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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

FIRST QUARTER, 1932-1933

LEADING ARTICLES

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RIGHT READING FOR YOUR SON ........................................ Charles Huntington Whitman, Ph.D., '97

COLBY COLLEGE AND A STUDENT ........................................ "A. G. S., in Lewiston Journal

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IN MEMORIAM ................................................................. The Editor

EDITORIAL NOTES:
The Dream, Gains from the Depression, Athletics, Play or Business? The Murray Gift, The Lecture Course, Professor Taylor, Broken Ranks.

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Edited by Herbert Carlyle Libby, Litt.D., '02

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Edited by HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, Litt.D., of the Class of 1902

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FIRST QUARTER
NUMBER 1

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Professor Julian Daniel Taylor
Born, January 29, 1846—Died, October 13, 1932

"Mr. James J. Hill said that every man's life that amounts to much has usually had one great adventure. This college has been mine. I might even say that it has been my life itself, for within the sound of its bell I was born; in hope and aspiration towards it my childhood grew up; my youth was moulded and shaped by it; within its walls my life work has been done, and under its eaves I expect to spend my remaining days. And at the last, if there is anything left in my ashes, any living spark, it will be my love for my college and my college friends."—From Commencement Dinner Address, in 1918.
The Dream.

It seems a long time ago that the dream of the old Colby on a new site first dawned upon the intelligence of man. But, figured by the calendar, it was only three short years ago. Franklin W. Johnson was inaugurated as the 15th president of Colby in June, 1929, and he had not been in office but a short time before he saw the need of such expansion of the College as would require a larger area than the present campus afforded. It is doubtless true that others—many others—had much the same notion, but no other person put the matter up squarely and fairly to those in authority. President Johnson has on many public occasions stated that the late Professor Taylor was one of the first men to suggest to him the need of a new college site. As a real matter of fact it is undoubtedly true that Professor Taylor did make this statement, but the man who not only saw the need and mentioned it and then followed up the suggestion by demanding that something be done is our own President. It is generous of him, and like him, to give the honor to another, and especially to his old college teacher, but the fact is as stated above. It is well enough to reiterate this statement for the benefit of the fellow who will someday be thumbing these pages to get at historical facts. So much for that. Now a dream is a dream, and it is extremely difficult to change its texture. Being such it is well enough to remember that from dream to reality is sometimes a very long jump. History records on fairly accurate pages that dreams in one century blossom into reality in the next. Their development cannot be hastened overmuch especially if they are of any dimensions, as dreams are measured. Endless adjustments have to be made. And when the dreamer never imagined that his dream would have aught to do with such a nightmare as a depression, a factor has to be considered that slows up on the realization. Three years, then, since President Johnson saw the imperative necessity of building upon a larger foundation the college that is to endure for centuries yet to come. And, after all, within that short space of time how much has been accomplished! The idea had to be implanted in the minds of a great company of people—of graduates, of townspeople, of friends of long standing. Then a new site had to be found and decided upon and purchased, and the memory of man runneth not back to any one thing that so shook the community and caused so great a struggle. Then the new site had to be brought under its first stage of development. Then the landscape men had to do their part. Then the architect had to draw his plans. Then the foundation had to be laid for a campaign for money. All, mind you, within the space of three short years. That first dream has drifted so far away from its cocoon-stage that it couldn't possibly find its way back home. If it did, it could not possibly squeeze into it. With these thoughts in mind, need any person interested in the great project be one whit discouraged that nothing should be done right now to gather in the needed funds? If there is such, then he is endowed with too great measure of
WASHINGTON WILDER PERRY, A.M., '72
Invokes the Gods on Mayflower Hill for Future Prosperity of Colby

impatience. He would not recognize a dream if he had one. We need—all of us—to see this great undertaking in its true development, to realize, if we can, that the whole project waits upon the generosity of some man or men, some generous soul who wants to perpetuate his good deeds that countless generations of youth may have his blessing. Frequently is the inquiry made: “What’s being done?” The answer to that is, “Everything possible.” No friend of the College is idling on this job. In endless ways the great project is being brought to the attention of the public, and not the least effective way through the fine work that the old College is doing day in and day out. To the second inquiry: “How soon will the College be moved?” there can be but one answer: “Just as soon as the necessary money is in hand and no one living can tell when that time will come”. Would it be an unprecedented thing, if that hour might be struck a week from now, a month from now, a year from now? There is vast wealth yet in the hands of many, and many there are who have given uncounted millions to enterprises that merited those millions. It may be stated as a fact that a concerted movement will be made, when the moon hangs right in the sky, to secure the necessary funds, and that the necessary funds will some day be available, no one who has imagination and courage and good sense can for one moment doubt. Let the project in its fulness take such time as it may; some day on the western hills of the city a larger and more magnificent college will rise, and then indeed will President Johnson’s dream come true.

Gains from Depression.
The period of economic depression through which we have been passing for two or three years has brought about some benefits. Chief of all, perhaps, it has brought a good many people to their senses—to a better knowledge of the value of the dollar, and that many things hitherto thought so necessary can be got on without. If this lesson is not valuable, then there are no values in lessons. If individuals have not escaped this chastisement, then colleges have not. Our educational institutions, from public schools to colleges and universities, have been coming in for a pretty severe overhauling; and of course in the pruning process, some things—cultural things—have been lopped from the budget because thought unnecessary. Other things—other courses of study, other flagrant expenditures—have gone the way of the useless. It is safe to say that the college that has felt the pinch least will be the college in the long run that will have been toned up least. That college may be found far behind the times when the depression days are over and happy songs are heard again. It would be well therefore if our own College, which has escaped much, should seriously regard its whereward and its witherward and its whyward, to the end that it shall come through the unhappy days with a clearer vision of just what it is all about, just what its real work is, and whether it is actually accomplishing that work with the least expenditure of time and of money. Such an examination demands conference, and close study, and vision,
and a heap of courage. It is not easy to remove barnacles. Barnacles stick, and they hurt the fellow who seeks to clear them away. But a barnacled hulk makes poor headway through turbulent waters. If, as is so frequently stated, our colleges are on trial,—are being squeezed of their life-blood between the upper and nether milestones—then the sooner we begin the work of examination, the better. The ALUMNUS has not hesitated to call attention to one or two things long connected with our undergraduate life that need no longer be, and it is this sort of barnacle that the depression should teach us to remove. And there are others. It is possible, of course, to round the shoulders, take the blows, and wait patiently for the storm to pass ere we continue on our way; but, it is a great deal better to discover how we can beat another storm to it, or better still, help to avert it. Problems of tremendous consequence have come to the fore during these days of world-wide havoc, and if our colleges are in the business of training men and women to solve problems, economic and social, then there’s work for college administrators to do—and vast work, at that. Will we do it?

Organized Athletics. It is coming to be a settled conviction of many thinking people that if it were not for the sports-loving public that fill the stadiums, and the coaches who draw their salaries, our present-day form of organized and exploited athletics would not last five years. Its maintenance today on the old basis is growing more and more difficult chiefly because the undergraduates are slowly but surely coming to realize that they are the ones who are suffering most from it. Were not the student body larger today than of yore, there would not be men enough to serve the purposes of the coach. In increasing numbers, have the coaches found their salvation. Real criticism does not come so much during the undergraduate days, as it does later in life, although criticism of the game as now carried on is gaining strength from even the undergraduate participant. That criticism is aimed largely at the vast amount of valuable time consumed, at the extensive schedules played, at the disregard oftentimes by these schedule-makers of the fixed demands of the curriculum, and at the utter impossibility of the man of average ability doing satisfactory college work at the same time that he gives himself to organized sport. There has come, too, to the average undergraduate the rather definite feeling that the great American public that loves to see a fight or a struggle or to enjoy a Roman holiday is making of him a kind of cat's paw, and this he does not relish. That public, interestingly enough, is quick to acclaim and quite as quick to condemn. The hero who marches down the field gets the plaudit of the multitudes and is carried off the field on bumpting shoulders, and, for the time, is in his seventh heaven. He gets the idea, momentarily, that his name has become a household favorite. But when the next game comes, and he makes a false move, his effort to do his best goes unrewarded, and therefrom he is dubbed a “boob”. Fickle is fame, and foolish the man who plays for her favored “thumbs up”. Indeed, “Build thee more stately mansions” is a text for most careful study by those who would wisely fashion. Our argument seems to run in two channels: First, the handicaps that our present-day form of organized sport give to the players themselves—in time-robbing, in equipment-robbing, and in over-emphasis which leads to wrong slants upon the larger purposes; Second, in attention to the few at the great loss to the many, and in so great glory of the one to the lessening importance of what the whole matter of physical training is about. There is little need to discuss these. Attention should, however, be called to one thing, namely, that for two months out of the college year in the case of football, the squad—every member of it, for pressure is strong in these days—must give their strength, time, and mental and moral power to the sole high purpose of winning the series. That is one-fourth of the college year, and that part of it in which the foundation work in every college course is laid. Few there are of the players who will or can admit that they have sufficient strength left over from the hours devoted to practice to give to the more serious work of
The result is that either design or from pure sympathy, the college which saps his strength and his attention allows the player to drag study. Educators, one by one, have fallen edly or from pure sympathy, the college which saps his strength and his attention allows the player to drag study. The result is that either design or from pure sympathy, the college which saps his strength and his attention allows the player to drag study. Educators, one by one, have fallen
before the inevitable. In utter desperation, and in ridicule, one has recently suggested that horse-racing be substituted for organized athletics in our colleges, and it is not such a bad idea after all. But there is a way out, to the injury of no one, and to the benefit of all, and that way will come from the certain action, some day, of the undergraduate himself. Not for long will he be made the tool of those who would profit from his shortsightedness. He will very soon learn to recognize the voice of Jacob. Too many were fooled during the days of the Great War, when false propaganda took the place of calm reasoning, that this lesson should not trickle down through the ranks. A strong sense of individualism is springing up in the colleges, and before long it will take a man of iron lungs and commanding genius to force our youth to squander their best hours in furnishing sport for those who pay their money, albeit grudgingly, to see youth fed to the modern lions. After all, is the chief function of our college to carry on an organized form of sport that overtops and outstrips and belittles the real purpose for which we maintain a teaching staff? This is worth thinking about in these piping days when chaff and wheat are being separated, and when the "culturally" endowed colleges are fighting for their lives. It will take courage to answer the question fairly.

Play or Business? Organized sports in our colleges simmers down to a simple question as to whether it is to be regarded as play or as business, health for the many or training for the few. As to which it is to be is something that must before long be settled. There is something radically wrong when a college youth of tubercular tendencies sits in the bleachers and cheers "the team". If the whole thing is to be carried on as a strictly business matter, with various committees of faculty, graduates, and undergraduates devoting time to its conduct, with gate receipts to be checked and bills to be paid, and "winning" teams to be picked, and coaches to be hired, and thousands of dollars assessed upon student bodies, or rather, upon parents, that the whole show may continue—and all of the business consuming time that enters so vitally into the equipment of the student, then the sooner that decision is made and all hands know definitely what the purpose is behind it, the better. If this is to be the ultimate decision then we may look for nothing but a carefully laid plan for its extension, and with that extension we may as well say fond farewells to all worthy scholastic training in our colleges. As conducted now, it claims major attention. But if our college authorities keep what is counted good in the present system, but turn it from a pure business venture, and seek diligently to place the emphasis upon the play-side and not upon the task of winning and paying the bills, then we may feel reasonably assured that once again the colleges are giving attention to solid-er life-purposes. Play or business, health or the dollar, the many or the few, a sane college life or a misdirected one—the deliberate choice is imminent if the liberal arts college is to continue its existence. But it will take courage to determine upon the safer and wiser course.

The Murray Gift. Following out his long-time interest in debate work in Colby, Mr. George Edwin Murray, of the class of 1879, whose recent death is now so generally mourned by many Colby men and women, left to the College a sum of money which, when invested in safe securities, will yield one hundred dollars yearly. This yearly revenue is to be distributed as prizes among those participating in the annual Murray Prize Debate. It was Mr. Murray's way not only of helping his College but of aiding those undergraduates who excel in argument. This loyal graduate of '79 was not a public speaker himself and sought seclusion rather than public place and

GEORGE E. MURRAY, '79
preferment, yet he appreciated the value of knowing how to convince and how to persuade. He was wont to remark that in his day there was little to encourage the boys to do their best—no way by which a boy could earn money except by manual labor. He sawed wood at one time in his college days, and he used to
point out the exact spot on Front street where he and the saw kept lonely tryst. It was his wish to make life a little more attractive to "the boys", and this desire, along with his interest in public address, led him to offer prizes as long ago as 1909. For more than 20 years of his life he had the joy of knowing that one hundred dollars of his money each year was being used to give training to more than 45 young men, six of whom came in for a share of the money. Multiply 45 students by 20 years, and approaching 1,000 college men have been benefitted by his generosity. Now that he is gone, the benefits of that generosity are to continue, for how many long years, and for how many thousands of boys, no man can say. The annual contest will be a happy reminder of one who lived not for himself but for his fellowmen whose friendships he prized and whose progress he sought always to encourage.

The Lecture Course. The College is again making possible the holding of an extensive lecture course in which seven men of outstanding national and international repute are to lecture upon subjects of political, social, and economic interest. That the general public appreciates this subsidized course of lectures is shown by the quick response made in the purchase of course tickets. A total, to date, of 325 citizens of Waterville and the surrounding towns have become patrons. As for the undergraduate body, nearly 250 of them have tickets, the gift in most cases of their parents. The old Baptist Church, familiar to so many college graduates, that seats about 650 people, is now filled, body and gallery, with town and gown. The large attendance is an encouraging sign in these days when counter attractions to all things serious and scholastic are multitudinous. The College is rendering a peculiarly timely and effective service to society, and one that, happily, this society appreciates.

Doctor Taylor. Nothing remains to be written or said of this great Colby teacher. Ever since the news of his death was given to the press, pens have been busy estimating his worth, counting up his virtues, speculating upon his talents. The uniqueness of his life, especially in point of classroom service and in the riches he accumulated and in the sanity that he showed, even as an educator, has received extensive comment, and no line of it has been derogatory. There is nothing to add. It has all been written. Elsewhere in this issue appear many articles and newspaper editorials dealing with his life. The beautiful tributes paid him by President Johnson and Dr. Herrick are also reproduced. It is a part of the record of a great teacher the like of whom Colby will never know again. Some years ago the Editor contributed to the Colby Oracle a brief tribute to Professor Taylor, and what was then written is here, in part, reprinted: While floundering about in the morass of educational fads and theories, educators who are really seeking the light, might well pause to contemplate the teacher-life of Professor Taylor. It may be that the discerning shall find in him the near-ideal they seek; a man of knowledge, not of books alone, but of men and their affairs; a teacher of rare worth whose interest extends beyond the book to the boy who holds it; a master of his subject, and therefore impatient of slip-shod methods and shyster schemes of the short-cut maker; an educator of repute whose voyage was carefully charted to avoid the disasters which have overtaken so many others; a rare gentleman schooled in old fashioned courtesy and patriotism; a personality whose influence on generations of college youth has made him immortal among men.

Broken Ranks. It is a long list of great Colby men who are reported in this issue of the ALUMNUS as having passed over the way. The inroads made upon our graduate body are greater than for a long period of time, and those of us who knew these men whose deaths are here recorded, will pause as we read the list and
find good reason to thank God that they lived so fully and so richly that the world is the better for their life's contribution. Taylor, Murray, Whittemore, Looney, Foster, Hurd, Hamilton, Woodcock, Wadsworth, Andrews, Atwood, Bessey,
THE COLBY ALUMNUS

Merritt, Mason, Libby, DORITY—an honor roll to be proud of. The Editor knew 12 of them intimately. Year after year he has chronicled items about them, or corresponded with most of them on this or that subject. And now, within a few short months, all of them gone. Indeed, the ranks grow thin and the losses seem to grow the heavier to bear. Somehow the College is not the same with men like Roberts, and Cornish, and Bassett, and Taylor, and Murray, and Whittemore absent from the roll calls. Commencements will not seem like the old Commencements. Of the sixteen, a number had lived the usual span and their passing was not unexpected. Some of the others had many years of usefulness yet to be lived and their passing is not so easily explained. One of the number found himself so handicapped that to him life was but an empty thing, and he wearied of it. One of the youngest of all, he of the war-class of 1918, he who faced the enemy on foreign soil and lived eternity in trench and No-Man's Land, found death at last when struck down by a bullet from the rifle of a companion hunter. His life was of comparative brief duration, and yet at the end, with fortitude almost unimaginable and with quiet concern for him who had carelessly wounded, he exemplified the spirit that Colby seeks to implant in the hearts of all her sons. We shall miss them one and all.

Colby College and a Student

“A. G. S.” in Lewiston Journal

A few weeks ago in a letter and a rejoinder arising over the issue of building fraternity chapter-houses at Colby College, when the new plant is completed on Mayflower Hill in Waterville, Maine, mention was made of N. Dingley, Jr., formerly Governor of Maine, member of Congress from the old Second District, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress and appointee as Secretary of the Treasury, which he declined in a courteous letter to President McKinley.

It was said that Dingley was a member of a fraternity and spoke well of them as long ago as 1852. But, was the rejoinder, Nelson Dingley did not care enough about the fraternity to remain in Waterville College, leaving there to go to Dartmouth, from which he was graduated.

We offer to Colby College a little story, for its “Colby Alumnus”, if it thinks worthy. It has a certain romance, a bit of local color of the old college of 80 years ago and also portrays vividly as seems to us the character of a man, who had the reverence of a son for a father and the independence of a man, destined to leadership. Had he not died all too soon, he was destined to become even more of a national leader than he was—and that is saying much. For no man ever lived in our public life whose character was more fixed; whose life was more unblemished or whose attainments were more solid, than those of Nelson Dingley, Jr.

In rummaging around in a lot of old papers found in a little trunk that once belonged to the father of N. Dingley Jr., we came on a letter written to his father by the latter when a student at Waterville College, and dated November 5th, 1852. Peculiarly enough it tells the complete story of the affair, that led to Mr. Dingley’s leaving Waterville for Dartmouth and throws much light upon what we may call “College Discipline” of that period. The elder Dingley was a stern just man. He was a tender and solicitous father; but he demanded tender and solicitous sons. At the time of this writing he was a general trader in Unity, Me., where he laid the foundations of a modest fortune and whence he removed to Auburn to become a banker and a merchant. His son Nelson must have cheered the very “cockles of his heart” by this letter. It breathes reverence, self-reliance and a burning resentment at “injustice” that bespeak the ardent soul. When we found it, the letter was tied about with a faded rib-
bon. It had been kept, we doubt not with a smile of love and pride at having such a son. Is there a young man of today, aged perhaps 18 or 19 who can write such a letter? Herewith are the more interesting portions of it.
Dear Father:—In conjunction with a letter from you, I rec’d from the Faculty notice of a vote adopted by them that my parents would be notified of certain ungentlemanly conduct, complained of by a student.

This vote, as you must suppose, surprised me; as the Faculty never informed me that any charge had been made against me, but proceeded to act, merely from the representation of the student. After the vote was passed and I was informed, I immediately denied the charge and requested that the person charging me should make his declaration before me and that I might have a hearing before the Faculty, where I assured them that I could prove the falsity of it all. This—the Faculty refused—saying that although there might have been some false charges, yet they thought the circumstances might justify the vote, which was the lightest that they could pass and that they never revoked their votes.

The circumstances were these. The person who complained is I am sorry to say the butt of many of the students of the college. He is called a rule by the name of “Brindle.” He is very jealous, and “important” and prone to find fault with others on the score of fancied slights and so-called insults. I have always disliked him; never insulted him. Indeed I have gone farther than this, I have treated him with respect and kindness. In some way, however, he conceived that I was one of the first to call him by that epithet. Since conversing with the Faculty, they concede that I always treated the man with courtesy previous to the occurrence of which he especially complained.

It has been the practice of many to call on him merely to hear him blunder and to make sport of him. Of these calls I knew nothing. One evening two or three of my friends came to my room on their way over to this person’s room and asked me to go along. I did, knowing nothing of any other purpose than a common call. He invited us in. We sat down and talked. Not one thing happened that was untoward. We talked with him as with any other student. No one could conduct themselves better. He now says that he himself saw nothing out of the way, and would have thought nothing of it. The next morning a member of another Society (Fraternity) thought he might impose on the person’s credulity and make capital for another society. So he goes in and tells this person that we called to make sport of him. He eggs him on to tell the Faculty and arranges for him to do so. There he makes all these charges for a single act and the Faculty, without making any form of investigation, vote to inform you. Had I been informed of their purpose or before the vote, I could have satisfied them that it was wholly false that our call had no such motive and that nothing happened unworthy of gentlemen.

I went to see the president. He informed me that he had nothing to do with the vote but was directed by Professor Champlain to write the letter. He said that he has nothing to do with discipline; because he is going to leave next term; but he did say that he thought that Champlain acted hastily; and was paying too much attention all around, to small business. . . Prof. Champlain is the only person, who in reality composes the Faculty and he is of such a stern disposition that he dislikes to rectify any error that he may have made. . . I dislike to seem cautious, but there is much dissatisfaction here. The Faculty, this fall are all jumbled together and never has there been so much difficulty. Students feel that offences of serious sort are passed and those of small sort are punished. Such things were never before known in the college. A great proportion of students are dissatisfied with the movements here this fall and unless things are better managed, will leave. In a conversation that I had with Champlain, he said that everything had plainly been magnified in the charge against me, that from my previous conduct, he had no reason to suppose I would do wrong and that I had always been orderly, gentlemanly and had made as good progress as could be desired. From this true recital I think you must be assured that the vote of censure is unjust and outrageous.

MORAL: It is best to hear both sides of a story before venturing on strong disapprobation. I had hoped that a life
of twenty years, during which I had ever conducted myself with perfect propriety would be enough to warrant my parent at least, that I was still in the path of rectitude. Yet—I have been distrusted without a hearing; and treated as if
every word of these charges were true, when not one word is true. This being so, what more confidence can I expect ever to inspire in you. If constant love and affection, if continual advancing in a path of moral rectitude and honor, if a constant drawing away from all appearance of evil, cannot protect me from condemnation at the first word of complaint, what can I have to uphold me, in your good opinion, when I am removed from your protection? (These sentences approach the dignity of Sam Johnson’s letter to the Noble Lord. Ed.)

I trust I know and feel my duty toward my parents and may the day be cursed when I shall forget their kindness and affection. I am distrustful of myself when you intimate that I could ever be forgetful of what is due you and your efforts for me. Well may you say “If you can not attend to your own business and conduct yourself with respectability, you had better come home” provided this is your opinion of me.

You are right! If I have so far sunk below the pale of decent society, let me leave here; but not flee to home; rather let me seek out some hiding place far, far away. Condemned without a hearing (here begins the first indication of self-pity, so common in aggrieved youth. Ed.) I am read out of all honorable society here and my “consolation” from home is that my parents have no doubt of my guilt. What a fall! Well may you mourn. But:

“Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again
The eternal years of God, are her’s”

As you say! Never allow me to remain here one moment when you distrust me. If you have no confidence in my strength of character at this time, you must give up all hope of ever finding it stronger. Conscious myself, of my rectitude if not applauded here on earth I can only look to that Being, who is just at all times to do me justice and who in this instance will applaud my demand for the right.

I hardly know what I have written, so excited am I at the gross injustice done me. Be assured that I can not remain here, while a man holds the control of affairs so badly as to misuse me and my parents.

Pardon all over-expressions; forgive me and trust me as ever—a Son.

Very affectionately,

Nelson.

P. S. Your money is in the Bank and I have a check for it. You may send for it at any time.

Maybe I am wrong, but somehow I think that to be one of the most remarkable letters ever written by a boy of twenty.

Right Reading for Your Son

CHARLES H. WHITMAN, PH.D., '97

The period of adolescence is always a trying time for the youngster who suffers from growing pains, both physical and mental, and for the parents who are anxiously assisting mother nature in the process that is to convert the boy into the man. At this time, when the awakening mind is groping toward the solution of the numberless problems that beset him, the formation of proper reading habits becomes a matter of first-rate importance.

The reader I have chiefly in mind is the boy who is getting beyond juvenile writings and is beginning to take interest in books that make some appeal to the mature person. If possible he should be steered away from the trashy, namby-pamby books, those that are mawkish and emasculated and falsely sentimental. It is, of course, not to be expected that he will wholly escape contact with the sex-taint that vitiates so many of the books of the day. It should be pointed out, however, that while sex is a theme greatly over-emphasized in present-day fiction there are not a few books that deal with it quite inoffensively. Now it is a question how much real injury is done to adolescent minds by the reading of vicious books. Yet, in any event it is reasonable to urge that, since the amount
of time that the average boy devotes to reading is limited, it is rather important for him to avoid mischievous books and live much in the company of those that are clean and sweet and of good report.

The old saying, "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," applies with particular force to the matter of reading. You can set a book before a boy, but he may balk at the reading of it; and, if after much persuasion he reluctantly capitulates, the chances are that he will read with the eyes only and profit little by the contact. Therefore, I am inclined to believe that at a certain point in a boy's development the reading of things that fall considerably short of a high standard is better than no reading at all. The important thing at the start is the creation of the habit.

Parents who are trying to interest their boys in the reading of worth-while books find themselves competing with various counter attractions that make a ready appeal to the twentieth century youth—in particular, cheap magazines, the automobile, the radio, the motion picture, and the various branches of athletics.

It is to be feared that the average young American does not know how to read; apparently he uses only the front of his head and has not yet learned to read out the meaning of the printed page, "to interpret literature as it in turn interprets life." There is, then, a vital need of more careful and intensive reading. One should read thoughtfully with all the senses alert, lingering with a work long enough to absorb its full meaning, and assimilate its essence; one should read creatively, too, with the purpose of making the thought of the author a part of oneself, and giving it out again in some new form with the stamp of one's own individuality upon it.

Personally I am not particularly worried over the danger of giving a boy a book that may be a little mature for his present capacity. Better a book beyond his age than one below it. If it holds him, it is a sure sign that he is getting something out of it; and there is always the chance that the subtleties he has missed will be yielded up to him at some future reading.

I am not inclined to prescribe a systematic course of reading for everyone, since the best balanced of literary diets does not work equally well with all patients. It is pretty generally agreed that all the books of Dr. Eliot's famous Five Foot Shelf are works of high merit, yet the systematic perusal of this list would be pretty sure to give many a reader an attack of mental indigestion so acute that thereafter all serious reading might prove distasteful to him. The following of a prescribed course might be advisable as an introduction, but when one has once learned to find his way in the labyrinth of books he should turn to the work which best suits his inclination. In the world of books, as in the world of men, lasting friendships must rest upon temperamental accord.

Yet reading may easily become a vice if overdone. The devouring of print may serve merely as a soporific, as a sort of opiate to deaden the mind and induce forgetfulness. The books that are worth while should not be swallowed carelessly, but should be read slowly and pondered, so as to allow the fine thought to sink in and take solid root. To get the best out of books, one would be wiser
to spend less time in actual reading and more in thinking over what he has read.

Now some advice as to the choice of books for the adolescent boy. There are certain books of whose merit there can be no question; these are the so-called classics, which by reason of certain qualities of universality, truth, and beauty have stood the test of time, and have won a recognized place in the world of literature. But unfortunately the word “classic” is anathema to many a schoolboy whose idea of a “classic” is a dull and stupid book designed chiefly to be cut up into parts for the purpose of analysis and memory-testing. If this prejudice can only be overcome, the same boy will be surprised to find even the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Aeneid, in their modern dress, to be stirring tales of adventures on land and sea, full of the clash of arms and of heroic deeds.

Most people will agree that enjoyment ought to be the chief aim of reading. In the final summing up one reads to unlock his own personality. Hence one profits most from the books in which he most completely finds himself—the books he can appropriate and truly make his own. One should therefore set out upon his travels “in the realms of gold” in the spirit of high adventure, eager to yield oneself wholly to the will of the writer, and to lose oneself in that imaginative world where there is no space nor time. For, as Emily Dickinson puts it:

“There is no frigate like a book,
To take us lands away.”

If a boy is really desirous of acquiring the reading habit, he should not fail to set apart a certain period each day for serious reading. The actual amount of time is of less importance at the start than the regularity of it. Even a few minutes a day, if wisely used, will accomplish wonders in a year. By that time the habit of reading will become so deeply ingrained that he will no longer need to set a watch on himself. He will turn to books then naturally and frequently, since they alone can satisfy his highest intellectual and spiritual needs.

That we are at present suffering from an excess of reading matter—that endless flood of papers, magazines and books that the whirling presses are daily pouring out upon us—there will be few to dispute. Indeed it requires not a little resolution to resist the invasion of the new. There is always the danger of confusing novelty with originality, of accepting the mediocre work as a masterpiece of the first water. Hence, until one has developed something of a background and acquired critical standards on which he may depend, it is the part of wisdom to depend on the advice of those of broader experience in the world of books.

For the average boy prose fiction, either in the form of the novel or the short story, constitutes practically his only reading. This is quite understandable, since fiction—particularly the tales of adventure—most fully satisfies the boy’s love of the story. I believe, however, that his interest can be aroused in other literary forms—biography, poetry, drama, the essay, and history—if the works designed for the experiment are wisely chosen. I feel confident that a normal boy would be almost certain to respond to the following splendid examples of their respective genres: for biography, William Henry Hudson’s Far Away and Long Ago, set chiefly on the great South American pampas; for poetry, John Masefield’s stirring sea-tale, Dauber, with its vivid description of a Cape Horn hurricane; for the drama, Edmond Rostand’s heroic comedy, Cyrano de Bergerac (in the Brina Hooker translation); for the essay, Charles Lamb’s humorous masterpiece, A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig; for history, Francis Parkman’s La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West, a work that has all the flavor and the color of a romance. These books should provide a pleasant initiation into literary fields that have an endless store of riches for the one who has tasted them and found them good.

It goes without saying that to obtain the most value from one’s reading one should remember the gist of what one reads. Perhaps a few suggestions for the fortifying of the memory and for recording and preserving the records of one’s reading may not be amiss. Mark your books freely, is my first advice; do not fail to underline the passages that have touched your fancy, for a marked
book is sure to yield up its treasures more easily at the second reading. It is furthermore an excellent idea to make notes and comments on the margins or on the blank pages at the front and back. Some still find a note-book a convenient means of recording the things they wish to preserve. A better method, I think, is the use of cards, because it has the advantages of flexibility and ease of reference. If appropriate headings are used, the cards can be arranged alphabetically and kept in a drawer. Whatever the scheme adopted, the important thing is to refer to one's notes frequently. Otherwise they may not completely fulfil their purpose.

In conclusion it may be said that though the art of right reading is indeed difficult to learn, it is of priceless value. The lover of good literature takes his place in the company of the rarest and wisest spirits of all times; no longer is he dependent upon mundane pleasures for his happiness; he has discovered one of the purest sources of consolation, one of the surest safeguards against the temptations and dangers of this world. In the words of a wise critic: "there is no resource for all periods of life so helpful, so satisfying, so enduring as the love of good books."

One Hundred Years Ago*

ALBERT WARE PAINE, A.B., '32

Bangor, Maine, Oct. 6, 1895.

My dear Mr. Foss,

You ask me to give you a brief sketch of the “fellows” who were with me in College at Waterville when I was there and also any amusing incidents or anecdotes that I may remember. In reply to your request it is to be remarked that although I was in the graduating class of 1832 which entered in 1828, yet at that time there was connected with the college a preparatory school or sub-freshman class which I attended for two years previous to my entry to college. I actually attended the College for six years commencing in 1826 at which time I was 14 years old and the college five years old. Being besides a resident of the immediate neighborhood of the College I was knowing to all the events and history of the Institution from its beginning.

The College was originally incorporated by the name of Maine Literary and Theological Institution without any locality named, except that in the Act of Incorporation provision was made for the conveyance of land to it by the State to be selected by the Trustees, the Institution to be located upon the premises thus granted. The township thus selected was that now known as Alton and Argyle, some six miles north of Oldtown.

When this provision of its charter was abandoned a serious question arose as to the location of the College, the towns of Bloomfield and Waterville being competitors for the prize. The latter having been decided upon another fierce struggle arose as to the locality there, the plains or place near the Universalist Church being contested for instead of that finally determined upon.

The question having been finally settled the axemen were at once employed to make room for the buildings by cutting down sufficient of the thick forest to accommodate the enterprise. Then the “Old South” found its birth and when ready for occupancy the event was celebrated by the grand illumination, every 7 by 9 square of glass in all the windows on the south and west sides having placed behind it a lighted tallow candle, some 32 to each window. Thus ready the small waiting class took possession.

Of the students that thenceforward, until my own graduation, became mem-

*(This letter was written by the late Mr. Paine to Henry Warren Foss, '96, and was dated October 6, 1895. It is now furnished the ALUMNUS through the thoughtfulness of Mr. Foss.—EDITOR.)
bers of the College almost every one was personally known to me by reason of my neighborhood residence and early entrance as already stated.

Elijah Parish Lovejoy was my schoolmaster and to his influence with my mother I am largely indebted for my subsequent course in life. I can well remember his oft repeated injunction, "Albert must go to college." When afterwards Abraham Sanborn, his successor repeated the injunction I had to obey my maternal command. The then well known Timothy P. Ropes was an instructor in Latin Grammar and other preparatory studies. Soon after Elijah P. Lovejoy left, his two brothers Daniel and Joseph found an educational home as his successors, the latter having in after life acquired a high standing in the ministry. Daniel was of that class well represented by the fact that it was his practice on the Sabbath, when in church, to take his accustomed seat in the gallery opposite the pulpit with his feet over its front. James Brooks was another of the marked men of after life whose acquaintance in College I well remember and whose work in the world places him among the greatest men of modern times. Robert W. Wood, one of the early business men of the Sandwich Islands, by his introduction of the sugar industry became one of the most valued business men of that now new Republic. Rev. Hosea Quinby a Free Will Baptist became an active worker as the first or almost the first minister of that denomination who acquired a college education and Bates College is largely indebted to him for its existence. Rev. Cornelius A. Thomas for nearly a half century the pastor of a leading church in Vermont was well known throughout all that region. Holton as missionary of early times to Africa; Jewett, United States minister to Peru; Willard, missionary to France and to the Ottawa Indians; Burbank who took so important a part as lawyer, judge and legislator in the early history of California; Henry W. Paine for many years the leader of the Boston bar; Chandler, U. S. Consul to Cuba; W. B. S. Moor, U. S. Consul to Canada and holder of many other important general trusts, and very many other clergymen and lawyers of note mark with distinction many of the first graduates of the college during the early years of its existence. These and almost every other name that graces the general catalogue were of my acquaintance and boys like myself, all ready at all times as boys to mingle in campus athletics and other college exercises. And right here comes the sad reflection that all, yea every one of those who preceded me in college life, including all my classmates, are now gone, all gone "among the stars" leaving me all alone.

And right here a fact comes to my mind connected with the early history of our Institution, which at least is worth relating as connected with the change of name from that of Waterville to Colby. During my own boyhood there lived in the village a poor widow of that name with two sons one of whom, Lewis, was clerk in a store in Winslow and fellow school-mate with myself while Gardner, his brother, lived at home with his mother and helped in her support in doing chores for small compensation. The latter grew up to be a rich man and by his benevolence gave my Alma Mater her new name.

As to incidents of interest which in our day happened few took place worthy of remembrance or detail. Hazing was at that early day an unknown practice save as a joke might sometimes be played on a fellow student or the College generally, such as "baptism by pouring" might be ordained when a fellow student was found listlessly sitting on the door step or otherwise favorably located. Two or three incidents of an amusing but at the same time important character may be worth relating.

On the occasion of the marriage of Professor Conant with the President's daughter a profound secret was adopted, no notice or information being given or intended. Shortly before the evening hour when the ceremony was to take place the College bell began to toll and continued for the most of the night. The police power was at once exercised but no bell ringer could be found and no means of getting into the belfry existed as the attic stairs had been pulled up into the belfry and the bell rope tied around a post. And so the ringing continued until early morning (the fire de-
partment having in the meantime made us a call) when a rope was found thrown over the eaves and carried to the fourth story, by a succession of bed cords, of the North College.

On another occasion in the early summer when the corn field was naturally subject to crow devastation a well made copy of the human form was posted in the field between the village and college grounds. As two seniors were passing the field after supper one said to the other, “What a good joke it would be if that fellow should conclude to attend prayers in the morning.” The next morning found the fellow in the President’s chapel chair with the folio Bible properly drawn down to his lap in a most devotional manner when the President made his usual appearance and finding the seat occupied made haste to seize the occupant and dispose of him through the back door. A long investigation followed and every student except seniors (who were known to be inno-

cent) was examined under oath with the result that no one did it. The seniors were pleased with the result and rejoiced over their innocence and consequent freedom from punishment for expulsion awaited the convict.

Professor Keeley was in every respect a most perfect man and we all loved him. His word was law and his wish never knowingly insulted. I remember on one occasion when a number of students had secretly assembled for a job of a sudden one of them felt a tap on his shoulder with the calm inquiry if it was not about time to retire for the night. The suggestion was heeded and then ended all further proceedings. Such was Professor Keeley and his suggestion.

The above hasty sketch is submitted for your use, to be used as you wish. I would be glad to have done my work better but I am not able. Please let me know that you receive this letter.

Yours,
(Signed) Albert W. Paine.

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**Editorial Tributes to Professor Taylor**

**THE EDITOR**

“THE GRAND OLD MAN OF MAINE”

To teach Latin successfully to the waves of rebellious youth that advance and break on the academic shore requires ruggedness of character. One must have granite to resist the surf; one must have salt to match the spray, and one must have that shrewd sympathy with the adolescent mind which meets its onslaught firmly but without rancor. Professor Julian D. Taylor, of Colby, who has just died after sixty-four years of implanting Latin in as many classes of students, evidently personified these qualities in a unique degree. One look at his portrait confirms the impression that here indeed was a grand old man. “the grand old man of Maine,” as Governor Gardiner called him.

It is probably true of Latin, as of any other study or experience, that what one gets out of it depends on what one brings to it. But there can be no question that, given the native will and taste required for its intelligent pursuit, the study of Latin imparts a discipline of mind and spirit to be derived from no other source. It has been the fashion of late years to deride this fact, to claim for a host of other studies more obviously and immediately “useful” the same properties. But this, we believe, is wishful thinking born of an impatient age. The precision and dignity of the language, combined with the richness and integrity of its literature, supply the intellect capable of absorbing it with a subconscious perspective which remains truest to fundamental values. The process of teaching it, of course (that is to say, of challenging the pupil to appreciate it as well as to learn it), simply intensifies this effect. And the proof of it is men like Dr. Taylor.

There is some indication that the flight from the classics in American education has run its course. Certainly the depression should be persuading our stu-
students and faculties alike that in the academic world, as elsewhere, the race has been overemphasizing doing at the expense of being, has too readily confused skill with cultivation. The example of Dr. Taylor's life and personality should help to drive home this lesson.—New York Herald Tribune, Sunday, October 16, 1932.

A DOMSIE OF THE AULD SCHOOL

One of the remembered characters in Drumtochty stories by Ian Maclaren was the Scottish "Domsie," the teacher, with a love for the "lad o' pairs." He had an American analogue in Professor Julian D. Taylor, who taught Latin for sixty-four years in Colby College—up to the very last week of his life, which he quitted at 86. He had an avocational interest foreign to the Drumtochty schoolmaster's ken, for he was director and vice president of a bank, but the chief end of his life was to teach youth the language and literature through which the race-mind expressed itself for centuries.

He had to do after hours and in his free days with titles, notes and other instruments of business, but in his higher vocation he passed upon what Woodberry called the "title deeds of real possessions," those by which the poets and other great men of letters convey the possessions of a nation to strangers and aliens down through the centuries. This would have seemed to him, no doubt, a too lofty definition of his rôle as a teacher whose name is associated with no great scholarly treatise—who was not even a Ph.D. But America has been most blesst to have had men of this type in her colleges and schools who "gladly teach," willing to forego the honors of "productive scholarship."

If all those who, still living, sat under him as a teacher were to return to the campus, as the graduates of the Drumtochty school did in great numbers in honor of their old master, and the only approach were by a bridge across the Kennebec, it would be necessary to see that it was in good repair to carry the "wecht o' knowledge" that it would have to support. There is no measuring the influence of such a life in the world to which he gave himself through his pupils in his three score and four years of teaching.

It might be said of him as Cato in Cicero's "De Senectute" said of himself in his eighty-fourth year: "For the man who lives always amid such studies and pursuits as mine is not aware of the stealthy approach of old age."—New York Times, Saturday, October 15, 1932.

Julian D. Taylor, the Latin professor in Colby College and vice president of an important bank, who died last week at the age of 86, maintained that the study of Latin "trains the student to make good guesses." He held that "the whole business of life is good guessing." His claim is supported by the fact that he himself amassed (presumably by good guessing) a fortune large enough to allow him to make a pledge of $250,000 to his college. But he also has the backing of Euripides, who said that he is the best diviner who guesses well.—New York Times, Monday, October 17, 1932.

A GREAT TEACHER PASSES

The Grand Old Man of Maine's educational world, Dr. Julian D. Taylor who was probably the Nestor of active American college professors, has entered into his rest. He had taught Latin continuously at Colby College for more than sixty-four years, and there was only one day's interval between his teaching and the end of his labors. Two years ago he "retired" and became Professor Emeritus, but this event made no difference with his teaching. He kept on just as before—to the great delight of his students.

He very appropriately chose Latin for his specialty because he was cast in a Roman mold, bodily and mentally. In his hands Latin was not merely a subject. It was in every sense of the word
a discipline. Yet he was never willing to become a figure of the educational past. When the class of 1880 had its fiftieth anniversary, he said to one of its members: "In your days I was a very poor teacher of Latin." This was the first that his former student had known of it, and his instant reaction was the wish that he might take Professor Taylor's courses over again in order to profit by his new methods.

He had almost reached his eighty-seventh birthday, having been born in Winslow, Maine, across the Kennebec from Waterville, January 29, 1846. He was born on a farm and still retained its ownership. He conducted it on business principles, in order to show that a Maine farm can be made to pay. In fact, he was very much of a business man. Out of his small salary during his long life he had made savings which he shrewdly invested so that he had amassed more than a quarter of a million dollars. A year ago he made a conditional pledge of this amount toward the reconstruction of Colby on its new site. He was vice president and a valued financial counsellor of the Peoples-Ticonic National Bank of Waterville. In 1927-28, between the death of President Roberts and the coming of President Johnson, he was chairman of the executive committee which administered the affairs of the college.

It is needless to say that he was a champion of the Classics, believing that they furnished an element of culture, especially of training in English itself, that has never been supplied by any other study, and he had probably lived long enough to see the widening sense of the truth of this opinion. He was himself a forceful writer, an effective and witty speaker. Though he had taught for sixteen college generations, he seems to have carried in mind not only the names but, alas! the standing of every student who had sat in his classes.

The great multitude of men, even of teachers, pass and leave no permanent sign. But we may be sure that at Colby Professor Taylor will become a tradition, a legend, and we may trust that in the central hall of the new Colby there will be a bronze bust of him—marble never would be adequate—giving his face in all its Roman grimness yet somehow suffused with a light that made it attractive and inspiring. Such a bust would be the outward symbol of the inward spirit which his long service made a permanent living possession of Colby College.—Providence Journal, Monday, October 17, 1932.

**MAKING THE BEST OF LIFE**

The death of Dr. Julian D. Taylor on Thursday at the age of 86, dean of college professors in this country, invites more of consideration than is suggested by the distinction of his long service, or the fact that he was able to conduct his classes almost to the day of his death. That he continued over a period of 61 years a member of the faculty of Colby College was an unusual distinction; that throughout those years he not only commanded the respect and highest regard of his associates, but also that he made the classes for the study of what is termed a "dead" language among the most popular and won and retained the esteem and kindliest regard of the students, constitute an even greater. But consideration reveals more than this. Although distinguished among scholars he appears to have had a practical mind and a shrewd judgment in business matters, as well as of character, a broad comprehension, and with it all an un-failing, generous loyalty. It would seem that he was unusually capable of seeing life in its due proportions and of making it worth living. Comprehension of actual values, an understanding not common to us all, inspired rather than discouraged his great loyalty.—Kennebec Journal, Saturday, October 15, 1932.

**DR. JULIAN D. TAYLOR**

When at the age of 86 Dr. Julian D. Taylor "retired" after 64 years of continuous service as professor of Latin at Colby College he had made a record that put him on many first pages throughout the country and made him the subject of scores of special articles. No one college had ever received such service and few teachers had remained in harness so long. He graduated from what was then Waterville College in 1868, began teaching there the following college year and continued until his death. Retiring
for him meant only reducing his work somewhat. No matter how much of an impression this record made on the rest of the country it made scarcely any among Colby men, for among them Dr. Taylor was beloved and remembered not for the length but the quality of his service. While a thoroughly grounded Latin scholar, the language and its literature never were all the world for him and never molded him into the one-track teacher that might have been expected. It was his profession but by no means the dominating influence in his life and so he remained human until the very last and it will be for his character more than his work that his memory will be held dear by those Colby graduates, every one of whom came in contact with him during their undergraduate days from 1869 to the present.

With Dr. Taylor, Latin was a means of teaching life and how to live it and while his students mostly forgot the technical part of his instruction they never lost the impression he made on them and with such results he was always content. He produced brilliant Latin scholars but when the young lives he helped shape ran true in later years he was as well pleased. Latin with him was always a means to an end and not an end in itself.

Dr. Taylor himself was beautifully self disciplined. “Beautifully” in this connection may seem the wrong word but it isn’t. He developed his mind into a keen, broad, generous and efficient mechanism that beautified his whole life and then gave it a rugged, carefully managed physique with which to operate. Almost to his last day he was unusually strong mentally and physically, the result of a self imposed regime that seems nothing short of Spartan these days. He lived the “good life” so completely he would have delighted the Latin sages from whom he may have caught the inspiration. Such a well rounded, well managed and complete personality was beautiful in the sense that there is nothing more beautiful in this world than a “good life.”

Dr. Taylor’s students never failed to feel the influence of his own “good life.” He demanded of them, mentally, morally and physically the discipline he imposed on himself and with himself as an example they could not deny the claim. Any sloven work was shamed by his own precise scholarship, any moral weakness shrank from his self imposed discipline and ailing physiques got no sympathy from his, always in such fine trim. He proved before the eyes of his students every day life could be full, free and delightful and if theirs were not it was their own fault.

The value of such a life as that of Dr. Taylor is invaluable, which makes it such a prize to be attained. Martial says a good man broadens his life and Dr. Taylor broadened his over many counted generations and more yet to be counted.

—Waterville Morning Sentinel, Friday, October 14, 132.

COLBY’S LOSS

Graduates and friends of Colby College learn with deep regret of the passing of Dr. Julian D. Taylor, who taught Latin at Colby for more than 64 years and met his class for the last time on Monday. Dr. Taylor has a record for continuous teaching at one institution that is unequalled in the United States. Graduated at Colby in the class of 1868, he joined the teaching staff the following year and continued his duties until death intervened.

Thousands of Colby men and women took their Latin courses, long obligatory, under Professor Taylor. Dr. Taylor’s classroom was no place for the sluggard or the unprepared. Few instructors have the gift possessed by Dr. Taylor of expressing disgust by inflection of tone. Colby students might slight other courses but they did not care to face Dr. Taylor with lessons unprepared.

As an instructor, Dr. Taylor had few equals. He was thoroughly at home in all phases of his subject and had a gift for imparting his knowledge. He was entirely fair and, as students later appreciated, if not at the time, sympathetic with their ambitions for higher education. Seemingly stern, Dr. Taylor won the confidence and esteem of his pupils, and it was to be noted that returning graduates made especial effort to chat for a few minutes with that beloved instructor. Many of the alumni on their next visit to Colby will realize a personal
loss by the absence of Dr. Taylor from the scenes in which he passed his long life and which he so dearly loved.

A year ago Dr. Taylor made a pledge of $250,000 for the Colby building project, for he was a man of wealth accumulated by wise investments. To many it was surprising that Dr. Taylor should so long continue teaching when the salary was not vital to him, but he loved his work and found his greatest pleasure in meeting his Latin classes and in welcoming former students who visited the campus. He rarely failed to recognize men and women who had taken his courses and quickly demonstrated that he had followed their later progress.

In the death of Dr. Taylor Colby College suffers a distinct loss. It will be entirely fitting if the college gives recognition by naming after him one of the scholastic buildings of the new Colby soon to arise in a beautiful setting in its chosen location.—Bangor Daily Commercial—Friday, October 14, 1932.

Funeral Services of Professor Taylor
HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, LITT. D., '02

Two services were held in connection with the funeral of Professor Taylor, one at two o'clock in the afternoon in the College Chapel, which was chiefly for those associated with him in his long work at the College, and a second service in the Baptist Church at three o'clock, which was open to the general public.

At the more intimate service in the Chapel, the Dean of the Women's Division of the College, Professor Ninetta M. Runnals, '08, read the Scripture, prayer was offered by Professor White, who is now the oldest man on the faculty in point of service, a eulogy of Professor Taylor was given by President Johnson, and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Everett Carlton Herrick, President of Newton.

The ALUMNUS is privileged to print below the prayer of Dr. White's and the eulogy of President Johnson's:

DR. WHITE'S PRAYER

"O God, our Father in Heaven and on Earth, Thou hast given and Thou hast taken away. As now with deep sense of loss and bereavement we bow before Thee, we would not forget the gift, the imperishable riches with which Thou hast blessed us,—riches that no moth or rust can corrupt, no thief breaking through can steal. We thank Thee that—under Thy guidance and blessing, we believe—this college, with so little of material treasure at its command, has been endowed with so much of intellectual and spiritual wealth for the service of humanity; that, with such modest buildings on its campus, it has been able to contribute so much to the building of useful lives and of culture and character in the world. We thank Thee for Colby's honor-roll of sons and daughters who have devotedly served their day and generation and now rest from their labors while their works do follow them.

"Especially now do we thank Thee for the long and fruitful life of this devoted son, who far beyond the bound of three-score years and ten has labored on, not in sorrow but with ever-increasing joy in the service of his beloved college. And, as today we pay him his meed of honor and affection, wilt Thou, O Lord, help us of the household of Colby to claim anew our rich heritage of love and loyalty, and to dedicate ourselves anew to the support and service of this college to which he gave 'the last full measure of devotion.'

Amen."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S EULOGY

"One of my most vivid remembrances is that of Professor Taylor as I first saw him. It was in the room in which he taught for many years on the third floor of Champlin Hall. A group of some forty freshmen, to whom everything was new and strange, nervously expectant, entered and took their seats as the bell rang in the tower of old 'South College.' There on the platform, high and lifted up, sat a man the dignity of whose pres-
ence impressed me as no one else has ever done. As the sound of the bell ceased, with resonant voice and perfect enunciation, he quietly called the roll, not reading from a list, but from memory naming each one of us in alphabetical order. How typical this was I later came to know, for the perfect artistry of his teaching was due in no small part to the careful attention to detail which contributed to the poise which always marked his presence.

"In those days we rarely saw him outside the classroom and at the daily chapel, where he sat upon this platform, dignified, inscrutable. The profound and enduring influence which he has exerted upon thousands of young men and women can be traced almost wholly to the classroom, where day after day we sat at his feet.

"What was the secret of his power? Those who would make education a science undertake to write a formula of the ingredients which, compounded in fixed proportions, make a teacher. I would be the last to disparage the values that have come from the study of education, but when one has known a really great teacher, he realizes that for the most part Nature made him, and the mould, if not lost, is not left in our hands to reproduce his kind.

"The word gentleman is not clearly defined and is often loosely applied. Professor Taylor was the gentlest man I ever knew.

"Some who were especially stupid or careless in preparation, he seldom called upon for recitation. No wonder that his sensitive nature could not endure the repeated violence which they would have inflicted upon the Classics which he loved. But he was generous for the most part and passed them on, doubtless feeling that other qualities, apart from excellence as classical scholars, would make them worthy graduates of the College. And so it has proved in many cases.

"Professor Taylor never used the brutal weapon of sarcasm, that inflicts a deeper wound than open rebuke, and perhaps because it is so closely related to the genial quality of humor, is often employed by teachers who are less sensitive to the effect which it produces.

"Public attention has been directed to Professor Taylor chiefly because of his long period of service. He had entered upon his sixty-fifth year as a teacher in this College. Diligent inquiry among the colleges fails to discover a record of continuous teaching equal to this. At his own request, a year ago he was relieved of all his teaching except one advanced course. Although not well, he met his classes last Monday. Members of his class tell me that he taught with his usual vigor on that day. I succeeded with difficulty in persuading him not to teach on Wednesday.

"For many years Professor Taylor has been interested in problems of finance and has served as a Director and later as Vice President of the Ticonic National Bank. It was, however, at the time when the question of the moving of the College to another site was under consideration that he entered most vigorously into the life of the City. He had been among the first to recognize the desirability of moving from our present inadequate location and, before I was convinced that it was necessary, had told me that he would provide a site. When there arose the possibility that the move might be made to another city, for weeks he devoted all his time and energy to secure the retention of the College in Waterville. To him, more than to anyone else, is due the happy conclusion of the issue. Although the exact site which he preferred was not finally selected, he cherished no regrets and soon made the largest pledge that has yet been received toward the execution of the project.

"Among the letters which pleased Professor Taylor most are those of the Royal Italian Ambassador and of Governor Gardiner of our own State on the occasion of his retirement.

"The Ambassador's letter said in part: 'On this occasion, while I am sure numerous messages will bring you tokens of the affection of your former pupils, I wish to join in sending you my congratulations as the representative of the country who prides herself to be the direct heir of Roman culture, through her spiritual traditions, her language, her laws. Almost two thirds of a century of teaching, of the moulding, at least in part of young American minds to the
elegant spirit of Mediterranean civilization, entitle me, I think, to be among those who will in these days, express their appreciation to you, and their sincere wishes for the future years of your studious retirement.'

"Governor Gardiner's letter addressed to me closed with this paragraph: 'With your permission and that of Dr. Taylor, I want to nominate him 'The Grand Old Man of Maine,' confident that neither the field of letters, nor yet business or public service can produce a man in our State who has done more, over a longer period, for the people of Maine, than has this Nestor of professors.'

"The recognition that delighted Professor Taylor most of all was his election to the Board of Trustees by the unanimous vote of the alumni. For a year he has attended each meeting and has actively participated in the deliberations of our governing board.

"I began by speaking of my vivid memory of the first time I saw Professor Taylor forty-five years ago. So long as I live I shall link this with my last meeting with him. I dropped in at his home last Wednesday morning and found him sitting before the open fire. He grasped my hand firmly and speaking with no apparent weakness told me that a few days before he had been pruning the apple trees on his farm. While climbing among the branches, he had slipped and in escaping a fall had wrecked his muscles. 'I have learned my lesson,' he said. 'I can't do everything as I used to do. I shall have to be more careful.' 'But,' he added, 'I'll be all right in a day or two.' And, indeed, I thought he would. But it was not to be. As I rose to go, he said, 'Thank you for coming in.' Again I say he was the gentlest man I ever knew.

"At the end of his fiftieth year of service, the Trustees of the College adopted a resolution, the concluding paragraph of which read: 'And further, in recognition of his unprecedented service, it is hereby voted that henceforth the department over which he has so long and so ably presided shall be known as the Taylor Professorship of the Latin Language and Literature, in order to link his name forever with the work which has been closest to his heart and which has been of inestimable value to his Alma Mater and to ours.'

The services at the Baptist Church were very largely attended. Representatives who served as honorary bearers were present from the State of Maine, the City, the four Maine Colleges, the two graduate associations, the Board of Trustees, undergraduate body, the Peoples-Ticonic Bank, Rotary Club, Sunset Home, and Athens Academy. The Rotary Club, of which Dr. Taylor had long been an honorary member, attended the services in a body. The active bearers consisted of Dean Marriner and the five oldest members of the faculty in point of service, namely, Professors Clarence H. White, George F. Parmenter, Webster Chester, Thomas B. Ashcraft, and Nathaniel E. Wheeler. At the request of the College and the relatives of Professor Taylor, Professor Herbert C. Libby had general charge of the services.

The front of the church where the body rested was banked in a great mass of flowers expressive of the deep regard in which state and community held this venerable teacher of generations of college youth.

The services were exceedingly simple in character, much as Professor Taylor would have ordered them, consisting of Scripture reading by President Johnson, an eloquent eulogy and prayer by Dr. Herrick, and the benediction by the pastor of the Church, Rev. L. H. R. Hass.

The address by Dr. Herrick follows:

"It is the privilege of each generation to observe a few elect persons, chosen by the Powers that set our human bounds, to show the glory that may come in rare instances to old age. They are only a few. We think of such names as Edward Everett Hale, Russell Conwell, Charles W. Eliott, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Such are spared the dimming light and reveal the glory, not that is in dust, but beyond it. To this number we may add the name of Julian Taylor so aptly nominated by Governor Gardiner as the 'Grand Old Man of Maine.' We shall never see his like again.

"A life is hardly guided by maxims. These bits of concentrated wisdom, though often quoted as rules, are descriptive of character rather than direc-
We do not know how our lives are guided—here is a mystery. Character and circumstance play upon each other and determine strangely the quality of human conduct. But it is certain that eminent lives like his achieve with the years a noble and austere self-discipline, and it is the long consequence of this that reveals itself resplendent in their age. It is not so much the discipline of self-correction, as of self-mastery, poise, and serenity.

“We cannot think of Professor Taylor without thinking naturally of that Latin culture which he translated. not only into language, but into life, as if he absorbed from its imperishable soul a certain refined Stoicism. ‘Every moment’ said Marcus Aurelius in his meditations. ‘think steadily of a Roman and a man to do what thou hast in hand with perfect and simple dignity—and give thyself re-life from other thoughts.’ That sounds like a maxim. It is rather a characterization and it is like a flash into the soul quality of Professor Taylor. No matter what the thing in hand might be, he had learned to do it with simple dignity. It marked his walk across the campus, the conduct of his classes, the greeting of a friend,—every act from the least to the greatest.

“So long as there are even a few like him, there remains an unanswerable argument for the culture of the classics. Think how extraordinary is his record: unmatched so far as we know in any other American college and quite as likely to be unmatched in the future. He graduated almost seventy years ago. Three score and ten, not of mortal life, but of college life. What changes he has seen meantime in this field which we so comfortably call ‘the higher education.’ How simple was the curriculum provided for him when he entered the college as a lad: Greek and Latin, some mathematics, a bit of science that would be spurned today, a little history and literature, and a touch of metaphysics. That was about all. But when we stand, as we do today, in the presence of his record we realize that it produced a great result. His knowledge of the ancient world did not detach him from the modern world. He knew his own generation. He knew New York as he knew ancient Rome. He was as familiar with Wall Street as with Horace. His studies may have been narrow but they somehow helped him get that long, calm view which made him shrewd in his judgment and wise in his counsel.

“It makes us wonder sometimes if our miscellaneous methods and our floundering experimentation isn’t robbing us of something fine and classic in our educational process. What we call culture is a very general and undefined thing. But when we see it in a life like his it is strong and impressive and we must respect, even though we cannot follow, the methods by which its foundations were laid.

“A life is made largely by the Causes and Institutions to which the life is given. We shall always think of President Roberts and Professor Taylor together—not because they were alike. Each was great in his own way and to President Roberts it was not granted to reach old age. He burned himself out in the service of his college. but they were joined in a service that is unique. They gave all their life to our college. They entered as freshman and their real graduation was death. Thus they are joined in the golden traditions that money cannot buy; for the traditions that gather around personalities are greater than endowments, or buildings, or even sites. And they remind us that there is a vast difference between working for a cause and living for it. Colby was their life. How touching were those sentences that President Johnson read from Professor Taylor’s own pen. He said that the college had been his very life. He had been born within the sound of its bell. He was content to die beneath the shelter of its eaves. It is presumable that many men could be great if they would give themselves selfishly to some worthy cause. The cause would lift them, enlarge them, take them out of themselves and call forth the finest of their capacities. We would do well to remember that the causes we serve, if we choose them wisely, do more for us than we can ever do for them.

“Thus, Professor Taylor, by giving himself to the College he loved grew thereby in the very fabric of his soul and became not only the Nestor of our
teachers, but one of our greatest benefactors, a combination of the material and the spiritual in giving, as beautiful as it is rare.

"There have been many great teachers in our small American colleges. It is one of the great contributions which they have made through personality to the generations. Those teachers have had unseen but molding hands in the making of our country. They are not often familiar names, but within the college community they are held in glowing affection. One may see at Amherst the portrait of Professor Garman. He was a great teacher, a great soul. It is doubtful however if his name has fixed itself in popular imagination, but ask any Amherst man who studied with him and he will kindle to his praise. Calvin Coolidge is on record as speaking of the great debt he owes him. In these last few years Professor Taylor's fame has gone beyond the college confines, but he needed no journalist to make his name glorious to any Colby man or woman; and who can ever appraise the influence that has gone forth from his personality in these nearly three score years and ten of ardent teaching.

"There are many hundreds of persons who at some time in their lives have been privileged to discover that Professor Taylor was something more than a scholar—that he was a sincere warm-hearted friend. They have learned that he could reach out a helping hand, speak a word of genuine sympathy, write the warm letters of the faithful friend. If one could look back and see him walking down the lane of his life he would observe the pathway strewn with simple deeds of gentle and unobtrusive kindness. These are a part of that simple dignity that characterized his every act. How many a graduate coming back like myself has had the rare experience of being brought step by step and welcomed into the company of his friends, and of coming to know him not only as a teacher of precision, but as a kind and genial companion. Such an experience one can never cease to prize.

"In his meditative and religious life it seems to me the best word we can use is reverence. He was a reverent man. Reverence for the unseen, for the great sanctities of humanity. A reverence that imposed obligations that he was always willing to observe. He was not familiarly religious; so he may have been misunderstood at times, and by some. But no one could know him, especially in these latter days, without realizing how deep were his reflections and how sincerely he was a seeker for the Eternal. Whatsoever things were true and honest and just and pure and lovely, and of good report, and whatsoever things were Christlike were things on which he thought.

"And so Scholar, Teacher, Citizen, Benefactor, Friend,—farewell. In our hearts your memory will live cherished and secure. What Wordsworth long ago made a beautiful prophecy for a lovely child of nature, we have seen fulfilled before our very eyes in your life.

"Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die
Nor leave thee when gray hairs are nigh
A melancholy slave,
But an old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead them to thy grave."

Burial was in the family lot in the Pine Grove Cemetery. On the beautiful marble monument which Professor Taylor erected on the death of his wife are inscribed these words in the Latin so familiar to this great college teacher: "Hieme et astate et prop et pro cul us que dum vivamus et ultra." A few years ago when the spot was visited by the late Justice Bassett, the words were carefully copied, and translation later submitted to Professor Taylor. Translated they read: "In winter and in summer both near and far always as long as we may live and beyond."

Adjoining the lot in which Professor Taylor now lies buried is that in which rests the body of President Roberts with whom for so many years, the Latin teacher had worked shoulder to shoulder in the building up of the College they both loved so deeply. They both died in the month of October, five years apart, for both two public services were held in the same historic places, the same faculty man had general charge of both services. The same faculty man offered the chapel prayer, the active bearers with one or two exceptions were the
same, and Dr. Herrick in both instances gave the public eulogy. Their adjoining graves now mark the shrine to which many Colby men and women will go for quiet moments of meditation and of prayer.

The Passing of Professor Taylor

JOSEPH COBURN SMITH, M.A., '24

The flag at Colby College has been flying at half mast. For the first time in nearly two-thirds of a century, Colby College is without Professor Julian Daniel Taylor as a member of the faculty. On Sunday afternoon, October 16, students, faculty and alumni gathered in the Colby Chapel to pay homage for the last time to their beloved professor.

The passing of Professor Taylor is mourned not only by his personal friends and former students, but by thousands in this state who have admired "The Grand Old Man of Maine" and by many in other parts of the country who have heard of his amazing achievements of 64 consecutive years of college teaching.

To gain some idea of what this means, consider the fact that, in order to equal this record, a person who is just beginning in a teaching position this fall, must continue teaching the same subject in the same place until the year 1996.

Of the 4,500 living alumni and alumnae of Colby, only five were in college when Dr. Taylor was not a member of the faculty. He taught Latin to 18 men who afterwards became college presidents. He was teaching Latin before President Franklin W. Johnson was born.

So far as has been ascertained, no other professor in America has a record of service approaching that of Dr. Taylor of Colby. It has been an achievement which has excited the interest of editors and authors from the "Believe It or Not" cartoonist to the editorial writer of the New York Times.

However, it is not the length of service which has given Professor Taylor his position in the hearts of those who have known him, but rather the force of his personality, a rare combination of high scholarship and warm friendliness.

Of pure Maine stock, Dr. Taylor was born on a farm in Winslow 86 years ago. From the country schools he entered Colby College in the neighboring town of Waterville. Graduating in 1868 with honors, he was at once invited to return to the college in the capacity of Tutor at a salary of $600. He accepted the position and entered upon his life work. Evidently he did well, for next year it was "voted that Mr. Taylor be continued as a tutor at a salary of $700." Five years later he was made a full professor.

The years passed by. Class after class sat under him and went on into the world with their minds better disciplined, with the consciousness of the necessity of using precise English, and...
with a conception of the classic beauty of the Latin tongue and literature. Whatever else they may have gained from their college course, they knew that they had been in contact with a true scholar.

The years passed by. Memorial Hall was erected. Coburn Hall was built. Shannon Observatory, Chemical Hall, the gymnasium and dormitories were added to the Colby Campus. And Professor Taylor still taught the Latin Classes.

The years passed by. His pupils began to take high places in the land. Governors, Senators, Justices, editors, missionaries, business executives, college professors, and college presidents were chosen from the ranks of the men who had passed through his classes. Young men and women began to appear in his classroom who were the sons and daughters of his former students. Finally the next generation began to send representatives to Colby, the grandsons and granddaughters of his old pupils. But still the classes in Latin were conducted by Professor Taylor.

Honors were not lacking. In 1900 his alma mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. In 1918, at the expiration of half a century of service, the trustees voted that thenceforth the department of Colby should be known as the Taylor Professorship of the Latin Language and Literature, in order that his name should be forever linked with the work which was closest to his heart. Two years later, he presented his resignation to the trustees, which they promptly, enthusiastically and emphatically declined to accept. So Professor Taylor went on teaching Latin.

Finally, in 1931, he asked that he be relieved from the active work of his department. With reluctance, his resignation was accepted and at the close of the year he became Professor Emeritus, planning, however, to continue to teach one advanced class in Latin. Furthermore, lest his retirement from the faculty deprive the college of his full service, the Colby alumni proceeded to elect Dr. Taylor to the Board of Trustees by a record-breaking unanimous vote.

Colby had already given Dr. Taylor an honorary degree, so what further honor could the college bestow upon him at this time? The problem was solved by a “super-degree” which was presented to him at the commencement exercises of 1931. A fitting tribute, written in Latin, beautifully illuminated and bound, was signed by representatives of the trustees, faculty, alumni, alumnae and students. As President Johnson handed him this document, a storm of applause broke from the audience. Visibly affected by the significance of this tribute, Dr. Taylor could only say chokingly, “This is the greatest moment in my life!” and return to his seat. It was an emotional experience that no one who was present will forget.

This September, Dr. Taylor began his 65th year of teaching and met his senior Latin class regularly three times a week. On Wednesday, he was feeling less well than usual, but when President Johnson dropped in to see him, he was planning to make the effort to meet his class. President Johnson persuaded him to remain at his home. During the night, his heart failed and he died quietly in his sleep.

The story of Dr. Taylor’s academic
career does not give the whole picture. Contrary to the common conception of a professor, he was highly regarded among the business men of Waterville as a man of sound practical judgment.

Although his salary was never very large, he lived frugally and was reputed to have built up a considerable fortune through the shrewd administration of some property left him by his wife, Mary Boutelle Taylor. He was vice-president of the Peoples-Ticonic National Bank.

Dr. Taylor was generous with his wealth, contributing to many community enterprises. Colby College has always been the chief object of his affection and he has given liberally to all of the funds.

It was Dr. Taylor a year or so ago, who offered Colby College a certain tract of land on which to build a new campus. As it happened, another site, the Mayflower Hill location, was finally found to be the most suitable, but Dr. Taylor’s generous offer gave encouragement to the whole undertaking. When the citizens of Waterville raised $107,000 to buy this new site for the college, it was Dr. Taylor who subscribed one of the largest amounts and who worked tirelessly with the other members of the committee in soliciting subscriptions.

Again, almost one year ago, friends of Colby were electrified to hear that it was Dr. Taylor who made the first great gift to the “New Campus for Old Colby” project, when at the annual Colby Night celebration, President Johnson announced Dr. Taylor’s pledge of $250,000. Thus, in a material, as well as scholastic way, he has made a notable contribution to the development of the college.

It was a frequent cause for remark among Dr. Taylor’s friends that in appearance and vigor he did not appear to grow older with the years. His face was strong and chiseled as if from granite, ruddy in complexion and surmounted by straight silvery hair. He could be seen on many a crisp winter morning, without an overcoat, swinging down the street to the Post Office, seemingly enjoying the sparkling atmosphere, while others, bundled up to their ears, scurried along shivering.

It might have been expected that such a man, who had been saturated for a lifetime in the ancient lore of the classics must have lost touch with the modern world. Not at all. Those who talked to him about anything—the economic situation, scientific developments, local politics, foreign news—often found that they were the ones who were not quite up on the latest news. He even subscribed to the London Times in order to keep in daily touch with the British and European viewpoint.

Dr. Taylor was a most interesting conversationalist, always giving a new slant on a topic. For example, the recent decision of Yale to drop Latin as a required subject raised a tremendous amount of controversy on both sides of the question. Columns of words had been printed about the matter, but when questioned about it, Dr. Taylor promptly presented an entirely new angle of the subject.

“Latin helps you in guessing,” he said. “The whole business of life is guessing. We have to guess when this depression will end; we have to guess what investment is best to make. A man can stuff his brains with knowledge and not have power. Knowledge is not power. Judgment is power. In translation a man must have the facts, but he must use his judgment in applying them and in interpreting them. I don’t believe any other study develops this power of judgment in the same degree as Latin. The study of modern languages is much more a matter of memory.

“Teachers in the science departments complain that their students do not have an adequate knowledge of English. Eventually the student with a Latin training passes the one, even in science, who has had special training without the Latin.”

Again, he was asked how the students of today compare with those of his own student days. He thought for a moment. “There has not been a great change in minds,” he said, “since even twenty centuries have not done that, but the change in manner is notable. The student of today is a much more sophisticated person. The ways of the world are more familiar to him. He has traveled. He has learned more of social ways. He drives his car and he smokes cigarettes.”
"In my own college days, the students were more mature in mind, if less mature in manners. Many of them came to college perfectly uncouth, but with a zeal for learning. A large proportion of them were ex-soldiers, just back from the battlefields of the Civil War. They were men and the stern quality that a military life had given them was diffused through the whole college.

"Many of the students wore full beards. Intercollegiate games were unknown and girls were never seen on the campus. Freshman and sophomore battles were real battles in those days. Freshmen were not supposed to wear silk hats. One Sunday morning a young Southener in the freshman class strolled down the street in a silk hat. He met a sophomore who swung his cane and knocked the hat into the street. The freshman promptly pulled out a pistol and fired point blank at the upperclassman. By some miracle the bullet missed, but the next day the faculty met and expelled both of them."

One of the most interesting tributes which came to Professor Taylor was from Nobile G. deMartino, the Royal Italian Ambassador who sent a letter of congratulations to Dr. Taylor upon the occasion of his retirement in 1931, saying in part: "Almost two-thirds of a century of teaching, of the moulding, at least in part, of young American minds to the elegant spirit of Mediterranean civilization, entitle me, I think, to be among those who will in these days express their appreciation to you and their sincere wishes for the future of your studious retirement."

Because of all this, it can be readily understood why Governor William Tudor Gardiner in the same year publicly nominated Dr. Taylor as the "Grand Old Man of Maine."

That this gracious action of the Governor won the approval of the general public may be judged from the editorial comment which followed the announcement of this letter. Even outside the bounds of New England the action tickled the sentiment of one editor who devoted his column to "A Tall Pine of Maine," closing with the following paragraph:

"In these days, devoted to 'practical' things, like hanging wall paper and making forgings, it is something out of the ordinary to find an old professor of Latin chosen as a state's favorite son. It seems to typify the old Pine Tree State, easternmost of all the states, which chose 'Dirigo' as its motto, and its symbol a pine tree, stark, rigid and unyielding against every tempest that blows."

No quotation, however, sums up the life and spirit of Professor Taylor as well as some of his own words which he uttered when responding to a tribute from the late Chief Justice Leslie C. Cornish upon the completion of fifty years of service to Colby. The closing paragraph of Dr. Taylor's response was as follows:

"Every man's life that amounts to much has usually had one great adventure. This college has been mine. I might even say that it has been my life, itself, for within the sound of the bell I was born; in hope and aspiration towards it my childhood grew up; my youth was moulded and shaped by it; within its walls my life work has been done, and under its eaves I expect to spend my last remaining days. And at
the last, if there is anything left in my ashes, any living spark, it will be my love for my college and my old college friends”.

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**Personal Tributes to Professor Taylor**

**The Editor**

Up, and to the office, where all day of a rainy, warm, mislaid day, and so home and found my wife come in from the country, so after dinner we to the Philadelphia Orchestra concert, which I did enjoy greatly—despite the too great heat of the hall and the difficulty of approaching the place owing to the parking of cars on both sides of Fifty-seventh Street. So home, and read somewhat about Dr. Julian Taylor, who died a few days ago and had been for sixty-five years a teacher of Latin at Colby College, and a mighty wise man he must have been. For he said that the study of Latin was a help, among its other assets, in playing the stock market. “For,” quoth he, “the whole business of life is guessing. Knowledge is not power. Judgment is power. A man can stuff his brains with knowledge and not have power. In translation, a man must have the facts, but his success depends upon his judgment in analyzing and interpreting them. I don’t believe any other study develops this power of judgment in the same degree as Latin.”—New York Herald Tribune, Saturday, October 22, 1932. By “Samuel Pepys.”

“There has passed from our midst a man of great learning, a man of unswerving faith in youth, a man whose love for the finer and richer things of life promises to keep afresh his memory throughout many generations. The State of Maine joins in sorrow with Colby College in the death of Doctor Taylor. His place in our educational halls will be difficult to fill. May the fruit of his toils bear more richly as the years pass by, that the service he gave shall ever bring us a better realization of our duty toward our fellow man.”—William Tudor Gardiner, Governor of Maine.

“The sudden death of our beloved Dr. Julian D. Taylor comes as a shock to the entire community. His familiar figure and his wise counsel will be sadly missed. Among his many outstanding accomplishments will ever be remembered his efforts culminating in keeping Colby College in the City of Waterville.”—F. Harold Dubord, Mayor of Waterville.

“In the death of Dr. Julian D. Taylor, Waterville lost one of its most valuable citizens. A personal friend of mine for many years, the “Grand Old Man of Maine” was influential both morally and physically in all community enterprises.”—Dr. J. Fred Hill, Past President of the Colby Alumni Association.

“In the death of Dr. Julian D. Taylor, Rotary lost an honorary member who had been honored, internationally, for reasons which are well known to every member of the Rotary Club. His services in Rotary exemplified every aim and every object of our organization. His generosity, his faithfulness, his tolerance, his friendliness, contributed as only these great personal qualities can contribute toward happiness, love and peace among men.”—Bryant L. Hopkins, President of Waterville Rotary Club.

“In the loss of Professor Taylor, Colby has lost a teacher wholly unique in the history of America. Not only in his length of service but in his great and constantly deepening love for his Alma Mater he will go down in the history of New England colleges as an outstanding figure. While I did not know Professor Taylor to any degree of intimacy, I imagine that he has been to Colby College for more than a half of a century what Professor Jonathan Y. Stanton, familiarly known as “Uncle Johnny” was to Bates College for many years.

“Such careers as that of Professor Taylor amply justify the existence of a small college and bring to it a quality which is rarely found in institutions
whose sole recommendation is that of bigness.”—President Clifton D. Gray, Bates College.

“No man in Maine lived a more useful life than Professor Taylor. He will be sincerely mourned and lovingly remembered by the hosts of men and women with whom he came in contact during his long and busy life. He combined industry and thrift with generosity and the ability to enjoy recreation, and was as much noted for his wit as for his wisdom. Although his life led back into the first half of the last century he never grew old and never could have done so had he lived many years longer, for in his love of his fellow men, his pleasure in serving them, his enjoyment of every phase of life, he discovered the fountain of perpetual youth and drank deep of its waters.”—William R. Pattangall, Chief Justice Supreme Judicial Court of Maine.

“The passing of Professor Taylor comes as a shock to us, though, of course, we realized that his vigorous life could not go on indefinitely. Wednesday I dropped in at his home and found him sitting by the open fire. He was in a cheerful mood and his voice was as strong as usual. He said that he had met his classes as usual on Monday and did not wish to miss the recitation that day. I finally persuaded him that he had better stay at home for the day. And in the early morning, yesterday, he passed quietly out from a life busy to the end, leaving behind him to thousands of his friends, an example of distinguished service faithfully performed.”—Dr. Franklin W. Johnson, President of Colby College.

“As president of Bowdoin College, as an honorary member of Colby College, and as one deeply interested in the cause of classical education, I am glad to join with many others, far and near, in a brief tribute to the memory of Professor Taylor. His unparalleled service as a teacher and his gracious friendliness united to make his name honored and revered in the State of Maine and far beyond her borders.

“His gift of humor was as rare as his devotion to duty and his intense loyalty to his own college and his own students is an inspiration to all other teachers.”—Kenneth M. Sills, President of Bowdoin College.

“The Board of Trustees will sorely miss his presence as future meetings are held and future discussions are launched on major items pertaining to the welfare of the college. We sincerely appreciate his wisdom of counsel and his loyalty to the institution. His loss will be one that will be exceedingly difficult to overcome. His position as dean of American professors and his influence with the young men and women of the college are enviable. Wherever Colby graduates meet, his name will be a tradition. He was the most loyal man ever affiliated with the school.”—Herbert E. Wadsworth, Chairman of Colby Trustees.

“The members of the Boston Colby Alumnae Association hereby place on record our tribute to the memory of our beloved professor, Julian D. Taylor, who died on October 13.

We shall remember with gratitude his life, so bound up with the life of our college, and always for its betterment; his open-mindedness and kindliness toward the experiment for the education of women, and his staunch support of that movement when it was no longer an experiment.

We shall treasure our recollection of his exact scholarship, of his keen perception of fine flavor in literature and of his enthusiastic efforts to impart to his students whatever appealed to him as the true and the beautiful. We shall strive to emulate his integrity of character, his purposeful endeavor, his loyalty, his patience, his quick sympathy for all in distress.

We feel truly that he can never die, for he lives and will live in the hearts of thousands of his fellow human-beings.”

“The death of Professor Julian D. Taylor is the greatest loss that education has had in the State of Maine for many years. The University of Maine sympathizes very deeply with Colby.”—Harold S. Boardman, President of University of Maine.
"The death of Dr. Taylor came as a distinct shock and grief to the people of Athens and vicinity. About two years ago he became a trustee of Somerset Academy and at once entered heartily upon the performance of his duties. He manifested great interest in the welfare of the institution, gave freely of his time and advice and at the last reunion was chosen president of the Alumni Association. He had attended two reunions and at each made a speech that was the hit of the occasion. He was already making plans to insure the success of the next reunion and the alumni were planning a surprise for his honor and pleasure. Everyone regrets that he could not have lived to continue his services to the school and learn more fully the appreciation in which that service is held."—Harvey D. Eaton, '87, for the Board of Trustees, Athens Academy.


"My dear Libby:

"We had been looking over The Liberal Arts College Bulletin admiring the face of the 'Old Roman' on the cover, when the Seattle Times informed us of his death. We thought for a while of how good he had been to us, and of how the whole Colby Family in every state of the Union were sorrowing with us. He was a senior while I was a freshman and he has always been to me the dignified, wise, and genial senior. His long and distinguished services made Colby famous and his generosity her future more secure.

"With sympathy and sincere regard,"
—David W. Campbell, Colby, 1871.

My dear Mr. President:—

A clipping from the Sentinel came to our house this past week, telling of the death of Doctor Taylor, and it seemed to me that the Old Colby of my student days had gone forever.

One day in the fall of 1901, shortly after the opening of the college year, I arrived in Waterville and called on President White. Perhaps because he was then almost as much a stranger to Colby as I was, the president took me to Doctor Taylor's home and left me in Doctor Taylor's care. Acting as though it were quite his usual habit, Doctor Taylor went with me to North College, helped me to pick out a room (there were plenty of vacant rooms in those days), and introduced me to one of the students—Alfred Frye, '05, I think. So my acquaintance with Colby and Doctor Taylor began together. I was too ignorant then to appreciate the honor that had been done me, but I soon came to cherish that first hour on the college campus as one of great privilege. I was not wise enough to elect Latin after I had completed the required work in that department, and so lost greatly; but my years of service on the Colby faculty with him perhaps offset that earlier loss. In any event Doctor Taylor has been to me for many years the incarnation of Colby College.

On the evening of March 2, 1914, Professor Taylor delivered in the college chapel a lecture on "Men and Maxims." It was one of a series I had arranged for the benefit of the college library. To the best of my knowledge and belief that was Doctor Taylor's first appearance on the public lecture platform. I know that it took much effort on my part to persuade him to speak—effort which began in 1912. The old chapel was crowded that night, not only with students but with citizens of Waterville, and the speaker was left in no doubt as to the success of his initial undertaking.

But why should I try to shine in the reflected glory of his greatness? What I meant rather to do in this letter was to express, if I could my sense of loss in the going home of one who has always been above me, to whom I have always looked up, with respect, admiration and love.—Charles P. Chipman, '06.

TO READERS OF THE ALUMNUS—

In the Second Quarter issue of the Alumnus Colby men and women are asked to submit brief tributes to the memory of Professor Taylor. Subscribers will please regard this as a special invitation to them to send in such tributes. —The Editor.
The June meeting of the President and Trustees of Colby College was held in Chemical Hall, Colby College, Waterville, Maine, June 10, 1932, during Commencement Week.

There were present: President Johnson, Chairman Wadsworth, Secretary Whittemore, Treasurer Hubbard, Miss Florence E. Dunn, Mrs. Hill, Messrs. Averill, Barnes, Bradbury, Chapman, Crawford, Dodge, Gurney, Hilton, Jordan, Lawrence, Owen, Padelford, Smith, Sturtevant and Taylor.

Prayer was offered by Dr. Woodman Bradbury, and with Chairman Wadsworth presiding, the members addressed themselves to the usual very important matters characterizing the June meeting.

Degrees were conferred upon the graduating class and the members of the Board listened to the report of the President and of Treasurer Hubbard. Reports were also received from the Finance Committee, the Investment Committee and other committees which customarily make reports at this meeting.

President Johnson reported the death of Harry E. Hamilton, a former member of the Board of Trustees, whose death occurred June 4th, 1932, and it was

Voted; that a letter of sympathy be sent to Mr. Hamilton's family.

The Board noted with approval the very complete report of the Finance Committee and of the Investment Committee which evidence such careful attention to detail and thoroughness on the part of those to whom such affairs are entrusted.

President Johnson presented very in-
terestingly the question of loan funds for students and the new method that has been adopted by which in worthy cases loans may be secured in limited amount by students who have the confidence of the college, by reason of their character, seriousness of purpose and capacity for college work.

The President reported that Mr. Danoff whose services as instructor in German have been so satisfactory would not return to College and in his stead Mr. Philip S. Bither, Class of 1930, an exceptional student in languages, was elected. Mr. Bither has been exchange student this year at the University of Giessen in Germany.

Mr. Harold E. Clark ceasing to act as Assistant Librarian will be replaced for the approaching year by Miss Miriam J. Thomas, a graduate of the College in the Class of 1929, whom the President recommended to be exceptionally well qualified for the position for which she was chosen.

With much regret the resignation of Miss Florence E. Dunn as a member of the Board of Trustees was received, but with compensating pleasure at her return to the Faculty of the College and her continued connection with Colby, the Board assented to the change.

Mr. Joseph C. Smith, whose excellent work in the Department of Publicity of the College has been so outstanding and so inspiring will remain with the College.

The Board received word that the following members of the corporation had been elected by the alumni and alumnæ: Professor Frederick A. Pottle, Class of 1917; Honorable Angier L. Goodwin, Class of 1902; Mrs. Ethel Haywood Weston (Mrs. Benjamin T. Weston), Class of 1908.

The following members were elected by the Trustees upon recommendation by the Committee on Nomination: Dr. William C. Crawford, Dr. Charles E. Owen, Mr. Harry T. Jordan, Honorable Herbert E. Wadsworth, Dr. Edwin C. Whittemore, Mr. Henry H. Hilton.

The Board learned with much sorrow that the Reverend Doctor Edwin C. Whittemore, so long its Secretary, felt compelled to insist that his resignation presented at the April meeting be now accepted, and although every effort was made to persuade Dr. Whittemore to continue his services, his resignation was accepted with the following resolution, presented by President Johnson, Dr. Padelford and Dr. Smith:

"The resignation of Dr. Whittemore as Secretary of the Board of Trustees, brings to a conclusion a noteworthy service of which his associates desire to take especial notice.

"Dr. Whittemore's experience as Colby historian which has been so fruitful in permanent result has made him painstakingly accurate as the recorder of current events in the Board's proceedings. Fortunate any institution which is favored with devoted service by so skilled an official and especially when that willing service has extended over a period of eleven eventful years.

"For this valued contribution to the College, made more valuable by his constant devotion to his Alma Mater, the Trustees of Colby College do hereby express most grateful appreciation.

"No member of the Board has been more faithful in attendance at the Board meetings, more attentive to the business of the College or more keenly interested in Colby's progress.

"As a memorial of such devotion this brief record is entered upon the minutes by vote of the Board."
The Board proceeded to elect Charles E. Gurney to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Dr. Whittemore.

The continued absence of Mr. George E. Murray, of the Class of 1879, so long a member of the Board and so loyal and devoted to the work of the College, resulted in a letter being sent to Mr. Murray, which is a fitting tribute to his appreciated worth. This letter follows:

"The Colby Trustees at their meeting yesterday greatly missed your presence, friendly greeting and the sense of sturdy strength which you always bring to the meeting.

By special vote they directed me to send to you some appreciation as best I could of the esteem in which the Trustees have held you through all the years since you became a member of the Board.

We recognize the fact that you have been an ideal Trustee, faithful to every duty, giving your best judgment to every question, soundly conservative, yet always progressive and doing your full part in every work undertaken.

We remember also that you have had special lines of service, as for example the "Murray Prize Debate" which you have maintained so long and to the great advantage of a great many of our best students. Indeed, your quiet work and complete fellowship has been greatly valued and it cannot be over estimated. Such a letter of appreciation I have never been called on to write before, so I am inexperienced but sincere.

The Class of 1879 is coming to honors this year. Hamlin will get his LL.D. and you are getting a higher degree in the complete appreciation of the Board for your eminent service and in their very strong hope that your health may be sufficiently restored that your attendance at further meetings of the Board may be possible."

**November Meeting**

The fall meeting of the President and Trustees of Colby College was held in Chemical Hall, Colby College, Waterville, Maine, on Saturday, November 19, 1932, with Chairman Herbert E. Wadsworth presiding.

The following Trustees were present: Messrs. President Johnson, Wadsworth, Gurney, Hubbard, Dodge, Perkins, Philbrook, Goodwin, Seaverns, Averill, Barnes, Owen, Hilton and Pottle, and Mesdames Hill and Weston.

Prayer was offered by the Reverend Charles Edson Owen, D.D., and the records were kept by the Secretary, Charles Edwin Gurney.

Matters of routine principally were transacted, and informal reports from the various committees and from President Johnson and Treasurer Hubbard were received.

The Trustees directed their attention principally to the consideration of proposed new by laws which were submitted by a committee consisting of President Johnson and Secretary Gurney. After a lengthy discussion in which these were considered in detail, the entire matter was laid upon the table until the April meeting.

Committees were appointed to prepare a set of resolutions upon the death of Professor Taylor, Dr. Whittemore and Mr. George E. Murray, so long efficient and beloved Trustees of the College.

The meeting was finally adjourned until April, 1933.
Reunion of the Class of 1907

Burr Frank Jones, A.M., Secretary

We of 1907 find it extremely difficult to believe that a quarter century has passed since we set forth from Colby to justify the high hopes of fond parents and the trembling but prayerful faith of the faculty and trustees of the College. That all the trembling was justified and all the prayers needed was quite evident to us as our experiences were exchanged during the reunion dinner at the Green Lantern Tea Room. Though disillusioned, chastened, and humbled somewhat in the passing of twenty-five years, no one happening in at the Green Lantern would have thought of us as “old grads.” It was just an informal gathering of old friends who were matching gray hair, aldermanic proportions, etc.

A moratorium was declared on speeches and endowment plans. The class decided that it would not be tactful for it to raise the three million dollars needed for the development fund. It was thought that such action would leave the other alumni without responsibility and honor in the matter. However, the most of our wealth was on display, that is, husbands, wives, children—and we guarded it jealously. The first concern was to reclaim the ties of friendship, to introduce our families to the larger Colby circle, and to catch something of the new spirit of optimism at the old College.

We were much surprised, and happily so, to find the champion class of 1882 celebrating in an adjoining dining room. Herman Betts and Helen Peterson were promptly commissioned to convey the greetings of “noisy” 1907 to “wise and venerable” ’82 and to make to ’82 the proposal that we hold a joint celebration of our fiftieth and their seventy-fifth anniversary in 1957. Dr. J. F. Hill and William C. Crawford accepted the proposal with enthusiasm and, as evidence of their good faith, they proceeded to call one of their members on the long distance telephone at Reno. As a climax to this interchange of felicitations, the versatile Mr. Crawford, after reminding us that the author of America was at one time a Colby professor, took his seat at the piano and played this beloved hymn with the abandon of a genius while all sang with great enthusiasm.


A silent tribute was paid to the eight
members of the class who have died:
Georgia M. Connor, Lewis, W. Dunn,
Oscar B. Peterson; A. K. Stetson, O. A.
Thompson, Lucy N. Whenman, Clayton

The calling of the class roll brought
out many interesting facts. Of the
thirty-four graduates, twelve are living
in Maine and twelve in Massachusetts.
The women are more widely scattered
than the men. Ellen Peterson from
Hangchow, Checkiang, China, is farthest
east; Lubelle Hall Hoffman of Miami,
Florida, is farthest south; and Nellie
Winslow Rideout of Winnipeg, is farthest
north and west.

Of the fifteen men, eight are in edu­
cational work; five in business; one in
journalism; and one in the ministry.
Of the nineteen women, fourteen are
married; twelve are homemakers; six
are actively engaged in educational
work; one is a missionary.

Unless the class can lay claim to Annie
Harthorne Wheeler, ex-'07 and her five
children, the honor of the largest family
goes to Arthur Stetson with four chil­
dren. His oldest, Arthur Stetson, Jr.,
a prominent member of the junior class
at Colby, holds the honor of being the
class baby. Nineteen hundred seven
has contributed four members to the
sons and daughters of Colby: Virginia
Getchell, '34, daughter of Virginia
Noyes, '07 and L. W. Getchell, '07; Nor­
man A. Taylor, '34 and Evelyn Taylor.
'35, son and daughter of Rena Archer,
'07 and John E. Taylor, '09; and Arthur
Stetson, Jr., son of Arthur Stetson, '07
and Maude Hawes Stetson. Lucile
Jones, daughter of Burr F. Jones, '07
and Helen Robinson Jones, is registered
in the class of '36.

Alma Morrisette McPartland, who has
been very prominent in musical circles
in and about Worcester, was drafted
early for the musical program and en­
tertained with many charming songs
and accompaniments.

Ellen Peterson was in the midst of a
most interesting account of some expe­
riences in Chinese school when it was
discovered that the fraternity and sor­
rity reunions were about to begin. Auld
Lang Syne and "Colby—the Long Way"
brought to a close the much too short
but very happy family gathering.

The members and guests present in­
cluded Herman B. Betts and Myrtis
Bassett Betts of Swampsot, Massachu­
setts; A. H. Brown and Adelaide Holway
Brown of Springfield, Massachusetts; L.
R. Folsom and Blanche Emory Folsom
of Norridgewock; Hattie S. Fossett,
New Harbor; Grace Stetson Grant and
Grace G. Grant, Waterville; Cassilina
Ferry Hitchcock, '10, Chicopee, Massa­
chusetts; Burr F. Jones, Helen Robinson
Jones, Lucile Jones, and Gordon Jones,
Watertown, Massachusetts; Frank J.
McPartland and Alma Morrisette Mc­
Partland, Worcester, Massachusetts;
Ellen J. Peterson, Checkiang, China;
Glen W. Starkey, '06, and Annie Cook
Starkey, Portland; A. W. Stetson, Maude
H. Stetson, Arthur W. Stetson, Jr. and
Marion Stetson, Waterville; Rena Arch­
er Taylor and Norman A. Taylor, Skow­
hegan; Elihu B. Tilton and Mary E.
Tilton, Rangeley; Prof. Nathaniel E.
Wheeler and Marie Wheeler, Bethel;
Ralph B. Young and Nellie J. Young,
Portland.

The local arrangements for the re­
union were in the hands of Arthur
Stetson.

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Colby at the Maine Teachers’ Convention

G. CECIL GODDARD, '29, Alumni Secretary

The largest annual Colby gathering
outside of Waterville is probably the
dinner held each year in connection with
the convention of Maine Teachers’ Asso­
ciation. This year, the meetings were
held in Bangor and the Colby dinner took
place in Dahlberg Hall, Thursday even­
ning, October 27.

About 138 Colby alumni and friends
were present, including both visiting
teachers and local alumni who took care
of the arrangements.

The program opened with “Hail, hail,
the gang’s all here!” sung with appro­
priate gusto. A novelty number was en­
joyed when some pupils of Miss Winni-
fred K. Murray's school of dancing performed a few numbers. The Colby quartette, directed by John W. Thomas, musical director at the college, rendered two Negro spirituals with great effect.

President Franklin W. Johnson gave the principal speech of the evening and brought to the gathering a picture of the life and activities of the college this year. He spoke optimistically of the prospects of the college and explained the present status of the "New Campus for Old Colby" project.

Oliver L. Hall, '93, presided over the dinner and Hall C.Dearborn, '02, was in charge of the arrangements. The following were present:

Eva L. Alley, '25; Irma Sawyer Andrews, '28; Roland Andrews, '28; Carrie V. Baker, '25; Thelma Bamford, '31; Alvarus F. Bennett, '27; Winona M. Berrie, '31; Roy A. Bither, '26; Clifford H. Blake; Kenneth W. Bragdon, '26; Alberta L. Brown, '30; Gladys M. Bunker, '28; Eleanor G. Butler, '29; Emily F. Candage, '27; Robert C. Chandler, '28; J. Ardelle Chase, '27; Lindon E. Christie, '30; C. L. Clement, '97; Stanley L. Clement, '32; Alta E. Davis, '18; Marjory A. Dearborn, '31; Helen F. Dickinson, '08; Dorothy M. Donnelly, '30; Gilbert L. Earle, '26; Theodore P. Emery, '27; Mrs. Theodore P. Emery; Evelyn M. Estey, '27; Blanche Farrington, '14; C. N. Flood, '05; Maxine Foster, '31; Hazel M. Gibbs, '17; Agnes M. Ginn, '31; G. Cecil Goddard, '29; Nora Hall Good, '27; Grace Stetson Grant, '07; Bernice V. Green, '27; Verna Green, '30; R. M. Grindle, '28; Sybil Williams Grindle, '27; W. W. Hale, '25; Oliver L. Hall, '93; Martha Hamilton, '32; Geraldine Baker Hannay, '21; Justina M. Harding, '32; Drew T. Harthorne, '94; Roy M. Hayes, '18; Anne Hooper Hinckley, '29; Virgil Hinckley; Marion Parker Hubbard, '97; Muriel L. Hutchinson; W. B. Jack, '00; Adelaide Klein Jackman, '14; Ernest Jackman, '12; Robert L. Jacobs, '24; Mrs. R. L. Jacobs; Evelyn Johnson, '32; Franklin W. Johnson, '91; Martha Johnston, '32; Florence Carll Jones, '12; Carolyn Hill Keyes, '08; Merle R. Keyes, '08; Eleanor E. King, '30; Rose Pillsbury LeBlanc, '11; John H. Lee, '30; Frank H. Leighton, '04; Harry E. Lewin, '20; Mrs. H. E. Lewin; Ralph C. F. Lewin, '27; Elsie H. Lewis, '29; W. L. Linscott, '31; Janet Locke, '31; M. W. Lord, '27; Gordon Marr, '29; E. C. Marriner, '10; Eleanor Creech Marriner, '10; Earle A. McKeen, '29; Mrs. H. A. McLellan; Harvard E. Moor, '18; Mrs. H. E. Moor; Malcolm B. O'Brien, '16; Frances Page, '31; Arline Mann Peakes, '27; Lawrence A. Peakes, '28; Dorothy L. Philbrook, '18; A. M. Pottle, '22; John K. Pottle, '18; Hazel B. Pratt, '22; Hope R. Pullen, '31; Walter J. Rideout, '12; Ray Robinson, '15; Ninetta M. Runnals, '08; Clyde E. Russell, '22; Doris Garland Russell, '26; Robert W. Scott, '29; Grace M. Sewall; Nellie M. Simonds, '30; Katherine L. Siteman; Byron H. Smith, '16; Sydney P. Snow, '28; Thelma M. Snow, '30; Phil T. Somerville, '21; Margaret Davis Sprague, '28; Agnes C. Stetson, '99; Susie W. Stevens, '28; Belle Longley Strickland, '19; Gertrude L. Sykes, '31; Fred A. Tarbox, '23; Frances E. Thayer, '30; Tina Thompson, '32; H. C. Thory; Rose Carver Tilley, '11; Florence Preble Tracy, '21; W. A. Tracy, '14; Mrs. H. E. Trefethen; Fred L. Turner, '27; Lura Norcross Turner, '27; Mary E. Vose, '29; Mary E. Warren, '23; Elizabeth Watson, '27; Jean M. Watson, '29; Lester F. Weeks, '15; Susan H. Weston, '06; A. L. Whittmore, '12; Ruth Hamilton Whittmore, '12; Esther E. Wood, '26; Mildred Bickmore Woodworth, '26; Phillip H. Woodworth, '22; Rodney Wyman, '29; R. B. Young, '07.

The Men of Maine Gather in New York

RICHARD DANA HALL, B.S., '32

"For some half century now the four Maine colleges have been working and playing together within the state of their location. Quite naturally our mutual problems and joys have been somewhat overshadowed in the larger eastern cities by the closer proximity and larger student bodies of the great eastern universi-

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ties. These great seats of learning were news to the New York papers while the Maine colleges were only of comparatively small interest to the readers. And yet for the careful reader, the papers of the week of November 1 carried an unusual and novel idea. The alumni of the four Maine colleges were to meet jointly on the eve of the Bowdoin-Maine game! The papers took notice of it and gave the coming meeting liberal space and hearty comment. Here was something new! Here were the alumni of four colleges in one New England state meeting in the greatest city in the world to talk over problems and progress of their respective alma maters. Gone was any petty feeling of rivalry and unfriendliness, and in its place was the feeling of cooperation and mutual interest that is so vital to the continued success of the colleges in Maine.

The Bowdoin and Maine alumni had agreed to meet together on the eve of their annual football game. Mr. Carl E. Ring of the University of Maine was chairman of the meeting and through his cordial invitation the alumni of Bates and Colby were asked to meet with them. It was through the untiring efforts of Mr. Ring that the joint meeting was conceived and put across. May I say here that it is up to us of Colby and Bates to carry out this unusual and worthwhile idea in the years to come. The Bowdoin-Maine game was to be played on the fifth of November and on the eve of that game some 90 or 100 alumni of all four Maine colleges gathered for a dinner at the New York Athletic Club. It was not a formal affair, there were no speeches. It turned out to be exactly what it was hoped to be: a chance to meet classmates and renew friendships made during college years with men of other Maine colleges. We forgot for the few hours that evening that we were from Bowdoin or Colby, and of paramount importance was what we as alumni in New York could do to make the Maine colleges, one and all, better and finer institutions.

The Colby representation was small. I hope that next year when the next meeting comes every Colby man in or near New York will plan to be there. Next year Bates and Colby must play host. Bowdoin and Maine have started a worthwhile thing; a thing of such great importance to our own Alma Mater that we must follow it up. I know that any Colby man who attends will leave with the feeling that I left with: Not only proud to be a Colby man, but just as proud to be one of the Men of Maine.”

The Lecture Course

Chairman, Lecture Committee

In spite of the depression, the College is again carrying through its annual Lecture Course, and with even greater success than last year. The attendance on the part of the undergraduate body is most excellent, some 250 students purchasing the season ticket. With an equal number of citizens and out-of-town people holding tickets, the lecturers are talking to audiences ranging from 500 to 550 people.

The course offered this year comprises three more events than last year. The lecturers comprise Admiral William S. Sims, on October 14, Dr. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist, on November 4, Hon. Rennie Smith, of the English Labor Party, Dr. Haridas Muzumdar, follower of Ghandi, Dr. Vaughan, professor of social ethics in Boston University, Dr. Hsieh, the Chinese diplomat, and Dr. Boleslavski, author and actor.

This course of lectures is offered to the students and townspeople at a small fee, a share of the expense being borne by the College as its contribution to the welfare of students and townspeople. This is the third year during which the course has been carried on, and its popularity speaks well for the wisdom of those who made it possible.
Four of the Lecturers in the 1932-1933 Colby Lecture Course

DR. TEHYI HSIEH

RICHARD BOLESLAVSKY

ADMIRAL WILLIAM SOWDEN SIMS

RENNIE SMITH, B.Sc.
Among the Graduates

THE EDITOR

JOHN LESLIE DUNSTAN, '23, ORDAINED

On Wednesday evening, May 18, 1932, in the Union Church of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y., occurred the ordination to the Christian ministry of John Leslie Dunstan, '23. The following biographical sketch of Mr. Dunstan was printed in the program of exercises:

John Leslie Dunstan is ordained this evening as an Evangelist. There is as yet no Service of Ordination or Installation for Directors of Religious Education. The Minister who is not ordained as a Pastor over some Church but is set apart for the work of the Ministry at large, is technically spoken of as an Evangelist.

Mr. Dunstan was born in London, England, where his father was in business and also a local preacher of the Methodist Church in Hampstead-Heath. In April 1913, the family came to America where the father entered the Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He soon became a naturalized American citizen and active in the work of his denomination. John Leslie started his education in the London County Council Schools. After coming to America, he entered the public schools and was graduated from the Richmond, Maine, High School. Thereupon he entered Colby College taking his degree in 1923. He was then employed by the Boston Y. M. C. A. in the Department of Boys' Work where he continued for three years. During this time he studied at Boston University and Harvard. In 1926 he came to Brooklyn to become a Community Secretary of the Bay Ridge Y. M. C. A. He was in this position two years when he came to Union Church as Minister of Education.

Since then he has also continued his studies at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University, having very nearly completed the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

It was during his college days that Mr. Dunstan first met Miss Edythe Porter who was, also, a student in Colby College. They were married in 1924.

Mr. Dunstan's ministry in the field of religious education at Union Church has been notably successful. The high school and young peoples departments of our Church have grown in every way under his leadership, and all of the Church Organizations owe much of their successful programmes to his advice and council. He has faithfully and consistently interpreted a sound philosophy of education to the people of Union Church.

In addition to this he has taken active part in various Community and City enterprises and during the months when Union Church was without a pastor, his services were invaluable.

It is with genuine pleasure and deep appreciation that the officers, members and the pastor of this Church greet Mr. Dunstan on this occasion of his ordination to the Christian Ministry.

They have a wonderful Parish House here just opened, which is in the last word in modern arrangements for Church School work and Religious Education and much of it is due to Mr. Dunstan's thought and arrangement.

DR. MESERVE, '77, HONORED

The board of trustees of Shaw University at the April meeting expressed its esteem for Dr. Charles F. Meserve, Colby, '77, of Raleigh, for 26 years president of Shaw and now president-emeritus. The meeting was the forty-fifth attended by Dr. Meserve, and upon being appraised of that fact the members directed the secretary to record in the minutes the rising vote of esteem accorded him. Members of the board re-elected included Dr. Meserve.
CONCERNING DR. HUGH ROBINSON, '19

A recent visitor to Dr. Hugh Robinson, in Lintsing, Shantung, has the following to say of the splendid work he is doing:

Dr. Hugh Robinson is a keen and vigorous young doctor and is doing a fine piece of work in the hospital and general medical work in Lintsing, Shantung. The Superintendent of the Hospital is a Chinese, Dr. Hsü, who has shown his ability not only as a doctor but as an administrator, carrying on the work very much alone for some months during the forced evacuation of Americans in 1927.

Dr. Hsü keeps in touch with the political leaders of the city and province, and has secured some large gifts from them for the hospital. It has rendered service to soldiers of all armies—and to bandits as well!—and its standing remains high.

In loyal cooperation with Dr. Hsü, under circumstances often peculiarly trying, have stood Dr. Robinson, and the American woman physician, Dr. Alma Cooke. The trio made a fine team. It has been a test of the kind of strength and grace peculiarly needed in missionaries in this day in China; as well as of the developing Chinese leadership. Dr. Robinson has a direct aggressive approach to problems; and with his stiff lower jaw has a way of speaking which sometimes sounds dogmatic. But it is not really so; he is careful and thoughtful, and does allow for the other fellow. With his sense of humor, he makes his comments in expressions which bring a laugh, but which have a lot of sense carrying through with them. His command of Chinese is very good, for the time he has been out. He swings the Shantung tones and colloquialisms effectively.

Dr. Robinson's special department is Surgery. An X-ray equipment for the hospital has just been secured; building for it still lacking! But the Doctor hopes to get it installed and working before he goes on his furlough, in 1931.

His judgment on the broader policies of the mission work is sound. And the whole family make an important contribution in Lintsing, especially in the social life of the small American group. Mrs. Robinson, too, is a trained nurse; and they have three adorable small children.

HOLMAN DAY, '87, AS RADIO'S "OLD SALT"

Today, November 6, marks the 67th anniversary of the birth of Holman Day, one of the best known Yankee humorists, whose writings of and about Maine have gained him fame from his old home on the Atlantic Coast to his present one in San Francisco.

Mr. Day, who first became known to Maine people through his years as State editor of the Lewiston Journal and later gained wider recognition for his poetry, short stories, and novels, is now actively engaged in radio work. But in this work as in his other Mr. Day continues to portray the Down East characters that made him famous.

At present he is appearing on a weekly program, somewhat similar to the "Cheerio" programs of the Eastern stations, as the Old Salt, a State of Maine deep sea fisherman, and his pungent and homely humor draws a laugh from the entire Pacific Coast, from Canada to Mexico and as far east as Salt Lake City.

Apparently Mr. Day's skill at recounting anecdotes stands him in as good stead now as in his novel writing days. He told the following one day apropos the New England conscience.

Old Anse Trufant had driven into town one day and been arrested for driving his sleigh without bells. Anse paid his fine politely and begged pardon for disobeying the law. Then he went home with his New England conscience working. He dickered around amongst his neighbors and bought everything they had in the way of bells.

"Reg'lar sleigh bells, cow bells, dinner bells—all he could lay his hands on. And he rigged up a sheet of iron he could pound with a hammer. Anse was bound and determined he wouldn't have it on his conscience that he hadn't followed the law."

With regard to Anse's conscientious-
ness, the Old Salt allowed that opinions differed considerably the next time the old man drove out in his rig.

“He made so much clatteration that ev'ry hoss on the main street broke loose and run away, heads and tails in the air. But the city folks couldn't come back at Anse—he was obeying the law right up smack to the letter.”

But when Yankee thrift is involved, Yankee conscience proves elastic. There is the case of Jase Benslow who was taken to task by the meat inspector for trying to sell his hogs that had died from disease.

It wasn't a disease according to Jase. The pigs had been wallowing in clay all summer. This kept collecting in balls on their tails and finally became so heavy it dragged the skin back until the hogs couldn't shut their eyes. Then, according to Jase, the pigs died of insomnia, which was a natural cause and not a disease!

Mr. Day began writing verses during his newspaper days, soon after his graduation from Colby. His first published volume was a collection of these verses, “Up in Maine” issued about 1900. later followed by “Pine Tree Ballards” on which the foundation of his reputation was built. Among his more successful novels have been “The Skipper and the Skipped”, a sea story, and “Clothes Make the Pirate”, a historical novel.—Portland Telegram.

DELAWA RE-MICHA UD WEDDING

Two well known and popular young people were recently united in marriage at the Notre Dame Church, when Miss Annette F. Michaud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Michaud of 50 King street, became the bride of Roland S. Delaware of Augusta. Rev. Father Joseph Orieux performed the impressive ceremony.

Mrs. Delaware has been a clerk in the store of the Emery-Brown Company for several years. She received her education in the Waterville public schools. Mr. Delaware was born in Waterville but received his education in the Madison schools, being graduated from the high school in that town in 1925. He was graduated from Colby College in the class of 1930 being a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity. He is also a member of the Knights of Columbus. He is employed by the state highway department.—Waterville Sentinel.

PRINCIPAL CLYDE E. RUSSELL, ’22, OF WINSLOW HIGH

(This is the first of a series of articles to introduce to Sentinel readers members of the faculty at Winslow high school.)

Rightly enough we start this series with Clyde E. Russell, principal of the high school which has taken a firm and steady step forward among Maine high schools since the advent of his appointment.

Mr. Russell, a native of Charleston, secured his early education in the public schools there. later attending Higgins Classical Institute from which he graduated. Coming to Colby the following year, he became interested and active in many activities not directly connected with his classes. He was graduated in 1924 and two years later received his master's degree. In the spring he anticipates his master's degree from Harvard.

As a senior at Colby Mr. Russell taught five classes at Winslow high. At that time the high school was located on East Getchell street and its enrollment did not exceed 47. Today a modern high school is available and for the six year course 435 students are enrolled. The teaching staff has been increased from four to sixteen. While the teaching staff has “grown” four times, the enrollment has increased nearly ten times.

In 1923 Mr. Russell was married and is the father of three children.

He is a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity. Kappa Phi Kappa, educational society; Pi Kappa Delta, public speaking society; Phi Beta Kappa: Maine Principals' Association; and Maine Teachers' Association.

Mr. Russell's ambition for the town of Winslow is “to provide even more thoroughly than we do, recreational
needs for all young people of the community. The school is performing reasonably well but other than this there is no organized recreation to occupy the moments of the youth. Idle spare moments breed trouble.”—Waterville Sentinel.

H. E. CARSON, ’28, SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

Monson, Sept. 3—Monson Academy will open Tuesday, September 6, for its 85th year. This is one of the oldest academies in the State. Eight years ago the academy building was remodeled and today Monson has a very nicely arranged building.

Harold E. Carson, a graduate of Colby College, is the principal and is entering upon his third year here. He is an efficient teacher and has done much to build up a fine school—Exchange.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON ON FRATERNITIES

President Johnson of Colby College in his opening chapel address referred to the excessive expenditures of the fraternities and sororities and notified the students of the fraternity groups to consider a reduction in the budgets of these bodies.

It is time that some such action was taken at Colby and what is true there is true of other colleges, where the fraternity system prevails, which includes most of them.

These organizations once of the simplest character have become complex and expensive. They insist on costly chapter houses fitted up in a fashion that few of the occupants are accustomed to, many of them maintain expensive central offices which do good work, but cost money and each tries to make as good a showing as the other after the fashion of “keeping up with Lizzie.” This is all very well for students whose parents are able to supply them with plenty of money, but bears hard on the boys and girls who have a tough time paying their ordinary college bills.

Of course no student has to join a fraternity, but not to belong to one amounts almost to ostracism and many boys prefer to leave college, if they cannot become connected with some fraternity.

In the main the college fraternities are fine things and friendships are often formed within them, that endure through life. But they can retain all their good features and not cost as much.

—Sunday Telegram, October 2.

DR. PURINTON, ’91, LEAVES BATES FACULTY

The following is clipped from the Bates graduate magazine:

It is with deep regret that alumni, faculty and students learn of the resignation of Dr. H. R. Purinton which is soon to take effect on account of ill health. Close to forty years he has given to Bates and to Cobb Divinity School, and he will be sadly missed from the ranks of the faculty. A graduate of Colby in 1891, he came to Bates as a student in Cobb Divinity School graduating in 1894. Invited to return as a member of the faculty he served as professor of Hebrew and church history until 1908 when the Divinity School was closed. Since that time he has been a member of the regular Bates faculty as head of the department of Biblical literature and religion.

In 1894 he married Miss Carrie J. Knowlton, the daughter of a fine old family, who has been a helpmeet to him in the truest sense. Four sons were born to them, men of whom to be proud, who inherited from both father and mother the sterling qualities which make for their success in life. All four are graduates of Bates. Arthur L., ’17, is educational director of the Y. M. C. A. in Waterbury, Conn.; Edwin M., ’19, is principal of Maine Central Institute; Carle E., ’23, is head of the department of Biblical literature at Adelphi College; Francis K., ’27, is achieving credit in the newspaper world.

Four books of recognized worth have come from his pen: Literature of the Old Testament, The Achievement of Israel,
Literature of the New Testament (in collaboration with his son, Carl), and The Achievement of the Master (in collaboration with Sadie Brackett Costello, '98). In 1907 Doctor Purinton received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hillsdale.

The following resolutions drawn up by a committee of the faculty show something of the esteem and affection with which he is regarded by his colleagues:

"We the members of the Bates Faculty, wish to express our love and high esteem for our colleague, Dr. Purinton—who is so soon to leave his active association with us. He has given the longest service of any of our number and has been associated with an important period in the history of our college.

"A pioneer in the field of Religious Education, he built up courses that have inspired great numbers of students and have served as models to be widely copied in other institutions. A truly remarkable feature of his work has been the fact that in a field where radical changes have been taking place in viewpoint and objectives, he has ever been alert and responsive and has kept abreast with, or even in advance of, the general movement. Young in heart and mind, he has been exceptionally qualified to understand the attitude and the problems of young people. He has given unstintedly of time, effort and devotion, and has been the personal friend and counselor of numberless young men and women.

"In the midst of his arduous and exacting labors as teacher, he has found time for writing and has produced the valuable books through which he will still live in the minds of future generations. Beyond the college walls he has earnestly and successfully promoted the cause of Religious Education in community, state and nation.

"But highly as we value Dr. Purinton's achievements, we think of him especially as a man, our friend and comrade, modest, kind and helpful. We treasure the remembrance of the generous hospitality that he and Mrs. Purinton dispensed in their home. We love to think of his deep interest and concern for the spiritual welfare of our college community. We prize his culture, his sweet Christian character. May he and Mrs. Purinton still have many years in which we may continue to know them and profit from intimate association with them."

The Board of Trustees at its last meeting spread upon its records the following minute concerning the services of Professor Purinton: "His work with Bates began in 1894 as an instructor of Hebrew and Church History in the Cobb Divinity School. From 1895 to 1908 he held a professorship in the Divinity School, and when the latter was given up he became professor of Biblical Literature and Religion in the college. This represents a period of service but little short of four decades. For many years his work in stimulating religious education throughout the State of Maine has been invaluable, particularly in his relation to the Maine Council on Religious Education and through several textbooks which have come from his pen. He has not spared himself either in or out of the classroom and there are many in the ministry today who will recall with gratitude their indebtedness to him for spiritual and intellectual stimulation.

"His spirit and the influence of his work constitute a permanent contribution to the department to which he gave so many years of distinguished service."

Everyone is glad to know that Doctor Purinton and his wife will be near the college even though he has retired from active service. Their home is at 144 Nichols Street where they continue their lifelong interest in Bates and her graduates, and in all that pertains to the welfare of the institution.

BARTLETT-ROGERS WEDDING

One of the prettiest weddings of the early summer was solemnized, Monday, June 27, at 12:30 noon, at the home of Mrs. Grace W. Bartlett, 15 Park Street, when her daughter, Miss Ruth Bartlett was united in marriage to Dr. Fred Hunter Rogers of Atlanta, Ga. The single ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Otto E. Duerr, pastor of the Unitarian Church, in the presence of relatives and friends of the couple. The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Francis F. Bartlett. She was attended
by Mrs. Francis F. Bartlett as matron of honor, while Dr. Rogers’ best man was Dr. Mark D. Elliott of Montgomery, Ala. Mrs. Rogers is the daughter of Mrs. Grace W. Bartlett and the late Martin Firth Bartlett. She was graduated from College in 1929. She is a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority. In 1931, she was graduated from the Wheelock Kindergarten Training school in Boston and during the past year taught kindergarten in Philadelphia.

Dr. Rogers is the son of Mrs. Lavada Rogers and the late James L. Rogers of Atlanta, Ga. He was graduated from Atlanta Southern Dental college in 1929 and since then has served on the staff of the Forsyth Dental Infirmary for Children in Boston, which position he now holds.

A COLBY MAN IN THE CLASS OF 1873

Augustus H. Kelley was graduated from Colby in the class of 1873. While in college he taught several schools and was successful as the success of college boys goes. With this experience as a background he applied to Warren Johnson, State Superintendent of Schools in Maine, for help in securing a place to teach. Superintendent Johnson had been asked to recommend a Principal for the Eastport High School, and he sent Mr. Kelley to take the position.

He began his work in Eastport in the fall of 1873, where he remained for three years, when he was elected Principal of the Belfast High School.

While in Eastport Mr. Kelley was married to Miss Julia M. Dyer.

During his six years’ stay in Belfast he fitted students for college, among whom were William C. Crawford and Robie G. Frye who did creditable work in Colby, made names for themselves in public life, and were chosen Trustees of Colby and did faithful work for their Alma Mater.

While in Belfast Mr. Kelley took the Boston Teachers’ Examinations which qualified him for teaching in Boston. In 1882 he was chosen Submaster of the Chapman School in Boston where he taught six years when he was made Principal of the Theodore Lyman School District, where he remained until transferred to the newly established U. S. Grant District.

Later when the Junior High Schools were made a part of the Boston School System, the U. S. Grant District was among the first chosen to take on the new work.

Mr. Kelley remained at the head of this district until he reached the age limit of seventy years, at which age all Boston teachers are retired on a pension.

During Mr. Kelley’s last year of service he was elected President of the Boston Principals’ Association by his associate Principals.

Almost immediately the Principals’ Association was called upon by the School Administration to organize to assist in heading off a sinister movement to oppose raising the appropriations needed to carry on the work of the schools.

Accordingly a Committee of Ten was appointed for active service in the campaign to aid the School Administration in raising the appropriations.

To get the public thoroughly aroused to an understanding of the nature of the attack upon the schools there were brought as guests to the monthly dinners
of the Association the candidates for Governor of the Commonwealth, an ex-Governor, the Speaker of the House, the President of the Senate, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the largest bank in Boston, the Commissioner of Education of the State, the Mayor of Boston, the President of the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club, and by no means the least, the Dean of School Journalists of the United States, Dr. Albert E. Winship, who at the age of eighty-seven years still maintains his leadership.

The "Present Crisis in Education" as the attack upon the schools was called was fully discussed at these meetings, with these public spirited men, and to a man they heartily supported the Boston School Administration.

The money needed to properly support the Boston public schools was raised, teachers' salaries were increased, and the present system of pensions for Boston was established.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelley have had five children, three daughters and two sons. Two of the daughters died in infancy and one lived to be thirteen years of age. Both sons, Charles Fabens and Ernest Dunton grew to manhood, and were graduated from Harvard. Charles is now Assistant Director of The Chicago Art Institute, is married and has one daughter. Ernest entered business in Milwaukee, was married and had two sons. He lived to be thirty-four years old. His wife and two sons are living in Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelley are living at their home in West Roxbury, Boston.

L. D. COLE, '30, A WINSLOW TEACHER

(This is the fifth of a series of articles to introduce to Sentinel readers members of the faculty of Winslow high school.)

By Del Bosko

Even though a newcomer to the school, Lawrence Dean Cole is very much occupied with teaching and extra-curricular activities. He was born in Winslow and attended the public schools there, graduating from the high school in 1926 with the honor of ranking second highest in the class.

At Colby College where he spent the following four years, Mr. Cole was manager of baseball in 1930, and managing editor of the Oracle during the same year. He was employed with the New York Telephone and Telegraph Company following his graduation from Colby in 1930, and remained in Brooklyn, New York, for a period of fourteen months returning to Winslow in 1931.

During the spring term of 1932, he became interested in teaching and took a graduate course in education at Colby.

Mr. Cole is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, the Pi Gamma Mu National Honorary Social Science Society and is president of the Winslow Alumni Association.

In his first year at Winslow high school, he instructs two classes in English, two in general science, and one in problems of democracy. This year, Mr. Cole was made faculty manager of athletics. Late in the winter term, he will coach the school debating team, and still later, will act as faculty advisor of the Periscope, the Winslow high school year book.

During the winter term of 1931-32 Mr. Cole was an interested participant in the activities of the Winslow Alumni Association, and was later unanimously elected to lead the organization. Of late, he resumed the activities of the association for the winter and is working out the plan that has been discussed in the past of producing an alumni play. He was selected to be a member of the Community players, appearing in the production, "The Goose Hangs High."

Mr. Cole's ambition for the school is: to maintain the high standards of education already set up within the school and to educate the pupil in such a way that he will make the best possible use of his leisure time when not under the guidance of a teacher.

WALTER RIDEOUT, '12, RESIGNS FROM DOVER-FOXCROFT SCHOOLS

Dover-Foxcroft, June 6—The resignation of Superintendent of Schools Walter J. Rideout, who has for nine years worked so efficiently to bring the schools of Dover-Foxcroft to a standard of excellence, which according to state officials stands very high in the state, causes deep regret to all citizens who are proud of that standard. It is the testimony of
the splendid corps of teachers selected by Superintendent Rideout that he is satisfied only when they are working to make themselves better teachers. "From good to better, from better to best for the children of Dover-Foxcroft" is the slogan, unsung but well understood, which has brought the schools to their recent splendid condition.

This deep-seated interest in youth has been felt in all phases of the town's life pertaining to boys and girls, in the church, a Sunday school class which has had to have very strict rules for admission to keep it within reasonable limits; with the Scouts, seven years' service as chairman of Dover-Foxcroft division of Katahdin Council, as well as service as vice chairman of Katahdin Council at large; several years as county leader of Y. M. C. A. boys' conferences which has brought about splendid representation at these conferences; all these things testify to the loss the town sustains in the going away of this able superintendent and loyal citizen.

Mrs. Rideout, too, has made for herself a large and valuable place in the church and club life of the town and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Rideout carry with them the sincere wishes of many for the success in the future which they so richly deserve.—Exchange.

SUZANNE STEELE, '08, ACCLAIMED BY FRENCH CRITICS

Winning international acclaim in the field of dramatic interpretation is Suzanne Corbett Steele, a native of Maine and an alumna of Colby College. For several years, Mrs. Steele has been building up a reputation in this country as a radio artist and monologist, but during the past summer she added to her laurels by scoring a decided success in Paris, with her recitals of Moliere's "School for Wives."

This was not achieved, however, without a long and difficult period of intense study. Mrs. Steele, early in her study of drama, was attracted to the genius of Moliere and began to concentrate on his plays. She translated his "School for Wives" for herself and last summer travelled to France in order to perfect her interpretation of his characters.

She was finally able to procure an audience with Madame Dusanne, the great French actress who has been decorated by the French government for her magnificent contributions to the stage and who is considered the greatest authority on the feminine roles of Moliere, having written books on the subject.

Madame Dusanne accepted Mrs. Steele as a pupil and the two women worked intensively on one play for a month. At the end of this period, Madame Dusanne arranged for Mrs. Steele to give a recital of "School for Wives" before an exclusive audience of about three hundred, including famous French critics and connoisseurs of other countries.

This recital brought her instant acclaim. Favorable criticisms appeared in several Parisien newspapers and an extended notice in "Comœdia," the daily theatrical paper, which said in part:

"Being endowed with keen intelligence and an expressive face capable of depicting the most contrasting moods, Mrs. Steele excels in subtle and total transformations. Her programs of sketches in America, which ran the gamut of
laughter and weeping, joy and terror, were highly applauded. Encouraged, she thought of putting her virtuosity to the service of a single drama, taking the role of all the characters therein. Our Moliere attracted her. She translated it and played it in twenty different cities, but is not satisfied.

"She came to France expressly to model her own interpretation more faithfully to our French tradition and daily went to school with Molieresque actors as the most zealous of students.

"The result of her labor, as I have admired it today, and as it will be admired this evening by French and American friends, is surprising. Without the help of any disguise or make-up, she is now the jealous Arnolphe, the petulant Horace, the pure Agnes, or the rustic Alain or Georgette. If one loves Moliere, how could one not be moved in thus seeing his characters live again in the grace of the soul of a single artist?"

Mrs. Steele was born in Medway and prepared for college at Foxcroft Academy. At Colby she excelled in public speaking and was a member of the Sigma Kappa sorority, graduating in the class of 1908. After her marriage to Leon C. Steele, she made her home in Georgia and North Carolina and for the last few years has lived in Fredonia, N. Y. Mrs. Steele was the guest of the Colby women at the Colby Night celebration last October.

Everett Carleton Herrick Given Degree by Dartmouth

At the last Commencement of Dartmouth College, Everett Carleton Herrick, '98, President of Newton Theological Seminary, was given the honorary degree of doctor of divinity. In awarding the degree, President Hopkins offered the following citation:

*Everett Carleton Herrick, President of Andover Newton Theological School, Newton Center, Massachusetts:*

Graduate of Colby College and of Newton Theological Institution; collegiate recognition of your merit is no new experience for you. Your varied accomplishments Dartmouth knows and unhesitatingly holds sufficient for any academic honor which might be bestowed. Beyond other good works, however, she holds one in grateful remembrance, namely, the recovery from vanishing prestige of the name of a historically great theological school, bound by many a tie to the life of this College. For nearly a century, Andover gave professional training to a multitude of Dartmouth men who sought adequate preparation for the work of the Christian ministry. From Andover's halls within these years likewise came four to head great administrations here and scores to assume positions of educational significance throughout the country at large. With imagination and purpose, you overcame difficulties and skillfully found a way through a maze of legal complications to restore that long-established foundation to influence and service. Self-effacing in effort, persistent in will, distinctive in achievement, I confer upon you the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Harry J. Kaufmann, '27, has been appointed Chevrolet dealer in Mount Vernon, N. Y. Address: Kaufmann Chevrolet Inc., 110 East 3d St., Mount Vernon.
THE MESSAGE OF THE BANKER

T. Raymond Pierce, Colby, '98, vice president of the First National-Old Colony Corp., and financier adviser to many chemical industries, contributed this five-pointed message to the Manufacturing Chemists' Association:

1. No cessation of research. It is the life blood of chemical industry!
2. Reduce controllable costs. Uncontrollable costs are coming.
3. Preserve morale. It's 90 per cent of your product!
4. Utilize surplus to retire capital obligations, obtainable now at unprecedented discounts. Buy back by the bale what you sold by the piece!
5. Reappraise fixed assets carried at the inflated cost of the post-war period. Get going on "going values"!—Chemical Engineering.

TESTIMONIAL DINNER TO DR. CRAWFORD, '82

The Alumnus is in receipt of a most artistic souvenir program for the exercises in connection with the testimonial dinner tendered to Dr. William C. Crawford, '82, by the faculty of the Boston Trade School and his friends, at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Wednesday evening, May 25, 1932.

The program gives a biographical sketch of Dr. Crawford's life, as follows:
Born:—Warren, Me., January 19, 1862.
Education:—Public Schools of Belfast, Me.; Colby College A.B., 1882; A. M., 1885; L. H. D., 1914. Educational experience:—Master, Elementary Schools, Belfast, 1882-1885; Principal, Thomaston, Me., High School, 1886-1887; Superintendent of Schools, Waterville, Me., 1881-1891; Instructor of Pedagogy, Colby College, 1890-1891; District Principal, Gloucester, Mass., 1891-1892; Sub-Master, Bennett School, Brighton, 1893-1896; Sub-Master, Washington Allston School, Allston, 1896-1903; Master, Washington Allston District, 1903-1911; Principal, Boston Industrial School for Boys (Now Boston Trade School), 1911-1932.
Civic Activities:—Sabbatical leave for travel and study of foreign vocational schools, 1911; Secretary-Treasurer, Sub-Master's Club for seven years; Secretary, American Institute of Instruction (Parent Organization of the N. E. A.), 1902-1907; President, Brighton and Allston Neighborhood Club for three years; President, Twentieth Century Club, 1923; President, Boston City Club, 1928-1931; Trustee, Brighton Five Cents Savings Bank; President, N. E. Music Festival Association, 1927-1931; Chairman, Committee on Training Boy Scouts of America.

There is also given in the program a half dozen testimonials to Dr. Crawford, typical of them the following from John C. Brodhead, assistant superintendent of the Boston schools:

"Oh, man of broad and deep education—trailing mystic initials and sporting a doctor's gown—loving husband and fond father—successful teacher, principal, director and superintendent in elementary and secondary fields, in academic and industrial education—patron of the arts, applied sociology and the forum—dreamer of dreams come true—confirmed globe-trotter—inervate 'joiner' and multi-president—worthy member of 'who's who'—genial companion, prolific raconteur and valiant foe in argument—indefatigable actor in work or play—unaging youth in body, heart and spirit—you have been a veritable Maine Yankee in King Education's Court. Here's to you 'Boss' Bill."

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS

ROLLINS-ROWE

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Rowe announce the marriage of their daughter, Viola Ruth to Mr. Henry Weston Rollins (Colby, '32) on Sunday, September 4th, 1932 at Third Baptist Church, Saint Louis, Missouri.

MILLETT-ROLLINS

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weston Rollins announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Evelyn to Mr. Ellsworth Willis Millett (Colby, '25) on Saturday, August
13th, 1932, at First Baptist Church, China, Maine.

NELSON-BLOSSOM
Mrs. Edward Churchill Blossom announces the marriage of her daughter, Isabel to Mr. Theodore Nelson (Colby, ’30) Wednesday, August 24, 1932, at Saint Barnabas Episcopal Church, Falmouth, Massachusetts.

GOODRICH-ABBOTT
Mrs. William Henry Kilbourn Abbott announces the marriage of her daughter, Ruth Helen to Mr. Joseph Frank Goodrich (Colby, ’25) on Saturday, September 7th, 1932, Waterville, Maine.

SMITH-MOTTRAM
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mottram announce the marriage of their sister, Kathleen to Mr. Abbot Emerson Smith (Colby, ’26) on Wednesday, July 20, at Dittonham, Norfolk.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huntington Whitman announce the marriage of their daughter, Hilda Trull, to Mr. Rafael Ordorica, Friday, September 2, 1932, at Liberty, Maine.

Having retired three years ago after twenty-three years’ service as superintendent of schools in Massachusetts, C. L. Judkins, ’81, of Uxbridge, Mass., is engaged in the business of selling school supplies.

On October 25, Governor Gardner renominated Herbert E. Wadsworth, ’92, of Winthrop as one of the directors of the Port of Portland authority.

The Alumni Office reports the oldest living alumnus Thomas B. Briggs, a non-graduate in the class of 1864, celebrated his 92nd birthday on the 20th of November. The two oldest living graduates of the college are John F. Moody and Charles R. Coffin both of the class of 1867. Mr. Moody is the oldest in years, having been born January 18, 1846, while Mr. Coffin saw the light of day over a year later, February 13, 1847.

On November 1 there was a total of 2843 living alumni of whom 1740 are graduates and 1103 are non-graduates. This total does not include some 250 for whom there are no addresses.

William L. Soule, Jr., is the name of a son born on August 31, 1931, into the family of William L. Soule, class of ’90.

A. L. Whittemore, ’12, is now teaching in Guilford, Maine.

Albert F. Robinson, ’19, announces the opening of his office at 1233 Monadnock Block, Chicago, for the practice of patents and trademark law.

Clayton K. Brooks, ’98, informs the ALUMNUS of the marriage of his daughter, Gertrude, to Robert Christian Wilson, at the Brooks home 14 Linnean street, Cambridge. They will make their home in Sydney, Australia.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tracy Boone (Feneda Hawksley, ’23) at Dyer Brook, a daughter, Sylvan, on May 10, 1932.

Clara D. Moldenke, ’13, is now to be addressed at Meacham and News Streets, Elmont, N. Y.

Augustus Mayhew Hodgkins, ’28, and Mabel Moore Hearon, daughter of Mrs. Hugh Hearon, were married on Saturday, June 25, at Trinity Memorial Church, Binghamton, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Cushman announce the arrival of Charles Bancroft on October 18, 1932.

William L. Waters, 95, has removed to Route Box 373, Santa Acca, California.

Portland Sept. 10 — Henry W. Deetjen, of Portland, Colby College football player for the last three seasons, was named football coach at Cheverus academy today. He succeeds Walter Mulvihill, who has been at the academy for six years.

C. H. French, '81, has recently returned to America from a year spent in lecturing in the schools of Japan.

Carroll S. Parker, ’26, announces the arrival in his home of Robert Brown, born September 17, last.

S. Curtis Blakeslee, ’30, was married on July 16, last, to Edith Flagler, a graduate of Russell Sage College, class of ’29. Among the attendants at the wedding were Oscar M. Chute of Beverley, Mass., class of ’29, and W. S. Curtis, Jr., ’32, of Waterbury, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Blakeslee live at 31 No. Lake Ave., Troy, New York.

Howard A. McLellan, ’09, is now to be addressed in Ellsworth, Me.

IRENE GUSHEE MORAN, A.B., ’21
Wife of Maine’s New Congressman

Elwood A. Wyman, ’18, is treasurer of the Whitman Savings Bank, Whitman, Mass., with home address: 720 Washington Street.

James C. Muir & Co., Philadelphia, announce themselves as distributors of slides and glass slides, arranged to enable students the better to study the classics, and edited by Raymond I. Haskell, ’14, M.A., Ph.D., head of the department of English, Girard College, Philadelphia.

Connecticut Valley Alumnae Association

ELIZABETH J. DYAR, ’22, Secretary

The Connecticut Valley Colby Alumnae Association met for the annual Spring Luncheon in Hartford, April 23, 1932.

President Franklin W. Johnson, the guest of honor, spoke of the Colby of today with its cosmopolitan atmosphere.

Officers for the following year were elected.


An invitation is extended to all alumnae in this section to attend the fall meeting to be held in the vicinity of Hartford and also to communicate with the secretary.
Elegy in October


Boughs rained light
All the way long
And harvest color sung.

A dark day
Windy and bleak
Might have eased the ache.

Soft blue smoke
And mellow leaf
Mocked my grief.

Too late
For his hearth cheer,
I stood beside his bier.

There is a time—
To everything a season—
It seemed like treason.

Did the heart
Born in that breast
Ever crave rest?

On his left hand
Autumn and spring
He wears the Mars of an old Roman ring.

Who remains
With such a mind,
So just and kind?

Who turns an eye
So tolerant and keen
On the human scene?

Master, loved
By a great host,
Are fire and wisdom lost?

What you gave
Goes on forevermore
As circles widen out from shore to shore.

You will always live
Here where the college bell
Spoke to you from the cradle to the knell.

Woods that knew you well
Weave today
Wreaths for a great man gone on his way.

Boughs rain light,
The harvests are a song—
You were gentle and strong.
In Memoriam

The Editor

JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR, '68
CHARLES WILBERT FOSTER, '71
WILLIAM HENRY LOONEY, '77
GEORGE EDWIN MURRAY, '79
EDWIN CAREY WHITTEMORE, '79
CHARLES EDWARD ATWOOD, '81
GEORGE MELVIN WADSWORTH, '83
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GEORGE NORTHRUP HURD, '90
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HARRY EDWARD HAMILTON, '96
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PRESTON BURPEE LIBBY, '18
PARKER ARNOLD DORITY, '32

CHARLES WILBERT FOSTER, '71

With the death on Sunday, November 6, of Charles Wilbert Foster, the last surviving member of the class of 1871 passes away. The passing of Professor Taylor closed up the ranks of the class of 1868, and now '71 becomes a memory. Dr. Foster was one of the best known of the graduates and has always shown great interest in the College and in the fraternity, Zeta Psi. The Press-Herald carried the following story of his life and death.

Dr. Charles W. Foster, 82, practicing physician at Woodfords 56 years and the oldest living alumnus of Westbrook Seminary, died Sunday at his home, 160 Coyle Street, following a shock. He had been ill two and one-half months.

Dr. Foster was Federal physician at the county jail 35 years, having resigned only two months ago, and formerly was county physician at the jail more than 20 years. He was a member of the Portland School Board 14 years and former city physician and clerk of the city of Deering.

Born at Unity, April 9, 1850, son of Dr. Thomas Foster and Eliza Foster, Dr. Foster received his education in the public schools of Portland, was graduated from Westbrook Seminary in 1867 and from Colby College in 1871. He attended Maine Medical School one year and was graduated from the Detroit Medical College.

After practicing a year at Auburn, Dr. Foster moved to Deering and was one of the first doctors to settle in Woodfords. He practiced there continuously until his last illness.

Dr. Foster had been a member of the Board of Trustees of Westbrook Seminary about 35 years.

A charter member of Deering Lodge, F. and A. M., Dr. Foster for many years was lodge chaplain. He also was a charter member of Rocky Hill Lodge, K. of P., and Cogawesco Tribe of Red Men. He was a member of Harmony Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Falmouth Encampment and Canton Ridgeley, Patriarchs Militant, and also belonged to the Golden Cross.

Professional organizations of which he was a member included the Portland Medical Society, the Cumberland County Medical Association and the Maine Medical Association.

When in Colby College Dr. Foster was a member of Zeta Psi Fraternity and manifested interest in the organization throughout his life, being an active member of a club formed by members of that fraternity in this city.

He leaves his widow, Mrs. Esther B. Foster, two daughters, Miss Esther P. Foster, a teacher at the Nathan Clifford School, and Mrs. Charles H. Whitman, and four grandchildren, all of Portland, and a sister, Mrs. Elnora Dickey of Liberty.
WILLIAM HENRY LOONEY, '77
Contributed by Charles Francis Meserve, D.D., '73

William Henry Looney was for half a century an outstanding citizen of the State of Maine and the city of Portland. He was born in Portland on March 28, 1854 and was a continuous resident of the city till his death, September 1, 1932. His father served in the Civil War and was wounded twice. The atmosphere of his home life was conducive to the formation and development of the fine type of character that he maintained during his long and useful life. I well remember a visit in the Looney home many years ago. The beautiful Christian character of William Henry's mother made a deep impression upon my mind and heart. She was of medium height, in dress neat, modest and in good taste and she retained in her speech somewhat of the Gaelic accent that is always delightful, especially when accompanied by an intelligent and gentle matronly personality and quiet domestic atmosphere such as pervaded the Looney family circle. His only sister was well trained, refined and of an attractive personality. The late Dr. Shailer, one of the honored graduates of Colby and a member of the Portland Public School Board, secured her selection as a teacher in the city schools in which she served as long as she lived.

William Henry Looney was in the best sense a self-made man, or, as he would put it, he made his way under God and because of His guidance. He was educated in the city public schools and was graduated from the high school in the class of 1873. Admiral Peary was a classmate and a warm personal friend. During his high school he worked evenings and early attracted the attention of Col. Zimro Smith, editor of The Portland Press, by his prompt and faithful delivery of night telegrams. At Col. Smith's suggestion he selected Colby and he gave him a good recommendation to accompany his application.

William Henry Looney had ideas of his own and could not be swerved from them. He respected law and order and had almost a reverence for the members of the Colby faculty. I have heard him say repeatedly that President Robbins was his warm personal friend.

After his graduation from Colby in the class of 1877 he studied law in the offices of Hon. Chas. F. Libby and Moses M. Butler and was admitted to the bar in 1879 and practised continuously for slightly over fifty years. He was city solicitor of Portland from 1882-1884 inclusive. He was a representative to the Legislature 1887-1890. He introduced and supported the bill for the Australian ballot and favored beneficial labor legislation. Nine years later he was elected to the Maine Senate and he had the great satisfaction of seeing his labors for the Australian ballot law crowned with success. After serving six years as a trustee of the State University he resigned to become a member of the Maine Water Power Commission.

Mr. Looney was an ardent and consistent Republican and believed in the office seeking the man instead of the man seeking the office. The following incident best reveals the true character of the man, who regards the politician as influenced by policy and the statesman by integrity. I was sitting with him one evening in his library when he said, "This may interest you. One evening, some years ago, as I was about to retire for the night, the phone rang. It was the Mayor of the city and Chairman of the Civil Service Commission. He said, 'I want to appoint you as chairman of The Civil Service Commission. Will you accept?' I told the Mayor my reply would be in the negative, if he insisted upon an immediate reply. He said he would wait until morning. In the morning, when the Mayor called up, I accepted and served for seven years. The position was arduous and not always pleasant. One of the first cases was that of a policeman, a Republican and a Catholic. He was clearly guilty. We found him so and he was discharged from the force."

He was a life long Republican, always interested in public affairs and had never failed to cast his vote for President since 1876. He was for many years chairman of the Board of Directors of the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary. He was profoundly interested in all forward
movements for the betterment of the world. He was a great student of the Bible and read it daily. He became proficient in the French language both as a writer and public speaker and was well versed in the best of French and English literature. His facility in speaking French was such that he was in demand during political campaigns to address French speaking citizens in the interest of the Republican party. As a staunch total abstainer he stressed the moral side of temperance and like another eminent son of Maine and his warm friend, Hon. John D. Long, at banquets, where wine was served, he always turned his glass down or pushed it aside. He had traveled extensively in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, South America and Mexico and Europe and never sacrificed his principles.

He was a pleasing, forceful public speaker and delivered many notable addresses in the realm of History, Literature and statesmanship. He was one of the principal speakers at the Ter-Centennial of the Catholic Church in Maine and also at the Centennial of Colby. He wrote many fine articles for the Maine Historical Society and the University of Maine Law School Record.

His beautiful family and home life is too sacred to dwell upon, but mention should be made of the untimely death of his promising son and only child, who died early in life. It was a blow from which he never recovered.

It is a high tribute to the ideals of the great state of Maine in religion, education, morality, industry and civic institutions that it can take a humble youth and make of him one of her most highly honored American citizens. William Henry Looney was a fine example of the highest type of educated, warm hearted friendship and hospitality.

The writer and Bill, as he was affectionately called, became friends on the first day of the freshman year at Colby, and, this warm attachment, fostered by the interchange of letters and visits, continued through the years till the Master called him home.

He was ever the highest type of a warm hearted American, who loved his friends and had no enemies and whose hospitality and genial welcome to his home were proverbial.

The funeral services, attended by a large concourse of friends of all faiths and from all walks of life, and by many associates at the bar, were held in the beautiful Thirteenth Century Gothic Church of Saint Joseph, where the impressive, dignified High Cross of Requiem, with its calm and peaceful Gregorian Chant, accompanied by the organist, made a scene in harmony with the whole tenor of his life.

Requiescat in pace.

GEORGE EDWIN MURRAY, '79

A telegram was received by Professor Libby on September 21, announcing the death at his home in Andover, Mass., of George Edwin Murray, trustee of the College, and member of the class of 1879. The following morning the Waterville paper contained further information in regard to his death and his career. Among other statements, it said: Mr. Murray had long been one of the outstanding graduates of Colby. For many years he had served on the Board of Trustees, and on several sub-committees.
Mr. Murray is best known among many of the graduates and undergraduates for his annual prize for excellence of work in debate. Twenty “Murray Prize Debates” have been held in as many years, and a total of $2,000 in cash prizes have been distributed. Three years ago Mr. Murray was present at the annual exhibition and personally awarded the prizes.

About two years ago Mr. Murray was taken ill and since that time he has been confined at considerable periods of time to his bed. During the past six months he had considerably improved and was able to devote some time to the conduct of his business which was that of a grocer. Murray Brothers Company, with large stores in Lawrence and Andover, was one of the best known wholesale grocery firms in New England.

Mr. Murray was a strong Christian man and took a very active part in church work. He was held in the highest esteem by a wide circle of business associates and by generations of Colby graduates. Among his classmates are Rev. Edwin C. Whittemore and Rev. Charles E. Owen, both of this city, Dr. George Merriam of Skowhegan, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of Ellsworth, and Hon. Will H. Lyford of Chicago.

The College was officially represented at the funeral services by Dr. Frank W. Padelford, of the class of 1894, and a trustee of the College.

One of the Boston papers contained among other matter, a paragraph which gives in summarized form his activities in Lawrence and Andover:

He was a member of the Merchants Trust Company, a member of the corporation of the Andover Savings Bank, a trustee of Colby College, a former treasurer of the First Baptist Church, a member of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange, and a former director of the Lawrence Y. M. C. A. and the Lawrence Boys’ Club.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Cora M. Murray.

Elsewhere in this issue of the ALUMNUS is the report of the June meeting of the Board of Trustees and in that report will be found an official letter sent by the Board to Mr. Murray in appreciation of his long service to the College.

Because of Mr. Murray’s deep interest in the work of debating in the College, he founded more than 20 years ago the “Murray Debate Prize Contest” for which he gave annually the sum of $100. During his illness and while seeking his health in the New England sanitarium he asked Professor Libby to visit him, and at that time discussed at some length his interest in debating and what he wanted to do to perpetuate the contest should death come. This interest prompted him to leave by will the sum of $2,500, the interest upon which year after year should perpetuate the prize contest that shall forever bear his name.

In his death the College has lost a stalwart son whose unselfish devotion to his alma mater was of primary concern.

On May 26, 1932, from his home in North Andover, Mass., he sent to Professor Libby the following letter:

“Your letter of a few days ago received. Also a calendar from Colby giving the program of the Murray Prize Debate held in the College Chapel Friday evening, May 20. For all of which, please accept my thanks. I ought to have written you before but have been having quite a sick spell. Am dictating this letter from my sick room, but am getting better rapidly. Have just returned from a hospital in Boston to my home in Andover. I was in the hospital six weeks. Have not as yet been in my office in Lawrence but the business is going on just the same. I am now in Andover and shall be anxious to have you or any of the College boys call to see me. Hope to be able to come to Waterville a little later. Am sending my check for $100 to pay the prizes for the debate, and trust you will receive it in due time.”

For twenty years and more letters have thus been exchanged between the College and Mr. Murray, sometimes they were inquiries as to the exact date when the annual contest would be held, but always it was a letter enclosing his annual gift, sent promptly and cheerfully. The regularly recurring public debate in the long years to come will be happy reminders of the generosity of a Colby man who desired to help the undergraduates of our College better themselves for the work that they must do.
EDWIN CAREY WHITTEMORE, '79

Three short years ago there assembled on the old college campus thirteen out of a possible fifteen living members of the class of 1879—one of the most distinguished classes of the College. Since that date the ranks have been badly shattered. Willis Joy, Judkins, Stetson, Murray, and Whittemore—five in all—have gone. It is the sad duty of the Editor of the ALUMNUS to report in this issue the passing of two loyal Colby men, Murray, concerning whose life something is said on another page, and Whittemore, whose death, not unexpected, came on Tuesday afternoon, November 1, at his home on Elm Street, in Waterville.

So intimate has been the relations between Dr. Whittemore and Colby that to report his death seems much like reporting the passing of something exceedingly vital to the institution. His highly useful career is ended, and the graduate body will mourn at his passing.

The local paper made report of his death, as follows:

Dr. Edwin Carey Whittemore, D.D., prominent Baptist, Colby trustee, and president of the Board of Trustees of Coburn Classical Institute, died at his home on Elm Street yesterday after a lingering illness.

Dr. Whittemore was born in Dexter in 1858. He prepared for college in Coburn Classical Institute and was graduated from Colby College in the class of 1879, completing his education with three years at Newton Theological Institution. He held pastorates in New Boston, N. H., Auburn, Damariscotta, and Waterville until 1914 when he served as financial secretary for three of the Colby fitting schools, Coburn, Higgins and Ricker.

In 1917 he became the education secretary of the United Baptist convention of Maine, continuing to serve until last June. He had already been prominently identified with the work of this denomination in the state as a member of the convention board and its recording secretary. He was also the secretary of the Board of Managers and in 1918 acted as state director of the Baptist Layman's campaign.

Dr. Whittemore has been closely connected with Colby College, having been a member of the board of trustees since 1905 and holding the office of secretary since 1921. He was the official college historian and published a volume, "The History of Colby College" in 1927. His alma mater honored him with the honorary degree of D.D. in 1903.

As president of the trustees of Coburn Classical Institute, of which he has been a member since 1902, Dr. Whittemore had been a leading figure in the leadership of this school.

Interested in civic enterprises, he served as curator of the Redington Museum of Waterville and for many years served on the board of the Waterville public library, being its president for many terms.

Dr. Whittemore was the author of the "Centennial History of Waterville" and of several historical booklets about towns and institutions in Maine.

Last June, on account of failing health, Dr. Whittemore resigned his secretaryship from the Colby board of trustees although he continued to be a member. He also resigned his position with
the United Baptist Convention. At the annual meeting of the Maine Baptists in Bangor on June 22, he was honored with an address of appreciation by his classmate Rev. George Merriam of Skowhegan and was presented with a testimonial volume and a purse of gold.

The Colby trustees upon his resignation last June included the following tribute in their records, “The resignation of Dr. Whittemore as secretary of the Board of Trustees brings to a conclusion a noteworthy service of which his associates desire to take special notice. Dr. Whittemore’s experience as Colby Historian which has been so fruitful in permanent result has made him painstakingly accurate as the recorder of current events in the board’s proceedings. Fortunate is any institution which is favored with devoted service by so skilled an official, especially when that willing service has extended over a period of eleven fruitful years. For this valued contribution to the college, made more valuable by his constant contribution to his Alma Mater, the trustees of Colby College do hereby express most grateful appreciation. No member of the board has been more faithful in attendance at the board meetings, more attentive to the college, or more keenly interested in Colby’s progress. As a memorial of such devotion this brief record is entered upon the minutes by vote of the board."

Dr. Whittemore is survived by his widow, Mrs. Ida Macomber Whittemore; a daughter, Mrs. E. O. Whittier of Washington, D. C., and a grandson, Whittier Whittier.

Funeral services for Dr. Whittemore were held in the First Baptist Church, the scene of many long years of his labor, amid surroundings that must indeed have proved comforting to those left to mourn his loss. Flowers in great profusion gave silent witness to the love that his fellowcitizens bore toward him, and a great outpouring of people that almost completely filled the auditorium spoke even more eloquently of the worthwhileness of the life that had spent itself largely in the service for others.

The address by Rev. John. S. Pendleton, long associated with Dr. Whittemore in the work connected with the Northern Baptist Convention, spoke intimately and eloquently of the man he had known so well. The ALUMNUS is privileged to reproduce this address below.

Scripture was read by Rev. Leopold H. Hass, pastor of the Church, and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. George Merriam, of Skowhegan, an intimate friend and college classmate of Dr. Whittemore. Prayer was offered by President Johnson of the College. A solo was sung, “There is no Death”, and the audience was asked to join in singing Dr. Whittemore’s favorite hymn, “For all the saints who from their labors rest”.

On the morning following the services in Waterville, the body was taken to Dr. Whittemore’s old home in Dexter where brief committal services were held with burial in the family lot.

Dr. Pendleton’s excellent tribute follows:

“The story of his life is familiar to most of you, yet a brief review may be necessary that we may understand the variety and breadth of his interests. He was concerned with the affairs of this city and in his service through the Historical Society and the Public Library made a contribution the value of which will remain for generations to come. He was devoted to Coburn Classical Institute and Colby College, and for nearly thirty years on the Boards of Trustees of these two institutions his voice was often heard as he gave wise counsel in the administration of affairs. And his pen was heard as well in the records he inscribed as clerks of the Board of Trustees of Colby College and in the history he wrote of his alma mater.

“Dr. Whittemore’s love for his church and denomination was strong and deep and his interests here were wide as well. He served as pastor of only four churches, New Boston, N. H., Auburn, Damariscotta and Waterville, Maine. In each of these his work was of a constructive sort. He built up the church.

“Many there are of those early churches he served who speak his name lovingly and reverently today. In this church where we are gathered he labored for 14 years. When we consider the contacts with Institute and College and
town life those years afforded we realize that it is impossible for us to estimate the value of that ministry.

"Almost at the beginning of his first pastorate in Maine, Dr. Whittemore was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the Baptist State Convention. For 48 years he has served in that position, 38 as secretary of the board. At the conclusion of his pastorate in Waterville he was called upon to secure funds for Coburn Institute and other of our denominational schools. In this work as in the pastorate he achieved a great measure of success, so that when his work with the school ceased he was chosen by the denomination to take up the work of securing funds for the missionary program. This he had continued to the end, not only raising money but laying foundations with his broad missionary educational program, which will make it possible for us to carry on more successfully. This in brief is the story men will read of the life of Edwin Carey Whittemore and from it they will estimate his worth.

"For me, however, there are other elements that reveal more truly the real man. I have been able to think of only one passage of Scripture as I have prepared for this hour: 'The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.' That has been our relationship as for six years Dr. Whittemore and I have worked together in the office or motored to churches and associations or counseled together in committee or conference groups. I came to the work in the denomination as a young, inexperienced, untried man. Dr. Whittemore had had the privilege of intimate association with Drs. Ricker and Dunn and Mower, all older men with wider experience. The new secretary blundered as he was bound to do.

"His methods were new and different. There was abundant opportunity for criticism, for petty annoyance, for an untold amount of friction. But with that love for his Master and his church and that intense loyalty that has always marked his friendships Dr. Whittemore stood by, wisely suggesting, patiently enduring, quietly helping. Though there might have been those who would have gladly heard the criticism that they might pass it on, no word of that sort to my knowledge ever passed his lips. We did not always agree as to the methods which were best to follow. We were Baptists and our points of view were different, yet when we had talked things through and our line of action was settled we worked together as one in it all.

"Those years of conference and counsel, day after day in the office and on the field have brought us close together and the closer perhaps because I cannot remember that one hot, ill-chosen or unkind word has ever passed between us. On this account I must acknowledge here a sense of great personal loss.

"It is not of this, however, I would have you think but rather of the man I have come to see and know in these intimate personal relationships. Not only was Dr. Whittemore one whose interests were wide and varied but he possessed that faculty of inspiring others to a wider, higher interest. I confess that my own deep interest in Colby and Coburn and even Waterville has come more largely through him than anyone else.

Dr. Whittemore was loyal to his friends, his church and his Christ, and he inspired loyalty in others. He was tireless in his activities what ever his business and he inspired others to labor as well. A student himself he inspired others to a desire for knowledge and through his personal interest many a boy and girl attained a college education who would not have had that privilege otherwise.

"One of his keenest delights in these later years has been to send books to ministers in small country fields whose shelves he knew were sparsely occupied with good material for a working library. Generous to a fault, he gave of his substance without thought of his own need, and thus he inspired others to give.

"We did not expect the end so soon. When last spring we started the effort to secure a gift for him to be presented at the annual meeting of our State convention we did it because we felt sure he would not be present to take active part with us again in such a meeting but we hoped he would be spared to us many years. The loving testimony of more
than 800 friends from 85 churches is abundant evidence of the great love our Baptist people had for him. How glad we are that we brought our flowers while yet he lived and could enjoy them.

"Now we must say good-bye. The mortal form of our beloved one will be taken from us but somehow we can feel that he lives on. We see his form, we hear again his voice, we listen to his words and once more we catch the inspiration of his life and we would move on as he did to triumph."

GEORGE MELVIN WADSWORTH, '83

The following letter, written by Henry Trowbridge, '83, tells of the death of George M. Wadsworth, '83:

"I am enclosing you a sheet from the graduation number of 'The Southern Bell,' a publication of a Somerville, Mass., junior high school, which, as you will observe, contains an account of the life and death of Mr. George M. Wadsworth, but omits to state anything about his career in Colby. As you will find by reference to the General Catalogue, Mr. Wadsworth was a member of my class of 1883. I do not recall whether he spent one or two years there, but I do know from personal contacts with him a year ago this last winter, when he made a trip to this section of the country, that his real love had always been for Colby, rather than Brown, from which he graduated; therefore it occurs to me that in any mention you may make of him in the ALUMNUS, you might embody such facts. Indeed, if I remember correctly, one of the professors, possibly yourself, wrote me two or three years ago of his attendance at Colby Commencement, and Wadsworth himself told me that he was looking forward with absolute assurance and great pleasure to his celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of our class at Colby next year.

"While in Colby he was a conscientious student and took fair rank in his studies, but he specially excelled in athletics, taking, if I remember correctly, more prizes in one of our field day events than any other student at the time. He was exceedingly proficient on the baseball team, of which he was a member during practically all the time he was in our college."

The following is the reprint from "The Southern Bell":—

Word was received, May 20, of the passing of George M. Wadsworth, Master Emeritus of the Southern Junior High School, at his home, 430 Washington Street, Whitman. Mr. Wadsworth had been in failing health for many months, and death came as a release from great weariness. He was in his 75th year. Funeral services were held at his home, Sunday at three o'clock, and burial was at Colbrook Cemetery, Whitman. School officials as well as many teachers and pupils attended the services. Mr. Wadsworth leaves a wife, Alice M., a sister, Miss M. Ella Wadsworth, formerly Supervisor of Music at Pawtucket, R. I., and three brothers, Charles F. and Rev. Arthur Leonard of California, and J. Frank of Fall River.

Mr. Wadsworth was born in South Weymouth, April 4, 1857. He was educated in the schools of Pawtucket, R. I., and Fall River, Mass., graduating from the Fall River High School in 1874. After working for three years, Mr. Wadsworth entered Colby College. At the end of two years, for lack of funds, he taught in the Holliston schools for a year, and then instead of returning to Colby College, entered Brown University, from which he graduated in 1884, receiving his Master of Arts degree in 1889. In the fall of 1884, he became principal of the Renfrew School of North Adams, where he taught for two years. Then he became master of the Willard School, West Quincy, remaining for three years and a half. Leaving there, Mr. Wadsworth was made Superintendent of Schools of the Bedford (Massachusetts) District, from which he came to Somerville in 1891 to become master of the Pope School. In 1912 the Bell School was placed in Mr. Wadsworth's charge, and in 1918, he was elected Master of the Southern Junior High School, to be retired under the State Retirement laws in June, 1927.

Upon Mr. Wadsworth's retirement from the Somerville Schools, he was tendered a testimonial dinner by teachers and prominent citizens, and was presented a handsome gift of gold by his associates and former pupils. The graduat-
ing class of 1927 gave him a bronze plaque, suitably inscribed.

Mr. Wadsworth resided in Somerville where he was active in church circles until 1906, when he removed to Whitman because of the ill health of Mrs. Wadsworth who died in November, 1926. After Mr. Wadsworth's retirement, he married Alice M. Warfield, in March, 1928. He was a member of Puritan Lodge A. F. and A. M., and of Corner Stone Lodge of Duxbury. In school circles Mr. Wadsworth served as President of the Somerville Teachers' Association, was Past President of the Middlesex County Teachers' Association, as well as Recording and Financial Secretary of the Teachers' Annuity Guild.

A TRIBUTE TO GEORGE M. WADSWORTH

George M. Wadsworth will be remembered as a man of strong character, ever God-fearing and upstanding in his defense of life's ideals. As an educator, Mr. Wadsworth stood for the highest standards of achievements. Decisive in manner and quick in making decisions, he nevertheless was considerate of the feelings of pupils, teachers, and parents. His outstanding kindness of heart, his ever genial nature, his entire devotion of strength, thought, and time to his life's work were evidenced in the splendid condition of his schools, in the contentment and appreciation of his teachers, and in the happiness, love, and confidence of his pupils who treasure his memory. Mr. Wadsworth's ability as a leader inspired his teachers and encouraged his pupils to be worthy of the best, and to play the game of life fairly and squarely.

Mr. Wadsworth's influence will long remain to enrich the lives of the many thousands of men and women who knew him as friend and teacher. In saying farewell to his beloved school and pupils in June, 1927, as he went back to the few, quiet, happy years that were to be left to him after his life time of industry, sacrifice, and devotion to the world, Mr. Wadsworth left with his pupils this last message, which represents the keynote of his own well-lived life, the poem by Horatius Bonar, "Be True."

Another's soul would reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

For the Southern Junior High School Faculty, by N. E. B.

FRANK ROSS WOODCOCK, '83

Frank Ross Woodcock, of the class of 1883, always counted as a loyal and most generous friend of the College, died in Belfast, Me., on Thursday, October 27. The Belfast Journal of November 3 carries the following account of his life and death, as well as a tribute from one who knew him well:

Expressions of deepest regret and surprise were current Thursday afternoon when it was learned that Frank R. Woodcock had committed suicide by hanging at his home on Court Street.

He had suffered for some time from attacks of despondency, but was down street until about three o'clock that afternoon and was not apparently in a different frame of mind than usual. Later in the afternoon, Mrs. Woodcock, widow of his brother, who with her daughter and grandchildren had been making her home there, returned from a brief call in Camden and found him in an unfinished room over the kitchen. He left no note of explanation.

Frank Ross Woodcock was born in Searsmont January 4, 1860, a son of Marlboro P. and Lucy A. (Howard) Woodcock, both natives of Friendship. His parents came to Belfast when the deceased was a child. He attended the city schools and was graduated from the Belfast High School in 1878. He was graduated from Colby College in 1883 with the A.B. degree. After teaching in Massachusetts, he returned to Belfast and entered the stationery business with his father. Since 1911 he conducted the business alone under the firm name of M. P. Woodcock and Son until he sold to A. C. Hopkins October six of this year.

The only political offices he ever held were alderman in 1902-3 and auditor for a time when that office was created in 1900.
He was a member of the original Belfast Baseball Club, played right field and also one of the umpires of that period.

For many years he had been a Mason and was a past eminent commander of Palestine Commandery, Knights of Templar. He had served on the board of directors of the Waldo County Hospital and was always one of its most loyal supporters. At the time of his death he was a director of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad and treasurer of the Masonic Temple Building Association.

His wife, formerly Miss Eleanor J. Johnson of Belfast, died February 17, 1926, and his only brother, Hartwell L. Woodcock, a well known artist died December 14, 1929. His nearest relatives are cousins.

He was an honorable citizen, well educated and well informed, quiet and reserved and enjoyed the friendship of many in his home city.

The funeral was held Sunday at two o'clock, with Rev. Wm. F. Skerrye of the First Church officiating. The following members of Palestine Commandery were bearers: Dr. G. P. Lombard, Marion E. Brown, James H. Howes and Ralph H. Howes. The interment was in Grove cemetery.

In a letter dated October 29 Alfred Johnson of Brookline, Mass., and Belfast pays the following tribute to Mr. Woodcock:

"The death of Frank R. Woodcock, of which I learned only today upon my return from a motor trip to Cape Cod, came as a great shock to me as it must have been to his other friends. Yet, when I recall my last conversation with him about two weeks ago, it is not inexplicable. I was trying to point out to him the things he might look forward to enjoying, now that, having retired from business, he would have time to devote to the pursuits he liked, such as reading and excursions in the open country. He replied that he was no longer able to enjoy anything. For months his lameness, incident to his fall, had been gradually, but surely increasing, and that he had become so weak he could not get out of a chair without an effort; in fact, the only thing he now did with any sense of satisfaction, was to lie down. He said he had already become a burden to himself, and he dreaded the thought of becoming one to others.

"His tastes were decidedly literary and high-toned. He read the best books, reviews and magazines and remembered the purport of what he read, and was capable of discussing it with intelligence and vigor. On subjects with which he was not thoroughly familiar, he reserved his judgments, and he rarely spoke an unkind word of anyone. His devotion to his Alma Mater, Colby College, was deep and abiding. Always a generous contributor to her various calls, he made a very substantial contribution toward her new gymnasium.

"The death of his wife who had been his enthusiastic companion on many canoe and camping trips to every part of Maine, was a great blow, from which he never recovered. This bereavement, and a fall from a stepladder in his store which rendered him lame and a cripple for the rest of his life, were probably two great contributory causes that lead to the manner of his death. Of recent years, Mrs. Hartwell Woodcock, the widow of his brother, and her daughter and her grandchildren had lived with him and brought new life into his home.

"Frank Woodcock was a man who did not know what physical fear was and, what is even more rare, his moral courage was one hundred percent perfect. He never shirked what he felt to be a duty. He met every obligation of life without flinching or turning aside."
always been well and strong and had hardly known a sick day.

George Northup Hurd was born at Denver, Colorado, on September 1, 1865. His early years were spent in Georgetown, Colorado, which was then a thriving mining town. The towering mountains and rushing streams, which were daily sights to him, made a deep impression on him during those years and he never lost his love for them.

After graduating from High school he went to Waterville, Maine, to attend Colby College. He was one of the leaders not only in his class but in the student body as a whole. He was graduated from College in 1890 and returned at once to Denver where he studied law. After passing the bar examination he opened a law office.

In June, 1899 he married Edith Merrill, who survives him. He had a thriving law practice but the desire to travel was in them both. When William Howard Taft, at that time Governor of the Philippine Islands, offered him the position of Assistant City Attorney of Manila he accepted and they went to the Islands in 1902. There they spent the next fifteen years. Every few years they came back to the United States for vacations and there were opportunities to travel in Japan and China.

Mr. Hurd served for a time as Assistant Attorney General of the Islands and later joined the leading law firm in Manila, of which Judge W. A. Kincaid was the head. He was now thoroughly familiar with Spanish law and the Spanish language and was an invaluable member of the firm.

During the last seven years of his life in the Islands he was a Judge of the Court of First Instance. Here his cool and sound judgment, his absolute fairness, his ability to separate the false from the true in the testimony of witnesses, made him one of the outstanding Judges on the Philippine Bench.

In 1917 they returned to the United States and since that time had made their home in Los Angeles. In their new home they made many new acquaintances and the old friends from the Islands and in this country were continually dropping in to see them. There was no place in Los Angeles where friends were more cordially received or delightfully entertained.

Mr. Hurd was a very friendly man, cordial and easy of approach. He was gracious to everyone, man, woman and child, generous and thoughtful and incapable of doing a mean or ignoble thing. He had a quiet, keen sense of humor and was the best of company.

He was my intimate friend from the time we entered College as youngsters in 1886 and through all the years that have passed since that time. I greatly miss him. We are poorer on this side because he has passed on but the company on the other side is richer.

He was very fond of those wonderful lines:

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

GEORGE ARTHUR ANDREWS, ’92

The ALUMNUS has received from Mrs. Dora Knight Andrews, ’92, but a brief statement to the effect that George Arthur Andrews passed away in Los Angeles on August 17, last. When further details are available, further comment will be made of Mr. Andrews’ life and death.

The General Catalogue gives the following facts of his life:


HARRY EDWARD HAMILTON, ’96

Harry Edward Hamilton, 62, was a native of Brooklin, Me., where he was born July 18, 1869. He was graduated from Hebron Academy and worked his way through Colby College, from which he received his degree in 1896. Following his graduation Mr. Hamilton was principal of the Warren school in Everett for five years. He then went to Bellows Falls, Vt., where he had charge of the Dunham Brothers shoe store. He came to Greenfield in 1903 and with O. R. Butterfield organized a chain of shoe stores in Greenfield, Athol, Leominster and Clinton. This partnership was dissolved last January when Mr. Hamilton assumed ownership of the Greenfield and Athol stores.

Mr. Hamilton had led an active life and had filled many positions of trust and responsibility in Greenfield affairs. He had been president of the Chamber of Commerce, was for nine years a member of the school board, had served on the board of library trustees. He was an active member of Greenfield Kiwanis in which he typified the spirit of “A true builder,” had been district trustee of Kiwanis, had been honored by Colby College as trustee, and had served on many important committees on town and other matters. He was an active and prominent member of the Masonic fraternity for many years. He was a past master of Republican Lodge of Masons, a past commander of Connecticut Valley Commandery Knights Templars, and had assisted district installing officers at many Commandery installations. He also was a past patron of Arcana Chapter Order of the Eastern Star. He was blessed with a genial disposition which made him an ideal companion, and won him many friends. He always had a pleasant smile and a cheery greeting and was ever ready to assist in any worthy enterprise.

He was married on March 31, 1897, to Miss Frances Dunham at West Paris, Me., who survives him. He also leaves two daughters, Mrs. Kenneth Rice of South Deerfield, and Mrs. Walter Gates of Burlington, Vt., two sons, Donald and Richard Hamilton of Greenfield, who have been associated with him in business, and two grandsons, Harry Hamilton Gates and Richard Crane Gates, also a brother, Floyd Hamilton, of North Brooklin, Me.

Funeral services were held on the Tuesday following his death and were largely attended by representatives of the fraternal and business associations of Greenfield.

The local paper pays editorial tribute to his worth in the following paragraphs:

“To have been a successful merchant for 30 years is enough to mark a man as above the average. To have served his town in official but non-salaried posts for nearly half as long is a record of genuine unselfishness. To have led in the work of the church and a service club is a testimonial to character. To have gained and retained the affection and respect of all with whom he came in contact is a tribute to personality. Harry E. Hamilton did all of these.

“He was one of Greenfield’s finest adopted sons. His family had the real sympathy of the community during his long illness and death. The funeral services Tuesday were an effort to show how high he was regarded, as was evidenced by the leaders from many walks of life in attendance. His sons have a rich heritage.”

MERTON WILMOT BESSEY, ’94

On early Friday morning, October 28, Merton Wilmot Bessey, at one time a student in Colby and for a number of years instructor in biology, was found dead, presumably from a heart attack, at his home, 72 Elm Street, in Waterville. He had not been feeling well during the preceding day and evening, but no one closely associated with him thought death was imminent. His passing removes from the Waterville community one of the oldest men in general practice of medicine, and one who gave of his services in most generous ways to countless people who sought his medical advice.

The following tribute to his worth as a citizen and medical man, and the brief account of his career, is taken from the Waterville Sentinel of October 28:

It was with a sense of deep personal loss that the many friends of Dr. W. M. Bessey learned of his death which occurred early yesterday morning at his
home, 72 Elm Street. Though not in the best of health for some years he never refused to respond to a call where he felt that he could be of service even when he knew that he would receive no financial remuneration.

Dr. Bessey was born in Buckfield, October 30, 1868, the son of the late Dr. Alden E. and Helen J. (Morton) Bessey. His early education was received in the public schools of Sidney, at Coburn Classical Institute and Farmington Normal school. He studied at Colby, taking all that the college offered in chemistry, biology and physiology, and served as instructor in biology at Colby for four years. His medical education was obtained at the Maine Medical school in Brunswick, and at McGill University, Montreal. He also did research work at the Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, Mass. Immediately after graduation he returned to Waterville and began the practice of medicine in partnership with his father. He was married July 31, 1901, to Miss Harriet M. Vigue, who survives him. He is also survived by a son, J. Alden Bessey; a sister, Miss Lenora Bessey, and four grandchildren. He was a member of the Congregational Church of this city and of the local lodge of Knights of Pythias.

While deeply absorbed in his work and fully abreast of the times in medical practice, Dr. Bessey was also a great reader in a wide variety of subjects and his retentive memory made him unusually conversant with many departments of knowledge aside from his profession. He was a great lover of nature. But it will be as a friend in time of need that a great many citizens in all walks of life will remember him with sincere gratitude.

Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to be paid him appeared in a later issue of the Sentinel, the authorship of which is unknown to the general public. It is so genuine in its expression of regard for the deceased that it is here reproduced:

DR. MERTON W. BESSEY
(Contributed)

By the passing of Dr. Merton W. Bessey, a great many people in Waterville and elsewhere have lost a friend who will be missed.

Not often in this world, where it is so natural to look out for ourselves regardless of theirs, do we find a man as generous and unselfish as Dr. Bessey.

Those who have known him, and especially those into whose homes he came as a physician, will not need to be told of his sympathetic nature and his generosity to those who found it hard to pay for a doctor's service.

There are many poor people in this vicinity, who have good reason to remember him with warm affection, for no matter what time of day or night he was called he was always ready to respond in case of sickness, to relieve pain and suffering, and the fact that the sufferer could not pay when due, and perhaps not at all, made no difference.

He was generous to a fault, if it is possible to be so, and his whole life was a living example of Him "Who went about doing good."

The writer attended his funeral, and during a long life he has attended many funerals, but never one where the affection of the poorer people was so plainly shown.

It was the writer's pleasure to have known him from his boyhood up and all through the years of his life, and to be with him when a boy on fishing trips, camping trips, and in all the pleasures and trials of a boy's life. I visited him when he was a student at McGill University in Montreal, and in his classes at Colby, and always and everywhere, from his earliest youth until the day he died, he was kind and thoughtful for all whom he came in contact with, especially with the children and old people, and those that needed help.

His many friends will always remember him with affection, and perhaps try to carry on his kind deeds, as a result of his good example.

"So when a good man dies—
For years beyond his ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies,
Along the paths of men."

Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon, October 29, at his home. Rev. William A. Smith, '91, pastor of the Congregational Church officiated. Many citizens who had known Dr. Bessey intimately attended the services. Burial was in the family lot at the Pine Grove Cemetery.
PHILIP ALGER MASON, '07

Just as the ALUMNUS goes to press, news comes of the sudden death of Philip Alger Mason, member of the class of 1907, and long prominent in the civic life of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Mason was a frequent visitor to Waterville where his mother was residing, and through these frequent visits has kept in close touch with the College and many of the local graduate body. His death removes a man of real ability and worth of character.

In reporting his death on Monday, November 21, the Waterville Sentinel contained the following:

Many people in this city were saddened to learn of the death on Monday of Philip Alger Mason at his home in Hartford, Conn. Mr. Mason was born in Malden, Mass., January 12, 1886. He was graduated from Waterville high school in 1903. During his school career he was prominent in athletics and for one year was a member of the Nautilus board. He attended Colby College one year after which he was a student at Cornell University.

He moved away from Waterville in 1907 but was a frequent visitor here. During the period from 1909 to 1912 he was associated with H. Wales Lines, Meriden, Conn., and from 1912 to 1915 with I. A. Allen, architect, Hartford, Conn. He was superintendent of public buildings and advisory architect in Hartford, executive of War Bureau from 1918 to 1919, and at the time of his death was building inspector of the city of Hartford and its leading architect. Mr. Mason was also the author of "History of War in Hartford and Connecticut."

Besides his widow and two children, Mr. Mason leaves his mother, Mrs. Jennie E. Mason of 7 Winter Street, this city. Mrs. Mason left Sunday for Hartford, arriving there a short time before her son's death. Funeral services were held in Hartford, Wednesday.

PRESTON BURPEE LIBBY, '18

While hunting deer in the northern woods of Maine, Preston Burpee Libby, of the class of 1918, was fatally shot by a friend who lived as his neighbor in the town of Fort Fairfield. He died on October 22. The accident occurred while distant from camp and far from medical assistance, but with heroic fortitude the young man fought against impending death until he had been taken across a lake and placed in the care of nurses at a northern Maine hospital.

The young man was born in Fort Fairfield, September 7, 1895, and was educated in the public schools there. He was a student in Colby from 1914 until 1917. In June of 1917 he was inducted into service for his country and served in the 2d Maine Infantry, Co. D, from June to August, and in the 103d Inf., from August to October. The month following he was in the Army Candidate School. He was in the U. S. Infantry, Co. H, from November 1, 1918 to February 25, 1919. He left the United States in September, 1917, and saw active service in the St. Aignat Gas Attack, May 10, 1918, Aisne-Marne Battle, July 25, the St. Mihiel Offensive, September, 1918. He was made a corporal in 1917, a sergeant in 1918, and a Second Lieutenant in 1918.

Since the war service he has been located on the Pacific coast, employed by a concern dealing in lumber. Two years ago he returned to Maine and had since lived in Fort Fairfield awaiting the return of an opportunity to take up his work again in the west.

A father, mother, sister, and wife survive him. He leaves also several near relatives in Waterville and vicinity, one of whom, an uncle, is Professor Libby of the Colby faculty.

Four of Mr. Libby's classmates were killed in the Great War: Carleton Merrill Bliss, Henry Leslie Eddy, Henry
Barton Pratt, and John Arthur Stowell. Both Mr. Libby and Mr. Pratt were Aroostook boys.

He served as commander of the American Legion Post, and this Post attended the funeral services in a body. Burial was in the family lot in Fort Fairfield.

PARKER ARNOLD DORITY, '32

On Saturday, November 26, the ALUMNUS learned of the death of Parker Arnold DORITY, who on June, last, graduated from the College. Known to large numbers of recent graduates and to many of the present undergraduates, his death will be deeply and genuinely mourned at the College. He is remembered as a young man of fine habits, cheerful disposition, a natural leader, and a likable companion. Throughout his undergraduate days he did faithful work in his classes and sought always to be helpful to the administration.

His death was most tragic. According to newspaper reports, he had gone from his home in Blaine to Milo to visit a friend and to spend the Thanksgiving holiday in hunting. In one of those strange turns of fortune, a bullet from the rifle in the hands of his friend wounded him so severely that he died soon afterward in the Eastern Maine General Hospital in Bangor. The manner of his death is in many respects similar to that of Preston Burpee Libby, another Aroostook county boy, whose death is reported in this issue of the ALUMNUS. It seems so inexcusable—this easy shooting of hunting companions—that some day the State will need to take more drastic moves toward preventing such human tragedies. Here was a young man just out of College, ready to serve society in useful ways, now dead, with no sacrifice to his credit and no work done. The College mourns his passing. In June, last, the Editor, as his teacher, helped young DORITY prepare a Commencement “part”, the “Award of Honors”. He entered into the task with splendid enthusiasm, sought diligently for original ideas, and rehearsed his lines with marked faithfulness. On Class Day he stood up before the gathered Colby audience and skilfully presented what he had carefully prepared. As he awarded “honors”, then, so would many of his classmates award “honors” to him now, when death has closed a life that promised such fruitful results.

The press carried the following story:

Dover-Foxcroft, Nov. 25—Pleading not guilty to the charge of negligently shooting a human being, when arraigned before Judge Harold M. Hayes in the Municipal Court this afternoon, Henry Artis of Milo was bound over to the grand jury of the March term of the Superior Court. He provided $1,000 bail.

Artis was arraigned on complaint of Deputy Sheriff Aaron Day of Milo as the result of the fatal shooting of Arnold DORITY, '32, of Blaine while hunting Thursday at Hardy Pond. DORITY and his fiancée, Miss Ella Gray, (Colby, '33) having come to spend the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Artis.

A bullet struck DORITY in the back while he was walking through the woods, entering two inches to one side of the spinal column, and after being given first aid by Dr. N. H. Crosby, (Colby, '87) of Milo, he was taken to the Eastern Maine General Hospital in Bangor. Death occurred a few hours after he arrived there.

DORITY, a graduate of Colby College, was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity, was vice-president of his class in his senior year, was a member of the Colby Oracle board and of three honorary societies. He is survived by his parents.

CHARLES EDWARD ATWOOD, '81

The ALUMNUS learns indirectly of the death of a member of the class of 1881, Charles Edward Atwood, at his home in Exeter, N. H. Further information will be given about his life when the facts become available. The General Catalogue has but this brief statement:

CHARLES EDWARD MERRITT, '94

The ALUMNUS is notified by officials of the John Hancock Insurance Company, Manchester, N. H., of the death on May 28, last, of Charles Edward Merritt, of the class of 1894. No further particulars are given.

The General Catalogue contains the following:

Charles Edward Merritt, 1890-92. A.B., Bowdoin, 1894. Born, Jay, Me., April 9, 1869. Teacher; Insurance, from 1899; address, Manchester, N. H.

Colby Night

G. CECIL GODDARD, A.B., '28, Alumni Secretary

Confident in the tradition that Colby football teams are at least two touchdowns better than her opponents, Colby alumni packed the "Old Gym" to observe the annual Colby Night and listen to speeches by former football men and other outstanding graduates.

Neil Leonard, '21, president of the General Association presided over the colorful gathering of more than eight hundred which jammed the floor and adjoining room throughout the evening.

The program started as the Colby fifty piece band marched down College Avenue, and swung back to the campus to furnish the music for the rest of the evening at the "Gym."

The speakers during the evening included: Herbert E. Wadsworth, '92, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Libby Pulsifer, '21, captain of football and an All-Maine end, Coach Roundy, Captain "Bob" Violette, Arthur F. Bickford, '16, president of Boston Alumni Association and President Franklin W. Johnson, '91.

At the height of the meeting, the Colby cheerleaders conducted a white mule to the speakers' place. The boys had found him on a farm near Augusta and had promptly made arrangements to have a Mascot for the game. This was the first appearance of the mule since the fall of 1925 when Colby took Bowdoin 10-7. And again on the following afternoon Colby won from the team from Brunswick.

Members and captains of various Colby teams of the past were introduced. A Colby quartet sang two numbers and a tap-dance by Robert McGregor, '34, were well received. At the conclusion of the evening "Chef" Weymouth served his popular refreshments.

Simultaneously, groups of Colby people were enjoying their own spirited programs throughout the country to make the second annual Nation Wide Colby Night a success. The reports of several of the meetings are printed in the ALUMNUS.

Colby in Minneapolis

LEW CLYDE CHURCH, A.B., '02

A small group of Colby men and women met for dinner Friday evening, October 21, at the Minneapolis Athletic Club, for the second Nation Wide Colby Night.

There prevailed in the group a sense of gratitude for the influence of Dr. Taylor upon the lives of the many young men and women who have been his pupils. Experience is richer, finer, for many of us because we have known him.

The oldest class represented was 1882, by George A. Andrews of Minneapolis, while the most recent was 1928, represented by Mildred Alley of Fargo, North Dakota. As Fargo is some 248 miles away, we felt that she deserved honorable mention for her college spirit.

Thorwald B. Madsen, '17, of S. Minneapolis, was unanimously elected the new president of the Club.
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