

In the Kappa Alpha Fraternity Lodge at Williamstown, there has been placed a bronze tablet to his memory and to that of three other members of the fraternity. It bears the words

QUI FUERUNT SED NUNC AD ASTRA



MALCOLM COTTON BROWN

1910-1914

SOME years ago, amongst all the boys that each September flock into our school, there came a lad from Hinsdale, Illinois. His name was Malcolm Brown. Nearly a hundred boys come each year, and the process, first of settling and then of winning a personal place, gives each boy a taste of the real world. The numbers are large, the place is big, in interests the group is highly diversified. How shall an individual win his way in so complete a boy world? Sometimes by innate powers of leadership, often by athletic prowess—always by sterling worth.

It was this worthiness, warm with fine mental capacity and lit by talent, that brought Malcolm to the fore. I can see him now: not a robust athlete, though spirited at

play (he was captain of a hockey team, a member of a boat crew, excelled as a swimmer, and was an excellent tennis player), not the typical popular hero, though beloved and appreciated by all; an alert, intense boy—pure you felt confident—intelligent, obviously—tingling with life—thinking about and leaping forward to whatever is honorable, lovely, and of good report.

Malcolm won scholastic honors in plenty. Each year he was called to the platform on Last Night for a First Testimonial—our highest award. To the School Orchestra he gave a talented allegiance. I can see him bending in boyish enthusiasm over his violin. My last remembered picture of Malcolm, the schoolboy, is of one singled out from the entire group to carry the Cross. A boys' school is critical, and intolerant of sham. A real person, therefore, it must be for this high duty, when on great days we have processions with the Cross of Jesus going on before. And Malcolm was selected to carry the Cross. This was a silent approval of his whole character.

Thus the shy new boy increased into the loyal companion, the maker of music, the keen scholar, the bearer of the Cross.

Into young manhood Malcolm carried over the best of boyhood—a spirit unsmirched and a body unsullied. Thereto he had added the beautiful strength of broad vision and a complete willingness to give his best and his all. Malcolm gave both. He has left this good world better than he found it, and his old School rises up to call him blessed. We faithfully believe that his soul is active now in that noble army of men and boys who still climb the steep ascent. There the Heavenly Leader still offers to His beloved the challenges of life.

Regarding his military career, it should be noted that after attending, in the summer of 1917, the military en-

gineering camp of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he made application to Toronto for the Royal Flying Corps. Passing his examinations and obtaining the consent of his parents (for he was under age), he took instruction at the Canadian School and at Fort Worth, Texas. In February, 1918, he sailed for England to complete his training. After graduation he became a first lieutenant and service pilot and joined Squadron Ninety, a picked squadron of fighting pilots. While flying in a plane which proved defective, his machine crashed to the ground near Gloucester, England, and caused his instant death on July 23rd, 1918.