angle talking about Old Main. Yes, he was a great man to travel with. He told me things about his life, about his problems as president. I'd like to give this one to you.

He had to raise money. He went to Chicago to call on an influential, wealthy man. He had the appointment. He went in. He introduced himself. The man was expecting him. He gave him his story. The man says, "Dr. Gage, I'm not interested." Dr. Gage thanked him and walked out. He went down the elevator. He got out on the street and he said to himself, "Harry Gage, you didn't do a very good job representing Coe College." He turned right around, got on the elevator, he went up to the office, he said to the secretary, "I had an appointment and I'd like to go back and see Mr. So-and-So." The secretary was kind, let him in. He walked up to the man, shook hands with him. He said, "I didn't represent Coe College well. I'd like to start all over again." And he did. And, this time he sold Coe College to that man and Coe received a huge check in support from that wealthy individual because Dr. Gage wouldn't take no. Yes, he was a great man.

I've seen him many nights not eat one bite at the Coe dinner. Then, he'd say, after we got back to the hotel, "Harris, you and I have got to go out and get us a Coke or coffee. We've got to unwind." And, then we would go out. I remember one night we went to Lindy's and we had the real McCoy coffee and the cheesecake. Yes, it was a wonderful, wonderful experience to be with Dr. Gage.

Dr. Gage and his wife had one tradition that no longer is on the schedule. The morning prior to our graduation the Class of 1927 was invited to the Cedar Rapids Country Club for breakfast with the president and selected faculty members. It was the first time I had been to the Country Club. It was a highlight for me, that breakfast with the president. As alumni director I tried to keep the tradition going but it eventually lost its appeal to seniors and after Dr. McCabe and I saw the low interest, we dropped the event reluctantly.

Traveling with Joe from Coe

Then, after Dr. Gage, Dr. Joseph E. McCabe was brought to Coe College. He did a great job at Coe. I'll never forget his first talk in Chapel. He said, "We want it difficult for students to get in Coe. We want it difficult for students to graduate from Coe." And, that's exactly what he did as president of Coe. He made it tough. He raised the standards and the big thing ... he raised faculty salaries.
The Lamb Brothers' favorite verse from the Coe Loyalty Song:

When from these hallowed halls we go
Our hearts will ever yearn for Coe,
And through the years from near and far
We'll turn to Coe, our Guiding Star;
Oh, may it luster never pale!
Alma Mater, Hail! Hail! Hail!
Twins Harris, left, and Willis, were married in a double ceremony, were inseparable fishing partners, and for a time at Coe were co-athletic directors. Even after retirement their vital interest in Coe athletics never waned, and they entered the Athletic Hall of Fame the same evening.

Harris was called out of retirement to coach the faculty against the alumni in the mid-winter homecoming basketball contest in 1978.

Harris and Edna depart on one of their alumni meeting jaunts. Edna always read the maps and chose the interstate exits as Harris' most modest skill was finding his way in strange cities.

When Harris retired in 1971, he was surprised as the Alumni Day banquet became Harris Lamb night. Harris was delighted and touched as he heard that gifts from friends had helped push his endowed Marvin Lamb Scholarship over his dream of a $10,000 fund. He also was told that each year an outstanding student would be named the Harris Lamb Scholar. Finally, Wayne Phillips '56 presented Harris and Edna with two outboard motors from C Club members for their fishing trips.
We visited with the alumni together, and there wasn't a single meeting that Dr. McCabe ever attended that he didn't meet every single individual that came to the meeting, and had a little conference with them. When the meeting was adjourned he let me go around and pick up my gear, but he went to the door to bid goodbye to those that came and thanked them for coming.

You know, at Dr. McCabe's first Board of Trustees meeting Coe had received one million dollars from the government to build a student union. The building had been planned and was going to be constructed between Greene Hall and Voorhees, facing where the old Chapel stood. And, at that meeting with the trustees, at Dr. McCabe's suggestion, I think they made one of the most decisive decisions that's ever been made by a Coe board. They turned down the government loan and they decided then and there that Coe would not have a postage stamp campus. So, the next few years we went around the country having alumni meetings and Dr. McCabe said, "Someday we are going to close B Avenue. Someday we're going to have a back campus." B Avenue was closed! And, now we have a spacious campus free of traffic.

Leo Nussbaum - My Last Traveling Companion

Now, after Dr. McCabe, I had the privilege of traveling with Dr. Leo L. Nussbaum. He attended meetings with me out in San Francisco, up at Seattle, and many other places. The thing I'd like to say about Dr. Nussbaum -- since he has been president -- we have five endowed chairs for professors to be funded at $500,000 each. I think that is really marvelous. There are more endowed chairs being funded. What will this do for Coe? It means that the professor holding that endowed chair will receive his salary from those funds, that will release more money so that there will be more money for scholarships to influence more outstanding students to come to Coe College. Yes, there have been four great presidents that I've traveled with, doing one job, informing our alumni of what's going on at Coe College.

Yes, we have a long way to go, but Coe will get there. We need teamwork, we need alumni that are interested and haven't forgotten what Coe has done for them. And, that they will do for others what others have done for them. As Clyde, my older brother said at his farewell Chapel speech at Ohio Northern, "We've got to get the alumni out of the grandstand. We got to get them to stop eating popcorn and cheering. We've got to get them down on the field and playing." And, that's what we've got to do with our alumni, to get in the game. They've got to give their support to Coe and if they all do it, Coe College is great now, but Coe College will be far greater if we can get everybody in the game doing their part.
Our Hot and Cold Open Office in Old Main

Many alumni have said to me, "Gee, it's too bad you don't have a better office as alumni director at Coe." Let me tell you here and now, I had the best office that anyone could have in the basement of Old Main. Why? Because we were where the action was. Students coming and going, that door up to the alumni office was always open. As the students went by they would look in and they would see Dorothy at one typewriter and at the other Virginia Holmes. Boy, they gave those students a smile and we had so many students come in.

The other night when I was out in California a boy came to me and said, "Harris, I'll never forget that alumni office. You know, that davenport you had in that reception room? That was really my student union. I would come in there and gab with those secretaries, Virginia and Dorothy, and it just was like a student union. I'll never forget it."

Headquarters in Old Main -- did I like it? Yes, I liked it, even when some days we didn't have enough heat and I saw Dorothy and Virginia wearing their heavy sweaters and even overcoats. Then, other times that heat couldn't be controlled and I'd seen it on warm days where that boiler would fire up and we had super heat. And, it was so hot in there you could hardly beat it. But, I loved it ... my office in Old Main.

I think anyone that's served as a secretary under me ought to have a gold medal. I had sort of a rule. Any letter coming to the alumni office should have an answer. And, oh, those letters came in from the alumni announcing a birth, a death, a new position, an address change, a bit of news for Coe and the COURIER. I'd stack them up each day as they came in, in the order in which they came, and each one was answered. My feeling was as alumni director I should know the alumni and I should be courteous and give them a reply. Why? So we'd have more alumni interest, and that's the way we got so many stories for the COURIER. Yes, keep close contact with your alumni out in the field and you will have returns, great returns for your college.

Scotty and Harris: The First Coe-Cornell Cooperation

Paul Scott, who became alumni director at Cornell College, was my good friend. He would come and visit me in my office and we'd exchange ideas and I'd go over to Cornell and exchange ideas with him. Anything I used as alumni director, I didn't hide, I gave it to Scotty. Scotty would do the same thing with me. We had a wonderful relationship. We would modify our programs to fit our own particular group.
I also look back at Ernie Stewart, the national secretary of the American Alumni Council in Washington, D.C. Ernie Stewart is the one who had so much influence on me and my work at Coe. I would go to him and we'd get in a huddle, because I served on that national board, and had occasion to be at our home office in Washington, D.C. and visit with Ernie. He was the one that had the great influence on me to not go to Iowa State University as alumni director, when that position was offered to me. He said, "Harris, you know Coe. You know Coe alumni, and I think your position is at Coe."

I might tell this little story about Paul Scott. He was having a meeting out in California. One of the presidents of Cornell College was with him. And, as usual, Scotty would go down ahead of time, just like Edna and I would go ahead and get the table decorations and the name tags and all that ready. Well, Scotty was down and he was putting on the dog, getting all these things organized, with the banners and the table decorations. The president walked in and he says, "Why, Scotty, looks like we're only going to have 15 or 16 people here tonight. What are you doing all this for?" Scotty turned and he said this, "We may have a small group tonight, but I want you to know that every Cornell alumnus is important and we must have as good a party tonight for the 15 as we would for 100."

And, that's the attitude I have had all these years. If we had a small group, I wasn't discouraged. I was cheerful and we did the best job we could, regardless of whether we had 10 or 100 at the dinner. So many times people think, "Oh, you gotta have a big group. You gotta have a lot of people." Listen, you get many things done with small groups!

I always roomed with Scotty when we were at conventions. I had my tape recorder with me. Well, Scotty was always pulling jokes on me and I knew he liked to sleep in the morning. Well, when you go to these conventions you always have breakfast meetings and they come quite early. So I thought -- there's no need to have an alarm clock. I'll fix him. That night before we went to bed I got my tape all ready and I had the tape recorder set up so that we would have the "Coe Loyalty Song ... Hail, Hail to Coe, we pledge to thee, our fervent love and loyalty ...." And, then right behind that I had the fight song for Coe. Well, we went to bed that night and when I got up like I usually do, kind of early, I won't say what time it was... but, I get up a little early. I had gotten up, I had shaved. I was ready to go. Then, I thought -- it's time to get Scotty up. So, I got the tape recorder going. I turned it way up. I think you could of heard it down on the lower floor. That morning started with the "Coe Loyalty Song." Well, Scotty will never forget it, and he said at my retirement dinner, "I didn't mind rooming with Lamb, but ......." he said, "talk about dedication. That darn guy started out every day with the 'Coe Loyalty Song." Well, Scotty will never forget it.
Then, another incident happened in Kansas City. I had the dinner at the Wishbone. I went to the Wishbone and I had a room which was just a dandy. And, I went in and I got out a carton of crimson and gold crepe paper. I got in that room and I started twisting that paper, going down the center of the tables and I went over the lights and every place else putting this crepe paper, the crimson and the gold. We really had a wonderful Coe gathering, a lot of fun. I didn't have Edna with me. Afterwards I packed up my things and went back to the hotel. But, I will confess that I left the room in sort of a mess. They had crepe paper all over the floor. Some of the water glasses had seeped a little bit and we had a little fading on the tablecloth of red and gold. Well, the meeting was over, we paid our bill, and everything seemed to be alright. The manager seemed to be happy because we had a good crowd.

Scotty from Cornell is to have a dinner at the Wishbone the next night. Well, he walks in with all of his gear and he has the purple and white crepe paper. When he goes in the room and he starts his decorations the same gals were going to serve and they said, "Oh, no, not again." Scotty said, "Well, what's the matter?" He didn't know what had happened. "Why," the waitress said, "we had a crazy guy here last night. He had crepe paper all over everyplace and it looks like you're just as crazy, and you're going to do the same thing." Which he did.

Someone said, "Time passes quickly when you are busy." And, I guess that's why from 1952 to 1971, when I retired, the time just flew. I was so happy doing the thing I was doing that I didn't notice the time at all. How true that is in life; if you are busy, if you are enjoying what you are doing, you will do a better job and the time will just pass so quickly you'll just wonder where did it go.

If I had my life to live over, I would still want to coach some because that's a lot of fun. But, boy, I would still want to be alumni director because of the interesting work and meeting our interesting alumni all over the country. That's what I would certainly want to do if I had it all to do over again.
THE LAMB FAMILY TREE

What's It Like Being a Twin?

What's it like being a twin? Well, Ed and Dick Barrows, '30 and '29, would know. The Baughn sisters, Lenore and Lucille, Class of 1927, in California, would know. It really is something. You go through life together. I remember when we started school our teacher put on a ribbon. And, that happened every day, a ribbon was placed on one of us. I've forgotten who got the ribbon pinned on them, but that's the way they told us apart. You know, in a way maybe I'm not Harris, maybe I'm Willis. My aunt was our nurse when we were babies and it would have been very easy to get the names mixed up. So, maybe after all I'm Willis instead of Harris.

We have gone through life meeting people and having them say, "Hi, Harris," or "Hi, Willis," and they'd have it wrong.

I remember one night in high school I had a date. It was Halloween time. When I got ready to go over and get my date and got there, she wasn't home. Her mother said, "Why, Harris came and picked up Iva." Well, I stayed there and I visited with her a little bit and pretty soon we saw a car go by. The car stopped. Willis came to the door with Iva, and here he had taken my date out. We did make the adjustment and he was good enough to bring her back, so I went on with my date.

Willis was always doing things like this. You know, our Dad never could tell us apart. Mother could. She could tell by our voices, she could tell us over the telephone, but not my Dad. He knew one of us had a Pontiac. He knew the other one had a Chevy. But he didn't know just which one had the Pontiac and which one had the Chevy. Oh, I remember when he came out to visit us in Ohio and we would make little confessions of things that we had done and the fun we had with him. But, the big thing about being a twin is the togetherness. Each together, doing things, helping one another. It's different than just having a brother. Brothers are close too. But with a twin, he's half of you, and you have a loyalty that is far greater than just being a brother.

During Willis' illness, when he was at Mercy Hospital, he would rather have me do certain things for him that nurses normally do, and I'd say, "Willis, let's ring the bell." "No, no," he'd say. "You can do it." And I did. From August until his death in January, 1978, I was with him. And I can say this truthfully. Not once did he ever complain of the bad break he was getting in life. Others have tumors that are malignant, but Willis met it without a complaint, and it was the same way with my brother, Ray. They had courage. They had faith. And they took those breaks that they got with a smile. They gave us courage, so we'll go on and do the things they would want us to do.
How wonderful it would have been if Willis had lived and had been able to be with me when I was taping these experiences I had here at Coe. I know he would have come up with some real stories about Coe College.

In all the years as we were growing up there was only once when we weren't together for our birthday and that was when Willis was applying for a job at Centerville. That's the day our mother died. Unity, loyalty, you just couldn't beat it. And, as I've said many times since his death, he will certainly be missed. The golf course won't be the same. Our fishing spots will always be good, but it won't be the same without Willis.

One good friend expressed his sympathy to me this way in a letter. He said, "Harris, I know that you will carry on and do an extra share for your twin brother, Willis." And that is just what I will do the rest of my life.

The Two Older Lamb Brothers - Ray and Clyde

I've talked so much about Willis and myself. I haven't said much about Ray and Clyde. Let me tell you just a bit about Ray. When he went to Boone he was football coach and an assistant in other sports. From time to time they gave him other assignments. One that he liked, although he wasn't a tennis player, was to coach tennis. Ray got the books and he studied and he analyzed and he started playing himself. I remember I'd go back in the summertime for vacations and he'd take me down to the YMCA tennis courts and we'd play. Then, he'd come out to Ohio in the summertime and we would play and we would analyze and we would get our rackets strung. He really made a great study of the game.

Then, a little later they shifted him from tennis into golf. That was up his alley, because he lived in a ranch style home right on the Boone golf course. You walk across his back yard and you're on the fairway of #6. Well, he had an electric cart and he just played a lot of golf in the summertime. He just taught 9 months and played golf or tennis during the summertime. They assigned him the golf and he really started studying. He got the books out. He analyzed Bobby Jones. He got all of these pros, he studied, and he studied. Even though he had arthritis and it was hard for him to straighten up, that guy could go out on that Boone course and he knew it backwards and forwards and he could shoot right close to par, day after day, and it was fun to go up there. Willis and I had fun going up there because he'd always beat us out on that golf course. That shows what a person can do if they have goals and aims and they want to learn. Why, even before he died, the last day I took him to the library in Satellite Beach, Florida, and he wanted to read.
My brother Ray died when he was winter vacationing in Florida, just three months after Willis died. But, before he died I had a chance to talk with him. He knew I was making this tape of our experiences for Coe. He said, "Harris, be sure and tell them my last day at Coe College."

Now, I had to go down a week early to get my job and it was planned that Ray would meet me, take me over to Novaks, introduce me to Mrs. Novak, mother of Leo Novak '16, and see that I got started. Then in the afternoon he was to head for Vinton, his first teaching and coaching position. We walked in the kitchen and Ray said, "Mrs. Novak, this is my brother, Harris. He's going to take my place here." She said, "Fine. Show him what to do."

Boy, I got an apron and Ray showed me how to roll up my sleeves and the first thing I had to do was clean up that sink. Potato peelings, greasy pans; couldn't get any dishes done until I got that sink open. She turned to Ray, and I thought Ray was just going to stand around and supervise me. She says, "Lamb." She called Ray "Lamb." "You know, that basement hasn't been cleaned out. Why don't you go down and clean up that basement?" Ray said, "Fine, Mrs. Novak." Remember now, this is his last day. He's headed for his teaching job. He rolled up his cuffs. He took off his coat, and down in that basement he went. And, while I was cleaning up that sink Ray cleaned up that basement and then we had our lunch together, and after lunch he started on his way to Vinton, his first coaching and teaching position.

Clyde and Ray really got to Willis and me when we were on our honeymoons. Willis and I graduated in June, 1927. The next day we had a double marriage at St. Paul's Methodist Church, the church where we served as boy's directors, the church that held Willis' funeral. We started on our honeymoon together to Minnesota to Ten Mile Lake in a new Pontiac that my dad had bought and he loaned it to us. Our honeymoon -- Ten Mile Lake -- Minnesota -- Willis and Harris and their new wives. While we were up there, believe it or not, we had a shivereee. Clyde, Ray, and one of the teachers from Vinton high school rented a cabin not far from where we were staying. One night we heard singing out on the lake and we wondered what was going on. We went out on the porch and looked and here came a boat with Clyde and Ray and that gang giving us a shivereee. Yes, at Ten Mile Lake, in the Minnesota wilderness!

Let me share some memories of Clyde. Bert Jenkins, Coe basketball coach, installed a new defense and we were drilled in all the details. Clyde and Ray, our older brothers, were coaching in Vinton. They would come down to Cedar Rapids and see our games and also attend practice. Clyde was a great guy to ask questions. He was interested in our defense and we wanted to apply it with his team up at Vinton, so we gave him
every detail. Well, Clyde and Ray installed the Bert Jenkins zone defense at Vinton high school. It worked, as their Vinton team got in the state basketball tournament and finished third, being defeated by Muscatine 16-14. Now, that's a super defense.

I mentioned that Clyde was a great guy to ask questions. When I left Ohio Northern in 1942 and returned to Coe, Clyde had to take over some of my duties, so he started coaching football. Well, he didn't have a very good team, and to tell you the truth, even though he served as my assistant he was more interested in his bird dog. He would come to practice with that big bird dog, and the athletic field was right at the edge of a farm, and Clyde would disappear with that dog into the meadows and behind, into the cornfields.

So, he didn't really keep up on all his football, but let me tell you what he did. When he took over as head coach he went to Massillon, Ohio, where Chuck Mather and earlier Paul Brown were coaches. They had state championship teams each year. Clyde got with Chuck, and he got that offense of Massillon's and he started with what we call the blocking tables, that is, the line blocked by rules. They didn't have assignments ahead of time. But they blocked according to the man that was in front of them and according to what hole they were going to hit. Clyde mastered it. He was really good at copying the system that was used at Massillon, Ohio. And, think of this. A fella that had kind of neglected his football skills, revived them so well that he was named to the Helms Coaches Hall of Fame for his work as coach and athletic director at Ohio Northern.

Son Marv and Daughter Nancy

Now, I'd like to give you another incident. Our son, Marv, attended Coe. He graduated in 1951 and that guy had the desire to make a varsity "C." He knew his Uncle Clyde and Uncle Ray had made letters in athletics at Coe. He knew Willis and I had both made letters. And, boy, he set his heart on it.

He came to me one summer and he said, "Dad, what can I do? I'd sure like to get going in some sport." "Well, Marv, you've got to make a decision. You've got to take just one sport and work at it." "Well," he said, "what do you think my best chance to make a letter is?" I said, "Marv, football is going to be tough. Basketball, I'd say is another sport that's going to be tough because we've got some pretty good material. But, in track, if you work, I know you can make a varsity "C" at Coe." "Alright," he said. "If you'll give me the works, I'll do it."

We only lived a block from the Franklin junior high track. Every night that summer we would go down there and I would time him. I would
have him work on pace, work on distance, work on jogging, work on sprints. As the summer progressed and it got into August, oh, it was awfully hot, even in the evenings, I could see he was making an improvement. I could see he was going to make our team. Then, it made it pretty tough for me as the coach to put my son on the mile relay team. And, Marv knew it. He knew he had to compete. He had to earn his place on that team in competition against Chilly Hopkins, Ralph LaComb, Marv Levy, against all those boys that were all great quarter milers. Well, Marv worked. When we had the tryouts for the Drake Relays he didn't finish first, but he finished 4th, which gave him a leg to run at the Drake Relays and that was his goal, to be on the Coe track team and run at the Drake Relays.

Well, he graduated from Coe as a 2nd lieutenant and went on through the Air Force training, and through some 20 missions in Korea in the F86. Then, on a certain cross-country course he was headed for New Mexico with his squadron and there was an accident. Marv's plane crashed and he was killed.

But, talk about guts. Talk about desire. Talk about a proud father...just as proud as I could be of our son, Marv. So, we now have a scholarship at Coe in his honor. There'll always be a Marvin Lamb Scholar at Coe, whether it's a boy or a girl, who will attend Coe on aid from the money we've endowed honoring our son.

Our daughter, Nancy, is chairman of the Medical and Surgical Nursing Department in the School of Nursing at St. Luke's Methodist Hospital. A Coe grad in 1953, she started out and spent 10 years as an instructor in the Intensive Care division at St. Luke's. Then, her next position was in Orthopedics and she taught the nurses in that department. Then, she spent 3 years teaching in the Neurology Department. But, her present position now is in the medical and surgical division, where she is teaching not the students, but the instructors in the School of Nursing. She has had a wonderful education. At the present time she's working on her master's degree.

Listen, I can't even spell the names of some of the things she's teaching. But she and Edna just have a wonderful time when they get together, talking about the problems and the improvements, the changes that are taking place in nursing at St. Luke's Hospital.

She married John Skogsbergh '56. Their daughter, Susie, graduated from Iowa State, and their son, Jim, is at Iowa State.

Marv's boys are Andy, who just graduated from Carleton, and Matt, who is at River Falls State in Wisconsin. A dad couldn't be prouder of his kids and grandchildren.
Edna -- Guinea Pig Number One

You've heard me refer to Edna so many times on these tapes. Now let me just explain a bit. Thelma Marvin, my first wife, died in 1952. Two years later I married Edna Drake, my present wife. She is a graduate nurse, attended Northern Iowa University in Cedar Falls, graduated from St. Luke's, took courses at Coe. Her brother, Edgar Drake '29, YMCA secretary in California, graduated from Coe, as did her sisters Lillian '24 and Esther '26 Drake. So, we have another Coe family.

I've kidded a lot with Edna about being Guinea Pig #1. I tried out on her everything I hoped to do at alumni meetings. No wife could have been more helpful than she has been to me as I served the college as the alumni director. She has gone through all the things that I've gone through and has given me inspiration, given me courage to do the job that I've done. I couldn't have done it without her.

Now, in my retirement Edna and I are having a wonderful time because she likes to fish. She likes to play bridge. She likes to hike. She likes to do the things that I like to do. So, our retirement years we're spending together and we both are looking back at wonderful years that we had together serving Coe College.

Yes, we look back but we also are looking forward. That's what I think people should do when they retire. Don't spend all your time looking back at what has happened in the past, but look forward to the future; to the things that you can do with the remaining years of your life. So, that's what Edna and I are doing, we're looking back but we're also looking forward.
INCIDENTS, PEOPLE, AND OTHER UNFORGETTABLE THINGS

In 1918 Coe College took over Leander Clark College in Toledo, Iowa. At that time Leander Clark gave us their records and $50,000 endowment, and we took Prof. Yothers, Prof. Garwood, and Dr. Ward, the English professor. It's been interesting to me through the years to meet the Leander Clark alumni who were adopted as Coe alumni. I'm pleased to state they have established a scholarship and it's endowed by their gifts, and there will always be a Leander Clark scholar at Coe College.

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You know, in the 20's we never heard the words student union! Do you know what our student union was? It was the Richard Drug Store across from Stuart Hall, that newly remodeled alumni headquarters building that we called "Old Science." That's where you got your coffee. That's where you met the gang. Another one of our student union buildings, to me, was the Jones Pharmacy. Jones would take and have a big coffee pot on so when the students came by early in the morning, you stepped in, you paid him a nickle for a cup of coffee, you went to the big tray he had and you picked out a doughnut or a roll. Breakfast cost you ten cents, but it was a union because you had a gang with you and you had a visit and you had a good time. Our student union -- the drug store.

Then, Wernimonts had a home. Buzz was a great football player. His mother lived right across from the athletic field, and the library now occupies the site where the Wernimont home used to be. But, Mrs. Wernimont would serve breakfast. Students would drop over there and what I remember about the Wernimont breakfasts was the homemade bread toasted with butter. That was a great place! -- the Wernimont dining room.

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Chapel -- do students today go to Chapel? No. They don't know what Chapel is. Do you know, we in the 20's went to Chapel four days each week at 10 o'clock. That was the gathering. You all attended Chapel. You had assigned seats. There was a monitor that took the attendance. If you missed too much, some grade points were taken away from you. Dr. Gage would be the speaker. There would be scripture, there would be a prayer, the choir would sing a song, there would be a short speech by the president or one of the faculty members -- Chapel four days a week -- and we look forward to it. It sort of united the student body.

Then, we had the Vespers every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The choirs would dress up in their beautiful robes. The speakers on the platform would wear their gowns. There would be special music by the music department of Max Daehler, Joseph Kitchin, or Marshall Bidwell. And then,
we'd have the beautiful music and the Chapel would be filled because the townpeople were interested in Chapel at Coe College Sinclair Auditorium.

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I think I ought to tell you a little bit about the Sinclair Chapel fire. The night of the fire Willis and I and the Cedar Rapids Officials Association were having a meeting in the Moray Eby Fieldhouse. About 8 o'clock the night watchman came over and he knocked on the door and I could see he had a wild look in his eye. I said, "What's your problem?" He said, "What about locking this up?" I said, "Don't worry about it. Willis and I will lock it up and turn out the lights. Don't worry, we'll take care of the gymnasium."

Well, the night watchman went around the block, across from the Chapel. He went on the porch and started visiting with some people there. He had already set the fire. That fire was really heating up down there in the basement. So, by the time the flames broke out and the fire department was called, our Sinclair Chapel was on its way down in ashes. Well, after our Officials Association meeting Willis and Ted Wernimont went down to the Cedar River to fish. They were going to fish all night, and I think they were among the first ones to get to the campus to see the Chapel fire.

Sinclair Chapel -- down in ashes. But, the Cedar Rapids people and the alumni had a big sign out in front of that campus in a few weeks and it read, "Up from the Ashes." And, that's how the new Chapel was built -- from the alumni who were interested in it.

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I think of Dr. Ben Peterson and the old science building. I would visit with Ben a lot when I was alumni director because he would bring me up-to-date on the men who took chemistry at Coe and were doing outstanding things all across the country. He really kept me informed. But I remember being with him in his office, seeing him in the lab with that old worn out equipment. Then, later I was with Ben when he made his first visit to the new Peterson Hall of Science. He was in a wheel chair, and I'll always remember that smile on his face as they took him on that tour and he could see not one, but many new chemical labs. And, all that fine equipment! Why, when I was in school our high school had better equipment. It isn't bricks and mortar, it's professors. It's the inspiration that they give, it's the way they teach, that makes the college. And even
though Coe didn't have good equipment in those days, Bernie Pull '35, S. Donald Stookey '36, I can go down the line and name these men that took chemistry and science at Coe. And, boy, the equipment wasn't good. But the teachers were. And, those men really made good.

(Editor's note: Harris wrote vignettes of professors like the one on Ben Peterson featuring just about every faculty member he knew and respected. They alone would make a book. Sadly, there isn't space here for Harris' notes on Marvin Cone, Laura Pearl Stewart, Leroy Weld, Bert Jenkins, Bert Aston, Moray Eby, Ethel Outland, Wally Schwank, William Evans, Peter Jacobson, Eric Clitheroe, Stan Vesely, Bill Fitch, LeRoy Coffin, John Henry, Lois McBroom, George Bryant, C. Wilfred Perkins, Ruth Zika, Mary Goudy, and a host of others.)

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Flunk days, that I'll always remember! The students wanted B Avenue closed and they heard Dr. McCabe talk about building the back campus. Well, I remember one Flunk Day they got some long telephone poles and darned if those kids didn't go out there and build a barricade and, I tell you, they stopped traffic. There was no traffic flowing down B Avenue. It caused trouble. The sirens were ringing. The police were coming out. The students were running here and there, but it didn't take long until that blockade was removed and traffic flowed again. But, then, with cooperation between Coe, the trustees, our president, and the mayor, Robert M. L. Johnson '42, who happened to be a Kohawk, finally B Avenue was closed and we got Coe Road, which runs from St. Luke's down next to the great lake, Cedar Lake, as Dr. McCabe would call it.

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I remember trying to recruit Wayne Phillips. I went down to Dubuque where he was working for a coal company. He was up in a coal car getting that coal out of the chutes. I yelled at him. He knew me because I had refereed some games there. He came down and I talked to him about coming to Coe. I didn't spend more than 5 minutes with him because he was being paid by the hour. I said, "Come and see me." And, he did. Wayne Phillips came to Coe College. Look at the record he's making in athletics at Coe: seven consecutive conference championships in track, two titles in football, and he should have another good team this fall.

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While I was alumni director, I was helpful in bringing Wayne Phillips back to Coe from Clinton high school as our head football coach. I don't think I've ever given a better recommendation for a man for a position than I gave for him to Dr. Nussbaum. He didn't have a real good team that first year. They were getting kicked around by the other teams and hadn't won a game up to homecoming. The team kept making errors. For example, I don't remember ever seeing the safety catch a punt. Why, the darn guy would catch it and drop it. Or it would sail over his head. Or he'd try to pick it up on the 2 yard line and fumble. Coe was just handing games to their opponents.

I felt so sorry for Wayne. He was getting so discouraged. Finally, we came to homecoming and he begged me to say something. Well, I didn't want to do it. My thoughts and my ideas were on other things that were really more important than a football game. But, I agreed that I would go in before the game and give them a little shot in the arm. The team came in after their warmup. As they huddled there Wayne said, "Now, I've asked Harris, our alumni director, to say something. You know he coached at Coe, and I'd just like to have him say something."

So, I started out, and I said, "Fellas, you're playing today for the alumni and for dads, 'cause this is Dad's Day. I'm hoping so much (and then I raised my voice) that you won't do the damn dumb things you've been going all season. You've been defeating yourself."

"Now, I'm looking back at a Coe team that was in a dressing room during a Coe-Cornell game, and George Collins was injured. He had a broken jaw and he went out of the game at the half and the doctor did some adjusting and finally got him ready for the second half. Some of the officials from the Cornell team came over to the Coe team and they said, 'George, don't play with that broken jaw.' George Collins said, 'I'll take that chance.' He went in and Coe was behind at the half, but George Collins, that great Black athlete, got the ball and he raced for touchdowns and Coe College won the game.

"Now, I'm not asking for any of you to go out there this afternoon and play with a broken jaw, but doggone you, you got to go out there and fight!"

Well, I gave them that little old pep talk. I wish you'd have seen them. They went out in the start of that football game and they had a touchdown in 5 plays. They just kept marching up and down the field, and finally it got embarrassing, and I said, "Oh, my gosh," to the guys around me. "We got to get Wayne to let up a little bit." That's how well they played that day. They walloped Beloit 87-0 and ran for 711 yards. But, it was all a matter of mental attitude. I'm not saying that I gave them the shot in the arm, but I got them thinking about their dads and about
alumni and forgetting themselves and playing the game the way it should be played.

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A friend and associate who has been so close and has done so much for Coe and its men is Col. (Ret.) Forest Rittgers '25. He was an Army ROTC officer at Coe and later served in both China and Japan. He coached basketball and track at Coe and his track teams won 8 conference titles. Forest would take boys who were not outstanding in talent, but with his dedication and skilled coaching, he brought out the best in each man. His teams always peaked for the Beloit Relays and his mile relay team set records in successive years.

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Today's track stars who have won 7 consecutive conference titles can train on an indoor astroturf track with banked curves and clean, painted lines. What did Prof. Bryant have for his teams? All he had was a little, old straightway about 40 yards long and 15 feet wide made of dirt and cinders. But, memorable runners like Harlan Fren tess '21; Clem Wilson '12, Olympic silver medalist; Jack Massey '17; Jack Skien '16; and Ellis Verink '14 practiced on that tiny stretch.

Their success proves again that it isn't bricks or mortar that makes a college. It's the professors and the students. So judge a college not by bricks and stones but by the product that's turned out of that school.

When you do that Coe College rates with the best of them.

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Many have asked me how we've built the Marvin Lamb endowed scholarship to more than $12,000 so that there will always be a Marvin Lamb Scholar at Coe. It was easy and I've often thought how easy it would be for others to do what we have done.

All you have to do is have the desire and then build a schedule. The best way is on a monthly instalment basis. I think a college pledge should be paid on the same basis as a church pledge, monthly or weekly. If you are able to buy an appliance or support your church by monthly
payments, then you can support your Coe in the same way. And you ought to.

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The Lambs have another endowed award at Coe. I wanted to honor my first wife so we started the Thelma Marvin Lamb Track Shoe Award. Any Kohawk who wins a first place in the conference track meet gets a little gold track shoe. And, with so many titles lately there are a lot of Coe alumni wearing their track shoe awards.

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The man who won the most gold track shoes was Kip Korir '74 of Kenya, Africa. Let me tell you about this remarkable young man.

Bob Anderson '66 sent me a letter when he was in Kenya with the Peace Corps, "We'd like to send Kip to Coe. Can you help him with a scholarship?"

Alice Kirwin in the Coe Growth office went to work and got several churches to help Kip. Kip wasn't known to the coaches and I said to him one day, "Why don't you try out for cross-country?"

He did and that began a memorable track career. He was a natural. In one conference meet Kip scored more than forty points himself. He holds Coe records in the 440, the triple jump, the javelin, and the 2-mile relay.

And, when he tried out for football, he kicked soccer-style field goals from 40 to 45 yards out. In Kenya, Kip's associates won't recognize his string of gold track shoes. But we hope that they will remind him of his thrilling triumphs as a Kohawk.

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Where did that mythical bird the Kohawk come from? Years ago there was a contest to name the Coe teams. Prof. Perkins, a colorful German prof, won the contest with the name "Kohawk." Prof. Perkins was one of those all-purpose characters on the Coe campus that did so many things. In addition to lively teaching he distributed student aid and recruited students. But, I remember him mostly as the creator of the mighty bird, the Kohawk.

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Ruth Moon served Coe for years as alumni secretary and she laid the foundation for the program we have today. She was a one-lady department. She started Coe's alumni records. She made the address changes. She published the COURIER. Coe files are filled with warm letters she wrote to servicemen in World War II. She was a wonderful person and a real factor in the Coe we know today.

Many times I've talked to alumni and they'll say, "How can you build alumni loyalty?" To me, loyalty is built when the students are on campus. You can't wait until they graduate; it's too late then. It must be done while they are at Coe, and the ones to do it are the faculty. If our faculty only realized the importance of having relations, good relations, with our students and going that second mile with them, we'd have far better alumni programs.

When you think that 90% of our gifts to the college come from 10% of our people, we are certainly missing the boat. What about the other 90%? We now have only about a fourth of our alumni contributing, and if we can get that other 75% to contribute, think of the scholarships that we could have at Coe. Think of the boys and girls that could receive aid and further their education so they could take their deserved place in society.

I think every time I see the Coe campus and I think of my days at Coe, I'm so appreciative of what others did for me to make it possible for me to receive an education at Coe College. There's a great satisfaction in knowing that you are trying to pay back your alma mater so that others can get the same break that you got.

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In our lives we all look back to certain persons who have had a great influence on us. I'm sure this is true with you as it is with me. I know if Clyde, Ray and Willis, my brothers, could be here with me they would agree 100 percent on the great influence we've felt from others. There's Moray Eby, there's our other coaches, our teachers -- Dr. Hickok and Dr. Gage -- and I could go on and on. They've all been wonderful and had a great influence on our lives.

I'm also sure they would agree with me that the influence our mother, our Christian mother, had on us has had a great effect on our lives. Our mother was a tremendous Christian. She was a Sunday school teacher, she was kind and good to everyone. She was so interested in her four sons, Boone is 125 miles from Cedar Rapids. She'd come down on the late
afternoon train and come to the Coe games. Then, Willis and I would take her down to the old railroad depot and she would go home on the 11 o'clock train. My father was an engineer and we all had railroad passes, so our traveling was not very expensive. But, mother was so interested. Somehow or other it just seemed that when she would come to those games, Willis and I would put forth a little more effort so she would be proud of us.

We were members of the Methodist church. We would go to church on Sunday morning at a church downtown. Then, there was a little old chapel out by our house. They had no minister. But, my mother took charge. We didn't have sermons, but we had songs, and we had Sunday school in the afternoon. That meant that many of the railroad families who lived in that area had their children come over to the Sunday school at the chapel with my mother as superintendent. She had a wonderful influence, not only on us but on many others.

I'll close with this note. My wish and desire, and my hope is that Coe College will continue to advance as it has in the past. I know it all depends on us, on the alumni who have benefitted by the program that was furnished us. We will always be indebted to those who believed in higher education, who gave of themselves, of their wealth, for scholarships, for dormitories, for equipment, and now it's our turn.

I want to thank Coe College for the opportunity they gave me to serve as their alumni director. No one could have enjoyed the job more than I did. So, thank you very, very much.