

A Man of His Time

Francis Thompson Colby

A Museum of Science Publication

COLONEL FRANCIS THOMPSON COLBY
GAVE THIS ROOM
IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER
REAR ADMIRAL HARRISON GRAY OTIS COLBY, U.S.N.
IT CONTAINS COLONEL COLBY'S TROPHY COLLECTION
AND IS A REPRODUCTION OF THE GUN ROOM
IN HIS HOME AT HAMILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.
FOR A GREAT MANY YEARS A PLEASANT
MEETING PLACE OF THE COLONEL
AND HIS FRIENDS

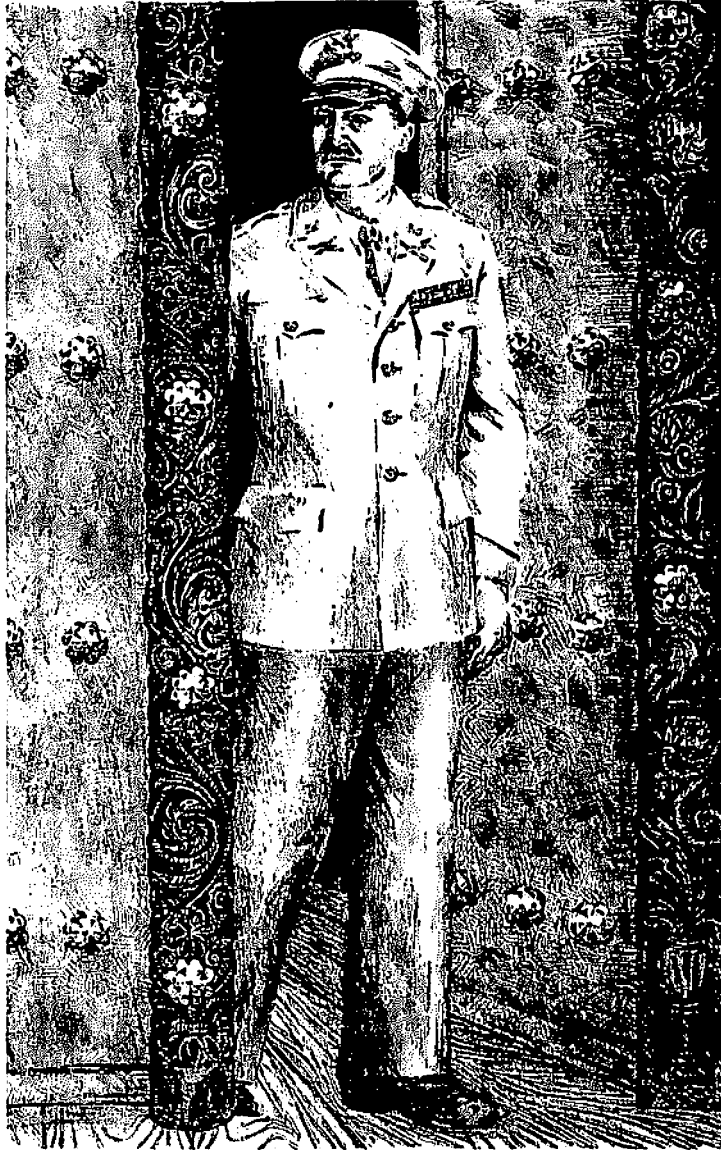
IN MEMORY OF
FRANCIS THOMPSON COLBY
1882 - 1953

*WHOSE GENEROUS BEQUEST FOR ENDOWMENT
REPRESENTS THE GREATEST EXPRESSION OF
FAITH AND CONFIDENCE RECEIVED BY THIS
MUSEUM IN ITS FIRST 125 YEARS*

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LC ROOKMAKER
7 August 1975
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The story of Colonel Francis T. Colby, Museum of Science benefactor,
and of his Gun and Trophy Room, reproduced as a Museum exhibit and
given in memory of his father, Rear Admiral Harrison Gray Otis Colby.

Colonel Francis T. Colby – A Man of His Time



The Colby Bequest, like almost all large gifts, had an extraordinary beginning.

At about 10 o'clock one night toward the middle of June in 1952 the telephone rang at our home in Cambridge. Preparing for bed and not too eager for a telephone call on any subject at that time of night, I simply let it ring. But the caller was more determined than I was, so I finally picked up the receiver.

"This is Francis Colby," said a voice at the other end of the line. I hesitated for a moment, as I couldn't instantly place the name — and he continued, "From Hamilton — you remember, we've met at the Harvard Travellers Club."

I did remember immediately — a fine, erect gentleman of possibly seventy years, British in bearing, who knew an enormous amount about Africa, and always talked about it with enthusiasm.

"Of course," I finally replied. "It's good to hear you. What can I do for you?"

"I've become rather interested in your Museum and I have a scheme related to it which I'd like to discuss with you if you could drive down to see me some evening soon."

I said that I'd be delighted, and a few days later I turned left at "the Town Hall with the cannon in front of it," and drove exactly 1.7 miles and parked my car beside Colonel Colby's home — in a frigid, driving northeaster. It was only a hundred feet from my car to the door, but I was already drenched by the time that it opened and Colonel Colby — Frannie, as everyone called him — stood in the entrance to greet me. He beckoned to me to warm myself in front of the fire, while he stretched out on a huge bedlike couch in front of me where he had been reading

a book. The fireplace was enormous, and so was the fire. I had not been there twenty seconds before he came right to the focus of our meeting:

"I suppose you wonder why on earth I've brought you all the way down here on this ghastly night." He scarcely hesitated as I nodded, then continued, "I'm dying of cancer and I'd like to give this room to your Museum if you can find a place for it." He looked upward past the bear skulls on the mantle to the huge Alaskan Brown Bear glowering down on us from the face of the chimney and his hand swept above his head in one wide arc to include the myriad skins, heads, horns, guns, and memorabilia which seemed to cover every inch of the walls and ceiling.

We chatted about his plan far into the night, and my warning that this was certain to be a costly undertaking did not faze him a bit. Aside from the expense of taking the room down, moving it to Boston and rebuilding it, would be the inevitable annual costs of cleaning and poisoning the skins and heads — and occasional replacement costs if moths thwarted our efforts and some of the scores of animals deteriorated.

And then, too, another barrier was the fact that we didn't even have a building to put it in — although planning for one was already well under way, but completion far, far off (1961). However, his enthusiasm for his idea was boundless, as was his confidence that the Museum would eventually erect an excellent place to install the room.

We agreed to pursue the matter further — I to try to estimate the expenses involved in moving, reassembly, and main-

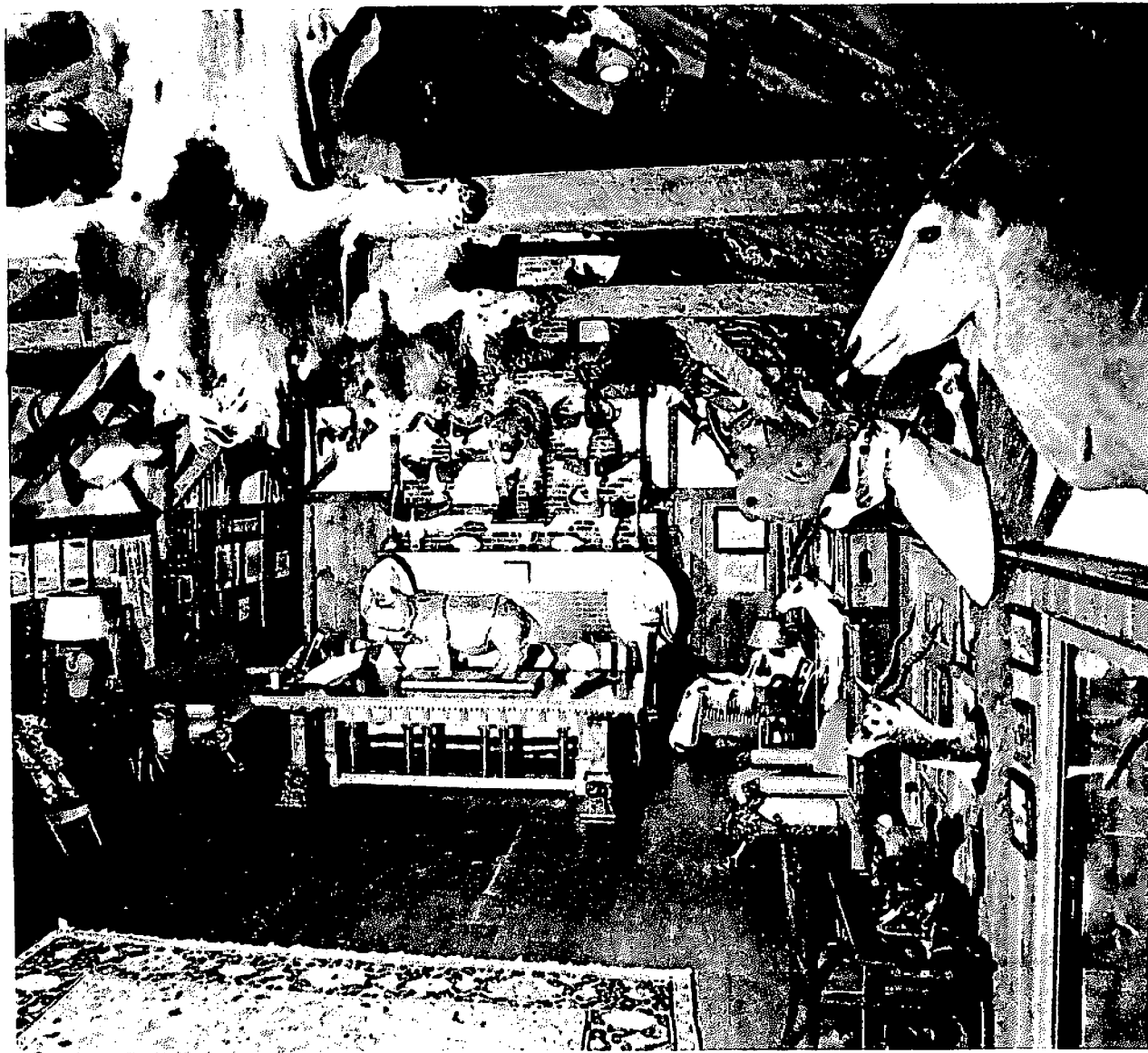
tenance; he to give more thought to the amount of money he felt he could devote to meet these costs. I hadn't the slightest idea of the extent of his resources, and he never divulged the slightest scrap of information on this vital subject. All I knew was that he had an extraordinary idea and that he seemed completely confident that there weren't any barriers that could not easily be overcome.

I was sworn to total secrecy. I could not breathe a word about this plan to anyone — except our architect, Josiah Child, who was also sworn not to tell a soul. Nobody but Colby's doctor and his lawyer knew the nature of his illness, as he did not want to be surrounded by grieving friends during his last few months on earth.

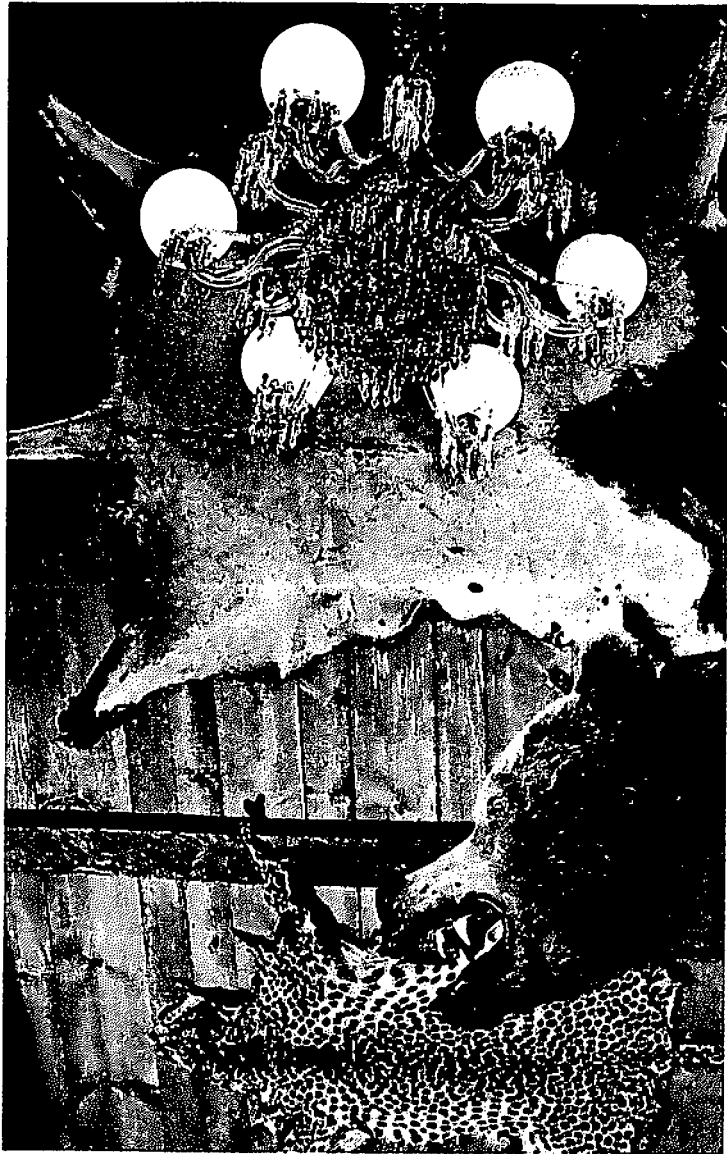
I had paced off rough measurements that first night, and Jo Child and I made preliminary estimates of cost. Colonel Colby was delighted on hearing them and invited both of us to come down for lunch on July 30 — a date I shall never forget, as my mother died at Squam Lake in New Hampshire the day before, and Jo had to make the trip to Hamilton alone.

He had a delightful lunch with the Colonel and made scores of precise measurements of the Gun Room — from which, during the next month, he drafted a complete set of plans and sections of it.

As summer turned to fall, we chatted on the phone and finally it was agreed that it would be both too complex and too costly to move the room to Boston and reassemble it — that the wisest course was to recreate it as faithfully as possible in every detail. The cost for this intricate job and the space which it would occupy in our new building was set at \$75,000,



A Man of His Time



and it was also agreed that a small restricted endowment, yielding about \$1500 a year for cleaning and repairs, should be set up as a part of Colby's bequest.

Although we talked frequently about all this on the telephone, the Colonel never visited the Museum once, to the day of his death. He saw the plans for the new Central Building (now a memorial to Francis A. Countway) on the terrace floor of which the Colby Room was to be built. He drove right past the Museum once a week for cancer therapy at the Massachusetts General Hospital, but he never crossed our threshold. Each week he'd say, "I'll do it next time, but yesterday I didn't have quite the strength to make it after my treatment. All my friends say that you're doing a marvelous job. I trust their judgment, and if I never manage to make it, I'm confident that you will do everything right."

The last happy event in the Gun Room was a big Hunt Tea, which Frannie put on for all his friends in November. It was a beautiful fall afternoon. Giant bowls of punch were on the table by Kay Lane's rhinoceros. Equally huge logs crackled in the fireplace, and tea was served in the dining room nearby. His two ancient but devoted maids ministered constantly to everyone's needs, and as darkness fell and the guests departed, everyone later agreed that it had been a delightful, indeed a perfect, way to close the doors of the Gun Room in Hamilton for the last time. This was the first time that my wife Barbara had been there and she and the Colonel struck up an instant friendship.

The doctors marveled at Frannie's recuperative powers, as he seemed far

better in December than he had in June, but by the new year the final tide had begun to turn. We talked on the telephone occasionally, and Barbara and I lunched with him once. But during these winter chats and visits he preferred to reminisce about his experiences in Africa rather than to talk about the room.

On March 13, 1953, he had a long talk with me about the residue of his estate and the possibility that he might wish to establish a memorial to his father with an additional gift. I told him that we were seeking a million dollars as a memorial to name the as-yet-unbuilt Central Building (later donated by Miss Sanda Countway) but that we needed unrestricted endowment funds even more — to strengthen the long-range operation of the Museum.

At his request I journeyed to New York to chat about this with Alfred Ely, a distinguished attorney and fellow member of the Boone and Crockett Club. We talked about the Museum's plans, its problems, and its needs, but neither he nor the Colonel ever revealed their intentions. As we later learned, he signed his will on March 21. I never saw it. He simply told me that I need not worry; all that he felt necessary had been done.

I made two or three more visits to Hamilton in the spring, then Barbara and I left for a long trip to Alaska in June to continue our project of mapping Mount McKinley. He gave me a firm handshake as we said what we both knew was probably our last goodbye. His eyes twinkled and he urged me, "Whenever groups are assembled in my room, I hope that they will drink a toast to me and the good fellowship of camping and hunting and exploration in the bush." There have

been many dinners and meetings in that room, and each and every time we've toasted Frannie Colby.

On July 30, as Barbara and I were driving along the McKinley Park Highway halfway between Wonder Lake and Mount Elison, we were hailed by a man in a jeep, coming from Park Headquarters in the opposite direction. He handed me a shopworn telegram which looked as if it had been read by everyone in town. It was signed by Caroline Harrison and David Freeman of my staff at the Museum. Frannie Colby had died on July 30, precisely on the anniversary of the day when he and Jo Child had discussed and measured the room together.

The funeral service was held in the Gun Room. The rhinoceros was removed from the great East African mvuli wood table that Childs Frick had given him in the old days, and Frannie's casket, covered with an American flag, lay there, surrounded by flowers. The room was filled to overflowing with a throng of friends: from Myopia and Essex, from the Back Bay where he kept an apartment on Marlborough Street; friends from New York, hunting companions, and solid local folk from Hamilton who had worked for him over the years. They all knew each other as well as Frannie — in school, college, clubs, sports, business, travel, and the military.

When the will was opened we were all astonished. In addition to generous income for his retainers and some cousins, the Museum received \$200,000 to build and endow the Gun Room in memory of his father, Admiral Harrison Gray Otis Colby, final residual interest in a \$500,000 trust (now valued at \$1,072,000) — and, at

the end, the entire residue of the estate, \$1,012,000, to be used as unrestricted endowment! And this document had never been changed since it was signed in March, after which he'd had many long talks with me about our needs. What delight he must have had in knowing throughout all these sessions that he had already taken care of everything.

Francis Colby was an extraordinary man. His personal resources made it possible for him to do exactly what he wanted — and he was never really happy unless he was on the trail in the wilderness. Today, in the Ecological Revolution, a big game hunter is viewed as a criminal; then, he was a hero. His room epitomizes the excitement of this bygone era and the highlights in the life of a restless, generous bachelor who loved the campfire, the veldt, the Alaska wilderness — the vigorous, dynamic outdoor life — more than anything else.

This little book will tell you more about Francis Colby and his room. The Museum's Trustees, members, friends, and all its countless visitors owe him a tremendous debt of gratitude. For his great gifts established a firm financial foundation on which we could build and expand confidently, at a time when nothing was more necessary to our survival than confidence and generosity.

Bradford Washburn

Cambridge, Massachusetts
January 15, 1973



Francis Thompson Colby 1882-1953

Francis Thompson Colby was born in Boston in 1882, son of Mary Catherine Thompson and Harrison Gray Otis Colby. A direct descendent in the eighth generation of Myles Standish, Harrison was a man of action who sought the front line or its equivalent in adventure at every step. His distinguished naval career spanned 22 years that saw him rise from midshipman to rear admiral. It is no wonder that Francis — so like his father in spirit and verve — would consider the Gun and

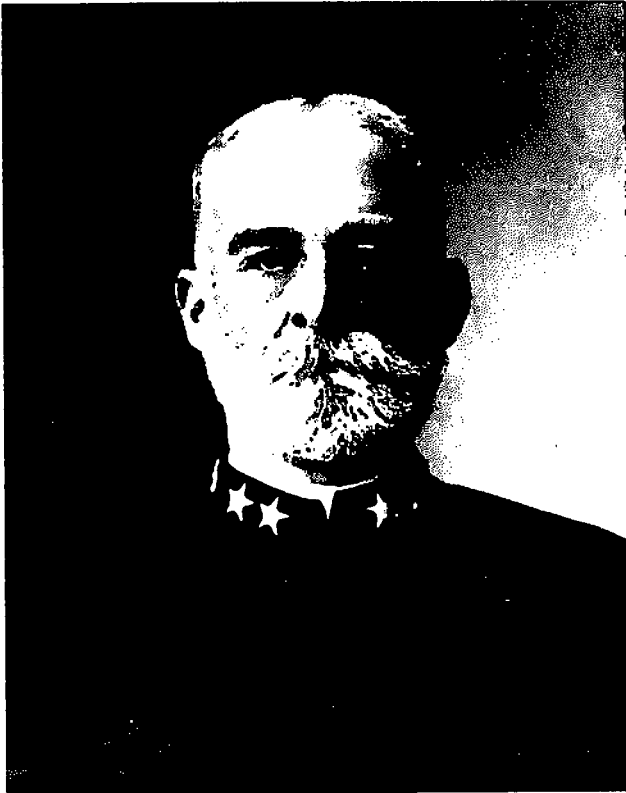
Trophy Room replica at the Museum of Science a suitable monument to his father's memory.

Frannie lived through school years that were relatively placid. They were in fact prescribed, as they were for many of his friends: like them, he prepared at Noble and Greenough School and was graduated from Harvard with a B.A. in 1905.

"His memory was miraculous," a friend said of him. "He never repeated himself, and he had the ability to make an intriguing tale out of the

smallest incident. He could out-Kipling Kipling!"

Keen, intelligent, alert, he was not a scholar but rather a serious student of life. To Francis Colby, life was a Happening. From its moments, he spun sagas and epics. He was a story-teller of great dimensions. When life did not seem to have the pace he thought it should, he took matters into his own hands and set the stride himself. When he died in 1953, he had lived 70 years of high adventure of his own design.



A life of travel

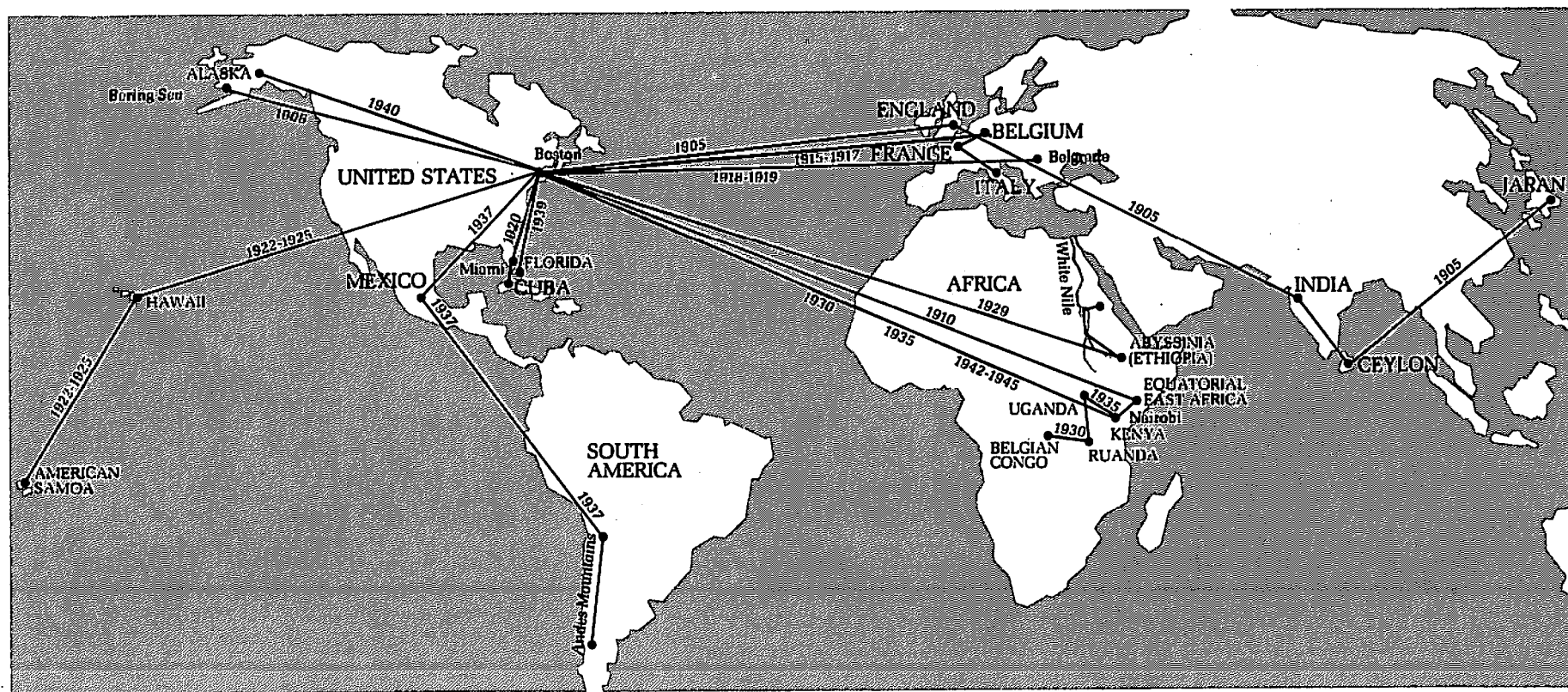
As a wealthy bachelor Francis Colby was able to do much traveling, and he didn't stay put long. As a young man his first ports of call were England, Ceylon, India, and Japan. Following graduation in 1905, he settled into the offices of Kidder, Peabody and Co. in Boston to study banking. After a few months he left with a gun over his shoulder for an eight-month trip to Alaska, where he inspected coal and other mining properties.

Even at this early period in his life — he was

only 24 — collecting had become a part of him. Moose, caribou, and black bear — fine specimens all — were hunted, shot, shipped home, and mounted. It was on this trip that he bagged the largest Alaskan Brown Bear recorded to that time. He brought the animal home and had the head and forequarters mounted so that others might see exactly how it looked through the sights of his rifle. A replica of it is installed today where he placed the original, over the

fireplace in the Trophy Room — a fierce sight, appearing almost to crash right out of the wall into the viewer's lap.

In 1910 Colby discovered his other home: Africa. Buffalo, elephant, rhinoceros, antelope, lions and many other cats joined the collection. He lived at the Muthaiga Club in Nairobi, had his boots spit-and-polished and his bush clothes washed and pressed, and enjoyed his position as one of the important big game hunters.



A life of travel

Then, for three years, he settled into the somewhat sedentary life of his class, practicing law in association with Samuel Thorne, Jr., in New York City. During this period, up to the start of World War I, he became associated with the military, serving in cavalry squadrons in New York and nearby Connecticut.

In 1915, he was a first lieutenant in the Belgian Army, heading up an ambulance column, and served with distinction in The War. In 1920, while

in the 2nd battalion of the 7th Field Artillery, he traveled to Miami and Cuba. In 1922, he was in Hawaii, working for the Department of the Army in defense intelligence. In 1928, Colby resigned his commission and went home to Hamilton, Massachusetts.

A short stay there was followed a year later by a trip across Abyssinia — the Ethiopia of today. While there, he represented this country at the coronation of Emperor Haile Selassie, because —

so the story goes — he was the only American on the African continent who had a top hat and was therefore qualified for the honor. All the while he was engaged in military duties, he was enjoying a more light-hearted side of his life: fishing, hunting, playing polo, camping, fully enjoying the outdoors and the life of a sportsman.

Those who knew Colby well remember his great love for hunting. In fact, an older gentleman said after Frannie's death that his first vivid



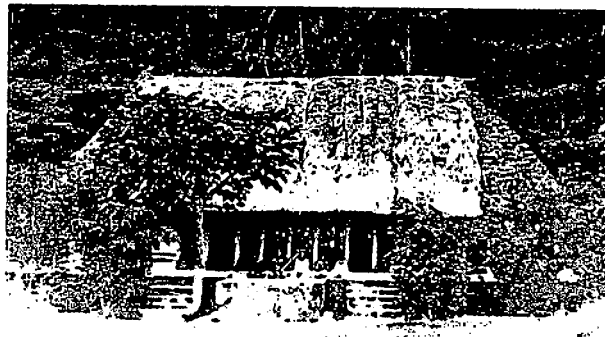
memory of him was in Princeton, Mass., as a 10-year-old alone, with a .22 rifle hunting rabbits. The whole aspect of the chase thrilled him. He seemed never to tire of either the adventure or the relating of it. He sought out the best possible trophies, and frequently his animals were the record-breakers of that era. He was neither wasteful nor unsportsmanlike in his desire to make up a fine collection.

Shooting and photographing, he traveled widely

throughout Africa — in Kenya, Uganda, Ruanda, and the Belgian Congo, when travel there was a complex, challenging undertaking, a far cry from the commercial travel available nowadays. He then moved across the seas into Mexico and South America. In 1939 he was asked by the Boone and Crockett Club to collect the bears that were needed for the North American Hall in the American Museum of Natural History. He wrote for the Harvard Travellers Club as well as the

Boone and Crockett Club. Through all his travels, he was adding to his Trophy Room possessions. By now he was collecting military uniforms, helmets, firearms, and countless photographs.

One of Colby's more spectacular contributions to his country occurred at the outbreak of World War I when he served in France with an organized ambulance column attached to the Belgian Army. It was called Colby's Company, and he commanded it for more than a year.



The military man

In one of his scrapbooks, an aged and yellow article from the *Boston Evening Transcript*, dated October 31, 1914, had this to say:

"Without regard to race or nationality, the American Ambulance is writing the first chapters of what will be a new book in military surgery and medicine."

How had all this come about? Fate had played its own trump card in that Colby had been turned down by the military because of a broken leg

sustained while playing polo. Undaunted in his desire to get to the front, he had conceived the idea of forming an ambulance company and had set to work to raise subscriptions for it in Boston, crutches and all. A group of interested and generous citizens backed him and, in record time, the idea became an actuality.

"Not a word of his personal experiences in those four years of service with the valiant soldiers of the Belgian Army could be obtained from

Capt. Colby, but his three war crosses and three citations for bravery speak for themselves," these old newspapers state, and then they describe him: "Tall, spare, and muscular, bronzed and a wonderfully attractive figure. . . ."

With America's entry into the war, Colby was transferred to the U.S. Army and he served in France and Italy during that period.

After The War, in 1922 a whole new part of the world opened up to him with his appointment to



the Hawaiian Department of the Army. For the three years following he was stationed in the Pacific and was commander of the 2nd Battalion. He wrote an extensive report on conditions and possibilities for the defense of American Samoa, covering the air approaches to Hawaii — highly classified material.

After he resigned his commission in 1928, he continued his travels. While in Africa in the 30's, he wrote many reports on various political, eco-

nomic, and military topics for the U. S. Government. The subjects of other reports covered the Balkans, the Danzig area, and the South Seas. As World War II approached, Colby became the logical choice to head up U. S. intelligence in East Africa.

Wherever he went, Colby gathered artifacts, statuettes, weapons, and any article that he felt represented the essence of the country he was in.



Africa – land of contrasts



Africa meant more to Colby than just a shooting gallery. He understood this continent of contrasts: violent and peaceful, ugly and beautiful, ancient and contemporary. He studied the people and the animals, often observing their customs and habits with a combination of scientific detachment and singularly subjective involvement. He studied the land and recognized early that in the richness of the earth lay the potentialities for Africa's wealth and power. Colby was curiously sensitive, almost intuitive about Africa. Glimpses of his personal response to Africa are found in some of his letters to friends back home. These remarks were written in 1944 in Ethiopia:

"This is one of the loveliest places you can possibly imagine. It's 8600 feet up in the mountains. It nestles in a sort of sky valley with mountains all around it, and it is full of strange looking men with black beards, brass cartridge belts, and big heads of hair. I am guest of H.R.H. the Crown Prince, and I live in a Little Palace. It's a villa on a hill high up over the town in an artificial grove of Eucalyptus trees and flower gardens.

"The Palace is on a hill, a gate and guard at the bottom and another guard at each side of the steps at the top. The Prince is the Governor of this area and also commands the troops with the rank of Lieutenant General. . . .

"There are all kinds of country in Africa, but this is certainly the land of milk and honey. Most beautiful great valleys of rich black soil and green grass with thousands of cattle, sheep, and horses feeding as far as one can see. The villages are pretty. They are circular turkles, stone walls and thatched roofs, and they are clustered on little hills midst

trees and gardens. The villages are always walled and loop-holed for defense.

"This (Sacred City of Axum) is a very remarkable and ancient City. The present church was built in 1634 but the Monoliths and ancient stones where the kings of Tigre and Emperors of Ethiopia are crowned must be of tremendous age. In various niches in the Church walls and under trees, devout Christians sat reading the Bible. The Head Priest had been told of my arrival and presently joined me. We had met before and I was familiar with the Church and its remarkable painting. This time I asked to see the crowns of the Emperors. After a short delay four crowns were produced. The first was that of Johannes II, a Tigrean Prince who aided Lord Napier's expedition in 1865 and thereby became Emperor after the defeat and death of Emperor Theodor. He was killed at the battle of Gallebat after defeating the Mahdi's General Osman Dinlsa in 1888. The next was the Crown of Menalik himself, then there was that of Ras Seyoom, present King of Tigre, now under protective custody of Addis Ababa. I have met him twice this year. The last crown was the Crown of Haile Selassie as King Regent before being crowned Emperor. The Priests held these crowns standing in line before a beautiful red and yellow Persian carpet and I photographed them in color and in Pan." A number of remarkable Ethiopian paintings of the early history of Christianity (with all the important figures Negroes) collected on this trip by Col. Colby are displayed in the Colby Room.

In 1928, he had bought a house in Hamilton, Mass., and now, on returning from Africa, he actually used it for the first time. For a while, he relaxed, relish-

At home in Hamilton

ing his new leisure and a lifestyle far removed from what he had enjoyed with equal delight amid the ancient ruins of Abyssinia and the jungles of Kenya.

Friends were important to Colby. He loved an audience. Callous, violent, flamboyant, and selfish one moment, he could be gentle, kind, and full of Victorian sensibilities the next. He loved to talk and he expected to hold the stage himself.

"What a host he was!" reminisced a close friend. "He was full of fun. Full of ideas and always the center of everything."

There are many stories about his untraditional lifestyle. According to one story, whenever Francis Colby was feeling particularly full of himself, he did not bother to call the maid with the bell that was in his gun room. Instead, he would pick up a gun from his enormous library table and fire a shot. His serving lady would appear, unperturbed by the performance, and ask him solemnly if there were something he wished.

In those Hamilton years, Colby had a German shepherd dog, David, that he was very fond of but did not bother to control or discipline, much to the discomfort of his friends who felt the sharpness of the animal's teeth many a time. Such incidents amused the Colonel.

Whether he laughed with or at people might sometimes have been a question. He brought many guests home to Hamilton and among them was a man he claimed to be the uncrowned king of Uganda. There was always a suspicion in the minds of many that this was not the uncrowned head of Uganda but just an ordinary friend from Africa.

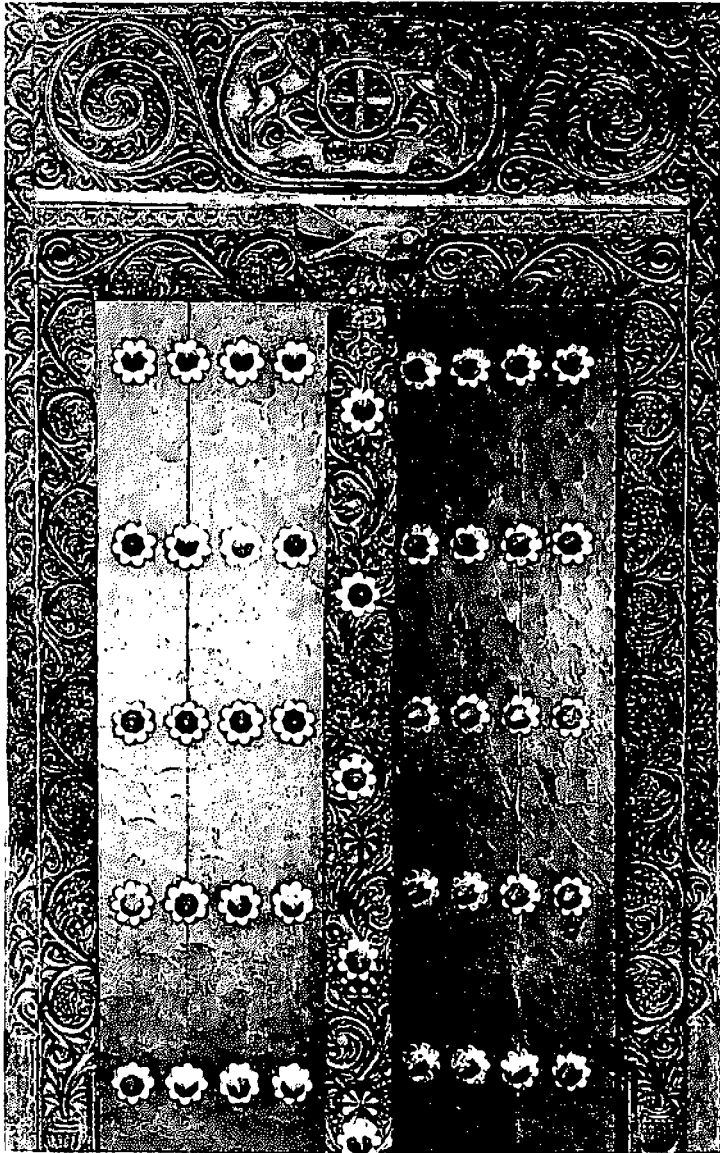
Colby was frugal yet extravagant. It

was not unusual for him to buy a second-hand radiator, and then spend twice its worth to have the plumber fix it. He was known to be generous to those who served him. When, for example, he prepared for his African trips, he bought and packed masses of medical supplies. He never went anywhere without his medicine trunk. The size of this operation amused a companion who one day challenged him as to what he would do if he found a native in the bush with an acute appendix. "Why I suppose I'd take it out!" was his prompt reply. He was in fact most generous with his medicines and brought aid and relief to both his bearers and the tribes he met.

As the years progressed, Francis Colby returned often from his African trips to spend more time in his home in Hamilton. The Gun Room became his Africa in the United States, and it was there that he entertained lavishly on Sundays and all major holidays. These events were unique and everyone loved them. All agreed that Colby's Gun Room not only expressed very accurately the man but the lifestyle of a segment of society in one area of American living. Even though a glance around the room might lead one to believe that it epitomized the senseless slaughter of African game, it was here that many of the early seeds of present-day attitudes toward ecology and conservation were born, as lovers of the jungle and veldt came to chat with the Colonel — not only about the wonders of the wilderness but of preserving them for future generations.



The Gun and Trophy Room



There are few rooms in the world like the Colby Gun and Trophy Room, because there have been few people like Francis T. Colby. The room is a reflection of the man himself, of his unique personality and his deep, sensitive appreciation for his second home, Africa. He was not a man of understatement. Even to speak of him one uses superlative terms, as in this description by a friend.

"World soldier, sportsman, explorer, naturalist; so proudly American bred, so Olympian in his tastes; so fondly and so deeply self-tutored in the experience, the wonder, and the mystery of the Twentieth Century Africa, and with such quick and fascinating comprehension of the grace of races other than his own."

In Colonel Colby's home in Hamilton, the Gun Room — perhaps his favorite spot — looked out onto an expansive lawn, shaded by large elms. There his horse, Foursquare, often roamed at will, sometimes nudging his way through the door and into the house to have a bite of sugar always kept on a plate for him beneath the rhinoceros. There was a pond in the yard where the Colonel kept swans in the summertime and where migrating birds stopped on their way south. A built-in view has been given to the Museum's replica of the trophy room through the construction of diorama shells, just beyond the window panes. Painted by the prominent artist, Henry B. Brooks, these dioramas show the scene precisely as it appeared through each of the windows. One view across the lawn is complete in every detail with Foursquare browsing in the background.

It was not uncommon to find a gun or trophy room in homes a generation or so ago — today's equivalent is probably

called a den, or gameroom, or family room where sporting equipment or souvenirs of travels are displayed. Such rooms have atmosphere of their own and are extremely personal. In Colby's room, the visitor senses the action of military and sporting events. The decor, rococo by today's standards, is a fine example of the plush opulence so in vogue at the time. It is indeed a period room. Even the animal specimens, so carefully mounted and displayed, are larger than you might choose to display, and there are certainly more of them in the room than would comfortably be included in a modern day counterpart.

Standing in the doorway of the Colby Room is like standing on the threshold of a trapper's den. The great Arab doors from Witu provide the initial frame. Magnificently carved and studded with beveled brass spikes, the doors were taken from the Palace of the Sultan of Witu, a coastal village in Zanzibar, south of Malindi and north of Mombasa. They are nearly twelve feet high and four inches thick and are known as elephant doors because the brass spikes were supposed to inhibit wandering elephants from entering.

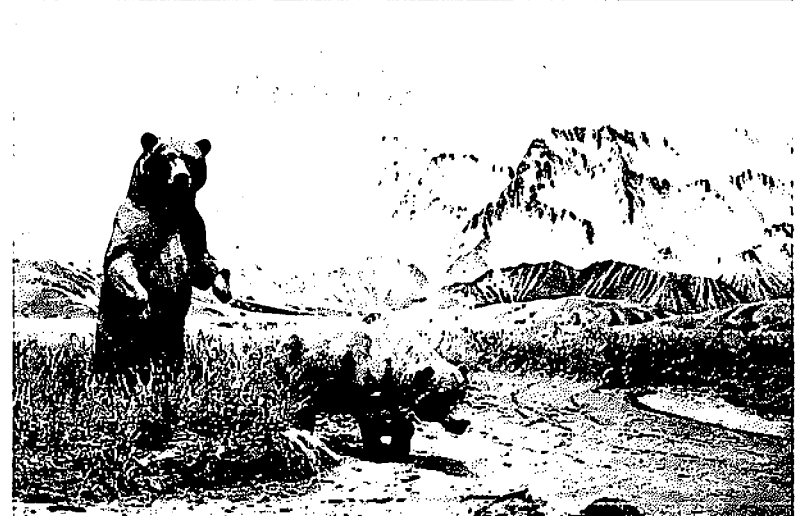
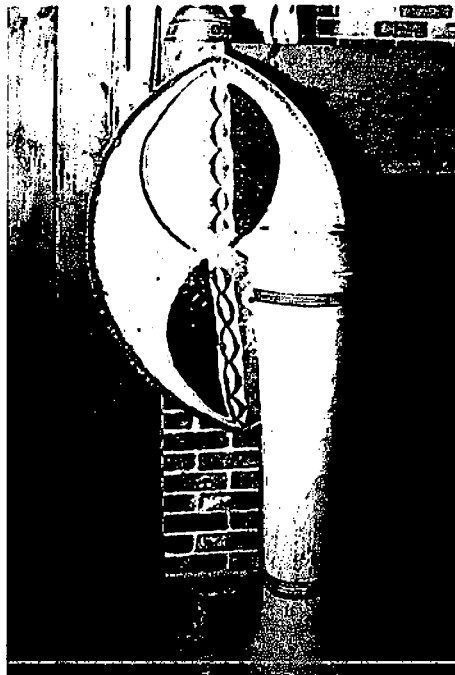
Pass through this impressive doorway and step into another world. Overhead, all kinds of cat skins — leopard, cheetah, jaguar, serval — hang from the rafters. On the wall, like bell pulls, are long and delicate-looking python and cobra skins, an interesting textural contrast to the full and hairy Colobus monkey skin draped casually over a chair. Nearby is the great long table, a made-to-order piece carved from a massive slab of East African mvuli wood. It is a fitting base for the half-scale model of an Indian rhinoceros,

the work of famed animal sculptor, Katharine Lane Weems — the original model for the two huge life-sized bronze rhinoceri that now flank the entrance to Harvard's biology building on Divinity Avenue in Cambridge.

In an inspection of the room one should not miss the massive, African-made, silver candlesticks on the fireplace mantel. These held great significance for Colby, accompanying him on all his hunting trips, gracing his evening dinner tables in the wildest bush country, both on safari and in Muthaiga.

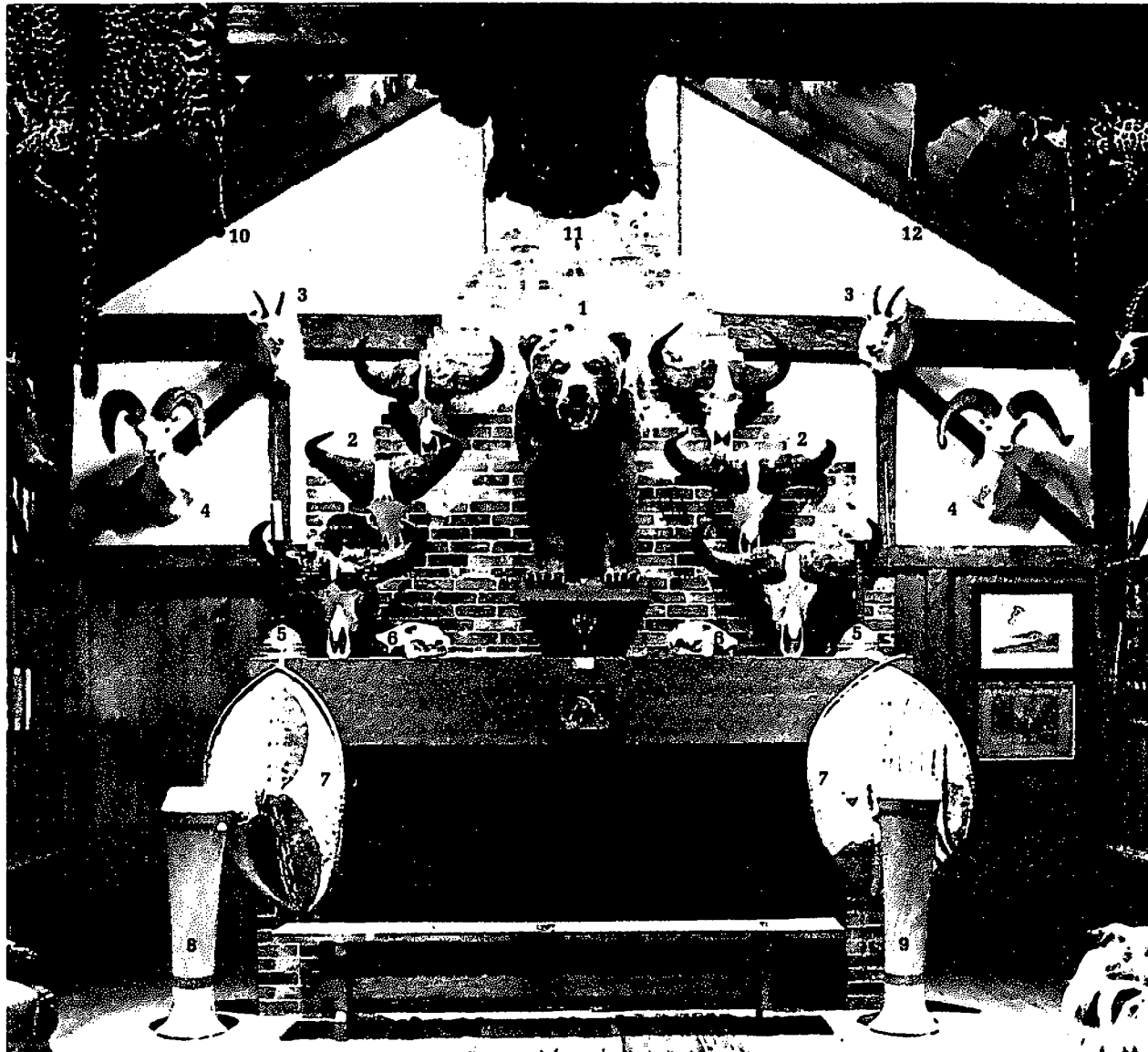
On either side of the fireplace are two buffalo-hide Masai shields, made from the skins of animals Colby shot during his last stay in Africa. The Masai are great East African warriors, a proud and elegant people who still resist Westernization. The Colonel felt especially honored to own shields made by these tribesmen. He waited many weeks directing complicated arrangements for an Indian bush trader to go as his emissary to the Masai with the prepared skins, wait while they were painted, and bring them back out again.

On a side wall, the Colonel's gun collection is displayed in a glass case. A favorite was an old elephant rifle, a gun of great weight and antique design. Colby used this piece to shoot elephants in the Pygmy Forests near the Mountains of the Moon. The Colby guns are historical pieces of considerable value, according to the National Rifle Association.



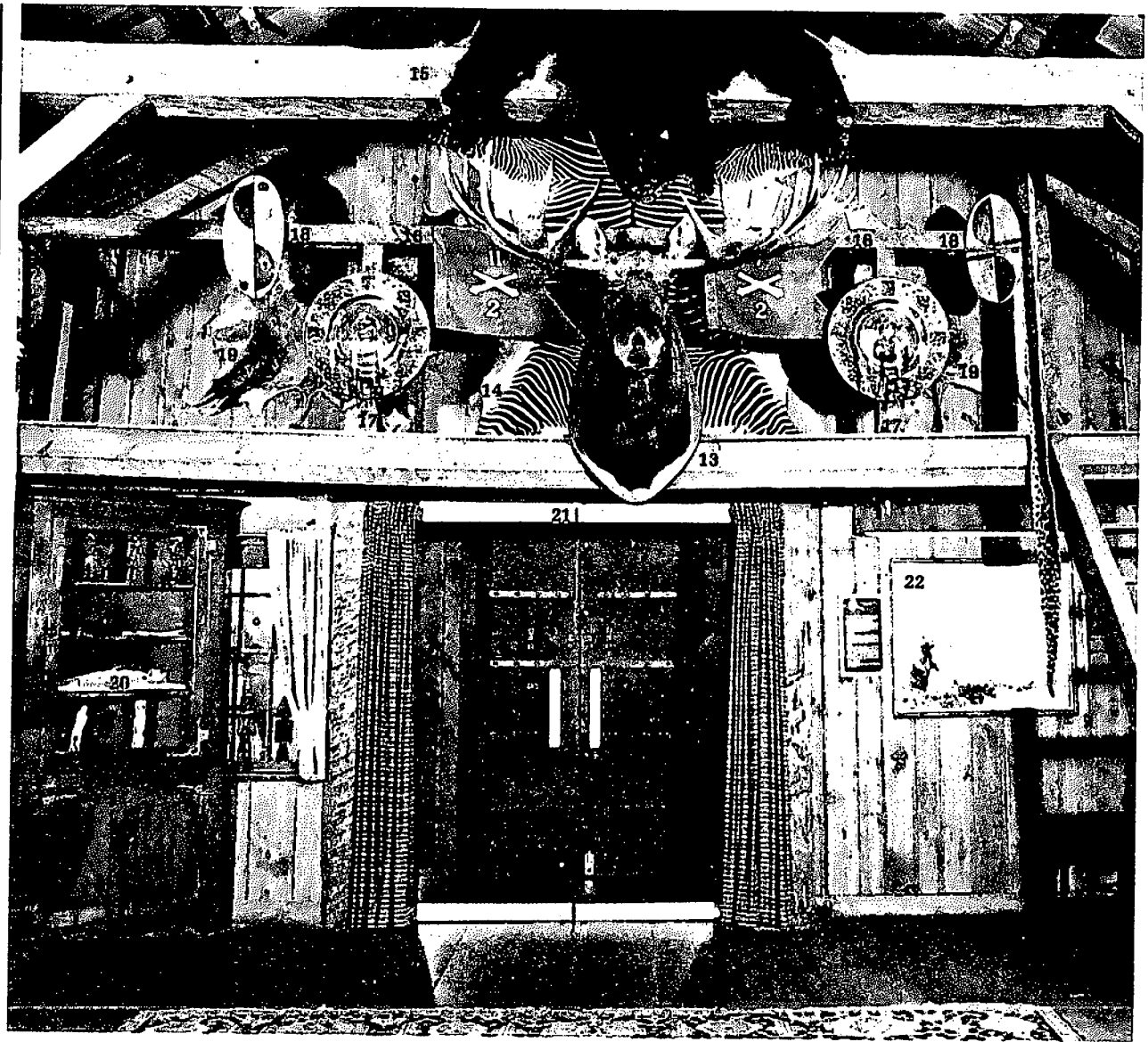
The Colby Collection

Listed on the next few pages are some of the important items from Colonel Colby's collections. The Gun and Trophy Room, a reproduction of the original in Hamilton, Massachusetts, was opened as a Museum of Science exhibit on January 23, 1965.



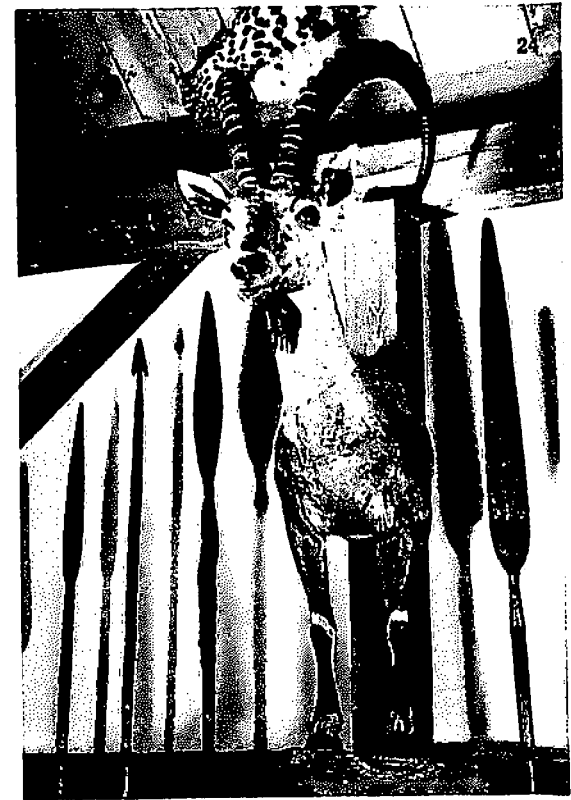
1. Alaskan Kodiak Bear — shot in 1907
2. African Buffalo horns
3. Mountain Goats — Alaska
4. Alaskan Dall Sheep
5. Silver candlesticks — made in Africa and taken on all hunting expeditions
6. Bear skulls — Alaska 1907
7. African shields — made from hide of buffalo shot on last safari; shields made by Masai tribesmen
8. Tom-tom of wood and lizard skin — used in marriage ceremonies
9. Tom-tom of wood and animal hide — used in marriage ceremonies
10. Leopard skin
11. Jaguar skin
12. Leopard skin

13. Alaskan Moose
14. Zebra skin
15. Bear skin
16. Pennants, Field Artillery Battalion Flag
17. Brass plate candelabra
18. Polynesian wood shields
19. Impala skin
20. Cabinet containing pieces of African carved ivory
21. Temple doors from the Palace of the Sultan of Witu, a village south of Malinde and north of Mombasa; brass knobs to keep out elephants
22. Kodiak Bear diorama — miniature of the one in American Museum of Natural History, New York, which contains bears shot by Colonel Colby. Background, James Perry Wilson; foreground, Joseph A. Spacer, Jr.; animals (gift of American Museum of Natural History), Louis Paul Jonas Studios



- 23. Masai spears — war, ceremonial, hunting
- 24. Ibex
- 25. St. George and Dragon (St. George is the patron saint of Ethiopia)
- 26. Morris chair covered with robe made of several Colobus Monkey skins, from Colby's Nairobi house
- 27. Rear Admiral Harrison Gray Otis Colby, Colonel Colby's father

- 28. Colonel Francis T. Colby
- 29. Gazelle skull
- 30. Alaskan Caribou
- 31. Grant's Gazelle



- 32. Thompson's Gazelle horns
- 33. Black Rhinoceros
- 34. Oryx
- 35. Indian Black Buck
- 36. African brass and wood figurines
- 37. Cabinet of guns, muskets, rifles, etc.
- 38. Uganda Kob, skull and horns
- 39. Eland

- 40. East African Drum with Zebra skin
- 41. Black Buck. Below: African knife in sheath
- 42. Gazelle
- 43. Snake skin



- 44. Indian Black Buck
- 45. Indian Black Buck
- 46. Elephant foot containing canes and clubs
- 47. Asian and African figurines and tools
- 48. German and American helmets, vintage World War I and World War II
- 49. Impala skulls
- 50. Eland

- 51. Oryx
- 52. Ethiopian paintings
- 53. Hand-fashioned mortar and pestle from tree trunk; also assorted fly whisks
- 54. Gazelle skulls
- 55. Black Rhinoceros
- 56. Collection of guns, muskets, rifles; second gun from right is elephant rifle, of

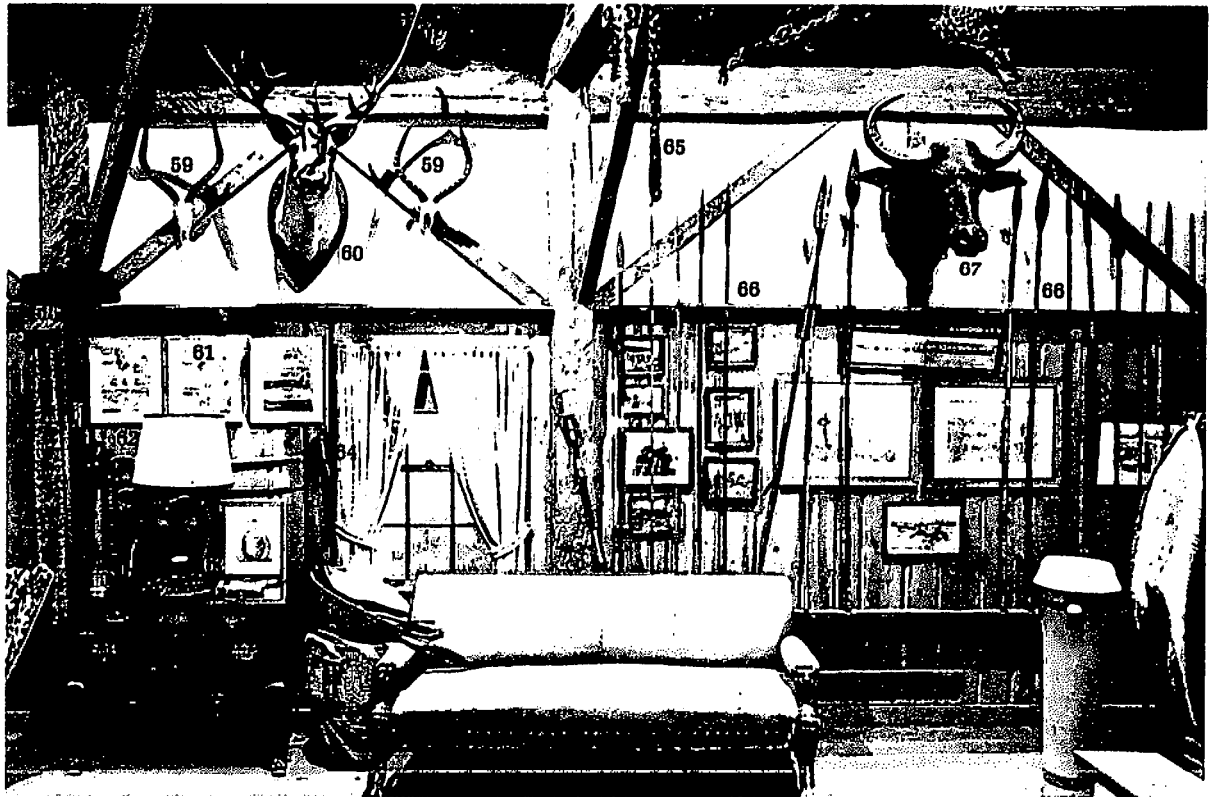
great weight and antique design, used by the Colonel in his early African days of hunting elephants in the Pygmy Forests near the Mountains of the Moon

- 57. Serval cat skin
- 58. Python skin



- 59. Impala skulls
- 60. Alaskan Caribou
- 61. Ethiopian paintings of Biblical incidents
- 62. Sabres
- 63. Photograph of Colonel Colby
- 64. Rear Admiral Harrison Gray Otis Colby's sword
- 65. Jaguar skin

- 66. Masai spears — both ceremonial and hunting. Hunting spears used for hunting lions, rhinoceros, antelopes, and elephants
- 67. Indian Water Buffalo

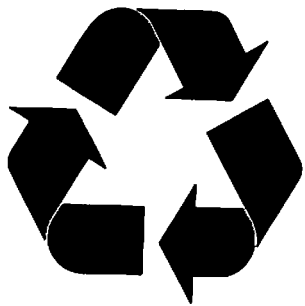


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Katherine Lane WBEAMS, (1947-)
animal sculpture
Science Museum, Boston
black African rhinos